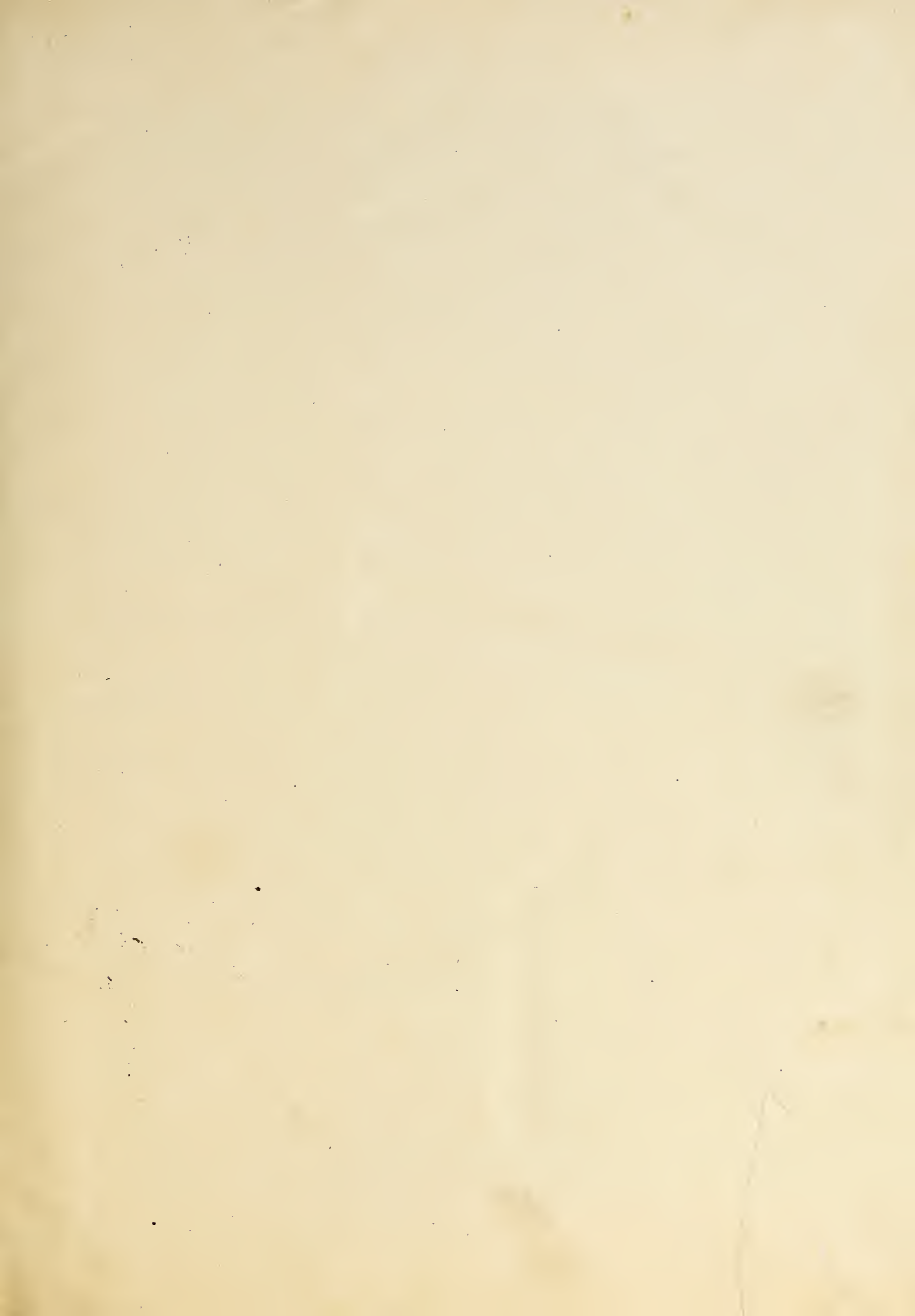


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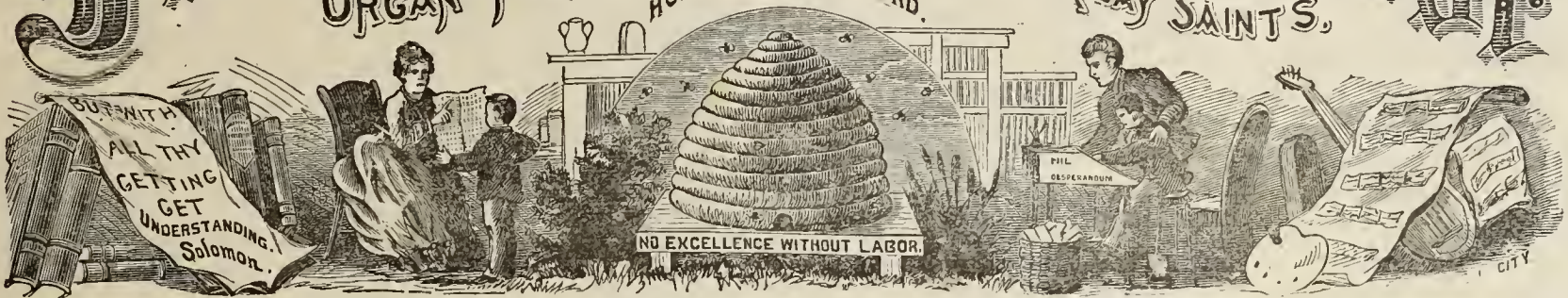


FRONTISPIECE.—MARY'S LESSON. (See Page 2.)

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



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NO. 1.

A NEW YEAR'S EVE DREAM.

LITTLE Effie Page sat by the grate in her little rocking-chair one starry New Year's Eve, looking into the glowing coals and thinking of the stories her Uncle Charlie had just been telling her about the fairies, and goblins, and gnomes, which are said to be liberated for this one evening to roam at will over the frosty earth. Her papa had been reading William Bryant's beautiful little poem, "The Little People of the Snow," and Effie's precious little head was all in a whirl trying to understand where the line of truth should be drawn across this fable-land.

As she sat thinking, thinking, with her little legs dangling in front of the warm blaze, the scene before her seemed to change. Up out of the grate started a score of odd gnomes, who seemed in a dreadful hurry about something or other.

Such a chattering, and rustling, and grinning—such rushing to and fro—such tiny little peals of laughter as one drew forward a tin pail and another lug-gel with infinite labor a brush five times as long as himself. Then another pot and another brush, and as many as could crowd around began to mark the huge letters of "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," right over the grate, on the mantle. And then Effie saw that the pretty Dresden ornaments which had stood so primly on the mantle ever since she could remember, were twisting and grinning with evident sympathy and delight at all this gleeful confusion. Letter after letter was formed and at last a shrill, tiny chorus of "Finished!" echoed on all sides.

Then they all crowded around Effie and she saw they had increased wonderfully in numbers, and one approached her



with a great grimace, and said:

"To-night is the night for us, who are the ghosts of the departed days of the year just dying, to wander at will over the earth. It is part of our mission to visit those whose eyes are open to see us, and for every day on which they have done some good, charitable deed to shower over them a beautiful rose-leaf. And for the day on which some naughty, hateful actions have been done by those we visit, the ghost of that day has a right to pinch—pinch—pinch."

And here arose such an uproar as those three hundred and sixty-five gnomes commenced their various work. Over head and lap were softly showered bright, pale-pink rose-leaves. But, oh, dreadful—into her pretty, plump legs those tiny fingers nipped, nipped, nipped—until—oh—my—up jumped Effie with a cry, just as her mamma came into the room! Effie cried and cried, and when mamma heard the cause of it all she told her little girl she had been dreaming.

"But I can feel the horrid pinches yet!" sobbed Effie.

"Oh, that is where the fire has been toasting your legs," said practical mamma.

And not until Effie looked up and searched vainly for the big lettering on the mantle, could she be convinced that she had only been visited by A New Year's Eve Dream.

MARY'S LESSON.

[See *Frontispiece*.]

T'WAS Monday morning, a clear, cold Winter day. Without everything was white with snow and the air was keen and cold, while within the bright fire sent a warmth and glow throughout the pretty room where Grandma Gray sat with her work. The needles clicked and clicked in a steady even time, almost as regular as the ticking of the clock on the high shelf. Thus she sat thinking of the sweet peace of the Sabbath that had just passed and the lessons of love and light she had learned from the ministers of the Gospel. Sweet, dear Grandma, always thinking of the world beyond, the world to which her white hair and furrowed brow tell us she is so near, and of the angels—herself almost an angel, for her goodness and grace bespeak a life more of heaven than of earth.

The holidays are over and again the children must pursue their studies and take up the regular routine of every day life. Like a beautiful oasis in a desert come the Christmas holidays, giving rest and delight to the little students wandering through the long Winter months with the heavy burdens of book satchels and dinner baskets. Yes, now the pleasant days are past and the pretty toys and picture books must all be laid aside and the books of learning be gathered together again and carried along to school. We can scarcely wonder, this cold morning, that Mary Gray would rather stay at home with her pretty toys in Grandma's cosy room than go plodding through the unbeaten snow to school; but her mother has forbidden it, and so she goes pouting to Grandma to ask her to intercede for her and persuade mama to let her remain. Little Mary is very pretty and has such charming ways that one can scarcely resist humoring her, and besides, grandmothers are always so anxious to please the little ones that it seemed strange to hear Mary's grandmother refuse, especially when Mary looked so sweetly up into her face and plead so earnestly, "only to-day, Grandma, and then I'll go to-morrow."

"Only to-day!" repeated her grandmother, "Wait till to-morrow! My child, many a life has been ruined by always putting off

the duties of to-day for the morrow. No, Mary, you must hasten to school and do not ask again to remain, but every day learn all you can. If you go to-day the lessons will be easier to-morrow. Do you not know that each day prepares us for the work of the next? Time and labor are both saved by honestly performing our daily work. Now, kiss me good morning, and hurry away and when school is over Grandma will tell you a story and teach you a lesson as well."

These kind words had the desired effect on the little girl and she ceased her pouting and gaily started for school.

The school-room looked cheerful and bright, and when Mary arrived was already filled with happy children, for all had not needed a lesson from Grandma, but were eager to meet their little friends and tell of the pleasant hours of the Christmas time. The kind teacher listened a few moments to the clatter of the little tongues, then called the school to order and read the roll. Not a name was called but some happy little voice answered, "Here am I," and none responded more cheerfully than Mary Gray, who thought to herself, "How glad I am that I came to-day, for if I had had my own way, mine would have been the only crossed name on the list and then how sorry we all should be!"

The lessons recited, the songs sung, and school was over. The day had not seemed so long after all, and Mary and her little friends hated to part and lingered around the school-house playing and chatting until the shades of night began to fall. Many times Grandma's promise to tell a story and teach a lesson came into Mary's mind and at these times she felt inclined to hurry home, but the other children continued to play and she thrust aside her intention with the thought, "The story will keep till to-night or to-morrow; I am having such fun," and again the little girl deferred what she knew to be her duty for her own selfish purposes.

After Mary had left for school her Grandmother dropped her knitting, leaned her head back in the chair, and rested her arm on the table near her. For a long time she sat thinking and then seemed to fall asleep. Young Mrs. Gray came into the room to see if mother needed ought, but observing her apparent rest, she withdrew. When afternoon came and Mary should have been home from school, her sweet, gray-haired Grandmother rallied from her drowsiness and raising her head looked around the room, then called in a feeble voice, "Mary!" Her daughter frightened by the old lady's long sleep just then entered the room; for a moment she stood speechless, then rushed to the chair only in time to catch the poor head as it fell back again. An ashen gray color had crept over the wrinkled face, and the eyes seemed to gleam with an unnatural brightness; her hands were already cold. Mrs. Gray quickly summoned aid and the aged woman was placed on her bed. Her son was sent for and a messenger was also dispatched for little Mary, but she, loitering along with her play-mates, had wandered off the direct road and could not be found. As evening came on Grandma bade those who surrounded her bed "good night," and asked again for Mary. She then smiled sweetly, as though in recognition of some loved one, closed her eyes and fell into the sweetest, softest sleep. For a moment only her breath was audible then the heart ceased beating, and the dear ones at the bed-side knew that their own loved mother had gone home. They dared not weep or move, so sweet, so quiet seemed her sleep. She had not suffered pain, She had simply lived her life-time through, and now had passed from earth to heaven to the association of loved ones there, naturally and peacefully. It was a sweet sleep and the heavenly smile on her face told them she was happy.

Just at dark Mary came home; she was very hungry and tired too and thought it so strange that all the folks were out, for Mary passed from room to room and found them all empty. Finally she thought, "Anyway, Grandma is home and she always has a cake or something nice for me. I will go to her." Poor little Mary, she little thought what awaited her in Grandma's room to-night, as she turned the door latch to enter. Her father, hearing her approach, met her and taking her hand led her to Grandma's bed side, then leaning over whispered softly "Mary, your Grandmother is dead; she waited to tell you a story, but you came too late." The child gazed intently for a moment then burst into tears; her sobbing was the first sound to disturb the silence of the chamber, but it touched the hearts of the others and tears fell from every eye. Who can look on the form of some loved one whom death has taken and not feel a deep, a poignant sorrow, even when we know that life's race is run and the departed is far happier in her eternal home! Mary was led from the room and every effort was made to soothe her, but she only sobbed and cried, "Oh why did I stay away when I promised to come home. How I wish I had been a better girl!" Dear child, she learned her lesson that night and Grandma's quiet face told a more eloquent story to Mary than any tongue could tell.

The stars came out as bright as ever that night and the silvery moon threw a faint, pale light into Mary's little room as she knelt to say her evening prayer. The evening's quiet and the seeming peace of all around gave a soothing influence to the weeping little girl and she made a firm resolve that night never to linger over and put off her duties but to perform each one in its turn. She felt so keenly the wrong she had done by lingering when she knew her Grandmother was expecting her, and the great punishment she received for her thoughtlessness was almost more than she could bear.

She ever after tried to keep her resolution and never forgot her dear Grandma's lesson.

How few of us there are who perform each duty just when we should, and how many lessons given in this life we allow to pass unheeded by! How many times do we hear, "If I had only known, but now it is too late!" Yes, some lives are filled with regrets and we all ought to heed the lesson Mary learned—to perform each task as it comes, never leaving the labors of to-day to crowd out to-morrow's work.

ANNIE.

A PRINCE CHASTISED.

NEARLY twenty years ago, while Queen Victoria was staying at her summer residence in Balmoral, Scotland, her son Alfred, twelve years old, now Duke of Edinburgh, strayed from the castle, and missed his way home. Meeting a stout boy, with a basket of cockles (a kind of small shell fish) on his head, he hailed him.

The lad paid no attention to him. The young prince shouted again, but the sturdy fish-boy merely looked and walked on. Possibly he resented the rather peremptory tone in which he was called.

The prince, for his part, was used to being obeyed by peasant boys, and the rudeness or stupidity of this one made him angry, and he repeated his command in a still fiercer tone.

"Here, you fellow, show me the way to the castle, I say!"

"I dinna ken't" said the boy, still walking on.

"Tell me, or I'll knock your basket off your head!" screamed the prince.

"Na, ye winna," said the boy, coolly.

At that, the young prince ran after him in a rage, and with spiteful blow, sent the basket tumbling to the ground, scattering the cockles in the dirt.

Then there was a scuffle, and the fish-boy soon punished the prince so smartly that he was glad to break away and run.

It happened that one of the royal attendants, who had been sent in search of the missing prince, caught a glimpse of the fight, and ran to the rescue.

Of course the young peasant had committed a serious offense in daring to strike a member of the royal family. He was collared, and led to the castle, sobbing with fright, but stoutly pleading his cause. He protested that he did not know "wha the gentleman was," which was undoubtedly true.

He was simply resenting the loss of his fish.

Before they reached the castle Alfred exhibited a generosity worthy of his high birth. A little reflection had showed him the right of the matter.

"I was the one to blame," he said. Let the boy go."

The attendant, however, had no idea of letting the boy go. He should give account to the queen, and she must say what was to be done with the fellow who had assaulted her son.

The little Scot fairly quaked with alarm when he found himself shut up in an ante-room of the castle awaiting his sentence. Alfred, however, had been the first to see the queen, and he told her the whole truth about the encounter, taking the fault entirely to himself.

Soon one of the queen's chaplains quietly entered the ante-room, and kindly asked the fish-boy his name, and residence, and occupation, and talked to him in such a gentle, assuring way that his fears were quite soothed.

Then the chaplain made him tell the whole story of his difficulty with the young prince, and when this was done, he smiled and told him that the queen had said he was to be taken into another room to eat a nice supper.

Half an hour afterwards the same clergyman came again, and informed the now delighted boy that her majesty regretted the damage done him, and had sent him five shillings to pay for his loss and delay.

The happy boy scampered home with his money, not forgetting to gather up his basket of cockles on the way. His mother, who was a widow and poor, was as much pleased as himself; but the joy and pride of both were vastly increased when next day a messenger came from the kind-hearted queen to make further inquiries and offer friendly aid. The result was a fortune indeed to poor young Donald, for the royal bounty sent him to school, and finally apprenticed him to a profitable trade.—*Ex.*

WANT OF FAITH.—When men cease to be faithful to their God, he who expects to find them so to each other, will be much disappointed. The primitive sincerity will accompany the primitive piety in her flight from the earth, and then interest will succeed conscience in the regulation of human conduct, till one man cannot trust another further than he holds him by that tie; hence, by the way, it is, that although many are infidels themselves, yet few choose to have their families and dependents such; as judging—and rightly judging—that true Christians are the only persons to be depended on for the exact discharge of their social duties.

ENVY AND SELFISHNESS.

BY J. C.

SOME persons are like swallows—they merely skim the surface of things, and derive their nutriment and support in a very low atmosphere; while others are like the eagle—they soar aloft to scan the surroundings, and seek to obtain correct views from a clear and lofty eminence.

The people who envy their neighbors of “good luck” or general prosperity—who would rather see them the victims of cruel fate, than the recipients of smiling fortune, are possessed of souls poor and pusillanimous indeed, and are blind, not only to their own interest, but they are blind to the interest of society and of the world at large.

Society is so linked together, that we must, bee-like, either prosper or suffer together. If the honey is made by the hive, we are likely to get our share, but if it be not made at all, general want becomes imperative, and general suffering a certainty. All the bees of a hive may not have the good fortune to find the choice flowers that yield the most and the best of nectar; but so long as all are industrious, and make the best of the opportunities within their reach, all are entitled to their due share of the honey gathered.

Admitting that the bee is man’s superior, in this regard, it is, nevertheless, a solid truth, that communities will and must suffer or prosper together, just in proportion to the general prosperity or depression of the times; and what is our neighbor’s prosperity is our’s also, by virtue of the laws of cause and effect, which are as general and absolute in their application as the laws of gravitation, or any of the other laws that govern and control the material world.

The narrow-minded, superficial observer says: “Neighbor so and so has got a fine, well-appointed place. He prospers exceedingly, and seems to be comfortable and happy; but what are these to me, so long as I, myself, am not prospered.” The same person passes along the street and sees some portion of his neighbor’s fence misplaced, which a moment’s time might adjust, but he passes it heedlessly, stooping not to stop the breach. The consequence is, a loss of property is entailed, which may have cost somebody weeks of anxious, ardent toil. He merely chuckles, and makes this sordid, silent remark: “Let others fix their fences, as I have to fix mine; nobody does for me, and I shall do for nobody.” Does this person not know that his neighbor’s loss is his own, not only as regards the loss of dimes and dollars, but if the loss has caused his brother to lose his temper and made him violate the law of man or of God, society is so much impaired by the loss? For, like the small pebble that is dropped into the pool, or like the single drop of water that enters the bucket, the cause may seem infinitesimal, but the effect and influence are certain and will surely be felt for good or for evil. Narrow selfishness is very degrading in all its aspects and ramifications, and society can only prosperously exist by hearty, mutual interest, influence and support.

Should the best family of the land attempt to live for itself only, disaster would be almost certain to overtake it. The members might become the easy prey of malady or disease without the aid of timely, kind and skillful services and prescriptions; or they might become the easy prey of the savage, without the protection of their neighbors; and a host of other ills might assail them in an isolated capacity.

Again, it is from the well-to-do, or better-off portion of society, that the poorer classes are employed and sustained,

and every edifice or other work of art that is called into requisition to enrich a family, a hamlet, a town or a city, is just another valuable coin from the mint of industry, to give greater brilliancy and effect to the community in general; or just another lever placed upon its fulcrum to lift us up to greater prominence and respect as a people. Our temporal and spiritual interests are so blended that whichever way we view the stern problems of life, man’s dependency upon his fellow and upon his Creator seems apparent. Past prosperity has transmitted to us certain effects for good and for evil. We, also, are daily and hourly writing our history and making our record, and mankind will sooner or later feel the effects of the course we are pursuing. Every effort we make to suppress error and wrong in ourselves, or in others, is forming a part of the grand, spotless garlands of truth and righteousness that shall yet deck the whole earth and her redeemed inhabitants, and every vice that we encourage and foster will stamp our character and our lives just as surely as the king of day leaves his seat on the Orient hill, to paint the western sky with the magnificence of his departing glory.

We thus see that God who orders all things for the best good of His children, has bound us together so closely and indissolubly, that both the revelations of His divine will and the nature of our every-day surroundings assure us that we are called upon to occupy a broad and liberal platform, and that it is our duty to bury forever, blind, grovelling, narrow-minded envy and selfishness.

THE GOSPEL.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

THE aged and the middle-aged among the Latter-day Saints of Utah, are familiar with the first principles of the gospel. For the most part, they received the gospel in foreign lands where those principles, denominated *first principles*, were explained in detail to them by the Elders who taught them the gospel. Not only in public were these principles expounded, but also by the fire-side were they made the topic of conversation, and their correctness proven by the scriptures.

There exists, therefore, no particular necessity of addressing our older brethren and sisters on these subjects. But in all the Stakes of Zion are large numbers, not only of children, but also of young men and women who have been born and raised in the Church, and yet have not had the first principles of the gospel explained to them so fully, or each step proven to them from the scriptures as their parents have had who had to be convinced, before accepting the truth, that the principles taught by the Elders were true. We do not speak of this lack of information on the part of the young with a view to reflect discredit upon our brethren whose calling it has been to preach to the Saints in Zion. Indeed this state of affairs arises from the nature of the circumstances by which we have been surrounded, rather than from any neglect on the part of our public teachers. A new country has had to be settled, and various principles taught to govern people in the different circumstances in which they have been placed; and these things have occupied their attention. Very many people have taken it for granted that everybody understands these first

simple principles of the gospel, but they are mistaken; there are large numbers who do not understand them.

We believe the principles of the gospel should be intelligently comprehended by all who obey the same; and as each year brings hundreds of the youth of Zion to the age of accountability before the Lord, the writer believes there is great need of the *first principles* of the gospel being preached among the Saints: it is this belief that has prompted him to write for the INSTRUCTOR a series of articles on the gospel; and he hopes, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, to make plain the simple yet sublime truths of the gospel of salvation to his young brethren and sisters in Zion.

When commencing the study of any subject the first thing is to understand the meaning of the terms used. As for instance in commencing the study of arithmetic, the first step is to determine what arithmetic is. When we have learned that it is the science of numbers, and the art of making calculations by means of them, we are better prepared to proceed with our investigation. So in studying the gospel; the first thing to learn is, what is the gospel. We will let the scriptures answer:

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth." (*Rom. i, 16.*)

Are we to understand from this passage that abstract belief—we mean mere belief separate and apart from any act of obedience to laws and ordinances—will secure to man salvation? We think not. We understand that the belief of which Paul speaks, contemplates obedience to all the laws and ordinances of the gospel, and that this belief will prompt obedience to all gospel requirements. So with all those expressions such as, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;" and "whosoever *believeth* in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." This belief, prompting man to obedience to the gospel, makes the gospel to him the power of God unto salvation.

We are driven to this conclusion by taking into consideration several other passages of scripture in connection with that already quoted from Romans. Says Jesus, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that *doeth* the will of my Father which is in heaven." (*Mat. vii, 21.*) Says James, "Receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls. But be ye *doers* of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." (*James i, 21, 22.*)

Again says Jesus, "Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and *doeth them*, I will shew you to whom he is like: He is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock: and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it: for it was founded upon a rock." While the man who heard His sayings and *did them not* was like unto the man who built his house on the sands, against which the flood prevailed. (*Luke vi, 47-49.*) But still stronger than all this is the expression in Hebrews, "And being made perfect; He (Christ) became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that *obey Him*." (*Heb. v, 9.*)

After carefully considering all these scriptures, we are led to conclude that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to all those who *believe* and *obey* the same.

EVIL thoughts are the seeds from which spring wicked deeds.

THE TWO WEAVERS.

BY HANNAH MORE.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat;
So high, a weaver could not eat.

"What with my cares and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life,
So hard we work, so hard we fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine, his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to *him* and none to *me*?"

"In spite of what the scripture teaches,
In spite of all the pulpit preaches,
This world—indeed I've thought so long—
Is ruled, methink, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, how'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppressed,
And all the wicked are the blessed."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause,
Why, thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of His ways alone we know,
'Tis all that men can see below.

"Seest thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass it makes one stare.

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, no meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is all in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout,
Why, man, the carpet's inside out."

Says John, "Thou sayest the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view those shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth and grace:
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach the world of light,
And view these works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurned;
For there the carpet will be turned."

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

BY AUNT EM.

I IMAGINE the children sitting around a bright fire on a cold Winter's night and teasing for a story; and because I love little folks very much, and I know how tired mamma is sure to be when night comes, and as I have a great sympathy for tired mothers, I thought I would write the children a story that they could have for New Year's Eve, and then mamma might rest. However, I hope you will not expect it to be as enchanting as one of "Anderson's Fairy Tales," "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag," or "Shawl Straps." It will be a true story, though, and that will make it more interesting.

In the Empire State, many years ago, two "Mormon" Elders were traveling and preaching the gospel, and in their travels they stopped at the town of B——, where they converted and baptized a few people. Among those who received and obeyed the gospel there was a young farmer and his wife, whom we will call by the name of Andrews. They had four children and were a very happy and prosperous family. Time went on and the parents had the spirit of gathering, as all Latter-day Saints do soon after receiving the gospel. Finally, they sold the homestead and made every preparation to go away. The children could not understand why they might not as well remain in the dear old home as to gather to Zion; for so they designated Nauvoo. They had often heard their father say he would live and die on the farm. Little Margaret, who was the youngest, asked her mother what Zion was, and she answered:

"Zion, my little girl, is a beautiful city, where everybody is good and there will be no naughty children, and all will be peace and love; and we shall see Joseph the Prophet, whom the Lord has called to lead His people."

"But, mother," continued the child, "will there be any schools there, and can we go and study as we do here?"

"O, yes; and you will be taught in everything that will make you wise and good; we expect to give our children even a better education than if we remained here in B——; but it will be a new life to us all, and I trust a brighter and better one."

The children were satisfied with mother's assurances, and as children always delight in new scenes and places it did not take long to forget their sorrow in leaving the old home and dear school-friends and playmates, for each day brought some fresh delight. The journey was a pleasant one, for they traveled by steamer most of the way, and so far all was well. But after arriving in Nauvoo things did not turn out just as they had anticipated, and many trials beset their pathway. But although disappointed in many ways, Brother and Sister Andrews still rejoiced in the faith they had embraced, and to see Joseph the Prophet and hear him preach to the people was a joy indeed. I cannot tell you here all that befel the Andrews family in Nauvoo, but suffice it to say they had a very pleasant home and surroundings.

At the time of the exodus from that city, after the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and his brother, Hyrum, in Carthage Jail, Brother Andrews assisted the first company of Saints in leaving the city in mid-Winter; and when the next company left for the West he was ready with his family to start with them. In Nauvoo both Brother and Sister Andrews had suffered from fever and ague, and now when they were exposed to storms and inclement weather it proved too much for them and both were prostrated by sickness and day after day lay in their wagon suffering with pain until the angel of

death came to their deliverance. There are many nameless graves by the way-side, of those who died in consequence of the fatigue and hardships of that wonderful pilgrimage—untimely deaths caused by the mobbings and drivings of the Saints from their hard-earned homes.

After the death and burial of the father and mother the family was broken up. The only son, who was now nearly a young man, would not proceed upon the journey, and taking one of the teams and a wagon returned to Nauvoo, and some years after drifted back to his native State. The three girls, however, had more faith and went forward to the Missouri River; but as the story I am telling you pertains more particularly to the youngest daughter, I will only say they arrived in safety at Winter Quarters, where the girls were separated, for one (the oldest) was married there and soon afterwards died; and another, the second, followed her brother back to Nauvoo at the first opportunity.

Little Margaret, of whom I have spoken before, remained true and steadfast. Her father's sister took her under her care and protection. She was a peculiar child in many respects and her aunt and cousins evidently did not understand her at all, for they were, from the first, antagonistic. Her cousins looked upon her as a sort of charity child, and instead of showing her every kindness, treated her so cruelly that she often wished she had died with her father and mother. In fact, the child was perfectly wretched; but she had a great deal of spirit and when it was aroused not even her complacent, sweet-tempered aunt could manage her.

She was a modern Cinderella, only, you know, now-a-days there are no fairy godmothers to turn mice into horses, or pumpkins into coaches, and she could not have worn a very tiny slipper of any kind, for she was large and bony and her cousins told her she was very homely and awkward. She was treated as a servant to her aunt and cousins and she rebelled in her heart against her position. She was wise enough to know it was wrong, and she wanted *justice*, simple justice, as she told her aunt one day when she had been grievously imposed upon and felt perfectly wretched. At night she often prayed that she might die and go to her father and mother in heaven. At last she resolved not to submit to the ill-treatment of her cousins any longer; she was growing older and fancied she could earn her own living, and if she must be a servant she would work for strangers. She longed for love, and sweet kisses, and kind words, such as she had once known; and she thought sometimes of the old farm and the school-house and the loving playmates from whom she had parted with so few regrets. She grew hard, and cold, and distant, and her temper did not improve. At last the crisis came; things had grown worse and worse, and one unlucky morning when she had been severely reprimanded by one of her cousins she stood in a defiant attitude before the fire, by which her aunt was sitting, and twisting the corner of her apron nearly off in her anger, she burst forth:

"I'm going, and I don't care where! I wish I was dead, for nobody loves me, and I can't please anybody; and I don't see why I was ever born!"

All this with a great convulsive sob and a torrent of tears.

"Now, Margaret," said her aunt, "it is very wrong to fly into such a passion and say such dreadful things, and I shall be obliged to punish you for such conduct, just as I would one of my own girls if they should behave as you do."

"But you love your own girls and you hate me!" was the angry reply. "You shan't punish me, I'll go and the girls

may do their own work and see how they like it! I hate them, anyway; they're proud, and mean, and selfish!"

"It is your own wicked temper that makes them dislike you," said her aunt, "and, besides, you acknowledge that you hate them."

"Well, so I do," said the child, "and I hate you, too!" And then she flung herself down exhausted and sobbed and cried as if her heart would break.

When she became more quiet her aunt said, "Margaret, I am sure you must be quite ashamed of your temper," and thereupon she gave her a severe lecture and told her she must humble herself and ask to be forgiven. Children are not easily deceived, and Margaret knew her aunt always overlooked fits of temper in her own daughters, and therefore she took little notice of what she said, although it was perfectly correct in theory. But Margaret was determined to go away, so she dried her tears, bathed her face and put on her bonnet and shawl; then going to her aunt, for whom she had some affection still, she said:

"I'm sorry to leave you in anger, but I must go away from here; I believe I am ugly, and disagreeable, and unkind, but I'm not a fool and I can earn my own living somehow."

After she was gone her aunt consoled herself by thinking that she would come back, for provisions were not plentiful and no one wanted to provide for more than their own in those days of scarcity.

Margaret went forth with a sad heart, but she was not forsaken. She found warm hearts and those who were glad of her services and rewarded her with love and tenderness. I only wish I had time to tell you how the whole current of her life was changed from that very day. In this family Margaret was surrounded by quite another influence; they were Latter-day Saints in deed as well as in name. There was a young mother, so frail and delicate that she seemed only a child herself, and a sick babe, and a dear, blessed grandmother with the patience of an angel and a beautiful face, as Margaret thought, and it was perfect happiness to her to be daily associated with those refined and cultivated women. The young husband had gone with the pioneers and so Margaret, who had grown to be quite a young woman, for she was fourteen years of age now, made herself very useful to these two lone women.

She had always been fond of books and had a great desire to learn, and she found willing helpers in Mrs. Wallace and her mother. At evening, when her work was done, she would sit in the chimney corner poring over her lessons by firelight, for they had no such luxuries as candles in those days, except to use upon special occasions, or in case of sickness.

I must not make my story too long, so I cannot tell you all that happened to Margaret in her journeyings towards the "promised land," but although she often walked all day long, for the wagons were heavily loaded, and was sometimes foot-sore and weary, yet she was happier than in those dreadful days in Winter Quarters; for she had learned many useful lessons from the beautiful young mother and the blessed grandmother. And love had wrought a change in her whole life.

Everything was very primitive in the early pioneer days in this valley, and the little readers of the JUVENILE can scarcely imagine how the people were situated then; but in a new country courage and energy are very great helps, and Margaret had both. The long Winter evenings in the Old Fort were busy ones for her, and she made rapid progress in her studies and found many friends willing to aid her in her search for knowledge. She very soon qualified herself for a teacher and

succeeded admirably in this new field of labor. The means she earned by teaching she saved as much as possible to buy books in order to advance herself still further. But all this time she did not neglect her duties as a Latter-day Saint and the little orphan girl, left so destitute and forlorn, became in time a woman of strong character and sterling integrity to the gospel.

Now, my little children, as this is not a love story I need not tell you how she came to be married, but nevertheless it happened so and her husband was soon after called on a mission to the Sandwich Islands. She went with him and while he preached the gospel she taught the native children. And now I suppose you will want me to tell you what became of Margaret after the mission was finished; but don't you know story books never tell any more after people are married? I will do a little better and tell you a little more.

Some years after Margaret returned from the Sandwich Islands, Mrs. Wallace was very sick, and as she lived in the country and could not procure medical assistance she came to the city, where Margaret was living, in order to have a physician attend her. Margaret waited upon her as if she had been her own sister, for she loved her very tenderly and she remembered how much Mrs. Wallace had done for her when she felt her life was such a burden and had longed to die, and so it transpired, strangely, too, that Mrs. Wallace died in Margaret's arms, away from her husband, children and mother, and Margaret felt very grateful that she had been permitted to make this recompense to one who had done so much for her in days gone by.

I have told you this story partly to show you what difficulties and severe trials many of the Saints have had to endure, and also to impress you with what energy and perseverance will accomplish. Margaret, the poor little orphan girl, is to-day the possessor of her own home, a good library and a fair education in many branches of knowledge, and many comforts besides. From being the poor, lonely child who went out to seek employment, friendless and destitute, she is now surrounded by friends who entertain for her the highest regard. She has passed through fiery ordeals, but she has kept the faith and maintained her integrity to the truth, and though comparatively alone still, so far as her own kindred are concerned, she is doing a noble work in assisting others and realizes she has something very important to live for. She has long ago bitterly repented of her folly in longing to die, for she is the only one of all her father's house who has kept the faith, and she hopes to assist in redeeming her kindred who have died without a knowledge of the plan of salvation.

And now you may see what one little girl can do, even when left alone in the wide world with only God to watch over and protect her; and remember, children, how many blessings you have, and help those who are in need, and above all, show kindness to your little friends. Think how Margaret longed for some one to love her and how, when she found loving hearts, it changed the whole course of her life and made her temper affectionate and agreeable.

There are many women like Margaret among the Latter-day Saints, though not many who have been left quite so much alone as she was, an orphan in very deed. But courage and energy will accomplish wonders for us all when united with implicit faith and accompanied with earnest prayer.

FEAR is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.

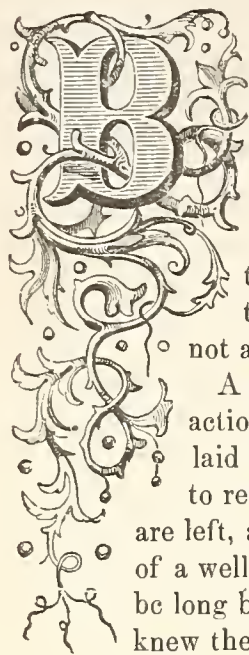
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



Y the time this number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR reaches the hands of its readers, the year 1885 will have been fully ushered in and we shall have entered upon the Twentieth Volume of our little periodical.

In looking back over the past, what momentous events have been crowded into the past nineteen years! In looking forward to the same number, what changes may we not anticipate!

A new generation are now upon the field of action. The most of the men who, under God, laid the foundation of this great work have gone to receive the reward of their labors. But few are left, and they, too, are now enjoying the fruits of a well-spent life and a ripe old age. It will not be long before it will be difficult to find one who knew the Prophet Joseph, and who heard his teachings. Yet the spirit that he possessed, and through which he gave impress and shape to the work entrusted to him, still lives and animates the bosoms of those who are actively employed in the ministry at the present time. Every year, however, seems to carry away from our midst men and women who have been long identified with the work and whose experience seems invaluable and almost indispensable to it. The Lord, however, is constantly sending new laborers into the field, who are fitted and qualified, through His blessing, for the labors that have to be performed, and they increase and come forward as His work spreads and its requirements demand.

There is one accompaniment of this work that should call forth the attention of the whole world. We refer to the widespread antagonism there is manifested against it. This is so remarkable a feature that it is one of the strangest things in the world that men do not notice it, when the numbers and character of the Latter-day Saints are taken into consideration. The Prophet Joseph Smith predicted all that is now taking place at a time when its fulfillment was unlikely. Who could have thought, in the early rise of this Church, that the time would come when the government of the United States would array itself against it, and the constitution would be trampled upon to deal it blows! It was so improbable an action that no one not possessed of the spirit of prophecy and revelation would have ever thought of making such an assertion. Yet how plainly it is being fulfilled to-day before our eyes!

In looking forward to the future we may reasonably expect an increase of this opposition. As the work grows and gains foothold in the earth, so will the opposition to it spread and increase. Can it be wondered at? Satan knows that his power must go down if this Church is successful. It is no holiday contest with him. He is in dead earnest. He sees a power established in the earth which, if successful, will destroy his dominion. He has accurately measured all the consequences that will attend the success of this work called "Mor-

monism," and he has determined that it shall not prevail if he can prevent it. This is the secret of the persecutions in Arizona, in Idaho, and also of the inimical action of the Congress of the United States. While we are engaged in the warfare and are made to feel the wrath of the adversary, still it is not a contest that depends upon us for its success. If this were so it would soon be ended. But it is a contest between the powers of darkness and the powers of light. It reaches into eternity and the Eternal Father, His Son Jesus, the angels and the spirits of just men made perfect are all engaged on the one side, and on the other Satan, with all the hosts of hell and every evil influence and power over which he has control. We do our part to the best of our ability. This is required of us, but the results remain with the Great Eternal. He will control and overrule them to bring to pass His own purposes.

Where people have faith and implicit confidence in the Almighty to them this contest is most interesting; for their serenity cannot be disturbed, no matter how menacing affairs may look, and there is positive enjoyment in witnessing the development of events and watching the wonderful providences of our Father in bringing to pass His purposes. This makes the life of a Latter-day Saint exceedingly interesting. He has an enjoyment in life and an interest in affairs as they move on beyond that of any other person. At the same time the knowledge which he has concerning this work and its eventual triumph relieves him from all anxiety, and gives him a delight and a happiness of which the world cannot conceive. We hope that this is the feeling that every one of our little readers will enjoy from this time forward throughout their mortal lives.

WASHINGTON AT DORCHESTER.—Mr. Locke, who was a respected clergyman of Hollis, Me., was a frequent visitor, about fifty years ago, at the house of our correspondent's father, in Kennebunkport. "When I was a boy!" writes Mr. Andrew Walker, a correspondent, "I have heard him, more than once, relate the following anecdote, and I recollect it as distinctly as if told yesterday." He said:

"I was soldier in the army of the revolutionary war, and was detailed, with others, to build the breastworks on Dorchester Heights. A day or two after the works were begun, Gen. Washington rode into the enclosure. I was a sentinel. Near me was a wheelbarrow and shovel; not far off was an idle soldier.

"'Why do you not work with the others?' asked Washington, addressing the soldier.

"'I am a corporal, sir,' he replied.

"The General immediately dismounted, and marched to the barrow, shovelled it full of sand, wheeled it to the breastworks, dumped his load, and returned the empty barrow to its place. Without uttering a word, he mounted his horse and rode away."

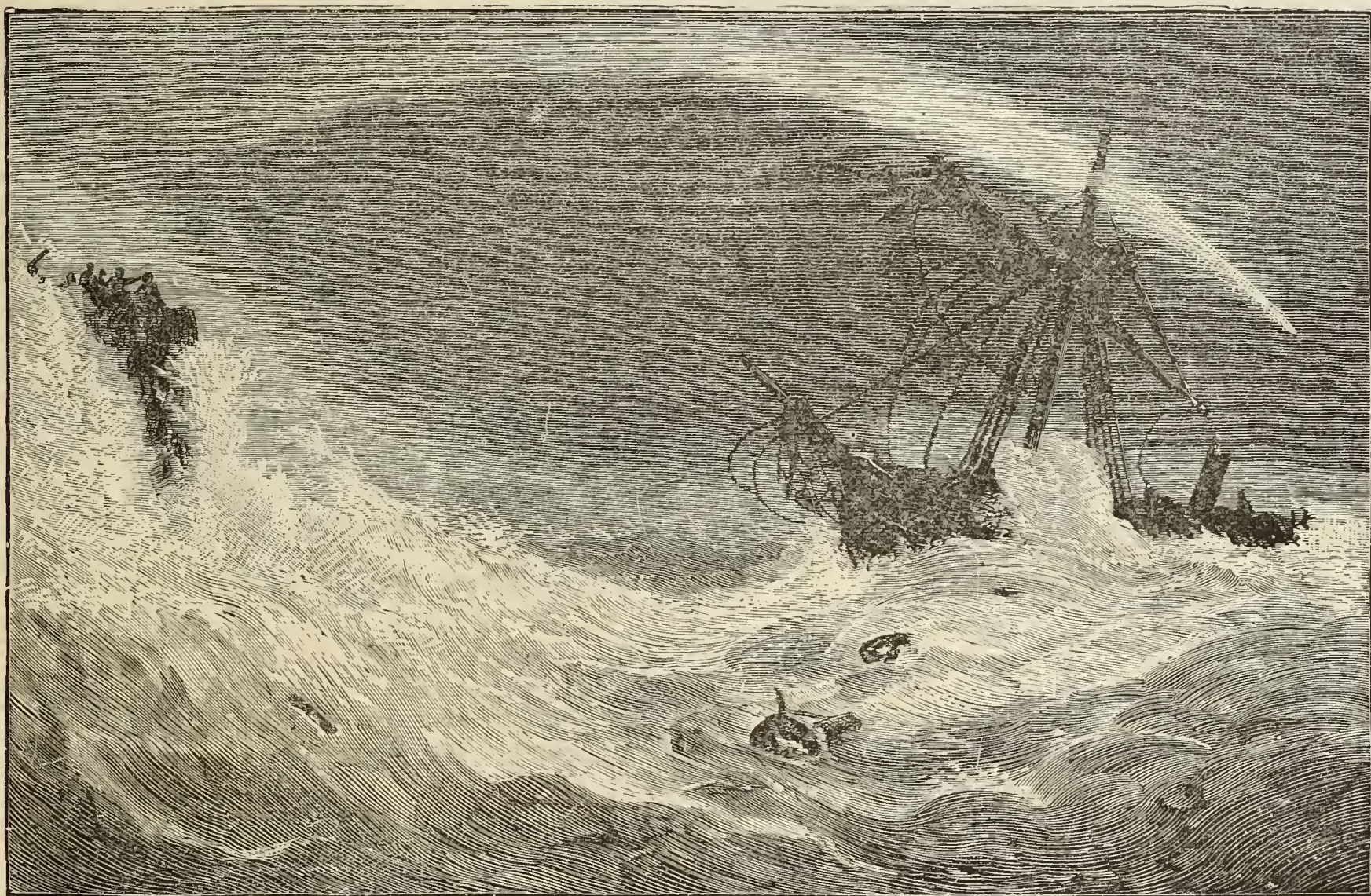
This anecdote of Washington has been related in various ways, but this seems to be a correct version. It presents him in a different attitude from that given him by several writers who represent his conduct while at Boston as being unduly dignified, proud and reserved. Washington's dignity was essential to his position, and an element of strength to the cause, since a leader, to be successful, must command profound respect. False pride he despised, and he was always ready to rebuke it.—*Ex.*

SENDING A LINE OVER A WRECK.

VERY few of those who inhabit this inland country are in the least aware of the great dangers attending a life on the sea. The horrors of a storm upon the ocean, when in whichever direction the eye is turned nothing is visible but sky above and water beneath, cannot be depicted in words; but such an event is at least equalled in danger by a storm encountered in many narrow channels through which ships have to pass. In the former the vessel is liable to be overwhelmed from the force of the wind and waves, while in the latter not only do these two elements combine to work destruction, but the unlucky bark is also liable to be driven on hidden rocks or covered sand-bars and there be dashed to pieces.

attached to the other was a thin line. This could be thrown by an expert to a distance of perhaps fifty yards, and if it could be properly directed so as to reach the sinking ship the thin line could be made to draw a rope to the endangered passengers, on which after being fastened to the mast, many were able to reach the shore. This means of throwing a line was found, however, to be inadequate, and led to the invention by Captain Manby, in 1807 of the *life-mortar*.

This mortar was an ordinary five and one-half inch tube fixed at a certain angle in a thick block of wood. The missile discharged from it was a shot with curved hooks on its sides which were designed to catch hold of the rigging or bulwarks of a ship. The rope was fastened to the ball by means of raw-hide strips. This invention was used on many parts of the British coast, and so great was the success attending it that



True, when near shore the wrecked have the chance of being washed ashore, but they also are exposed to the danger of being hurled against the rocks or crushed between the floating pieces of the wrecked ship.

One hundred years have nearly elapsed now since the first life-boat was launched on the coast of the British Isles, since which time it has come into almost general use; and life-boat stations are established on nearly every dangerous coast in every part of the civilized world. There are several different kinds of life-boats now in use, but in each the principal features are the same, strength and ease of propulsion being the chief objects to be attained.

There was used for many years in connection with the life-boat system the *heaving-stick*, which consisted of a piece of stout cane loaded at one end with two pounds of lead, and

mortar stations were established at various places where it seemed likely they would be most needed.

The most effective rocket yet invented and the one now in common use is known as Boxer's patent. It is similar in some respects to the one above described, but is capable of throwing a line a much greater distance than any formerly used. It can easily send a line of relief to a ship five hundred yards distant.

After a hawser has been stretched connecting a wrecked vessel with the shore, the devices are numerous by which human lives are saved. One apparatus curiously named *petticoat-breeches*, or more simply, *sling life-buoy*, consists of a circular cork buoy, which forms the top ring of a pair of canvas breeches. A man gets into one of these with his legs protruding below the breeches, and his arms resting on the buoy; he is then pulled to the shore by means of a block-tackle.

Another method of rescue is by what is commonly called a *traveler*. This is a light boat fastened to rollers which run on the hawser, and is pulled to and from the ship by ropes. Into this boat three persons can comfortably be placed, when an india-rubber or other waterproof covering is drawn tightly over the top of the boat so as to exclude the water.

Our engraving represent a line being sent over the wrecked ship *Elizabeth*, off the coast of England. The bright path marked by the rocket as it passes through the air is caused by a fuse attached to the projectile which can be seen by those on shore and thus informs them whether or not the line has fallen on the ship. The crew and passengers of this ill-fated vessel were among the first to be rescued by means of the mortar and rocket. And had it not been for this good invention it is very improbable that a single person would have survived the wreck, because the ship struck a hidden rock in a place where life-boats could not be used even had they been at hand, and those who might have caught a floating spar would most likely have been dashed to pieces on the rocky shore.

THE SPY OF THE VALLEY.

I WAS stationed at Winchester, Va., as one of the officers of the post. The commandant was a genial gentleman of the volunteer force. He had been brought up in the mercantile life, and of course had but little experience in military affairs. His intelligence in general matters was fully equal to the average, and his courage was undoubted, for, young as he was, he had been several times under fire, and had always behaved gallantly.

It was known that Stonewall Jackson, with a considerable body of cavalry and infantry, and a very large supply of artillery, for that section, was on his march up the valley. We could hear from him occasionally at various points. Now and then reports reached us of his successful dashes.

We were placed, unfortunately, under the disadvantage of being surrounded by citizens to whom Jackson was the acknowledged hero and idol. He was almost worshiped by sinner and saint alike.

"Wait till Jackson comes," said one old graybeard, as he leaned on his cane. "Jackson's got God A'mighty's ear, and you may depend on't, he's bound to conquer."

"They threaten to burn Winchester," was the news brought in one day by one of our soldiers.

"They can't do it while Stonewall Jackson lives," was the quick reply of a bystander.

"Why not?"

"His prayers will save us."

And that is the sort of hero he was—mighty in prayer—and I believe the people thought more of that than they did of his battles. They seemed to have perfect faith in his Christian character, as indeed they well might, for, leaving entirely out of the question his power as a military leader, he was a good man.

The great want of our army at this point was artillery. We had muskets enough, sabres enough, horses and men enough for immediate defense. But in long-range guns we were lamentably deficient.

We knew that if Jackson should sweep up the valley with his large park of Napoleons, our infantry, unprotected by any fortifications, would be at his mercy. Every movement we made was likely to be discovered, and the information of it quickly fur-

nished to the advancing general. Even the pretty, delicate, boarding-school misses were ready to do dangerous duty, and in some cases did good service to their cause.

It was a glorious day when one morning I sallied from my quarters. Winchester was full of gardens, and the trees were bright with birds, who sang, unchecked by any fear of approaching danger.

Very leisurely I went to the office of the commandant of the post. Everything was arranged according to the usual military precision. The officer was seated at his desk in his inner room. Opposite him sat a stranger, a beautiful young lady, dressed for a journey, and who was evidently using all her fascinations to attract and hold his attention.

By her side was a youthful-looking officer in the Union dress, who evidently was schooling himself to composure. My suspicions were at once aroused that he was not what he seemed.

The appearance of the lady was very striking. She was gesticulating gracefully as she continued her conversation with our commandant. Over her handsome face flitted bewitching smiles.

But there was a fixedness of purpose in her manner, a calm composure, approaching at times to sternness, that was not altogether congenial with the buoyancy and flippancy of her general bearing and speech. She was intensely earnest in her appeals to the commandant, and at times appeared to be tenderly and coquettishly beseeching a favor, which he seemed to hesitate to grant.

The officer who accompanied her sat silent in his chair, idly turning his cap in his hands, and looking on the road with such a strained expression that it clearly proved him to be desirous to be out of head-quarters and on a contemplated journey.

A horse and light Virginia carryall, with seats for two persons, was standing at the door, guarded by an orderly. The curtains of the carriage were drawn closely down and securely fastened.

The commandant at length rose from his table, and, giving me an intelligent glance, we passed together into an adjoining private room. The moment we reached it, he broke the silence.

"Suppose we hold a council of war. This is new business to me. Here is this young woman sent to me from Harper's Ferry by the commandant there, with a request that she be permitted to pass our lines to the front.

"She has been placed in charge of this Union officer, whose papers and answers seem all right, and her papers are also straight. She is desirous of going to visit her kindred, with medicine and clothing for the sick and needy Confederates among them.

"I have caused the carriage to be thoroughly searched, and find nothing at all suspicious there. As an action with Jackson may be impending, my intuitions impel me to detain the young lady till the battle is decided. But my benevolence prompts me to send her forward with her escort. What is your opinion?"

"That your duty as a soldier is paramount," said I, respectfully. "I feel impressed as you do. Like you also I feel promptings of humanity, and on that account would like to see the young lady passing our lines; but I cannot overcome the suspicion that under her fair exterior she may be a Confederate spy."

"That's the way it strikes me," responded the commandant; "but I find that her papers, after having been examined and endorsed at Harper's Ferry, have been re-examined and

re-endorsed at Martinsburg. The gentleman who is with her has the official Union Commission. They both tell the same story. I have examined the carriage, and find nothing contraband of war."

"My opinion is," I added, "that this handsome young woman herself is decidedly contraband of war."

"She is decidedly beautiful," responded the commandant, quickly. He was quite young, and might perhaps be excused for saying it. "Do you know," he went on, "she reminds me of a lady friend at home, an innocent, charming creature, and one of the most elegant women I ever saw."

"Pardon me, commandant," said I, feeling the gravity of the situation, "but we must not allow ourselves to put beauty against duty."

"No, no," he replied, "by no means. I am more inclined than ever to detain them—though if she hasn't seen an invalid mother for seven months—well, it's hard. Suppose you step out to the carriage and overhaul its contents more closely."

With pleasure," I said. I passed out to the carriage, and with the help of the orderly, opened the close-fitting curtains and searched every part of it. There was nothing of an objectionable character to be found, and I so reported to the commandant.

On re-entering the office to make my report, I saw that the lovely young lady was talking eagerly, and was appealing to the sympathies of the too impressible officer. She had drawn her chair to his side, and was looking in his face with bright tear-drops falling from her beautiful eyes. The commandant looked as if he believed every word she said.

The moment I had spoken to him, he drew up to his table, opened his portfolio, and wrote the much-coveted pass. The young lady, on receiving it, bounded from her seat, and then, as I could plainly see, made a strong effort to restrain her gladness. Controlling her steps, she went quietly to the door. Her companion followed her with equally-suppressed animation, bearing the precious document, which she had immediately passed to him, and that assured them of a safe conduct beyond the Union lines.

In a moment more we heard the rattle of the wheels on the hard road leading out of Winchester, directly towards the Confederate headquarters. I was sure of it. The horse, though not much to look at, was a thoroughbred. Once up the street, he flew over the ground like lightning. They were out of sight even as I looked.

"So you found nothing contraband in the venerable Virginia vehicle?" said the commandant, in a somewhat hesitating tone, and moving back and forth uneasily.

"There was nothing contraband in the carriage *then*," I replied, "but I am not so sure about its contents now."

"What do you mean?" he inquired.

"I mean," said I, "that if there were a Union lady among our acquaintances in Winchester" (the officers' wives had been sent away on account of the expected fight), "it would have been better to have had the lady herself searched. I am almost sure that papers of importance are secreted in her clothing."

The commandant started suddenly to his feet.

"Too late!" he exclaimed, looking seriously troubled. "I never thought of that. It is my first experience of the kind, and something tells me that I have been deceived." He sat silent for some moments. At length he spoke:

"Danger will probably be upon us to-night. I fear I have sacrificed to the pleasant memories of peace among the

absent, the stern duties of war which belong to the present. Call out the guard!"

The whole post was immediately put in as complete a state of defense as our limited resources would allow.

Next morning, long before the break of day, the shells of Stonewall Jackson's Napoleons were bursting in the air over our heads, the fragments carrying death and ruin in our ranks. Our magazine, where our principal defenses were stored, was on fire. Our horses and cattle taking fright, came stampeding through the town, carrying confusion and uproar along with them. The smoke of our burning materials of protection rose thick in the sky, and the streets were soon so filled, that neither men nor horses could be well distinguished in the darkness.

It was plain that every part of our plan of action had been revealed to Jackson, and he had not lost a moment of active preparation. Some spy had revealed to him our condition, and he was now rapidly advancing towards us, nay, was upon us. The young commandant, so manly and handsome, paid dearly for his moment of weakness, for with the rising sun, the sun of his gallant life set. Struck in the breast by the huge fragment of a shell, I found him gasping for breath in the house where he had been carried. He died in my arms.

Half an hour later, on a commanding hill, overlooking the whole field of action, we could see through our glass Stonewall Jackson sitting like an iron statue on his iron-gray horse, his slouched hat drawn, or fallen partially over his left eye, surveying the movements of his troops. Not far off, and waving her white handkerchief in the direction of the late Union headquarters, well mounted on a spirited charger, while behind her waved the colors of the victorious forces was the young lady to whom our commandant had given the fatal pass.

It was the daring, handsome spy of the Virginia Valley—Belle Boyd.

Selected.

EDUCATION BETTER THAN OUTWARD BEAUTY.—I cannot understand the importance which certain people set upon outward beauty or plainness. I am of opinion that all true education, such at least as has a religious foundation, must infuse a noble calm, a wholesome coldness, an indifference, or whatever people may call it, towards suchlike outward gifts, or the want of them. And who has not experienced of how little consequence they are in fact for the weal or woe of life? Who has not experienced how, on near acquaintance, plainness becomes beautified, and beauty loses its charm, exactly according to the quality of the heart and mind? And from this cause am I of opinion that the want of outward beauty never disquiets a noble nature or will be regarded as a misfortune. It never can prevent people from being amiable and beloved in the highest degree; and we have daily proof of this.

Frederika Bremer.

VIRTUE and talent, though allowed their due consideration, yet are not enough to procure a man a welcome wherever he comes. Nobody contents himself with rough diamonds, or wears them so. When polished and set, then they give a lustre.

INCIDENTS OF LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

A SCRAP FROM MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

IN the early part of July, 1849, a company of Saints, numbering one hundred and fifty, were busy for several days ferrying their goods and families across the Mississippi river from Illinois into Iowa. The men did not linger in this work of transportation of their wives and children, for the menaces of enemies in the former State assured them that for the lingering "Mormon" pilgrim no mercy would be felt. So, from necessity, the vigilant workers rested neither day nor night until the last of the pilgrim band had set his foot on the opposite shore, where the revilings and threatenings of their enemies could not be heard. Several companies of Saints had already started that year for the mountains, but as the season was now far advanced doubts were expressed that this lingering band of exiles would reach the valleys before the Winter snows made the mountain roads impassable.

"Shall we not remain where we are until another Spring opens, rather than risk the danger of being locked in by the snow in some of the mountain passes?" was the question they asked themselves. Then comes the message and encouraging words from their heroic and beloved leader in the valley, "Come on and be true and faithful, and God will lead you."

The persecuting spirit that harassed them in Illinois reached them where they now were and their crossing the river had not afforded them a protection from suffering. They therefore hailed their leader's message with joy and prepared to move on towards the valley, for they felt they would rather meet the rigid severity of the late Winter's march, which they probably might have to make, than remain and endure the persecution of their wicked opponents.

On the 14th of July the second of the three organized companies of fifty started from Winter Quarters under the leadership of Elder B—. They had been commanded to travel in companies of not less than fifty to insure their safety against attacks from the Indians, some tribes of whom at that time were hostile. Those who are accustomed to traveling only by the railway and stage cannot imagine half the trials and hardships attendant upon a journey across the then almost trackless plains with ox teams and wooden wagons. But the Saints saw nothing to discourage them in their situation. The thought of the hundreds of weary miles to be traversed by them did not dampen their courage any, and at the end of each weary day's travel the song of mirth and happiness was heard among them, unmixed with a murmur or complaint. Disease found its way among them, first, measles, and then the whooping-cough; but through the prayer of faith they were saved and none of them were left to sleep by the way-side.

After a slow, tiresome march of five or six weeks in the wilderness they were met by two men traveling east from the valley. One of them, a Mr. Babbit, explained to them something of the nature of the early Winter storms, which he said the company would be sure to meet if they continued to travel at their then slow rate, and suggested to several men of the company that they divide their camp and travel in companies of ten instead of fifty, that they might make greater speed. The Saints were assured that there could be no danger from the Indians as he had learned that the tribes of that region had removed five hundred miles distant. This proposal caught

like a flame in the minds of the more fearful of the company and continued to spread until nearly half of the entire camp became possessed with a fear that they would not reach the valley in safety. At length they besought their captain to make a division of their number and reorganize them into smaller companies.

With patience and humility their captain reasoned with them rehearsing to them the promises God had made to guard them safely through if they were faithful, and faithful they were not if they disregarded the command of His servants, which was to travel as they were then organized. But the more he reasoned the more fearful their hearts became, and at length a feeling of enmity, jealousy and dissatisfaction crept in. They ascribed the perverseness (as they called it) of their leader to selfish motives. The inability of Elder B — to dispel this spirit of discontent from his hitherto peaceful and happy company weighed heavily upon his heart, and when he had exhausted every means in his power to do so he withdrew himself from the camp and in prayer commended his people to the care of God and besought Him to open their eyes to their folly. He came back to his tent feeling comforted and satisfied that God would not suffer these few of His children to be led away in their fear and blindness.

His prayer was answered, for the next morning revealed, not far from their camp, the tents of about five hundred Indian warriors. The teams were immediately yoked and the wagons soon under way. The Indians mounted their horses and rode up to the train. The captain gave instructions to the men to make no answer to their demands for traffic, instructions they were now willing to obey. After much difficulty the Indians were got rid of without their interfering seriously with any of the company; and the men clamored no more from that time for a division of their ranks.

After a few weeks more of weary dragging over the road in the scorching sun the majority of their number grew tired and wanted to rest; they saw their teams begin to lag, and themselves, their wives and children were tired and foot-sore from their long march. Surely, they thought, they were so near to the valley now they could afford a few days for a little rest and to let their teams recruit. Not a cloud was seen in the sky from day to day, and the long, hot September days betokened in their appearance no near approach of Winter. Their leader looked upon his tired people and in his heart felt great pity for the worn-out mothers of the young babes which had so lately come to them, and he longed to give them their much-needed rest. But he cheered them with kindly words and urged upon them the necessity of strictly obeying the command of President Young to not lose a day on the road, but push on without delay to the valley; but endeavors to banish weariness and inspire them with energy to continue their journey without a rest were vain. They held their council until a late hour on the third night of their discussion on the matter, when each of the rebellious ones (who comprised nearly half the company) retired with the determination to remain in camp the next day; the rest also retired, all except Elder B., who sought a thicket by the roadside to once more commend his people to God and ask His interposition in their behalf, that they might not be permitted to commit this act of disobedience and thereby endanger their wives and little ones.

As on the former occasion he found relief and consolation in prayer, and retired to rest with an assurance that his prayer would be answered.

During the latter part of the night a fearful storm arose; the wind blew a terrible gale, and when morning came some

of the wagons had drifted against them a bank of snow eight feet in depth. Those who had not intended to remain in camp suffered less than those who had, for they had everything packed together ready for an early start in the morning, while those who intended to remain had their things lying carelessly about, and many of them lost their cooking utensils and other necessary articles. The storm continued for three days in all its fury, and when on the fourth day the elements permitted them to yoke up their teams and move on, none of them expressed a wish to remain longer, and from that time each one was filled with a desire to push on as rapidly as possible.

They were assailed by many hard storms before they reached their destination and suffered a great deal; but they all got in, not one of them was left behind. Their noble and energetic leader never faltered in his arduous labors for the flock under his charge. During stormy or bad weather he usually remained in his saddle from morning till night, assisting in driving the loose stock and encouraging drivers and teams, so anxious was he to reach the valley before the Winter snows commenced in earnest. He arrived with all his company in Salt Lake City on the 22nd of October, after suffering innumerable hardships; but all felt then, as do their children now, that God was to them in their travels as He was to the children of Israel anciently—a shield and protection. Mc.

HOW I RECEIVED MY TESTIMONY.

BY D. R. GILL.

FOR the benefit of the young I will relate an incident which occurred in my experience previous to my embracing the gospel. When I was very young I believed in God and in His Son, Jesus Christ, having been taught so to do by my parents, who were members of the Primitive Methodist church. My father usually took me to the Sunday school, and in reading from the Bible and Testament of the blessings that God had bestowed on His children, my faith in Him increased. I wished many times that I had lived in the days of the Savior, so as to enjoy the gifts of the gospel.

In the Summer of 1864, some Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came and preached in front of my house; and at the close of the meeting, one of them by the name of David Jones, now living near Mill Creek, south of Salt Lake City, gave me a tract on the first principles of the gospel, in which it was stated that the gifts of the Holy Ghost would follow the believer. After reading it I began to think about my salvation, and questioned how I was going to be saved. I prayed to my Heavenly Father to reveal to me whether I worshipped Him aright or not. The first answer to my prayer was that I should be baptized by immersion for the remission of my sins.

I had, by this time, become a member of the same church with my parents, and was living in the town of Pontypridd, in Glamorganshire, South Wales. In the month of November, 1864, I was at work in a deep coal mine hewing coal, a mile and a quarter underground from the shaft; and while meditating on what I had read and heard concerning the gospel I heard a voice apparently behind me, calling me by name, saying, "Go to Mountain Ash and there it shall be told thee

what thou shalt do to be saved." I turned around, but saw nothing, and continued my work, when the voice again repeated the same words. I looked again with the same result, and thought it was my imagination trying to deceive me and I said in my mind, "What am I looking for? There is nothing here." Again I commenced to work; but the voice came more powerful the third time, uttering the same admonition. I then put down my pick and went home.

This place called Mountain Ash was eight miles from where I was then living; so the next morning I took the first train and went to the place where the voice had commanded me to go. In the first house I entered in the settlement there were four Latter-day Saints conversing together. They were all strangers to me but one. After being seated a conversation arose between us about religion and these persons explained to me in detail the plan of salvation, which I subsequently received.

Thus, you see, my young readers, that my humble prayer was answered. If we will only bow ourselves before the Lord and pray from our hearts, we can all have a testimony for ourselves to know that this is the work of God.

ANTIDOTE TO INFIDELITY.

TO ask those walking in the gospel light to read infidel books, hear infidel lectures and keep infidel company is like asking them to go into a dark room and select at hazard from a collection of books having gilded titles and fancy bindings, perhaps, but entirely blank within, to seek therein for pure knowledge. And but little better is it to ask them to apply for information upon heavenly subjects to any of the so-called Christian sects of to-day. This is, in effect, to offer them a stone for nutritious bread, a serpent for wholesome fish, or the water of a turbid and foul stream in exchange for pure, sparkling water from the fountain head.

Therefore, let those who are fed with manna from heaven turn not longing eyes to the flesh-pots of Egypt; walk not in devious channels of downward tendency when the straight but narrow way that ever inclines upward is open to you. Ask not the guidance of the blind; neither expect such persons to truthfully describe celestial beauties, of which it is impossible for them to have the faintest conception.

There is a true and living faith. It is the main-spring of all spiritual action. Of it are born those works by which and through which, alone, the salvation of God is attainable.

Humility of heart *all* can cultivate; and every good and perfect gift cometh from God to the humble seeker.

Purify your spirits and your bodies and you shall obtain a knowledge of God, of Jesus Christ and of keys and influences that will eventually lead you back to the society of holy beings, there to bask forever in the full blaze of the cheering, life-perpetuating rays of the pure light of heaven.

BELIEVER.

A GREAT, a good and a right mind is a kind of divinity lodged in flesh; and may be the blessing of a slave as well as of a prince. It came from heaven, and to heaven it must return; and it is a kind of heavenly felicity, which a pure and virtuous mind enjoys in some degree, even upon earth.

Lessons for the Little Ones.

AN AFTERNOON LESSON.

PHILIP BRENT and his sister Sadie generally played very happily together, for they were the only children in the large farm-house on the hill; and when Phil. was such a little boy that he could scarcely speak plainly, he used to say that "Sadie was such a cunning little thing!"

He was just three years older than his little sister. He loved her very dearly now; but sometimes he would feel that it was a much finer thing to be a boy than a girl, and that he was so old and so wise that Sadie should be very obedient.

But the spoiled darling, a dear little roly-poly thing, with great black eyes and the sauciest little nose, thought that Brother Phil. was just made to wait upon *her* and humor all her whims; and sometimes their views would clash very unpleasantly.

It was a bright Autumn day, and Philip was busily working at a little out-house that had just been given to him for his own use.

He had been hammering for some time inside and he was now making the door secure.

Sadie stood near in her little pink sun-bonnet, looking rather cross, for Phil. would not tell her what he was doing all this for, nor would he let her go inside. To all her questions he replied that it was a secret; and that some day, maybe, he'd tell her.

But what little girl of six years would be put off in this way? Sadie coaxed until she was tired; and then she got angry and stamped her foot; but Phil. went on with his hammering and did not seem to care in the least.

The little sister was sure that she saw him take something out of a covered basket and she thought it might be kittens, or perhaps little chickens; but Phil. would tell her nothing and she stood pouting awhile and finally walked away.

But there was no one at the barn to amuse her and she did not want to go into the house, so by-and-by she went back again.

But Phil. was not there now, he had gone to the house to get something; and after peeping all around without being able to see anything inside, Sadie tried the door. It was not fastened very securely and two or three pulls got it open.

The little girl screamed, "Oh!" as two pigeons flew over her head. And just then Phil., looking

very red and angry, ran towards her, calling out:

"You little 'meddlesome Mattie!' I'll give you a shaking that you'll remember!"

Sadie shrieked and took to her heels; she had never run so fast in her life before, but her brother ran faster; and forgetting all about the pond in the fear of his anger, she stumbled and rolled down the bank into the water.

Phil. was sobered in an instant and his red face very quickly turned white. What if his little sister should be drowned? There was no one to get her out, and he could do nothing but scream for help.

Fortunately two of the hired men were coming across a field in the opposite direction, and they soon lifted little Sadie, all dripping, from the water. But she was very still and white; and Phil. cried as if his heart would break.

He forgot all about his pigeons and would have given everything he had to see Sadie smile again.

She was carried into the house and laid on her little bed; and Mrs. Brent cried, and everyone looked very solemn, and the doctor was sent for.

They rubbed and worked over the little girl for a full hour without being able to see any signs of life. But suddenly she opened her eyes, and said:

"Where's Phil?"

A happier boy never lived than the one who now bounded joyously at the sound of his sister's voice. And Sadie asked:

"Won't they ever come back again, Phil? I'm sorry; but I didn't know there was anything there that would fly."

"Never mind, dear," replied Phil., choking down a sob at the thought of his pigeons, which had cost him his only half-dollar. "I ought to have told you. But, you see, I wanted to surprise you, Sadie. They would have laid eggs, you know; and perhaps, on your birthday, I might have had a beautiful white pigeon for you."

"Oh," whispered Sadie, "how good you are, Phil!"

But Phil. did not feel particularly good as he looked at his pale little sister; and it was some time before Sadie was able to run about again.

Mrs. Brent talked to her boy very earnestly about his quick temper, which had nearly caused his little sister's death; and after that sad day Philip seemed quite changed. Perhaps Sadie did not tease him so much; but the brother and sister were very fond of each other, and the new pigeons which soon came to take the place of the others belonged to them both.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

There is a little saying
Which you'll find is always true,
My little boy, my little girl—
A saying that's for you;
'Tis this, my darling little one,
With eyes so clear and bright:
"No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight."

No matter whether field or glen,
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh, or labor's hum,
Entice your feet to stray;
Someone is always watching you,
And whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.

Someone is always watching you,
And marking all you do,
To see if all your childish acts
Are honest, brave and true.
Remember this, my darling one,
And keep your good name bright,
No child who lives upon the earth
Is ever out of sight.

JUSTICE TO LATTER-DAY
SAINTS.

BY W. J.

THE killing of the Elders and Saints in Tennessee took place on Sunday, August 10th, 1884, and we have been waiting patiently ever since to learn of the arrest and punishment of the murderers, but we have waited in vain; and with reference to this matter the *Deseret News* of Oct. 17, has the following in an editorial:

"No sincere effort has been made towards the discovery and punishment of the cowardly assassins who shed the innocent blood of the Elders and Saints at Cane Creek on a recent Sabbath day. The reward offered by Governor Bate was so arranged as to offer no solid inducement to any competent officer to ferret out the murderers, and the manner in which the proclamation was made showed that there was no heart in the hollow pretense of a desire for the law's vindication. Nothing practical has been done, but the mobocrats are suffered to go at large and continue their defiance of law and humanity, in threats of vengeance upon peaceable citizens of Tennessee. The annexed dispatch, which appears in several Eastern papers, substantiates what we have said:

"Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 9—A Mormon family of six passed through here yesterday. A boy and a girl aged ten and twelve years were harnessed in a small cart containing their earthly possessions. The ankles of the children were swollen and bleeding. The father and mother each carried a child. They said they came from Lewis County, and were going west, but the man in evident terror said in answer to a question that they were not exactly Mormons, but were suspected, and were forced to leave."

Now, this dispatch affords no hope that the State of Tennessee will ever arrest and punish those blood-stained criminals, but, on the other hand, its inaction encourages murder and banishment. Just reflect for a moment that it allows some of its citizens to murder others of its citizens with impunity; that it allows its citizens to drive their fellow-citizens from their homes and property beyond the limits of the State, and it

does not make an effort to stop this murder and banishment for religious belief! Only think of a family of six being "forced to leave" their homes through mob violence and threats of death, father and mother each carrying a child, and harnessing a boy and girl, aged ten and twelve years, respectively, to a cart like brute beasts, in order to carry off a few of their effects, to save them from nakedness and starvation; and this too in a boasted land of liberty; and the State permits this; and the parent Government is silent; and the poor exiles for conscience sake have no hope of redress on earth! Let the honest, the honorable, the liberty-loving in every clime, look upon those facts as they are, and realize the situation! Let the Heavens look down upon this state of things, and take note of the fact that there is no disposition manifested by the State of Tennessee, nor by the United States to protect its citizens in worshiping God in the way He has ordained!

But the case given in the foregoing dispatch is not all. Later news informs us that the brutal work of the inhuman mobocrats is still going on unchecked. Mr. I. T. Garrett, of Cane Creek, a person who is not a member of the "Mormon" Church but who has been a friend to the Elders who have labored in that part of the country, has been notified to leave on pain of death, and has fled to save his life. His family follow him. James Condor, father of Martin Condor and step-father to J. R. Hudson, who were both killed in the massacre, and husband of Mrs. Condor whose thigh was shattered by the shots of the murderers has been threatened with death if he did not leave, and he has fled from home to save his life, leaving a crippled wife in a very precarious condition. Thus the fiendish work of persecution goes on unchecked by proper authority, and the perpetrators of these foul deeds have the freedom and protection of their State, while their poor, harassed, threatened victims have to flee from home, friends family and property or else be slaughtered. We have however, this consolation that,

Though men may kill their fellow-men
And earthly courts may punish none:
"Vengeance is mine!" the Lord hath said,
And we say—"Lord! thy will be done."

As these things transpire we realize more fully that we live in the latter days—days of great tribulation, wickedness and great judgments—and right on the eve of the time when the Lord will cleanse the earth of its abominations, and purify it for a reign of peace. And, as a fitting close to this brief article we will introduce an extract from a sermon preached by President Jedediah M. Grant, in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, April 2, 1854, which reads as follows:

"Three days before the Prophet Joseph started for Carthage, I well remember his telling us we should see the fulfillment of the words of Jesus, where He says, the father shall be against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; the mother-in-law against the daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law, and when a man's enemies shall be those of his own household.

"The Prophet stood in his own house when he told several of us of the night when the vision of heaven was opened to him, in which he saw the American continent drenched in blood, and he saw nation rising up against nation. He also saw the father shed the blood of the son, and the son the blood of the father; the mother put to death the daughter, and the daughter the mother; and natural affection forsook the hearts of the wicked; for he saw the spirit of God should be withdrawn from the inhabitants of the earth, in consequence of which there should be blood upon the face of the whole earth, except among the people of the Most High. The Prophet gazed upon the scene his vision presented, until his heart sickened, and he besought the Lord to close it up again."

MY HOME IN UTAH.

B. F. WEIGHT.

My blessed, glorious home of peace In Utah's pleasant vales! While troubles in the
world increase, Here hap - pi - ness pre - vails. Here healthful breezes gent - ly sweep From
grand old canyons, rough and steep, And sweet contentment reigns, And sweet con - tent - ment reigns.
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Let us sing with one ac - cord, hal - le - lu - jah, hel - le - lu - jah, Let us
sing with one accord, A joyful song of grat - i - tude, A joyful song of grat - i - tude To our redeeming Lord.

Here pines and cedars crown the hill,
And stores of purest snow
Descend in bubbling crystal rills,
To gladden all below,
To make the cultivated soil
Reward the laborer for his toil,
And plenty spread around.

And better yet, far grander still,
While all outside is night,
Jehovah here, reveals His will
And blesses us with light,
To guide us in the narrow way
That leads to full celestial day,
And everlasting joy.

CHARADE.

BY J. P. N.

My First is what I am quite sure
You all would like to be,
And things that as my Second are
You also love to see;
My Third doth stand to represent
A period of time;
Now try and guess my Whole, and find
The meaning of this rhyme.

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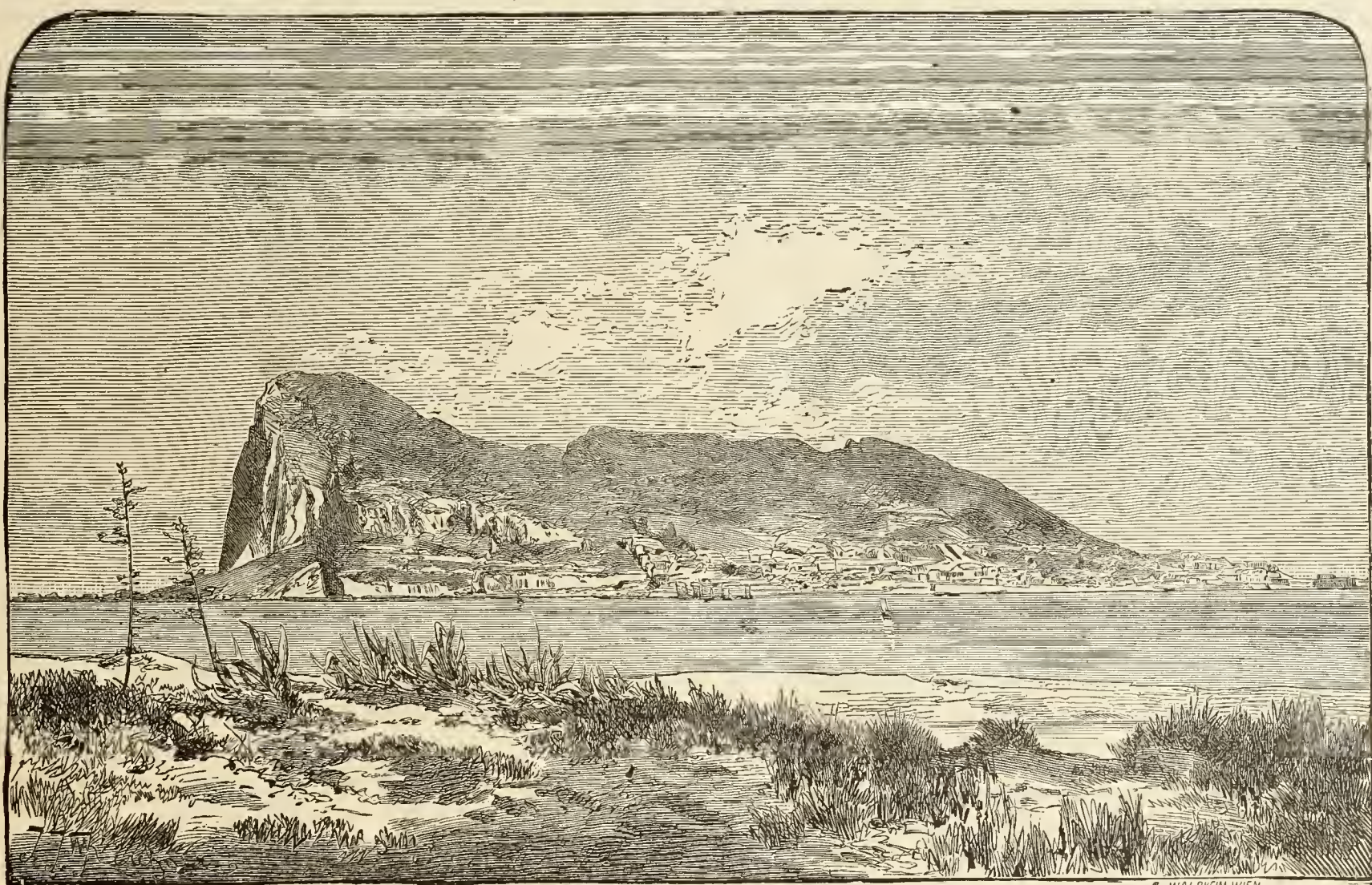
NO. 2.

GIBRALTAR.

ONE of the strongest positions of which England is to-day the possessor is the rock of Gibraltar, shown in the engraving, which forms the southern extremity of Spain. Its length is about three miles while its average breadth is only three-quarters of a mile. It is connected with the mainland

remains for defense and there is sufficient food for the maintenance of the defenders.

The rock is composed of a species of gray marble. Near the sea the surface is sandy and red in appearance, and higher up a scanty growth of grass or moss covers it. The highest



by a strip of land called the "neutral ground," which cannot be seen at any distance as it is so low. Overlooking this "neutral ground," as well as the sea are some very powerful batteries, and the fortifications are so strong that the rock may be regarded as impregnable, so long as a sufficient garrison

point, called the Sugar Loaf, is 1,439 feet above the level of the sea. It is perforated by many caverns some few of which are artificial, but mostly natural. The "Halls of St. Michael," the largest of these underground passages, have an entrance 1,000 feet above the sea. Passing downward through spacious

chambers and narrow passages a depth of 500 feet can be reached; but this is the limit, as the foul air prevents further descent. The roaring of the sea has, however, been distinctly heard at this point which leads to the inference that these "halls" have communication with the sea beneath. The most of these cavities are now utilized for the storage of food, munitions of war, etc., and for such purposes no better receptacles could be provided.

One very unpleasant feature of this celebrated stronghold is that there are no springs of fresh water, nor are there wells of any use. The inhabitants are forced to depend upon the rainfall for their supply. The result of this is that every drop of rain which falls during a storm is carefully husbanded by being conveyed in pipes to reservoirs which have been constructed in various places. The largest one of these tanks is capable of holding from nine to eleven thousand tons of water. For food, too, are the residents of Gibraltar dependent, as the very small amount of arable land is entirely inadequate to supply the wants of the people. Large quantities of grain are, however, safely stowed away on and in the rock for the sustenance of the garrison in case of a siege.

Gibraltar is now and has been since the year 1704 in the possession of the British. But it has not been without struggles and trying sieges that England has maintained her supremacy at this point. Repeatedly has France and Spain endeavored to dislodge the present possessors, but all efforts thus far have been fruitless. The most memorable siege in the history of the place commenced in the year 1779, at a time when the Revolutionary War was in progress, and England was also at war with France. It was then that Spain directed her whole strength against this isolated spot of British territory.

On the 21st of June, 1779, the Spanish fleet established a strict blockade and all communication with friends by either land or water were cut off. The besieged numbered at that time only 5,382 men under General Elliot, the governor. The enemy made steady preparations for the bombardment and on January 12th, 1780, commenced active annoyance by firing several shots into town. Admiral Rodney overcame the Spanish leader, five days later, and succeeded in renewing the supply of provisions, placed 1,000 more soldiers in the fortress and removed therefrom all persons who were not needed. During this whole year the besiegers did nothing but strengthen their position, while the besieged guarded well every approach to their almost invincible position.

In April, 1781, when starvation stared them in the face, Admiral Darby conveyed one hundred ship loads of supplies to the destitute soldiers, notwithstanding the efforts of the foe to intercept him. From April until November the garrison had to sustain an almost incessant bombardment from 114 pieces of artillery, and it was only when the British, in a desperate midnight sally, succeeded in destroying the more advanced of the enemy's lines and their principal depot of ammunition, that the attacked were given a slight breathing spell.

The siege was continued without anything of particular note occurring until the 8th of September, 1782, when fifteen gun and mortar boats approached the town and opened fire while from the Spanish lines 170 weapons of large calibre opened in one terrific discharge. The terrible bombardment continued with unabated vigor. On the 13th every gun of the besiegers and besieged was in full play. Before 4 o'clock the next day eight of the enemy's battering ships were burned and the firing from the Spanish lines became less and less regular.

Notwithstanding this defeat of the attacking forces it was not until the 2nd of February, 1783, that the leader of the Spanish forces announced the conclusion of peace. Then it was that General Elliot received the thanks and honors of his own countrymen, as well as the praise of his late opponents for his successful defense of his position during this most trying and memorable siege.

At present every place of approach on this rock bristles with artillery. The underground galleries are filled with munitions of war, and food sufficient to maintain the garrison for many months. The fighting force stationed here numbers between six and seven thousand men, while the town of Gibraltar, situated on the bay as seen in the accompanying engraving, has a population of about seventeen thousand.

The law of England prevails in the fortress; the governor's decision being final in all civil cases where no more than £300 is involved. In very important cases an appeal can be made to the British Privy Council.

As in the mother country all religious societies are said to enjoy perfect freedom. Still when Elders Edward Stevenson and N. T. Porter arrived in Gibraltar in March, 1853, to preach "Mormonism," they were immediately taken before the police to plead their cause. Elder Porter was required to leave and the only thing which saved Elder Stevenson from sharing the same fate was the fact that he had been born on the rock; still he was forbidden to preach his religion. He, however, during his labors of one year, and amid great privations and trials, succeeded in bringing several persons into the Church.

Lessons for the Little Ones.

A SPOTTED TONGUE.

Neddy Knowles was a naughty boy. A very naughty boy indeed. He said WICKED words.

His mamma overheard him one day, and she felt sorry to hear her good, little boy talking just like the bad, big boys out in the street.

She called him right up stairs to her room and said:

"Neddie, put out your tongue."

Neddy obediently stuck out the naughty little pink member, thinking mamma was going to put on it some nice, sweet, little medicine pellets.

"Yes," said his mamma, "I thought so; it isn't a clean, pure little tongue any more, and the naughtiness must be washed off at once."

"Wash my tongue, mamma!" exclaimed Master Neddy, opening his big blue eyes very wide.

"Yes," replied mamma, very soberly. "When you get your nice, clean dresses soiled, you know I take them right off and put them in the wash, and when your face and hands are dirty I also use soap and water on them, and now that your

pure little tongue is spotted with naughty, wicked words, I shall have to try to clean and purify that as well."

"O mamma, I'll never do so any more, deed and double!" cried Neddy, as he saw his mamma get the water and soap ready.

"I hope not, I am sure," said his mamma, going on with her preparations; "and so I am going to wash off all the naughtiness that there is there at present. Open your mouth."

Neddy began to cry, but his mamma only went on and soaped and washed Neddy's tongue very thoroughly, and then she told him how he had soiled not only his little tongue, but his soul, by taking the name of God in vain, and that swearing was not only a bad, vile habit, but a sinful one as well, and that no boy ever grew up to be a good *gentle-man* who used the wicked, naughty words she had heard him saying.

Neddy listened very attentively, and when she had finished, he promised his mamma that he would never be so wicked again, and although his tongue smarted a little, he felt glad that all the naughty words were cleaned from it, and whenever after he was tempted to say bad, wicked words, he recollected what his mamma had said, and he kept his tongue *clean*.

TRUE AND FAITHFUL.

"Charlie, Charlie!" clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell the voice rippled over the common.

"That's mother," cried one of the boys; and he instantly threw down his bat, and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet! Have it out!"

"Finish the game! Try it again!" cried the players in a noisy chorus.

"I must go—right off—this minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make like you didn't hear!" they exclaimed.

"But I did hear."

"She won't know you did."

"But I know it, and—"

"Let him go," said a bystander; "you can't do anything with him, he's tied to his mother's apron-string."

"That's so," said Charles; "and it's to what every boy ought to be tied, and in a hard knot, too."

"I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called."

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes. "I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her, will never keep it to any one else—you see if he does;" and he hurried to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charlie Gray is a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say that his word "is bond." We asked him how he acquired such a reputation. "I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great a temptation, and the habits formed then have clung to me through life."

Selected.

A PROPHECY.

BY JAMES REECE.

I ARRIVED in Salt Lake City in the Spring of 1857, and shortly after getting married, in the Fall of the same year, I was attacked by a variety of diseases, such as the yellow jaundice, mountain fever, etc. So seriously was I afflicted that I could not leave my bed. Two physicians, the best there were in the valley at that time, were called in to attend me, but both considered my case hopeless, and left me, as they supposed, to die.

I became insensible, and, as was afterwards told me, ordered even my nearest relatives away from my bedside when they came to administer medicine to me. Those who came near me expected that every breath I drew would be my last. While thus waiting the end my wife went out to the side-walk, and seeing Brother F. D. Richards passing on the opposite side of the street, called and asked him to come and administer to me.

He entered my room and conversed with me until I partially regained consciousness, when he asked me if I desired to recover. Upon my expressing a wish to do so, he went and invited Brother James W. Cummings to assist him to administer to me. They prayed, anointed me with oil, and Brother Richards then administered to me. He promised me in his prayer that I should recover and in the future perform a mission to the nations of the earth. Those present were astonished at this prediction, and even to Brother Richards, as he subsequently stated, it seemed impossible for me to recover. Still every word of that prophecy has been fulfilled. My health was speedily restored, and my voice has since been heard in foreign lands preaching the everlasting gospel.

My experience has taught me, and I would urge all the youth of Zion to believe as I do, that the words of God's inspired servants, no matter how unlikely their fulfillment may appear, will always be literally fulfilled.

MANY persons, after once they become learned, cease to be good: all other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not the science of honesty and good-nature.

Utah.

EARLY EXPLORATIONS.

BY J. R. F.

THE Territory of Utah comprises that section of country lying between the 37th and 42nd parallels of north latitude and the 109th and 114th degrees of longitude. The area is 84,476 square miles. The character of the country is very irregular. Mountain chains extend through it in various directions, cutting it up into numerous valleys and small plains. The average elevation of the valleys is about 4,500 feet above sea level, while numerous mountain peaks attain a height of over 13,000 feet.

The northern and western portions of the Territory lie within the limits of the Great Basin. The waters of this vast region have no outlet to the ocean, but are collected together in numerous lakes and disappear by evaporation. The water in some of these lakes is very salt. In Utah there are several salt lakes; Great Salt and Sevier are the principal ones. The former is about 40 miles wide by 80 long. There are two considerable fresh-water lakes in the basin region, both of which have outlets into Great Salt Lake.

The region east of the basin and separated from it by the Wasatch Mountains is drained by several rivers, whose waters find an outlet through the Colorado to the ocean. Utah has no navigable rivers.

The surface of the country is very barren, the general character being of barren mountains and desert alkali plains. The scarcity of rain renders it necessary to irrigate the land for agricultural purposes, hence the percentage of land susceptible of cultivation is very small.

Of the early history of the country but very little is known prior to the advent of the "Mormon" pioneers. Fifty years ago the entire region was almost an unexplored wilderness. Vague rumors had reached the States of the existence in the midst of the Rocky Mountains of a saline sea. Its position was not known; it had only been visited by trappers in search of the fur-producing animals to be found in its tributary rivers. Utah Lake had been discovered long previous to this time. As far back as 1776 it was visited by two Spaniards from Santa Fe, named Dominguez and Escalante; and it is even asserted that it was visited by Jesuit priests more than two hundred years ago. If this be so, it appears that the party reaching Utah Lake went no further, as no mention is made in their archives of the Great Salt Lake.

The first definite information we have of this region was furnished by Capt. J. C. Fremont, who, with a company of engineers, entered the country from the east in the Fall of 1843. On the 24th of August they entered Bear Lake Valley and camped near where Montpelier now stands. Of this region Mr. Fremont writes:

"We were now entering a region which, for us, possessed a strange and extraordinary interest. We were upon the waters of the famous lake which forms a salient point among the remarkable geographical features of the country, and around which the vague and superstitious accounts of the trappers had thrown a delightful obscurity which we anticipated pleasure in dispelling, but which, in the meantime, left a crowded field for the exercise of our imagination."

From Bear Lake Valley the party continued on to the northwest, following the course of the river. They tarried a few hours at Soda Springs, which were at that time called Beer Springs, so named by the trappers, who fancied they found a resemblance in its acid waters to the beverage they had been accustomed to in their eastern homes.

From Beer Springs the party took a westerly course, crossing the plateau north of Gentile Valley. They ascended the mountains to the west and descended into what is now Marsh Valley. Here they took the Indian trail from Old Fort Hall to Salt Lake Valley and followed it southward. Since leaving the springs they had expected at every point of the mountain or at the brow of every hill to come in sight of the lake. Around their camp-fires at night it was the subject of speculation. Their frequent conversations with the hunters whom they met threw around the unknown lake a shade of the wonderful. It was generally supposed it had no visible outlet; but among the trappers there were many who believed that somewhere on its surface was a terrible whirlpool through which its waters found their way to the ocean by some subterranean communication.

In the north end of Malad Valley they met with a band of Indians who told them they should find the lake after having slept twice and traveled in a southern direction. On the first of September they reached the Malad River, which they called Roseaux. The weather was squally and cold; all day long banks of clouds rested upon the mountain peaks, which were coated with snow. As they advanced down the river the valley gradually widened into a plain. The country now plainly indicated that they were approaching the lake. Far off to the southward isolated mountains, resembling islands, could be seen. On the 3rd they expected to reach the lake; but as they advanced new difficulties were encountered; low, marshy land, partially covered with water, rendered further advance impossible. They therefore retraced their steps several miles up Bear River and by the aid of a rubber boat crossed that stream and ascended to the higher land along the base of the eastern mountains. They continued their journey southward for a number of miles and then inclined towards the west. Here they discovered a small butte rising above the level of the plain; and upon ascending to its summit immediately at their feet they beheld the object of their search—the inland sea, "spreading in still and solitary grandeur far beyond the limit of their vision."

Mr. Fremont writes:

"It was one of the great points of the exploration; and as we looked eagerly over the lake in the first emotions of excited pleasure, I am doubtful if the followers of Balboa felt more enthusiasm when, from the heights of the Andes, they, for the first time, saw the great western ocean. It was certainly a magnificent object and a noble terminus to this part of the expedition; and to travelers so long shut up among mountain ranges, a sudden view over the expanse of silent waters had in it something sublime."

Next day the rubber boat was launched on the Weber River preparatory to a voyage on the lake. It was dropped carefully down the stream to its junction with the lake, where a halt was made for the night. Early in the morning the little party (consisting of Mr. Fremont, Kit Carson and two men) were on the move. The boat was launched, but it was with difficulty they succeeded in getting over the bar into the deep waters of the lake. The bow was now headed towards a small island several miles distant, where they hoped to make some

observations and form some idea of the size and extent of the inland sea.

"So long as we could touch bottom with our paddles," continues Fremont, "we were very gay; but gradually, as the water deepened, we became more still in our frail batteau of gum-cloth, distended with air, and with pasted seams. Although the day was very calm there was considerable swell on the lake, and there were white patches of foam on the surface which were slowly moving to the southward, indicating the set of a current in that direction and recalling the recollection of the whirlpool stories."

After several hours of constant exertion in rowing the boat they arrived at what is now known as Fremont's Island. From the summit of the island they obtained a good view of the lake. Far away to the north and south, as far as the eye could reach, was an expanse of water; beyond that, everything was vague and undefined.

"As we looked over the vast expanse of water spread out beneath us," says the report, "and strained our eyes along its shores, over which hung so much doubt and uncertainty, and which were so full of interest to us, I could hardly repress the almost irresistible desire to continue our explorations; but the lengthening snows on the mountains was a plain indication of the advancing season, and our frail linen boat appeared so insecure that I was unwilling to trust our lives to the uncertainty of the lake. We felt pleasure in remembering that we were the first who, in the traditionary annals of the country, had visited the islands and broken with the cheerful sound of human voices the long solitude of the place."

Next morning the surf was breaking heavily on the shore, and after a hasty breakfast they reembarked, and notwithstanding the wind blew a gale and the dark waters of the lake rolled heavily, threatening to overwhelm their frail craft, they succeeded in making a landing at the foot of the butte from which they had first viewed the lake.

Thus ended the first voyage on the Great Salt Lake. For ages its waters had lain there still and motionless, save when ruffled by wild fowls sporting upon its surface or driven by the wind. But the Creator had now decreed a change. The frail batteau afloat on the silvery surface of the lake was prognostic. The echo of human voices along its shores were but prophecies of the future.

The explorers now continued their journey westward; but in the following year, on the return trip, they entered the Territory from the south and traveled north until they discovered Utah Lake, and supposing it to be the southern arm of the great lake and believing they had seen its northern and southern extremities, they turned their faces eastward without discovering their error.

THREE CURIOSITIES.

A CHILDLESS but motherly woman—Mrs Kimmel—took three girls when they were quite small, to rear and provide for. They were about the same age. By Mr. Kimmel they were nicknamed May, June and Janny, from their birth-months, while their real names were sober affairs enough—Mary, Susan and Priscilla.

Mary was fair—a very saxon in complexion. Susan, who was June, had that rare combination of blonde hair—very fair it was—and dark brown eyes. Priscilla, otherwise Janny, always made me think of a pint cup of blackberries, she was

so little, and her hair and eyes were so black and sparkling. That word, sparkling, leads me to amend my statement; to say that she looked like a pair of sparkleberries.

Did you ever see sparkleberries? They grow in the Southern States, and are sometimes called Winter huckleberries, because they are found in the late Autumn and early Winter, sparkling like black beads among glossy green leaves. They are very palatable, though more granular and less juicy than the huckleberry proper.

This couple, Mr. and Mrs. Kimmel, had very good methods with their adopted girls. Mrs. Kimmel was thoughtful and discriminating, leading with gentle firmness.

Mr. Kimmel was so good-natured, so large-hearted and young-hearted, and so sympathetic, that it was impossible for him to go very far wrong with the girls. Mr Kimmel would warn the three, when he saw angry passions begin to rise, to make their counts. Five and twenty was Mary's count; five and thirty was Susan's count; five and forty was poor, hasty Priscilla's.

The imputation in having this largest count assigned to her Priscilla might have resented, but for the consciousness of its justice; and, in spite of her passionate nature, Mr. Kimmel loved her as warmly as he did Susan and Mary.

When the girls were approaching fifteen, Mrs. Kimmel bought some very handsome napkins; too handsome for machine-stitching, she thought, and resolved that they should be finished with old-fashioned hand-sewing. So she divided them among the three girls. Each was to hem four, and the one who did the best work was to have a gold thimble; the matter to be decided by a committee of dressmakers.

The committee reported that the work was so nearly equal in merit that it was impossible to decide between the three competitors. Upon this Priscilla, who was the youngest, began to protest with such vehemence that Mr. Kimmel called out, with a smile on his broad face:

"Steady, Janny! Count five and forty!"

"Well," persisted the sparkleberry, "I do think it's a very insipid decision. I could stand it to have either of the other girls get the thimble, but I can't stand it if nobody gets it."

"I always thought I would rather have had the magic mirror," Mary said. "Think how fine it would be, when I wanted to see what Queen Victoria was doing, just to look in my mirror and see! I could see any play that was on the stage without leaving my room; could see all the great people and witness all the interesting events—the marriages, funerals and battles. In Summer I'd have looks at Saratoga and Newport, and at London and New York in Winter. I'd find out more secrets than anybody in the world. I'd run a newspaper, and—and—I'd make more money than anybody."

"But what a sneaking, mean life you would lead!" said Priscilla stoutly, "prying into people's concerns—acting the spy! You'd find out so much that is mean and contemptible about people that you'd come to despise everybody."

"Perhaps I'd find out good things that would make me love and admire people," said Mary.

"That's true," Priscilla admitted, with some abatement of her confident manner; "but anyhow, I'd rather have Houslain's tapestry, that, in a second, would take me anywhere I wished. I'd be able to see people and things, not in a glass, darkly, but face to face, and without obtruding or getting at things I was not welcome to. I'd go everywhere, to the North Pole and to the heart of Africa; to the summit of the highest mountain and into the deepest valley. I could set up a newspaper in competition with yours."

"Well," said Susan, "I'd rather have Almed's apple, that would cure all diseases. Think of the good I could do by healing the sick!"

"Not more good than I could do by giving people trips, excursions and change of scene," said Priscilla. "I'd keep people in such good health that they would not need your healing apple. Why, in one day, I could whisk all the poor children out of New York to the National Park, give them a good time, and get them all home to supper; while it would take you ever so long to give a few dozen people sniffs at your apple."

"See here, girls" said Mr. Kimmel, who had been listening to the talk with a pleased smile on his face, thinking that his adopted children were as smart as everybody's own children always are. "I'll open a contest to you. I'll give twenty-five dollars to that one of you who will produce in three months the greatest literary curiosity. Come, now, what do you think of that?"

"I think it's capital," said Sparkle-berry, who never objected to being heard; "for," she proceeded to remind herself, "no matter who should get it, she'd share it with the other two."

The other girls supported Priscilla's opinion, and Mary immediately began studying "Curiosities of English Literature."

At the end of the appointed time, the girls reported. Mary submitted the following lines, which may be read in two ways. One is evident; the other is to read across, running the lines together.

"I always did intend	To take to me a wife;
Single my life to spend	Would grieve my very life.
It much delighteth me	To think upon a bride,
To live from woman free.	I can't be satisfied,
The female to my mind,	The joy I can't express,
I ne'er expect to find	So great in singleness.
A bachelor to live,	I never could agree.
My mind I freely give,	A married man to be."

Susan's which follows, is somewhat similar. It has two readings, one as here written; the other consists in coupling the first and third, and the second and fourth lines.

"The man must lead a happy life,
Who is directed by a wife;
Who's free from matrimonial chains,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

"'Tis in the female heart appear
Unwavering faith and love sincere;
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride
In woman's nature ne'er reside.

"What tongue is able to unfold
The female virtues we behold?
The falsehoods that in woman dwell
Are almost imperceptible.

"Hanged be the foolish man, I say,
Who will not yield to woman's sway!
Who changes from his singleness,
Is sure of perfect blessedness."

The last to be given is Priscilla's. You will perceive that the initial capitals spell, "My boast is in the glorious Cross of Christ," and that the words in *italics*, when read from top to bottom and from bottom to top, form the Lord's Prayer complete.

"Make known the gospel truths, *our* Father, King,
Yield us Thy grace, dear *Father*, from above;
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing,
Our life Thou *art*, for *ever* God of love!
Assuage our grief *in* love for Christ, we pray,
Since the bright Prince of *heaven* and *glory* died,
Took all our sins and *hallowed* the display,
In bowing to *be* scorned and crucified.
Stupendous God! Thy grace and *power* make known,
In Jesus' *name* let all the world rejoice;
New labors in Thy heavenly *kingdom* own
That blessed *kingdom* for Thy saints the choice.
How vile to *come* to thee, *is* all our cry,
Enemies to Thy self, and all that's *Thine*,
Graceless our *will*, we live for vanity,
Loathing thy very *being*, *evil* in design.
O God! Thy will be *done* from earth to heaven,
Reclining on the gospel let us live,
In *earth* from sin *delivered* and forgiven.
Oh, *as* Thyself *but* teach us to forgive!
Union divine! may *it* temptation bar,
Sad *is* the fall *into* the depths of woe,—
Carnal *in* mind, we've *not* a guiding star.
Repelling *heaven*, in *us* no hope can flow.
Oh, *give* us grace, and *lead* us on Thy way;
Shine on *us* with Thy love, and *give* us peace;
Self and *this* sin that rise *against* us slay;
Oh, grant each *day* our *trespasses* may cease!
Forgive *our* evil deeds that oft we do,
Convince us *daily* of *them* to *our* shame:
Help us with heavenly *bread*, *forgive* us, too,
Recurrent lusts, and *we'll* adore Thy name.
In Thy *forgiveness*, we *as* saints can die,
Since, for *us* and our *trespasses* so high,
Thy Son, *our* Savior, bled on Calvary."

Don't you think that this is ingenious, and that it ought to have won for Priscilla the prize, as it did?

Selected.

TWO PICTURES.

BY J. C.

IN the first picture we present, we find a family richly endowed with all the qualities of body and mind that render life and home agreeable and happy.

The father and the mother are extremely proud and careful of the sacred charge entrusted to their care, which is a bright, intelligent group of ruddy sons and daughters, all of whom, reverence and respect their father and mother, and each other, thus making their earthly habitation a very pleasing type of the better and higher life to come.

There is no wrangling nor contention here to canker the feelings or to fester and darken the mind; and if they have not entirely bound Satan they have at least succeeded in skakling him; for a holy, sacred feeling of peace, security and contentment pervades every bosom, and when evening comes, and the duties and cares of the day are past, how delightful it is to see each bright and happy face assemble around the hearth, and to hear each one, alternately, tell of the various incidents attending the duties and pleasures of the past day!

So united and happy and so fraught with guileless interest and innocence are the evenings of the model subjects of our

sketch, that outside attractions are pale and unimportant, and scarcely reach to second-rate significance, contrasted with the joy and bliss of their own fireside attractions.

The cause of this unanimity and serenity of feeling, will be readily perceived, when we state that the father and the mother, have always done their very utmost to minister to the temporal and spiritual wants of the family, providing them with food and clothing the best conducive of comfort and health, and they have made it a fixed rule never to allow their children to speak disrespectfully or scornfully of their neighbors or anybody else, and if they have nothing good and generous to say of others, they are taught that it is best to be silent. The rule has been so rigidly enforced, that very seldom indeed does ever a member of the family attempt its violation. This course naturally produces true and lasting friendship without and the very highest confidence, purity and sound moral sentiment within. The parents have also been very watchful to never promise their children anything without meaning it; and they have been careful to show no undue respect to any member of the household, but to treat all, as nearly as possible, with justice and consistency.

The father has managed, through long years of toil, and by steady dint of perseverance, to make his home comfortable and attractive, and has succeeded in giving his children the advantages of a good, fair education. He has a small, well-selected library for their use, from which their minds may be properly instructed and improved; and he has been so prospered as to give them access to music, drawing and other arts as will make their lives useful and their society and friendship desirable. And the mother, who has all the days of her wedded life been one with her husband to promote the interests of home, has made many a sacrifice to teach her daughters the various branches of domestic economy, until they are well prepared to become useful, honored wives and thrifty, diligent mothers.

Heaven smiles upon this family and upon their habitation, and angels love to visit and protect them, because they ask divine aid consistently—asking only to receive those things that their lives and deportment merit, with the full assurance of obtaining the blessings for which they have mutually labored.

May heaven continue to bless and prosper this favored little band, that they may ever remain as a light set upon a hill, that others, seeing their worthy, noble example, may become imbued with a spirit of emulation, and stand forth in the front of life as ornaments in society, and an honor and credit to their Creator!

The next picture to which we kindly invite the reader's attention, although dark and sorrowful indeed to relate and consider, is one from which we may derive some profit, as it is only by contrast that we are able to fully sense and appreciate the dignity and excellence of virtue, love, honor and truth. I therefore take upon myself the unpleasant task of reviewing summarily the condition of a family whose head and protector has depraved his morals, and brought misery, despondency and suffering upon a worthy, devoted wife, and upon a bright, intelligent family, through a course of drunkenness and debauchery.

We see him, mud-bedraggled, plodding along the street towards home, the observed of all observers, in a worse than brutal state. He has lost his equilibrium, and his distorted body and mind are strangely at war with the surrounding elements. The brain that God had given him, with which to reason, govern and reflect, is on fire with the fuel of alcohol.

The bright, intelligent eyes, given him as blessings, guides and helps to himself and to others, and with which he might be able to look with adoration and delight upon the harmony, beauty and love of surrounding nature, are bleared, swollen and haggard, and wander vacantly and wildly. His look, his step, his utterances all declare the awful depth of his sin and depravity. Instead of his wife and little ones watching with anxious care and pride his homeward return, they are filled with shame and horror, and tremble to contemplate the galling consequences which they must mutually suffer. They see the life, the prospects, the means upon which they depend, squandered, wasted and lost. Others' joy only intensifies their suffering. Their home, once so promising and happy, is now the haunt of the tyrant and spoiler, and is fast nearing the brink of desolation. Reminiscences of the better days gone by loom up before their vision, to settle down upon their minds and hearts with telling, crushing effect, until all are overwhelmed with grief and sadness; and "Father is drunk again," is sadly expressed by innocent lips—once ruddy and smiling, but alas! now pale, emaciated and quivering! The dark demon of alcohol chuckles and revels with triumph, and want and neglect are apparent on every hand, while the wretched mother sits silently by, brooding gloomily, hopelessly over her fate, with a heart too heavy and sad for words of adequate expression.

O, what a fallen state! O, such a burden of guilt to incur! Can it be possible that man, the express image of God, has thus descended and fallen? No wonder that angels weep for man in his lost and fallen state! No wonder that Jehovah once repented that He had made man when we find him so lost to honor and to the object of his dignity and calling.

O, take heed, ye who are not yet defiled, and thrust the deadly cup from your lips. Take warning ere it be too late, from this and from other sources, for the evil and temptation cometh in the manner and in the hour when least expected, and little indulgences lead to greater ones, just as sure as intemperance paves the way to the dungeon and the scaffold. Let us think seriously on what it is possible to become through carelessness and disobedience, and above all remember what the Lord hath decreed: that no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven.

BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE OF LEARNING.—For that conceit that learning should undermine the reverence for laws and government, it is assuredly a mere depravation and calumny, without any shadow of truth. For to say a blind custom of obedience should be a surer obligation than duty taught and understood, is to affirm that a blind man may tread surer by a guide, than a seeing man can by a light. And it is without all controversy, that learning makes the minds of men gentle, amiable and pliant to government; whereas ignorance makes them churlish, thwarting and mutinous; and the evidence of time doth clear this assertion, considering that the most barbarous, rude and unlearned times have been most subject to tumults, seditions and changes.

A restless mind, like a rolling stone, gathers nothing but dirt and mire, little or no good will cleave to it; and it is sure to leave peace and quietness behind it.

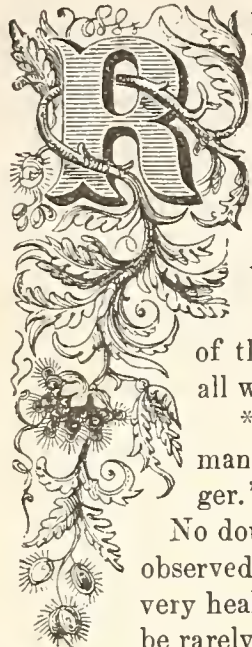
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



RESPECTING food the Lord has said:

"Yea, flesh also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly; and it is pleasing unto me, that they should not be used only in times of Winter, or of cold, or famine."

The Lord further says that "the beasts of the field and the fowls of the heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth
* * * hath God made for the use of man, only in times of famine and excess of hunger."

No doubt if this counsel or word of wisdom were observed by the Latter-day Saints they would be a very healthy and strong people, and disease would be rarely witnessed. We hope to see the time when this counsel of the Lord will be carried out in the daily life of our people. There are many who do not seem to attach much importance to diet, and think themselves at liberty to eat everything their stomachs may crave or their fancy suggests. They do this for years with impunity and imagine that it makes but little or no difference what is eaten or what is drunk. But experience has proved that diet has a very marked effect upon the constitution and health of the individual, and frequently upon his character.

The orthodox Jews are probably the most scrupulous in regard to matters of diet of any people within the countries known as Christendom. They are especially particular concerning the flesh of animals. Of course they will not touch swine's flesh, or lard, or anything that is the product of swine; and the beef that they eat is selected with the greatest care. The orthodox Jews will not eat meat that has not been killed by an officer of their own, who is trained and appointed for this purpose. He is a prominent member of the congregation of the Jews, and is known by the name of *shochet*. The *shochet* is an expert meat inspector under the law of Talmud, and can only practice the art when he is accredited by the learned Rabbi as being versed in the law and learned in his handicraft in one of the Talmudian schools to be found in small numbers in the east of Germany and in Poland. He seldom carries on any other business than that of a *shochet*, and considers it beneath his dignity very frequently to assist at the cutting up of the animals killed by him. That business is left entirely to the butcher. The *shochet* receives a fixed salary for his services. It is his duty to kill and examine every animal intended to furnish food for orthodox Jewish stomachs.

All fish that have scales may be eaten by the Jews; but salt or dried fish, such as is sold in the stores, they cannot eat,

because there is ground for suspicion that they may not have been properly prepared.

The butchers who sell beef to the Jews must buy all their stock alive, and when they go to market they are accompanied by the *shochet* to aid them in inspecting the animals.

The killing is done in the slaughter-house in a very peculiar manner. In the first place the animal must be perfectly quiet and well rested at the time of killing. A rope is fastened to his horns, another to his feet, so as not to disturb him. He is then induced to lie down peacefully by gently pulling the rope and coaxing him. Nobody is allowed to touch the animal but the *shochet*. As soon as the animal is lying down quietly, he takes hold of his head and cuts his throat with a sharp knife, which has a blade twenty inches long and two inches wide. This is highly polished and kept as keen as a razor. The head is almost severed from his body, and the animal is then allowed to bleed to death. When the bleeding ceases the carcass is opened, and the *shochet* enters upon a close examination of the entrails. If there is a slight spot upon the lungs or any part of them the animal is rejected; but if the animal even is healthy and there are foreign substances in any portion of the carcass which might have caused the death of the animal sooner or later, the meat is rejected. They never allow the animals they kill to be struck with an ax or hammer as is commonly the case with Gentile butchers in killing. Calves and sheep are killed in the same way; but calves and lambs must be eight days old at the time of killing. After the animal is killed all the bloody veins and gristle are removed from the flesh. The hind quarters are never used. They are sold to the Gentile butchers.

Chickens, geese, turkeys, ducks and pigeons are killed by the *shochet* by having their heads cut off with his keen-edged knife; but great care must also be taken to kill them when they are at complete rest, and to make the death as sudden and as speedy as possible.

All killed animals must be freed from every particle of blood and other substances. No blood of any animal is considered fit food for a Jew. However, if the heart, lungs, and liver, and kidneys are carefully examined, and all bloody veins removed by the *shochet*, they can be eaten.

This great care in the selection of animals makes Jewish meat dearer than that sold by Gentile butchers; but there is great advantage in having meat, as far as it is possible for human vision to detect, perfectly healthy. The motive in all this is to protect the children of Israel against the many diseases which are likely to follow the consumption of meat of unhealthy animals. Butchers among the Jews are looked upon as very trustworthy; and they rarely betray their trust. They are generally very religious, and they learn their trade as a rule from their fathers, who are descended from a long line of butchers.

It is a remarkable fact that in the middle ages, when the plague brought death to large numbers of Gentiles, the Jews almost entirely escaped. The people of those times were so superstitious that, in seeing that the Jews were free from sickness, they looked upon them as the cause of the plague. The fact probably was that their care in the matter of diet was the reason they escaped. We have seen it stated that since the cholera has been raging in Marseilles and other places in France, the Jews have almost entirely escaped the visitation of that dread disease. There is no doubt that they are free from many diseases common to Gentiles.

CAPE TOWN.

THE accompanying engraving gives a partial view of Cape Town, the capital of the British colony known as the Cape of Good Hope, situated in the southern extremity of Africa.

There is nothing very striking to the eye in looking at the picture of this town, unless it is the contrast between it and the beautiful cities of our mountain home. The characteristic feature of most of the settlements in these mountains is the abundance of shade and fruit trees that adorn their streets and orchards, and which so admirably screen the inhabitants from the scorching heat of the sun in the Summer time, while in Winter they serve to protect them from the cold and fierce winds that sweep through the valleys. But the city here

Protestants of France who fled there for safety from the persecutions of this class of people after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in the seventeenth century.

At present there are a great many nationalities represented in the colony. Of these the Dutch are probably the most numerous; next in numbers are the English, while there are a great many Germans, French, Portuguese, with a scattering of Kaffirs, Mozambiqueres, Hottentots and half-castes.

Cape Town has a population of 29,000. Its leading places of interest are the castle, Catholic cathedral, the museum and library, the Royal Observatory, situated a few miles out of town, and the break-water and docks. The break-water is a structure erected in the entrance to the harbor to break the force of the waves that roll in from the ocean, so that ships lying at anchor will be secure.



represented is the more conspicuous for the almost total absence of trees within its limits; and its blocks of low, plain-looking houses, resemble military barracks more than the residences of civilians.

But the great difference between this place and our valley home is accounted for by the fact that it is inhabited by an entirely different class of citizens to the majority of the population of this Territory. The chief attractions that caused Europeans to settle upon this African coast were its geographical position as an important sea-port town, and its close proximity to the diamond fields of Griqua-land. These characteristics of the country naturally attracted people who were anxious for gain and who were desirous of bettering their worldly circumstances. True it was a place of refuge to some of the

The colony of the Cape of Good Hope was established by the Dutch in the year 1652, being previously discovered and settled to a limited extent by the Portuguese. It was taken possession of by the British in 1806, and is still held by them. The English had considerable trouble at first in retaining their possessions on account of the raids made upon them by the Kaffirs, a race of people of Arabic descent. They were a tall well-formed and warlike set of men, and had implanted within them a disposition to steal from everyone who was not of their tribe. After a succession of wars between them and the English, the Kaffirs were compelled to retreat before their so-called civilized foe.

The colony's chief export is wool, while ostrich farming and the cultivation of the vine are carried on successfully.

The fact that its exports exceed its imports is proof that it is a prosperous country so far as wealth is concerned; while the revenue from the coasting trade is considerable.

One peculiarity of the country is the different seasons experienced at the same time in two places of the same latitude. The harvest in this part of the world depends more upon the supply of rain than the time of the year, hence it occurs that while the people on one side of the country are sowing, those living on the opposite side are reaping. The reason for this we will try to explain: The directions from which the winds generally blow in this country are from the South-East and the North-West. One brings a supply of rain from the Indian Ocean and the other from the Atlantic. But whichever wind predominates it only carries the rain-clouds to a certain distance before they are relieved of their supply of moisture. When the wind, therefore, is from the North-West that part of the country nearest the Atlantic alone receives the rain-fall, as the clouds are emptied before they reach the other side of the country. If the wind from the other direction prevails the opposite part of the country only is supplied with water.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THREATENING ASPECT OF AFFAIRS—LIGHT BREAKING THROUGH—HOPES OF FURTHER RELIEF.

IT is often remarked that it is "darkest before dawn." In our history this has been frequently illustrated. How many times has it seemed as though impenetrable and insurmountable obstacles were in our pathway and that not another step ahead could be taken, and yet when we got ready to take the step the path was cleared, all obstructions were removed, and we could go forward! Of late it has seemed as though our enemies were encircling us in a net-work of snares, and that bondage in various forms seemed inevitable. In Idaho the legislature has seemed disposed to enact everything possible, whether in agreement or disagreement with the Constitution of the United States, to rob our people who reside in that Territory of their liberties. In Arizona a vindictive, unscrupulous and base judge has committed acts against the Latter-day Saints which would disgrace a petty chief of an African tribe. And in this Territory there has been no lack of disposition to deprive, under legal forms, citizens of their liberty and of their rights. Whichever way we turned our eyes the clouds seemed dark and threatening. Mobocracy in the South, indifference in the East and in the North has made the labors of our Elders in many respects perilous and discouraging. In Europe, also, the same spirit has reigned to a great extent, and our Elders have had more than a usual amount of discouragement to contend with.

It is at times like this that faith is required on the part of the Latter-day Saints. If they cannot rely upon the promises of God with perfect trust they are sure to be uneasy and anxious for fear of the results. Experience has taught the bulk of the Church, however, that "man's extremity is the Lord's opportunity;" that when man's power and ability seem to be exhausted then the Lord displays His power, and deliverance comes like it did to the children of Israel when the Red Sea was in front of them impeding their onward journey,

and the hosts of Egypt were behind them marching up rapidly upon their rear.

I have been greatly pleased at the decision of Attorney General Brewster in the school election matters. It is such a decision as might be expected from a lawyer of Mr. Brewster's reputation, and coming, as it does, coupled with Judge Zane's decision in favor of the Seventh Ward school tax, gives relief at the present time when everything seems so dark and threatening. It is a pleasure to know that an officer of the government has the moral courage to say the right thing upon a principle which effects those who are accused of being polygamists.

Unless the nation is further advanced on the road to destruction than other evidences would indicate, I think we shall have relief in other directions also. I cannot think that the Supreme Court of the United States is so far lost to all sense of justice and right as to sustain the acts of the commissioners in the exclusion of many persons from the polls whom they have refused to register. These cases are now pending before the Supreme Court of the United States, and they have been put forward on the calendar, and the 28th of this month has been set for their trial. If they can be fairly brought before the court we may reasonably expect, if the court is not too far warped with prejudice, to get relief from the oppressive rulings of the commissioners upon these points. Their actions have been in violation of the Constitution in making the operation of the law *ex post facto*. I trust the court will so decide. Whenever the case of Brother Rudger Clawson is brought fairly before that court it is but reasonable to expect that Judge Zane's action in sending out the marshal with an open *venire* to obtain jurors will be reversed. There is scarcely a good lawyer at the bar of Salt Lake who does not think this action illegal. A sense of justice on the part of the Supreme Court will prompt them, I hope, to reverse his action. This may not in the end be any great relief to Brother Rudger Clawson, for a new trial will doubtless be ordered; but it will have the effect to show these local officers that there must be something more than prejudice to justify them in legal proceedings.

There never have been more gross violations of the Constitution since it was framed than have taken place of late in this Territory. If we were a conquered race of people and subjugated by the force of arms and had no rights under the Constitution, we could not have been treated with greater disregard to its provisions than we have been. I hope that under Grover Cleveland's administration there will be a different atmosphere in Washington to that which has prevailed of late, and that men will feel that they are not at entire liberty to trample upon every right even of the "Mormons." For the honor of the country I hope this will be the case. The disposition that has been manifested here has led me to the conclusion that these officials have thought their time was short and they must, therefore, make the most possible out of their offices before the change of administration takes place. This, perhaps, has been one reason for their conduct. Another reason that may have had some weight with them is a desire to leave a legacy of trouble to the incoming administration, so as to complicate matters that the "Mormon" question will be difficult for it to handle. If Cleveland should be a man of nerve he has an excellent opportunity for showing true greatness in the treatment of this question. He can put his foot on these fanatical ideas that are gaining ground respecting the Latter-day Saints, and prove a benefactor to his country by showing our enemies that while he occupies the executive

chair no man shall be persecuted for his religion, but that men of every creed shall be able to dwell under the Constitution in peace and safety so long as they do not intrude upon the rights of their fellow-men.

A SKIRMISH AND A SWIM.

DANIEL MORGAN'S riflemen were the "crack shots" of the old Continental army—I mean the army first recruited for the Revolutionary war. They dressed like Indians, and their quaint uniforms made them the observed of all observers.

There were about two hundred of them, and they all wore buff-leather knee-breeches, leather leggings, trimmed with feathers or fur, moccasins buckled and beaded, peaked hunting-hats with plumes, and slate-gray shooting-shirts gathered and belted over their jackets, and bearing in front in large white letters the motto of the regiment, "Liberty or death."

Each man carried a rifled musket a powder horn, and deer-skin bullet-pouch, slung by a strap over his shoulder, and a long knife and hatchet stuck in his belt.

Many of these soldiers were hunters of Morgan's own acquaintance and selection, from the region of the Cacapon and the Upper Potomac; tall, sinewy fellows, who could endure everything, and knew how to fight better than they knew how to run. Morgan himself, big and shaggy as Hercules, was the beau-ideal of a backwoods warrior.

These riflemen marched all the way from Norridgewock to the river St. Lawrence through mountains, forests, floods and snow. They appeared suddenly before the Canadians, out of the woods, and gave them great alarm, for it seemed as if none but invincible men could traverse that awful wilderness.

Among the friendly Indians who joined Morgan's men on the march was Sebatis, a Norridgewock chief, whose lodge was near the Dead River in the forests of Maine. He was over six feet high, wiry and muscular in form—a savage who did not know what fear was.

Sebatis was familiar with all the wood-paths and streams of the North, and made himself very useful in many ways to Morgan and his band.

One day, while Morgan and his band lay at Point Levi, waiting for boats to cross the St. Lawrence, a false alarm came to headquarters, and spread rapidly among the men, that "the British were landing!"

Seizing their arms, the riflemen rushed excitedly for the scene of the supposed danger, Morgan and the Indians taking the lead.

A mile below, at the verge of a high bank or cliff, over the river, they halted in ambush, and saw an English gun-sloop's boat rowing towards them filled with marines.

The boat touched the shore near a neighboring mill, when the commander, a very young man in uniform, leaped out and ordered it off, apparently to make another landing still nearer to the bank where the riflemen lay.

At that moment, Morgan, thinking his concealment must soon be discovered, discharged his rifle at the boat, and his fire was followed by a volley from his men. The range, however, was a very long one, and the guns did no other execution than to scare the crew. They put about in great haste, and pulled away without stopping to take their officer with them.

The youngster ran along the shore shouting to them, and ordering them to take him aboard, but they paid no heed.

Forgetting both honor and duty, they ignominiously fled, leaving him to the mercy of the unseen foe.

When the officer found that he could not stop the boat, he rushed into the water, and waded after it as rapidly as he could. Then he began to swim. The fleeing boat was still the target for the riflemen, though every second lengthened their range, and made their fire absurdly wasteful.

The bullets splashed thickly in the water, in the wake of the boat, and around the head of the stripling officer swimming for his life. White men and Indians seemed vying with each other to see who should score the closest shot.

Unexpectedly the young man gave up following the boat, and turning towards the shore, made signs of surrender. The firing ceased immediately. But at that moment, Sebatis, the Norridgewock chief, displayed his savage nature.

True to the cruel custom that devotes a helpless foe to death or torture, the Indian leaped down the bank upon the beach, and plunged into the river, scalping-knife in hand, to give the Englishman the *coup de grace*.

Capt. Morgan guessed his murderous design, and determined to frustrate it. By the time Sebatis touched the water, he was close at his heels. And then the race between the stalwart Virginian and the stalwart Indian was more exciting than the shooting had been. A dozen or more riflemen followed heading into the river, all animated with their leader's humane purpose—to protect the life of a submitted enemy. But the contest was mainly between Sebatis and Morgan. The Southern captain was amazingly athletic and strong, and on this occasion he let out all his muscular power. He overtook the Indian, his friends behind shouting and cheering him on. In a moment more he passed him, swimming with gigantic strokes, and darting far ahead, placed himself directly between him and the young Englishman. He brought the youth to land; and the singular rescue and its dramatic circumstances made prisoner and captor friends at once.

The prisoner was a navy midshipman, a mere boy in age, but a brave fellow withal, and a perfect gentleman. His name was McKenzie, and he was a brother of Capt. McKenzie, of his majesty's frigate *Pearl*.

Selected.

DOING GOOD.—It was remarked by Crabbe, "How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness!" Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.

DISGRACE OF LYING.—Lying is a disgraceful vice, and one that Plutarch paints in most disgraceful colors, when he says that it is "affording testimony that one first despises God, and then fears men." It is not possible more happily to describe its horrible, disgusting, and abandoned nature; for can we imagine anything more vile than to be cowards with regard to men, and brave with regard to God?

THE GOSPEL.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

HAVING learned in the last number what the gospel is, we will now, for convenience, make a division of the subject, calling one division "General Salvation," the other, "Individual Salvation." By general salvation we mean the redemption provided for the whole human race from the consequences of Adam's transgression. By individual salvation we mean the provided means of escape from the consequences of our own personal transgression of God's laws.

GENERAL SALVATION.

When the Lord placed our first parents in Eden He commanded them not to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; telling them that in the day they ate thereof they should surely die.

The tempter came and with smooth dissimulation prevailed on the woman to eat of that which had been forbidden. She transgressed the law, and, of course, became subject to the penalty attached to the breaking of it—death must follow. Spiritual death—banishment from the presence of God. Temporal death—the separation of the spirit and body, the body going to the dust, from whence it came.

As the woman had transgressed the commandment given, she alone was subject to the penalty of that broken law; and as she was subject to a banishment from the Lord, and Adam, not having transgressed the commandment, would remain in the Lord's presence, there would arise a separation of the man and the woman. Doubtless Eve understood the situation and earnestly besought Adam to partake of her sin that he might share her punishment. Perhaps he comprehended more fully than she the consequences of her offense, and was filled with solicitude for her welfare. He would think of her misery, the years of grief she would have to endure, the perils that would gather around her and, more than all, her wretched loneliness. Adam yielded to his wife's solicitations, transgressed God's law, and, of course, had to endure the penalty.

While it is unquestionably true that Eve's sorrow and pleading would have their weight in influencing Adam in breaking the law given by the Lord, yet I apprehend there were other and more weighty considerations which impelled him to the transgression of his Master's mandate.

Previous to the issuance of the commandment concerning the forbidden fruit, another had been given; in fact, it was the very first command that God gave to His children: "Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it." How was this requirement to be complied with if a separation had taken place between our first parents? It could not be obeyed under those circumstances. In order, then, to be obedient to the first great commandment, Adam transgressed the one forbidding him to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; and thus, in the language of the Book of Mormon, "Adam fell that men might be." (*II. Nephi, ii. 25.*) As evidence of the correctness of the foregoing we read that "Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived, was in the transgression." (*I. Tim. ii. 14.*) If Adam was *not* deceived then he must have broken the law with a knowledge of the consequences attached to his transgression; and the considerations we have offered must have been what prompted him to the act of disobedience.

Our first parents fell, and by that fall came death into the world. They became mortal and the children born unto them were mortal also; and they in turn bequeathed that mortality to their posterity; and so death, with a very few exceptions, passed upon all mankind. The exceptions we speak of are those who have been translated as was Enoch and Elijah, and even these persons may yet have to pass through that ordeal.

We, the offspring of the first pair, had nothing to do with transgressing the commandment given in Eden. In it our agency was not exercised. Death is a consequence brought upon us independent of any action of our own; and it is only just that a means of redemption from the consequences of Adam's transgression should be provided independent of any action on our part. Such a redemption is provided: a means of salvation that will rescue *all* men, whether good or bad, righteous or unrighteous, believers or unbelievers, penitent or impenitent, from that death brought upon us through the fall of our first parents.

In order to comprehend this general redemption it will be necessary to know just what was lost by the fall of Adam.

It appears from the scriptures that previous to partaking of the forbidden fruit, man stood in the immediate presence of his Creator, conversing with him face to face as a man talks with his friend; and he was immortal so long as he kept the mandates of Jehovah—no pain, sickness or disease haunted his footsteps. But he did that which he was commanded not to do, and the scene changes. He is driven from the presence of his Father and God, and no longer enjoys the light of His countenance; and at last death seizes hold on him—the spirit and body are separated, the body crumbling to dust from whence it came.

This was the result of Adam's disobedience. We shall be redeemed from all these calamities through the redemption wrought out for us by Jesus Christ, without any action on our part.

Says Daniel, "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." (*Dan. xii. 2.*)

"Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming in the which *all* that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." (*John v. 28, 29.*)

In Revelations we read of those who have been beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and who have not worshiped the beast nor received his mark shall be raised from the dead and reign with Christ a thousand years. After the thousand years are ended then John "saw the dead, small and great, stand before God. * * * And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them." (*Rev. xx. 12, 13.*)

Certainly if these revelations are true all the dead will be raised, both the righteous and the wicked, the obedient and the disobedient, the just and the unjust. But we have further proof to offer that all men are unconditionally saved from the calamities that overtake us because of the original sin of Adam.

Paul, after speaking of death having been brought into the world through the offense of Adam, tells us of the redemption wrought out for us by Jesus Christ, and adds: "Therefore, as by the offense of one (Adam), judgment came upon *all* men to condemnation; even so, by the righteousness of one (Christ), the *free gift* came upon *all* men unto justification of life." (*Rom. v. 18.* See whole chapter.)

Still more emphatic is Paul's language to the Corinthians: "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam *all die*, even so in Christ shall *all* be made alive." (*I. Cor. xv. 20-22.*)

Thus we see the redemption from the consequences of Adam's transgression is complete. So far salvation is general—extending to *all* men—and is brought about through the voluntary death and suffering of Jesus Christ, who is the "resurrection and the life."

"Still," says one, "we are subject to death. How is it that God has not redeemed us without requiring us to pass through that trying ordeal?"

So far as our experience goes we learn to appreciate things by contrast; we better enjoy the light of day because of the darkness of night; we value wealth by once being in poverty; we appreciate health by our experience in sickness; we love virtue better after seeing it contrasted with vice; in fact one chief object of our existence here upon the earth is to learn by actual experience the difference between good and evil—that we may learn that

"From virtue's fount the purest joys outwell,
Sweet rills of peace that cheer the conscious soul,
While vice pours forth the troubled stream of hell;
The which at last with dole,
Will through the tortured breast
The fiery torrents roll."

It is said that the greatest gift of God is eternal life, and in order to appreciate this gift that God has to bestow upon His children, He has ordained that we should learn to prize it as we learn to value all other blessings, viz., by coming in actual contact with its opposite—death. But thanks be to God our death shall not be eternal; for Christ hath redeemed us from its power. Death hath no sting; the grave hath no victory.

RICHES AND OTHER TRIALS.

BY S. F. D.

THE Lord says we must be tried and prove ourselves faithful in all things, if we would receive His blessings. The high destiny awaiting the faithful is to become like God, but it is only through obedience to all His laws that we can reach the highest goal of development. Thus while all will be rewarded for all the good they do, none reach perfection except those who observe to keep the whole law of God. Not that our little errors will forever shut us out from His presence, for He has provided that through repentance and obedience to the ordinances of the gospel, the atonement made by our Savior may reclaim us from our sins, otherwise the least infraction of His law would forever debar us from the reach of divine grace.

We are to be judged not only for doing wrong, but for failing to do what the Lord commands, the punishment being the consciousness of falling so far short of what we might have attained to through obedience. The Lord tells us: "For all who will have a blessing at my hands, shall abide the law which was appointed for that blessing, and the conditions thereof, as were instituted from before the foundations of the world." (*Doc. and Cov., Sec. 132.*) It would be absurd to endeavor to keep His laws by refraining from action, as an

idle course of life is strictly forbidden; therefore, in order to reap the highest reward we must exercise all our faculties in well doing, no matter what the consequences may be.

Those who are full of zeal for the cause of God, care but little for the opposition encountered from our enemies. We often hear the remark that those who have withstood the trials of poverty and persecution, so common in the past history of the Church, have certainly been proved in all things. But there are trials which will probably test our faith more severely than these have done. Indeed, the rod of persecution and poverty has often been a powerful agency in the hands of the Lord in bringing back to the path of duty those whose integrity has been swerved from the path of rectitude by the more dangerous trials of prosperity and riches.

We are often pained to see indifference manifested towards the gospel, by those who never faltered under the test of persecution, but whose zeal has been chilled because the Lord had blessed them with some of the good things of this life. Undue anxiety in the pursuit of worldly objects causing a disregard of Sabbath duties and of the counsels of the Priesthood in a manner never known in the days of their poverty.

All the good things of this life are given us by our eternal Father to promote our eternal welfare, but an unwise use of the same will bring condemnation.

While poverty and adversity often stimulate the mind to a determined struggle with the realities of life, and bring success to determined effort, the tendency of ease and luxury is often to cause laxity of purpose and demoralization of the faculties. As with individuals so with communities. The possession of wealth suggests indulgence of the appetites and passions, and if we transgress the bounds set by our Creator our downfall is certain. The rise and fall of the great kingdoms and governments of past ages tell the same warning tale. Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Greece, Carthage and Rome all add the testimony of their periods of growth and decay to the same tell-tale cause. We will mention one or two instances where the interval between the cause and effect have been very brief.

Hannibal, the leader and king of the Carthaginians and who is sometimes called the greatest general of ancient times, so perfected the discipline of his army through ceaseless activity, and inuring all under his command to a life of constant danger and disregard of bodily comforts, that his army proved invincible before the hitherto resistless armies of Rome; but a single Winter of ease and plenty in the luxurious city of Capua destroyed the discipline which required years of labor of the great commander to achieve, and the enervation, sure to follow in the wake of over-indulgence, accomplished what the mighty armies of Rome had failed to consummate.

In the Winter of 1777-8, the army of General Washington lay at Valley Forge, suffering untold privations through exposure to a rigorous northern Winter. Half fed and poorly clad they kept a faithful watch upon the movements of their rich and opulent enemies who were reveling in Philadelphia, flattered by the fashionable element in that city, who cared less for the fortunes of their bleeding country than for the allurements of British gold. But when active operations commenced in the Spring, it was shown that ease and luxury were more potent weapons for the demoralization of a strong army than those of want and privation; and the arrogant foes of liberty were completely humbled on the plains of Monmouth by an inferior force of the despised and ragged continentals.

We might greatly multiply instances where, in the lives of nations who knew not God, the effect of wealth and the vices following in its path have sapped the life-blood of powerful commonwealths. But if such judgments follow the votaries of vice among those who know not God, how much more will He hold us accountable to whom He has revealed His will! The commandments of God given from time immemorial to His ancient covenant people are reiterated with all the usual penalties for disobedience in this our day. If we transgress the bounds of purity the curse of God will rest upon us, and there is no escape from it.

HANNAH AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

CHAPTER I.

[The following story is substantially true, but as all the characters mentioned are still living other names are substituted and the scene is laid in a different place.—Ed. J. I.]

OLD Si Whopscott lived all alone and worked a saw-mill in Choke Cherry Canyon. Boulder was the base of his supplies. A rough old rascal, he was, in person and speech. His sentences were bristling with uncouth, incomprehensible words and knotty intricacies of construction; just like his hair and beard were full of tangles, leaves, sawdust and other foreign substances. And his speech was constantly illuminated by the glare of profanity; just like his face and whole person were lit up by the fiery radiance of his nose. His only neighbor in the canyon was Winthrop, who lived a mile away. And Winthrop said that when the wind was blowing in the right direction he could hear old Si swearing in profane affection to his mules; and could tell by the odor borne upon the zephyr what kind of liquor the old man had been drinking. I always regarded this as fiction; but some of the miners declared that Winthrop had been a staunch pillar of some orthodox church in Vermont and could neither lie nor make a mistake in the smell of liquor.

Old Si operated his mill, with a little help, for more than two years. During this time he had been rarely sober. All at once he began to act very strangely. Two or three times in one fortnight he came to the little town and did not get drunk. Everybody was astounded. But no human surprise could equal that of the little brown mules. They seemed to resent his abstinence as a personal insult. When Whopscott would take the lines in his sensible condition and say: "Come, now, Marier Isabeller and Shawles Augustus, let's get hum!" the poor little mules would look at each other sorrowfully and seem to say: "This is hard! After a lifetime of devotion to be mistrusted in our old age is too much!" A thousand times they had brought their master to town, waited patiently in sun or snow at Clan's grocery—sometimes three hours, sometimes ten—until the old man was more than intoxicated; then, when the old man tumbled in the wagon without the power to guide them, had taken him safely home through the dizzy passes of the canyon.

But old Si's backsliding from the intemperance ethics which he had taught his mules was not without interruptions. Several times within the fortnight he was his beastly, drunken self. And once, as if to gain a compensation for a few hours lost in partial soberness, he got so roaring drunk that they put him in a refrigerator over night; and in the morning before

letting him out, Judge Heep passed a sentence of thirty days in the log jail, but suspended the penalty conditioned upon Si's future good behavior.

For a month after this Whopscott was not seen in town. Whenever his mill hands (for with his sobriety his business had increased, and he now employed assistants,) needed supplies, the goods were forwarded by lumber haulers.

Teamsters occasionally spoke of the old man as being certainly insane. He did not drink any more; he swore less; and he was building a considerable addition to his cabin. Such mysterious conduct would soon have attracted the whole camp to Whopscott's mill but for the diversion caused by the coming of some professional men. Two lawyers, one doctor, a preacher and several gamblers all came in on one stage about the time that Si retired. This sudden influx of aristocracy into the little mining town soon upset the entire population, and even Whopscott was comparatively forgotten. The new comers soon began work in their various vocations. The preacher obtained the easy rental of the old dance hall, which had been closed by order of the county commissioners, backed by the "303 committee," and he soon announced frequent gospel meetings. Much as it is to be regretted, candor compels the assertion that the gamblers also were quite industrious; but they were less flagrant than formerly. The little town was getting partially civilized. The doctor found ample room for the exercise of his profession. And the lawyers made mutual war upon the community under cover of attacks upon each other—much to their own considerable profit. With one of the lawyers was a young man, or gentleman, as he would have insisted upon hearing himself called. The initials on his one slim carpet-bag were R. T., and he said his name was Rupert Thorndyke. This delicate title and his stock of linen, together with a faint lisp which he affected, aroused the town to a fever heat of indignation. But as law and order had begun to prevail he was molested only by words. What compensation he received from lawyer Higbee was known only to the two. It could not have been much, judging by the fact that Thorndyke was always impecunious.

Two months had elapsed since the arrival of the professional men, when one evening, at the hour for stage arrival, all the idle population was gathered near the hotel porch. There were few subjects entertaining enough to be discussed, for the preaching and the gambling, and practice of medicine and law had already grown old. The incoming daily stage with its scanty mails and its occasional passenger was the most important event of the quiet camp. On this evening, just as the stage made the last turn before rushing into town, old Si Whopscott was seen standing behind the corner of the hotel. Even the immediate advent of the coach could not draw attention from the lumberman. His face had been seen so rarely and his absence had created such a void that half the idlers rushed to greet him and demand an explanation. He shook them rudely off like an old mastiff getting rid of too-familiar spaniels. Seeing his temper his inquisitive friends sought the other source of recreation and excitement. The stage had just stopped. Strapped behind were two trunks; and one of the idlers cried, "Someone on board, this trip, boys!" But no passengers were yet visible. The driver had tossed his lines and thrown out the mail bags, when a woman's head, frowsy and ill-looking, appeared at the window. Representatives of the gentler sex were scarce in Boulder and the advent of even a female of this appearance was received with acclamations. But no one offered to help the old creature down. At length a second face appeared. It was hidden by

an enormous dusty sun-bonnet, but there were still shown a broad mouth, full of firm, white teeth, cheeks and chin, if not delicately rounded, at least showing the vigor of youth. At this startling sight most of the idlers lost their self-possession and stepped back in great confusion. But Rupert Thorndyke, as he called himself, was not one of these. Lifting his hat and bowing in such a way as to arouse envy in a score of more manly breasts, he said:

"Permit me to athitht you, madam."

"Naw yer can't assist her. You get out. This is none o' yer fun'ral, young fellar." It was Si Whopscott who spoke, and he accompanied his ungentle words with even a less gentle push which sent the forward Rupert staggering back into the arms of the bystanders.

Si advanced to the stage door which was now open and reached his hands for the young woman under the sun-bonnet. He said with a certain shake in his gruff voice, "Well, Hanner, yerve come, jist as yer letter said yer wud, to live with the old man, hev ye, dearie?" Another minute and the figure for which he was reaching would have been plump in his arms, but a less agreeable portion, in the form of the frowsy-headed woman crowded Hannah back from the stage step and deposited herself upon Si's shoulder.

In a voice with an intense twang, like the rasp of a new beginner on a discordant fiddle, she said: "This is a nice place to bring your wife and darter, Si Whopscott. I did think my bones would be broken riding in that coach. And now that we are here if this is the town we're to live in I wish we could turn around and go back, tired as I am."

"Hanner, you fool, why do you stand there like a gawk? Why don't you bring my things out of the coach?"

The girl did not reply, because just at that moment Si left his scolding spouse to seek a little comfort from his daughter. It was wonderful to see how gently he took her in his arms and how trustingly she clung to him. The frowsy woman still scolded, but no one listened to her, no one looked at her. The father and daughter attracted all attention. Old Si's ugliness had not much decreased in his absence, nor had his short term of sobriety very considerably lessened the brilliancy of his countenance. The daughter was anything but lovely. Her bonnet had fallen back, showing a head frowsy like her mother's; and her eyes were a weak gray. Her eyelashes were almost colorless. She had a few freckles on her nose, and her complexion was certainly not delicate. Take the two as they stood and you would not expect to find anything beautiful or romantic about them or in their lives. And yet it was a touching sight to men who had been removed for years from the scenes of domestic endearment. This old, ugly father and his homely, ungraceful daughter dressed in shabby clothes as they were, still clung to each other in an affectionate embrace, the joy of which was envied by every man present.

Old Si led his wife and daughter and carried their valises and old shawls across the street where the little brown mules were standing, attached to old Si's wagon. He first lifted Hannah, almost tenderly, then he tossed in the valises, and finally, with no apparent good grace, he helped his chattering wife to a place beside her daughter, on a rough, slab seat. Next he walked back to the stage, and with the assistance of a good-natured loafer, carried two shabby trunks over to his wagon; then he seized the reins, and at a word the little brown mules started away at a swinging trot.

"Who ever knew old Si had a family?" asked Grey, one of the idlers.

"Wall I didn't know it, but I suspicioned something last Spring when old Si got a letter in a kind of curious of woman's hand, and then all of a sudden stopped drinking," said the post master.

Lawyer Higbee now came up and remarked, "The ties of family may be very sweet, but I should hate to be in Si's shoes this night when he gets that termagant wife of his up at the lonely mill; but that daughter of his, while she may not be very pretty, acts like a sensible and loving creature, and she may comfort the old man a little."

Thorndyke had now partially recovered from the effects of Si's forcible shove and he interposed, "Well, if I had theen how homely and ungraceful the girl was I would not have offered my services. I don't believe I ever saw such an ugly young woman."

(To be Continued.)

BABYLONIAN BOOK-KEEPING.

THE British Museum is in possession of the "books" in which the banking firm of Egibi & Sons, of ancient Babylon, kept their accounts. These "books" consist of two thousand tablets, or bricks of baked earth, and contain a record of contracts, sales of land, slaves and other property, as well as mortgage loans and promissory notes.

Many of the tablets represent the renewal of loans and mortgages, so that the documents referring to the first and the last of continuing transactions bear the dates of several different reigns. The dates thus extend from the fall of the Assyrian Empire to the reign of Darius Hystaspes, including dates in the reigns of Nabopolassar, father of Nebuchadnezzar, Evil-Merodach, Cambyses, and the elder and the younger Cyrus.

The dates of the tablets, therefore furnish very important chronological landmarks, and they are in many respects subversive of the recent chronology. The rate of interest current in Babylon on loans was generally ten per cent. Much light is thrown on the social life of the Babylonians from the circumstance that witnesses of deeds are always described by their trade or profession.

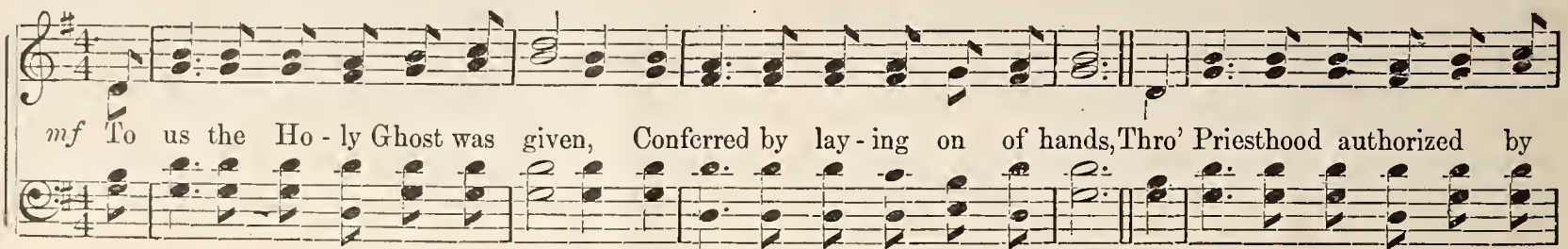
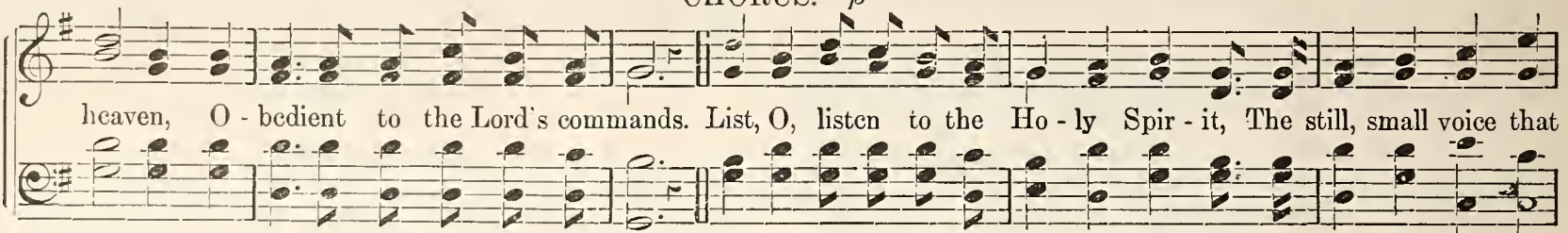
The most important tablet is what seems to be the office calendar of the firm, and is well preserved. It contains a complete calendar of the year, with explanations to indicate what days are fortunate and what are unfortunate, what are feast or fast days, and what are appropriate for traveling, building or engaging in any labor.

WORTHLESSNESS OF INFIDELITY.—Infidelity gives nothing in return for what it takes away. What, then, is its worth? Everything to be of value has a compensating power. Not a blade of grass that withers, or the ugliest weed that is flung away to rot and die but reproduces something. Nothing in nature is barren. Therefore everything that is or seems opposed to nature cannot be true; it can only exist in the shape that a diseased mind imparts to one of its coinages. Infidelity is one of those coinages—a mass of base money that will not pass current with any heart that loves truly, or any head that thinks correctly. And infidels are poor, sad creatures; they carry about them a load of dejection and desolation, not the less heavy that it is invisible. It is the fearful blindness of the soul.

HOLY SPIRIT.

WORDS BY J. L. TOWNSEND.

MUSIC BY WILLIAM CLAYSON.

CHORUS. *p*

God's holy purposes revealing;
Our duties showing day by day;
Inspiring noble thoughts and feelings,
It guides us ever on our way.

Instructing in the past and future;
Unfolding visions bright and pure;
Increasing faith by constant nurture,
It makes our calling plain and sure.

By watching for its admonition,
Obedient ever to its voice,
Great wisdom under its tuition
We'll gain, and in its power rejoice.

When through its gifts we are corrected
And filled with pure, celestial love,
With Christ, through whom we've been perfected,
We'll gain eternal joys above.

FATE OF THE FELINE.

A FAT	Tom whined	When that
Buck rat	And pined	Tom cat
Lived in	For that	Crawled in
A bin.	Buck rat,	That bin,
Tom cat	And grew	For that
Saw that	Thin, too.	Buck rat,
Big, fat	One day	The trap
Buck rat.	That way	Did snap
"Ah me!"	A man	On that
Said he,	Once ran—	'Ere cat!
"I'll store	Did slap	He died
His gore	A trap	Inside
Within	Right in	The trap.
My skin!"	That bin,	Sad hap!
But that	For that	But that
Tom cat	Buck rat	Buck rat
Could not	Stole corn	Stole corn
Him spot.	Each morn.	Next morn.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge.

ENIGMA.

BY C. W.

I AM a word of four letters, which is the name of a wild and ferocious animal; change the initial letter and I am costly; again change the initial and I give alarm; another change makes an apparatus of me; next I am made to hearken; then I am nigh; I am next transformed into a delicious fruit; I now rise up; then I wither or dry up; next I change to a drop of liquid; again to a dam in a river; and at last I am used as a measurement of time.

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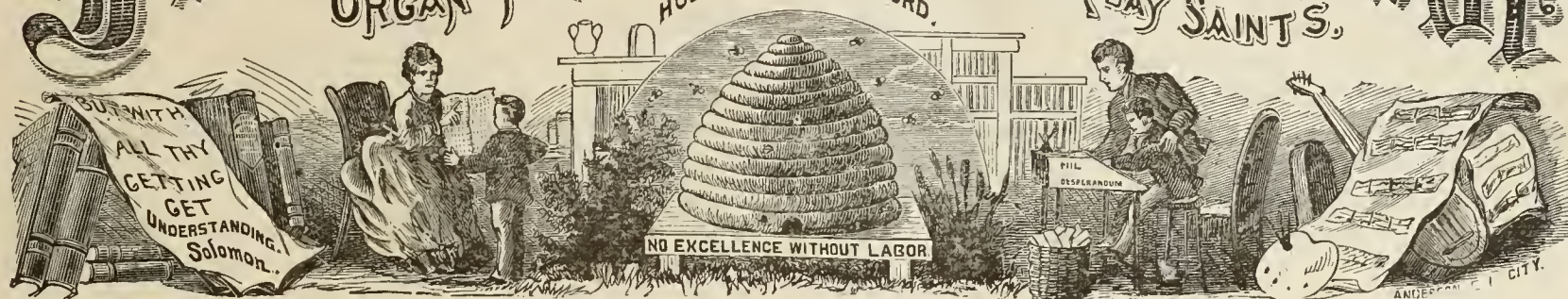
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NO. 3.

CHINESE MERCHANTS.

WE who occupy this inland region and see but few of the natives of China, except those who act as laundrymen, are very apt to misjudge the whole people and to look upon them as possessing no qualities worthy of admiration. True, those seen in our large cities are short of stature, unintelligent and generally quite depraved; but such are not fair representatives of the Chinese nation, as they are of the lowest caste and have only left home to seek their fortunes in foreign

the products of the soil, etc., and who take up their stations along the banks of streams, the sides of streets or any other place where they will be most likely to find customers; but there is another class of merchants living in the cities and towns of the empire, many of whom have very large establishments and who carry on an extensive foreign as well as domestic trade. In keenness and industry they are not surpassed by their English and American competitors who have



lands. The love of home and country is, in fact, so great among the people that those who have means seldom take up their residence in other lands, and those who from necessity go to other parts do not relinquish the idea of again returning to die at home, or, at least, of having their bones taken there for burial.

The artist has given a very fair representation in the engraving of a class of Chinese merchants who deal in fish, game,

established themselves in business in some of the large cities. Being also, as a rule, very economical in their living, they become rich, with equal advantages, much quicker than do the people of so-called civilized communities.

The Chinese are very loth to do work or sell goods on credit—they want cash down, so as to save the trouble and expense of keeping book accounts. Nor do shop-keepers fail to inform customers of this desire, for in conspicuous places in the

buildings signs are placed with the words, "Former customers have inspired caution—no credit given." "Goods genuine, prices true, sold for cash," etc., while to those who are inclined to loaf and chat a gentle reminder is given in the sign, "Gossiping and long sitting injure business."

There is this peculiarity about many merchants of this nation, that for their wares they only ask enough above cost to afford them a reasonable profit and they do not resort to the tricks of trade, so common in this country, of trying to outbid each other when a customer desires to make purchases, sometimes even selling the articles at a less figure than they really cost, merely for the purpose of depriving a fellow-merchant of making sales. They generally decide unitedly upon prices for goods and these prices being fixed those desiring to purchase soon learn that there is no use in trying to get reductions.

The Chinese have various ways of ostracizing men who dare to deal unjustly by them, one of which is to publicly placard them. The following was directed against an American whose contract for silk piece goods was not considered quite fair by the weavers and dealers of these articles:

"In conducting commercial transactions the Chinese and foreigners are generally the same; in buying and selling with justice and equity, there is no difference between them. When the goods are delivered, the money is immediately paid; there are no perverse difficulties made, nor cutting deductions inflicted. But there is now living in the Swedish factory, No. 2, an American devil, named *Hot*. (Chinese corruption of the real name,) to whom a wolfish voracity has become nature. He monopolizes silks and various goods for the Americans. A gluttonous avarice fills his heart. There is long procrastination and money unpaid—contracting for *much*, and then requiring *little*; with the concealed and villanous intention of picking and choosing. He would point at a *gem* and call it a *stone*, (figuratively,) and then advance to administer the deadly potion of cutting down the price! And, again, when the time of payment arrived, he would enforce discounts. He scraped and peeled off from the trader both skin and fat. *

* * * He, knowing that when the goods were once prepared there was none to take them but himself, forced his reduction upon us, and the Chinese brokers likewise servilely complied with his wish, joining and assisting in his wickedness; so that we have been torn by the wolf, and swallowed by the whale! We have become fish and flesh to him—our property is wasted without a return—all our hearts unite in detesting him; and therefore we have issued this song of our discontent. All the weavers of satin, silk and crape publicly unite in the above declaration."

As artisans, the Chinese are nationally far advanced, and in general intelligence they are not much in the rear of European nations. Many travelers have questioned their bravery, and the idea has been quite prevalent in many places that they could be easily subjugated, but recent developments prove that encroachments will be stoutly resisted; and that they are not easily frightened into subjection, France has already learned.

He is grateful who is content with that which is allotted him by Providence, and which cannot be changed by any act of his; but ungrateful is he who is content with what is given him to make use of and improve; and who does not increase the talent he possesses.

Utah.

INDIAN TRIBES.

BY J. R. F.

TWO nations of Indians were found in Utah, the Shoshones and Utahs, or Utes. These were divided and sub-divided into numerous tribes and small bands. The Shoshones inhabited the country north of Salt Lake and far into Idaho and Wyoming. They were of medium stature, well formed, but coarse-featured. All are of a bronze color and usually beardless. The women are generally short, clumsy and capable of enduring great hardships. They were a migratory race and drifted about from place to place. The Spring months found them in eastern Wyoming, where they went in search of buffalo. The Autumn was spent in the valleys of northern Utah, where they came to gather food—the women to pick and dry berries, and the men to catch wild fowl and fish along the rivers. They then returned to Snake River Valley, where they found a Winter range for their horses. They have a tradition that they at one time resided in the far south; that one of their chiefs made a visit to the region of the Salt Lake and liking the country, on his return gathered about him a few followers and came here to settle; and thus laid the foundation of the great Shoshone nation of the north. This is quite probable as there is yet a nation resembling them to be found in northern Texas.

The Utahs occupied all of the territory south and east of Salt Lake, and much of Nevada and Arizona. They were divided into numerous bands, the most important of which were the Tampanogs, who ranged through Utah Valley and the mountains on the east. The Uintahs ranged through the Uintah Valley and the Green River country. The San Pitches ranged through the San Pete country and off towards the Sevier River. The Pi Edes and Pah Vants ranged through Beaver and Little Salt Lake valleys and down towards the Rio Virgin. The Elk Mountain Utes occupied south-eastern Utah. The Pah Utes, or Piutes, occupied the country from the Rio Virgin north to Utah Lake. And the Goshutes occupied the country west of Salt Lake.

It is generally supposed that this latter tribe were the offspring of a disaffected portion of the Ute tribe that left their nation about two generations ago, under a chief named Goship; hence their name, Goship Utes, since contracted to Goshutes. They are now settled at Deep Creek.

In stature and habits the two nations resemble each other. Their tribal relations were similar. Each tribe acknowledged one chief, whose duty it was to settle disputes, levy war, make peace and give good advice; beyond this he had little power. The office of chief was hereditary. Every small band was in a manner independent. In time of war they united for common defense; beyond this there was no unity.

Their dress was very primitive. In Summer little or no clothing was worn; but in Winter they wore a robe made from the hide of the buffalo or from skins of other animals. The fur side was worn next to the body, and a string or belt fastened around the waist held it on. For shoes they made *moccasins*, sometimes from carefully-tanned deer skins, and sometimes from the hide of the buffalo; these were usually decorated with beads or striped with paint, as was also the fleshy side of the robe they wore around them. Nothing was worn on the

head, but they were very fond of decorating their hair by wearing brass rings around the braids. Brass rings were also worn on the fingers. A necklace of beads, shells or bear-claws were sometimes worn around the neck. In time of war or courtship the warrior would paint himself with bright colors and put on his best apparel. Painted feathers were fastened in his hair and in the belt around his body. His instruments of warfare were also gorgeously decorated.

Their dwellings were very simple and well adapted to their mode of life. In Summer all they required was to be sheltered from the sun. A few bushes inserted in the ground in a circle and arched over at the top answered the purpose. In Winter the *wickeyup* was made of poles and a covering, in a conical shape. The top was left open to allow the smoke to escape, while a small opening was left at the bottom for an entrance. In cold weather this was closed by a skin covering stretched upon sticks.

Almost every living thing on which they could lay their hands was eaten for food. Bears, wolves, skunks, beavers, crows, hawks, lizards, grass-hoppers, mice, snakes and lice were served up with apparent relish.

All kinds of berries, sunflower seeds and roots were used. The sego, or white carrot, was considered a luxury.

In their cooking they were very unclean. In the Summer they bathed frequently, but when they were not in the water they were lounging about covered with filth and vermin. Previous to the advent of the whites their armor consisted of bows and arrows. The latter were rendered destructive by sharp flint heads; in time of war these were dipped in liver poisoned by the bite of the rattlesnake, that they might be rendered the more effectually destructive. Slings were sometimes used and clubs were quite common. These were exchanged in time for tomahawks and guns, and their arrows were pointed with iron purchased from the whites.

We have no account of the Utah Indians using canoes. Sometimes they made a sort of craft from rushes, resembling the *balsas* of South America, by which they could cross the principal streams; but as a general thing if they could not ford a stream they plunged in and swam across.

As far as we can learn they had no religious ceremonies. They believed in a great spirit who controlled their destinies. His residence was the happy hunting ground, where they would join him after death. They believed in numerous minor spirits, good and bad. They were very superstitious, believing in omens, traditions and legends. Polygamy was practiced among them. They were exceedingly virtuous; prostitution was unknown.

Tribes differ with regard to the disposition of their dead. In some places they are burned, in others buried. In either case the property of the deceased is destroyed at his burial. His favorite horse and dog are killed; and his gun or bow and arrows are placed in the grave with him. He will need his horse to ride on the long journey to the happy hunting grounds, and his weapons to procure food on the way.

Laceration as a token of grief is universal. For some time after the death of a relation their lamentations can be heard at night. As a general thing the bodies are deposited in a shallow grave and covered with rocks as a protection against wild beasts. It is characteristic of Indian nature to be grave and solemn. They will sit for hours without uttering a syllable, while they are seldom known to laugh. For all this they love their sports and times of rejoicing. The war dance was a celebration of great moment. It generally took place at night. The warriors who participated were attired in their

best robes. A circle was formed, on the outside of which were the old men, *squaws* and *papposes*; some with drums, others with a sort of whistle and all joined in the general chorus to make the night hideous, while the warriors within the circle danced about, doubling themselves up in every conceivable shape, chanting their meaningless requiem for the slain, or making the hills resound with a shout of victory. If an enemy had been slain his scalp was fastened to a pole and carried by the warriors around the circle. Among themselves they seldom quarrel, and in their dealings are strictly honest.

They are great gamblers, often staking their all on the result of a single game. They manufacture no intoxicating liquor, but will drink the whisky of the whites whenever an opportunity offers. Some writers place the Utah Indians among the lowest, the most degraded and miserable of any to be found in America; but from personal observation we know that in point of intelligence, bravery and moral attributes they will compare favorably with those to be found elsewhere. They possess a capacity for improvement, and should opportunity offer we will find they possess at least ordinary intellect.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WILL UTAH BECOME A STATE?—REASONS AGAINST IT—REASONS FOR IT.

IN conversation the other day with some friends the question of Utah becoming a State came up. One or two expressed themselves very doubtful about such an event ever happening, and though they did not seem to have a very clear idea as to how our future destiny could be worked out without it, yet they seemed fixed in their views as to Utah not becoming a State in the Union. I have met at one time and another in past years several thoughtful persons who have entertained the same idea. The principal reason assigned by them for taking this view is, that we thereby would become more closely identified with Babylon; that, in fact, if we became a State we would be a part of the toes of the image seen by Nebuchadnezzar in his dream, and which the little stone cut out of the mountains without hands was to grind to powder.

In my association with the leading men of our people I have never yet met one who professed to have any revelation to this effect. On the contrary, they have been impressed with the propriety and the necessity of our making every exertion possible to obtain our rights under the Constitution as citizens of the United States, and admission into the Union as a State.

I myself have given this subject considerable thought, and I cannot say that I have lost hope in our eventually attaining this desirable condition. I have inquired of those who appear to be persuaded that we shall never become a State, whether the Lord has told them anything upon this subject, and I have not met with anyone yet who bases his views on any direct communication of this character. Their conclusions seem to have been reached by taking certain views of the prophecies of ancient and modern times. Now, while I do not wish to say as a prediction that we shall become a State, it has always seemed to me clearer in this direction than in any other. To fulfill the destiny God has in store for us we must become a sovereign people, and I have thought that I have seen the

attainment of this made more possible by being admitted a State than by any other means.

In the Book of Mormon it is clearly stated by the Savior and the prophets that if this American nation would receive the gospel they should become the covenant people of the Lord and the kingdom would be given to them. We are also told that men were raised up expressly to lay the foundation of this government, to frame the Constitution, and to do all that has been done in making this a great and powerful nation. The Lord was with these men in their contest with the mother country, and gave them the victory for the express purpose of establishing upon this land a government under which His Church could be born, be protected and grow to maturity. Now, this being the case, what impropriety can there be in Utah becoming a State in the Union? As I view it the government was formed and one of its express objects was to afford protection to and foster the infant Church of Christ that should be established. It is undoubtedly in theory the freest and best government ever formed for the liberty of man. Wherein it fails to give man the amplest and most complete protection is because of mal-administration. It is not the fault of the form of government, but the fault of the people who administer it. There is no liberty that any human being can ask for or desire that is not attainable under this government if administered according to the spirit and genius of the Constitution. If the nation should reject—as it, to a very great extent, has already done—the purposes of God in regard to it, and rebel against Him, and seek to destroy His Church and people, He undoubtedly will take from them the power which they have, and it will be bestowed upon others who will be obedient and willing. Predictions have been uttered to the effect that the Constitution will be trampled upon by those in authority in this nation, and serious evils will follow, and that the Latter-day Saints will be the people to rescue and uphold the Constitution, and to maintain constitutional government and the rights of men in their purity upon this land. In other words, we shall inherit the promises which God made in the Book of Mormon to the nation at large, but which the nation forfeits through its rejection of the gospel and Priesthood. Is there any impropriety, then, taking this view of the case, in Utah being admitted as a State? Would we not, in that capacity, be in a better position to uphold the Constitution and to maintain righteous government than we could possibly be if we continued as a Territory? We are just as much subject to and connected with the government in a territorial capacity as we could possibly be were we a State. Being a State would draw us no nearer to Babylon than we are at the present time, nor make us more dependent upon it. It is true that as a State we would be under obligations that we are not at the present time; but we must grow. If we were to become a State it would be a step in advance; it would bring with it increased responsibility, and probably increased trials and difficulties. But these will have to be met under any circumstances; they will be the natural consequence of growth in any direction and in any form.

In reasoning thus I do not wish to convey the idea that our admission into the Union is so indispensably necessary that there is no other way by which we can achieve our destiny; but I speak thus upon the subject to show my reasons for looking at a State government as desirable and as not improbable.

No honorable man is ashamed to do honest labor.

FOR THE BOYS.

BY W. J.

BOYS like to read that which is amusing and interesting, and some of them like that which is instructive, too; and it is a good idea to combine amusement, interest and instruction, when it can be done with propriety. They vary much in their tastes, also, and the same boys have their different moods, hence the necessity of variety. With this idea in view, two subjects will be introduced into this article, and the first is: "The New York Hat Boys."

"Hat boys! Hat boys!" exclaim several boys in chorus. What does Hat boys mean? What kind of boys are they? Well, they're curiosities in their way, rather smart and remarkable and not always very small or very young. The most of the large hotels in New York have this indispensable functionary—each has its hat boy, whose duty it is to take the hats from the guests when they go into dinner and hand them to their owners as they pass out. This would be a small matter if only a few persons dined at once; but when there are three or four hundred dining at the same time, all of whom have given their hats to be placed on the racks in the entry or ante-room, it takes a large amount of natural and acquired ability to select the right hat for each gentleman guest as he passes out. Many of those hats are alike, no doubt, or nearly so. Many of those guests pass in with much business activity, and large numbers of them go in and out within five or ten minutes, thus increasing the difficulty of the hat boy's task; yet an expert does not hesitate in selecting the right hat. The hat boy of the Fifth Avenue Hotel is said to have a most remarkable memory; for although guests have tried in all sorts of ways to deceive him he has not made a mistake in the selection of the right hat in six years. As he takes a hat he glances at the owner's face and invariably remembers it and restores the hat to the right man.

Just see, boys, what close application, strict attention, good training and much labor in a special direction will accomplish! Now, suppose an equal amount of time, application and labor were spent by you in trying to become efficient Elders of Israel; what mighty men of God you might become during the next quarter of a century! Think of this. But I will now introduce the other subject, so as to vary your reading.

An amusing illustration of perseverance occurred at St. Petersburg while George M. Dallas was American minister at the court of the Czar Nicholas. A writer in the *Boston Journal* tells the incident as follows:

"Mr. Dallas was sitting in his office at the legation in St. Petersburg on a certain morning, when a young man, or rather a boy, presented himself, with the arms of his jacket out at the elbows, and remarked that he 'would like to see the emperor.'

"'You would like to see the emperor?' inquiringly rejoined Mr. Dallas, 'What do you want to see the emperor for?'

"'Oh, I have a little business with him, and I want to see him,' replied the youth.

"'Well,' said the ambassador, 'you can't see the emperor.'

"'Why not; can't you introduce me?' earnestly inquired the boy.

"'No, I could not introduce you,' said the minister, smilingly.

"'Aren't you the American minister?' said the boy.

"'Yes, I am the American minister; but I should not dare to introduce you, if I am.'

"'But I am an American,' replied the boy, 'and I have come all the way from Mount Vernon, the tomb of Washington, on business with the emperor (for whom I have a present) and I *must* see him; and I call on you as the ambassador of my country to introduce me to his imperial majesty.'

"'The most that I can do, my lad, is to introduce you to one of his ministers,' said Mr. Dallas, 'and if he pleases he may introduce you to the emperor.'

"'Very well,' said the boy, 'that will be one step gained; just introduce me to the minister of his majesty, if you please.'

"'At this point in the dialogue the American minister took the boy to one of the imperial cabinet, remarking to the dignitary as he approached him: 'Here's a boy who says he has come all the way from Mount Vernon, in America, and that he has some message for the Emperor, and demands an introduction; can you gratify him?'

"'I cannot introduce him without first consulting his majesty,' replied the autocrat's minister, 'if *he* is willing, I will introduce him.'

"'After a brief lapse of time the minister returned from an interview with the emperor, to whom he had related in substance what had been previously said of the boy. The curiosity of Nicholas being excited as to the boy's errand, he was induced to command the ministerial functionary to 'bring him along.'

"'He says he will see you,' said the minister, addressing himself to the Yankee lad. And immediately set off for the palace, where the following interlocutory discourse took place between Nicholas and the ragged boy.

"'Well, my little fellow, I understand you wish to see me; what is your business?'

"'I came all the way from the tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon, in America, and understanding that you liked the character of Washington'——

"'I have great veneration for the character and memory of that illustrious personage,' interrupted the emperor.

"'Well,' continued the youth as he thrust his hand into his jacket pocket, 'I brought this acorn from the tomb of Washington, thinking you might like to plant it in your grounds and raise an oak to his memory. Will you accept it?'

"'Certainly,' replied the emperor, 'and we will go out at once and plant it.'

No sooner said than done. They proceeded to the palace grounds, and having raised the soil with a spade, the emperor committed the acorn to the earth with his own hand. Thanking the youth for his simple but agreeable present, the emperor inquired: 'Is there anything more you wish of me, my lad?'

"'The boy replied, 'I should like to see Moscow.'

"'And the last I saw of the youth,' said Mr. Dallas, 'he passed my office in St. Petersburg in a coach with six horses, and as he deigned to look at me, he joyfully waved a white handkerchief of which he had become the possessor, and triumphantly cried out to me, 'Hurrah, I am going to Moscow! I am going to Moscow!''"

Now, boys, do not run wild for acorns from Mount Vernon to present to the Czar of Russia, to enable him to raise oaks to the memory of Washington, however laudable that may have been for one boy to do, but imitate his perseverance in the accomplishment of a noble purpose; and let that purpose be to qualify yourselves for an introduction to the presence and society of Jesus the Redeemer of the world and God the Eternal Father, whose society is as far above that of an earthly emperor as the heavens are above the earth. This will produce not merely a temporary satisfaction like that obtained

by the ragged boy with his acorn, but eternal satisfaction and glory which neither the tongue nor pen of mortal can ever portray.

THE FEAST OF CHERRIES.

ONE bright July morning, I had been walking through a forest-path on a German mountain-side, and stopping to rest, and to look down into the pleasant valley below, I suddenly heard strains of music, and turning, saw a gay procession of men, women and children winding up the mountain.

They were in holiday dress, with banners waving, ribbons flying, the girls crowned with oak leaves, and the boys bearing cherry branches laden with bright, red fruit.

As they drew near, a kindly-faced woman bade me "Good-morning," saying they were to have to-day their annual feast of cherries, and asked me if I would like to join their party.

Never was invitation more eagerly accepted. I walked beside her till we reached a spot where tents were pitched and rustic seats were placed.

Here the day's frolic began; games were played, and there was dancing, singing and feasting.

Small round tables, their edges festooned with green vines, bore in the center tiny trees hung all over with shining fruit.

There were cherry pyramids in various colors and shades; curious baskets filled with flowers; queer German cakes like sweet, *very* sweet gingerbread, with almonds spread thick over the top; and there were crescent-shaped biscuits with a glistening upper crust of *salt* and *caraway seed*.

Swings were hung in the great oak boughs, and we all played together as only children can play, for we were all young that day.

One of the number you might have called old, unless you had seen him there, for he had celebrated his eighty-third birthday the week before; but his face rises before me now, bright with happy smiles, and fresh and rosy as a child.

After dinner, when we were tired of romping, he told us stories, while we sat on the grass at his feet, and the shadows grew long around us.

One story was about the origin of this feast. He said that the city of Nuremberg first celebrated it four hundred years ago.

The town was besieged by an army, but the citizens, rather than yield, would starve or suffer any other horror that war brings in its train.

They were too weak, however, to hold the town, and must have been conquered had not the little children risen to defend it.

"How could children save a city! O you ask?"

Led by the aged schoolmaster, they marched boldly up to the citadel, guarded by rough warriors, and raising their sweet faces, they prayed that their lives and homes might be spared.

No wonder the commander was moved to pity by the faith of these white-robed, innocent little ones.

Their prayer was answered—Nuremberg was saved. The General not only withdrew his soldiers, but ordered a feast to be prepared, *especially* for the children.

The jubilee lasted many days, and a similar festival has been celebrated on every anniversary of that day through all these four hundred years. It occurs in the cherry season, and so they call it "Kirchenfest" (cherry festival), and it is now held in almost every part of Germany.

When the sun had set and the stars were shining, we walked together down the mountain-side, the children softly chanting a sweet evening hymn for "Good-night."

RUNNING OFF TO SEA.

DICK BARCLAY considered himself one of the most unappreciated and badly-treated boys that ever lived. He was the son of a gentleman who certainly ought to have known better than to treat any living thing harshly. His mother, too, Dick declared was very hard-hearted and cruel, and his sisters were even worse than his parents.

Would you like to know the persecutions these dreadful people practised on a poor inoffensive lad of fourteen years?

Well, in the first place, the father insisted that Dick should go to school five days out of every week. He forced him to study arithmetic, which Dick "hated," and "geography, that never did anybody any good," and "history about horrid old kings and queens, and wars and revolutions, that he didn't care anything about."

His mother thought that a boy who was in school but twenty-five hours out of one hundred and sixty-eight, had time to take one music lesson a week, practicing an hour a day, and to go every morning to a neighbor's for the milk.

His sisters would never tease his mother to let him go gunning or fishing in school hours, nor believe him when he said his head ached so that he could not practice. And sometimes they sent him on errands with notes and flowers, and other "girls' nonsense," to their friends.

He declared he had an awful life of it, such as no boy of any spirit ought to endure.

And the time came when he said he could not and would not endure it any longer. He threw out vague hints of his resolve when his father refused to add to the number of fishing-poles, fowling-pieces and Indian clubs, that already interfered so much with his studies.

He said that the time might come when the family would rue their treatment of him. But it would then be too late!

The girls thought he was hinting at suicide, and laughed at him. This roused Master Barclay to reveal his secret. He intended to run off and go to sea. Probably he would be wrecked and lost; and then his father would wish there had never been a school in the world. His mother, too, would burn the piano to get it out of her sight; and the whole family would wish they had let him alone.

When this revelation was made known to his father, he called the boy into the library and said, "I hear you want to go to sea, Dick."

"Yes sir, and I am going, too. And I'll put an ocean between me and all books, and pianos, and milk-pails. I can never do a thing I want to, for this old school, and my lessons and errands!"

"Have you fully resolved to go?"

"Yes sir, and you needn't try to hinder me, for go I will! Some night when you are all asleep, I shall run away!"

"I've not the least idea of hindering you, and there's not the slightest necessity for your 'running off.' If you wish to try a sailor's life, I will fit you out comfortably, and ship you with a good captain. Somebody must do business on the ocean, and my son may as well do it as other men's sons."

"I don't want to be fitted out," said Dick, not a little

chagrined at the way in which his father took the dreadful threat.

The boy had a taste for roving, and had often planned adventures in cattle-raising in Texas, or discovering new islands over the seas. Half the charm of these wild dreams had been the mystery that should envelop his flight, and the joy with which he should be welcomed back, a rich and elegant gentleman, laden with gifts for those who had kept him in "leading-strings,"—as if he didn't know what was the best for himself.

This conversation resulted in his father taking him down town and fitting him out with blue flannel shirts, a tarpaulin hat, heavy boots, and a sea-chest filled with comforts for the voyage.

There was no help for it now, so Dick bade his mother and sisters "good-by," in a somewhat trembling voice, and set off, like any poor sailor-boy, with his father, for the seaport town, where he was to ship for Liverpool.

The commotion among the shipping, the running up and down of the sailors among the rigging, and their merry "Hoy-yoo!" was so attractive as to dispel any lingering regrets our young sailor may have felt at his matter-of-fact departure.

He was left on board with the sailors over night, while his father went up to a hotel with the captain to talk over the matter.

"My son," said the father, when he and his old friend, the captain, were comfortably seated, "is a good boy—as boys average. He has cost us but little anxiety, except by his restless, roving spirit and hatred of books. The slight restraints necessary at home chafe him, and he feels himself a martyr. He is a pet at home, and really has had too much indulgence from his mother and sisters. I want you to put him through the duties and discipline of the ship, just as if he were the poorest boy you ever shipped. Let him swab the deck, wait on the cook, climb the rigging—do everything such boys usually do, till you reach Halifax. By that time I think his ardor for a sea life will be at least somewhat cooled. If this should be so, and he wished to return home, you may give him this money and send him back."

The next day the vessel dropped down the stream to wait a favoring breeze. O, what spirits the free wind put into the young rover! He shouted, he practiced "Hoo-yoo!" He sang and danced in the fore-castle as if he owned the ship. Suddenly the gruff voice of the second mate commanded silence enforcing the order with a threat of the "cat-tail" if he heard any more "such hooting down there."

Before night the wind died away, and a cold, drizzling rain set in. Our young gentleman did not care to stay in the fore-castle, or to wet either his new blue shirt or himself by walking on deck. So he walked independently into the cabin, took up a book, stretched himself on a sofa, and began to read.

He knew nothing of ship discipline, and was amazed when the captain, coming in and finding him, flew into as great a passion as if he had found a burglar concealed there. He even took down a cane and threatened to whip this "mother's boy," and poured out a torrent of words that Dick was too much frightened to understand.

He fled precipitately to the fore-castle, and there he opened his heart to an old sailor, who said,

"Why, my lad, I'd as soon think of walkin' into Victoria's palace and tellin' her I'd come to take tea with her daughters, as to put foot, unbid, into that cabin! A captain is a king at sea. You've got off easy from this blunder. Keep down close to us sailors, and don't dare to look at him."

"He's mean old fellow, anyhow, to treat his friend's son this way!" replied Barclay, with an indignant nod of the head, which meant, "I'll tell my father of him!"

"Look out, land-baby," cried the old man, "and never repeat those words or you'll stand a chance o'bein' tied up for twenty lashes!"

The captain never spoke to or looked at Dick again; but the mate "put him through," as his father had ordered.

He was very sea-sick. His hands were soon blistered with hauling the ropes and climbing the rigging, his throat was sore, and his limbs stiff, from exposure to the wind and rain. And O, the junk beef, the hard biseuit, boiled "duff," and all the food in his mess! It was repulsive to the boy, used to nice home food.

Dick was discouraged and nearly starved when the ship reached Halifax. The captain saw that he was cured of the sea, and resolved to let him go home. But Dick did not give him the chance. He was more afraid of the captain than of Barnum's Bengal tiger. He had tickled that terrible animal with a switch through the bars of his cage, but he did not even dare look at the captain.

When the ship was fairly into port, and the captain was leaving for a hotel, he sent for Dick, but the boy could not be found. The men sought him in the caboose, in the hold—everywhere; and as he had not been seen when the vessel was nearing the dock, it was feared he had been drawn overboard by one of the ropes and drowned. The captain manifested such an interest in the boy's fate as to surprise the sailors, who had seen his roughness towards him.

One night, about a week after this, Mr. Barclay's house was gayly lighted and filled with guests, to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of Clara, Dick's eldest sister. Everybody was in glee but the mother; she could not draw her heart away from her dear rover on the sea.

A young lady, standing behind the drapery of a bay window, saw a hatless and shoeless lad astride the iron railing outside, peering eagerly in at the gay scene. She remarked to Mrs. Barclay, who stood near her, "How strange all this splendor must seem to him!"

"O dear!" exclaimed the lady, looking out at the boy.

"Poor as she is, his mother will have him under her wing to-night. I wish I knew just where my poor rover is now."

Very soon a carriage drove up, and a gentleman and two ladies ascended the steps. The beggar slipped unobserved into the hall after them, and hid behind the door of the vestibule. Before long, his curiosity forced him to peep out, and then those who stood near the parlor door saw him.

The young girl who first noticed him on the railing whispered to the lady of the house and told her of his presence.

"Poor child! I'll take him in and feed him well," replied Mrs. Barclay, "for Dick's sake. Perhaps some mother will speak a gentle word to him when he is in a strange land!"

So she stepped behind the open door leading into the vestibule, when suddenly the company were startled by a shriek—

"O, Dick, my darling boy!"

"O, mamma, dear! O, mamma, dear! It is I, but don't let the company see me. I've begged most of my way from Halifax, and walked a good part of it. I've sold my clothes to get bread, and I'm sick and tired. Let me go to my own room to rest, and I'll be ready for school at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

But it was not until after many a "to-morrow morning" that the worn lad was able to leave his bed, or to think of school.

When a letter from the captain came, he was ill with fever brought on by the hardships of his journey. Every now and then he would murmur, "I can't eat cabbage and potatoes boiled in grease, nor drink coffee sweetened with molasses! Give me something that mamma has on her table at home!"

After a few weeks he was able to go back to school, and now whenever he hears of a boy who rebels against school or home restraint, he laughs and says—

"Just send him to Halifax with Capt. Timson. That will cure him."

Selected.

HOW KNOWLEDGE IS GAINED.

FEW persons indeed realize, in perusing the writings of great authors and in viewing the works of noted artists how much time and labor their production have cost. Even when these geniuses, as they are frequently called, are seen at their tasks, the work seems to be so easy that we give all credit to nature for their abilities and forget that natural talents without labor, application and perseverance is incapable of accomplishing anything.

The greatest men the world has ever produced either in the field of letters or of art have had to win their way to the pinnacle of fame by earnest toil. They have sought constantly for knowledge; and opportunities for gaining information, unheeded by others, they have eagerly grasped and used to advantage.

Washington Irving, with whose excellent writings many are familiar, never permitted his articles to appear in print without his having labored on them hour after hour even when they had to all appearances been completed. But he could find here and there an improper mark, idea or word which must be eliminated before he could be satisfied.

Pope gained many of his brilliant ideas by listening to the conversation of others and then jotting down in his ever-at-hand note book the varied impressions made on his mind at the moment.

Sheridan and Hook were always on the alert for stray jokes and bits of humor which were carefully noted until the occasion was offered for their use when they were told or written with marked effect.

The great Bentley used the margins of all the books he obtained for writing his own observations, thus impressing upon his mind the various subjects of which he read as well as his own ideas with regard to them.

Hogarth, the noted portrait painter, would sketch upon his finger-nail any face that impressed him peculiarly and would there let it remain until he could transfer it to canvas. This accounts for the marvelous diversity of feature in his immense galleries of portraits.

My young readers, each one of you can, if you only will, find some way in which to improve yourselves, and if you love yourselves do not allow a single moment of your time to pass unheeded or an opportunity for advancement to be disregarded.

VIDI.

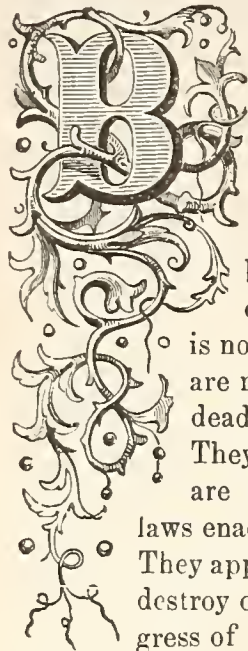
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



BOYS and Girls, JUVENILES, you are living in an important age. Events are taking place which are of the most interesting character. You should remember them; for in years to come you will look back to them and endeavor to recall the feelings that you had in these days. Every little boy and girl who is able to read and to understand should pay attention to that which is now taking place in our midst. Our enemies are making a deadly assault upon us. We say deadly because that is the view they take of it. They hope it will be deadly. To this end they are trampling upon the constitution, and the laws enacted under the constitution, with impunity. They appear to be determined to strike us down, to destroy our religion, and to check forever the progress of the work of God. In such a fight, unless God was with us, we would soon go down, because we are few and our enemies are numerous. The hosts of the adversary are very numerous in the flesh. He has control to a very great extent of this world, and he has made everything that comes from God very unpopular. To look at it with natural eyes it would seem as though all the odds were in his favor; but this is not so. There are powers at work which are invisible to mortal eyes, and they are mighty, far mightier than those who are in the hands of the evil one.

The days of which the Prophet Joseph spoke are here upon us, the days when men would trample upon the Constitution. We are fighting for its principles, to maintain it and them. We shall have to do much more of this in the future; for, as the kingdom grows, so will the disposition increase to use every means possible to reach us and destroy the work in which we are engaged. By the time that our little readers become men and women they will have seen great changes. We are passing through an ordeal now. The faith of the people is being tried. The strength of the system which God has established is being tested. There can be no doubt respecting its future; but the faith of many of those who are now connected with it will be tried to an extent probably greater than ever before. We must learn to put our trust in God in the darkest hours and in the direst extremity. No matter how threatening the prospect may be, it is not for us to be discouraged, nor to be gloomy, nor in the least afraid concerning the future. God has made promises concerning this work and they cannot fail. Though heaven and earth pass away, yet God's word will not pass away, it must be fulfilled.

There is no people upon the face of the earth of whom we have any knowledge who is making history, and important history, too, so rapidly as the Latter-day Saints. We are moving on a great stage. The eyes of the world are drawn towards us, and in many instances men are filled with fear

concerning us. Of course they who are so are either ignorant or wicked, because there is nothing about this work to inspire fear in the heart of any honest or upright man. Then there are others who look upon us with curiosity, anxious to see what the result will be. There are others, again, they are few, however, in number—who have a feeling of admiration for us and who desire our success. These latter parties are liberal-minded men who are anxious to see a change in the existing order of things, and who despair of it being accomplished except through the agency of some such people as we are, a people bound together by religious ties.

The feeling that we should have concerning this work is one of rejoicing. It should give us great happiness to reflect upon the fact that we are connected with the work of God, a work that is designed to be victorious, and to prevail to such an extent that it will fill the earth.

BLUNDERS AND ABSURDITIES IN ART.

IN looking over some collections of old pictures, it is surprising what extraordinary anachronisms, blunders and absurdities are often discoverable.

In the gallery of the convent of Jesuits, at Lisbon, there is a picture representing Adam in paradise, dressed in blue breeches with silver buckles, and Eve with a striped petticoat. In the distance appears a procession of monks bearing the cross.

In a country church in Holland there is a painting representing the sacrifice of Isaac, in which the painter has depicted Abraham with a blunderbuss in his hand, ready to shoot his son. A similar edifice in Spain has a picture of the same incident, in which the patriarch is armed with a pistol.

At Windsor there is a painting by Antonio Verrio, in which the artist has introduced the portraits of himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller and May, the surveyor of the works of that period, all in long periwigs, as spectators of Christ healing the sick.

A painter of Toledo, having to represent the three wise men of the East coming to worship on the nativity of Christ, depicted three Arabian or Indian kings, two of them white and one black, and all of them in the posture of kneeling. The position of the legs of each figure not being very distinct he inadvertently painted three black feet for the negro king, and three also between the two white kings; and he did not discover his error until the picture was hung up in the cathedral.

In another picture of the Adoration of the Magi, which was in the Houghton Hall collection, the painter, Brughel, had introduced a multitude of little figures, finished off with true Dutch exactitude, but one was accoutred in boots and spurs, and another was handing in as a present a little model of a Dutch ship.

The same collection contained a painting of the stoning of Stephen the martyr, by Le Sœur, in which the saint was attired in the habit of a Roman Catholic priest at high mass.

A picture by Rubens, in the Luxembourg, represents the Virgin Mary in council, with two cardinals and the god Mercury assisting in her deliberations.

A BEE is not a busier animal than a blockhead.—Pope.

CHARMS OF NATURAL
SCENERY.

NATURE'S scenery in its wild and varied state possesses charms that attract the wonder and admiration of all

but they are never so delightful to witness as the graceful simplicity of nature, since the most excellent productions of the former are merely imitations of the latter.

An imperishable desire to visit natural scenery that is attractive to the eye seems to be implanted within every



beholders. Probably there is no person who is not deeply impressed with the sight while viewing the beauty and grandeur of the diversified works of nature. Masterly works of art may be very beautiful, and may call forth our admiration;

breast. Many thousands of people every year travel immense distances and go to great expense for the purpose of witnessing the principal and most noted objects in nature's vast museum of wonders and curiosities. And the number of

nature's admirers who thus travel is only limited by the lack of means and opportunities which prevents so many from making such a tour.

The love of sight-seeing is especially prevalent among the youth. Boys are often so overcome with the excitement aroused within them by the thoughts of visiting strange and interesting scenes in distant lands that they will run away from home to gratify their romantic desires. Many of our youth have been heard to express their dissatisfaction with the nature of their surroundings, and have manifested a wish to roam in other lands. Such persons are blind to the sublimity of the scenery with which their mountain homes abound. Nor do they realize the happiness and pleasure that the society of dear friends and kindred affords. Young men of this character would only be disappointed if they should have the privilege of witnessing the greatest of nature's wonders. If they are unable to appreciate the attractions and benefits of home they are not capable of enjoying to the fullest extent the beautiful sights to be met with elsewhere.

But the young folks forget, or probably many of them are not aware, that the natural scenery and curiosities of these mountains and valleys are among the foremost to be found anywhere. Here we have the most variegated climates under the sun, from the semi-tropical southern country to the frigid climate of Bear Lake Valley in the north, together with the mild temperature of the intermediate regions. The canyon scenery of this country is as grand and imposing as any to be found. Our numerous mineral springs are among the most singular of curiosities. Then the mines of this region are considered to be the richest in the world. Our salt and fresh water lakes are also very beautiful, and they draw thousands of people to their shores every summer to enjoy a bath in their clear and healthful waters.

The picture on the foregoing page represents a scene on the Sinnemahoning Creek, in Pennsylvania. What are known as Pulpit Rocks are to be seen projecting themselves upwards from the steep mountain side, while near by, though not in view, is a pretty water-fall. Only a meagre idea of the picturesque scenery here found can be gained by looking at the engraving. Such places must be visited in order to be appreciated. It is said that "No State in the Union presents a greater variety of surface than Pennsylvania." Among her green-clad mountains and silver streams of water artists find numerous subjects for their brush and canvas.

NEVER TELL AN UNTRUTH.

IT is an express command of the Almighty that we shall not lie, but the desire of God is sadly disregarded in these degenerate days. Many seem to think that to tell a falsehood jokingly is no sin, and they therefore indulge themselves in this practice; others tell lies in the hope of being benefited thereby or from some other selfish motive; but for telling an untruth there is no justifiable excuse—it is a sin no matter what the motive may be which prompts its committal.

The example of Jonathan Niles, a musician of the Revolutionary army, is worthy of being followed by everyone. He would not tell a lie although to do such an act seemed to be the only way by which he could escape a severe punishment if not death. The incident is related as follows:

Jonathan was a native of Connecticut and one of La Fayette's musicians. His instrument was the fife, and had

been made for him by a maimed and disabled brother, who was a cunning artificer.

One evening while the army was encamped at Tappan, on the Hudson, Jonathan wandered from his tent down to the water's edge, where, seated upon a rock, his thoughts reverted to his home and the loved ones there. The old, familiar melodies came to his mind, and unconsciously he drew his fife from his bosom and placed it to his lips. One of Mozart's sweet tunes, which had been his mother's favorite, came to his mind. He knew not what he did. He seemed to be at home again sitting at his mother's feet, and the charm was not broken until a rough blow upon the back recalled him to his senses.

"Man, what are you doing? The general may be awake. If he should hear you—ah!"

It was a sentinel, who afterwards confessed that he had listened, entranced, for some moments to the sweet music before he thought of his duty to stop it, for the general had given strict orders that no noise of any kind should be made by the soldiers, except at his command, as the enemy were known to be near at hand and were seeking to learn the whereabouts of the Americans.

On the following morning an orderly informed Jonathan that the general desired his presence at headquarters. Poor Jonathan turned pale and trembled. He knew that La Fayette was strict, and in such perilous times slight infractions of military orders were punished severely. As he arose, the sentinel of the previous evening came and whispered in his ear:

"If it should be about the music Jonathan, don't be alarmed. Not a soul save you and me knows anything about it. I can swear to that! So do you just say it wasn't you. Stick to it and you'll come out all right."

Jonathan turned to his tempter. "What, my mother's son tell a lie like that? It would be the heaviest load I ever carried—heavier than I ever mean to carry, if I have my senses!"

He went to headquarters and found the general pacing to and fro as though his thoughts were unhappy, but turning to the new-comer he asked,

"Comrade, who are you?"

"Jonathan Niles, general."

"Last evening I heard music down by the river bank. Were you the musician?"

"It was I, general," answered the truthful man, "but I knew not what I did. I meant not to disobey your order. I sat and thought of home, and of my mother, and"—

La Fayette started at the sound of that word and the shadow left his face:

"Of your MOTHER! And I thought of mine. It was a theme of Mozart's and was my mother's favorite. If you will be so kind, go bring your instrument, and play for me that strain here in my tent. It will do me good."

Thus was this humble man the means of affording comfort to the noble La Fayette, and instead of receiving the punishment which he expected, honors were conferred upon him, and his truthfulness found its own reward in the inward satisfaction and peace afforded him.

Boys and girls, never permit an untruth to pass your lips. Liars are cowards, and can never gain the respect or confidence of mankind or the favor of God. Remember that among those who will be without the walls of the New Jerusalem liars will be found.

DIVI.

THE GOSPEL.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

WE have seen that the justice of God provided a universal redemption for the human race from the consequences of Adam's transgression, without any action on the part of mankind. This we have termed general salvation. According to the division we made of our subject, we now come to

INDIVIDUAL SALVATION,

by which we mean the provided means of escape from the consequences of our own personal transgressions of God's laws.

We are of course, presuming that our readers believe in the existence of God, and in their minds concede to Him the right to give laws to man: furthermore that He has given such laws, and that, from time to time, He has authorized men to teach said laws to His children.

These teachers of divine law, patriarchs, prophets, priests, apostles, sevens, and elders have recorded the precepts they were commanded to teach; in some instances also they recorded the important events which transpired among the nations to whom they were sent, as well as to write the predictions they made when moved upon by the Holy Ghost. Some of the writings of these servants of God have been collected and are contained in the Bible, others in the Book of Mormon—which contains the writings of some inspired men who lived on the continent of America; the writings and revelations of the more recent prophets are in the Doctrine and Covenants. These works we regard as containing the laws of God to man.

It would be impracticable in this article to give even an epitome of the divine laws contained in these books, but we append a few of the more important ones, taking them principally from the decalogue and the teachings of Jesus, though our quotations are not all *verbatim*. The commands of God to man are:

Thou shalt worship the Lord God, Creator of heaven and of earth; and have no other gods before Him.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; nor shalt thou swear, neither by the heavens, nor by the earth.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness.

Thou shalt not be covetous.

Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day.

Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother,

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself—and even thou shalt love thine enemy;

Thou shalt not revile those who revile thee, neither shalt thou answer railing with railing.

In fine, thou shalt not be overcome of evil, but shall overcome evil with good; and above all clothe thyself with charity "which is the bond of perfectness."

The foregoing are a few only of the laws of the Lord, but perhaps will be sufficient to enumerate here.

Now, it is self-evident that man in his infancy is innocent before God; he has broken none of those laws we have enumerated; in fact, he is incapable of doing so while in his infancy. Hence the Lord says: "Every spirit of man was innocent in the beginning, and God having redeemed man from the fall, (of Adam) men became again in their infant state, innocent before God." (*Doc. and Cov. Sec. xciii, 38.*) And again, "Behold, I say unto you, that little children are redeemed from the foundation of the world through mine

Only Begotten; wherefore, they cannot sin, for power is not given unto Satan to tempt little children, until they become accountable before me." (*Doc. and Cov. Sec. xxix, 46, 47.*)

But as little children increase in intelligence, and come to an understanding of what is right and what is wrong, they become accountable before God for their actions. When a person learns that it is wrong to bear false witness, and then does it, he commits a crime, and justice demands the punishment of every such transgressor.

As it is with this law we have mentioned, so with every one that God has given to man.

That man is endowed with a power called free agency—power to choose to do good, or to do evil, or to cling to virtue, and to shun vice—we all know. It is also a self-evident fact that none are villains from necessity; or pure because they cannot be otherwise. Granting then that man possesses this power, this agency, who of us have not exercised it in doing wrong—in breaking, and that knowingly, some of the laws of God? (Can anyone, speaking truthfully, say, "I have not?") Nay, rather, we exclaim with Paul, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Seeing then that all have sinned all must pay the penalty attached to the law to the uttermost farthing, and no person can escape. When we shall stand before the judgment bar of the Great God, to be judged for the deeds done while in this world, no cunning trickery can elude the wheels of justice. Favoritism cannot influence the Judge, for most emphatically He is no respecter of persons.

"In the corrupted currents of this world
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling—there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence."—*Shakespeare.*

At last all men will be brought face to face with Justice. We may have eluded him in this life, but finally we must look into his stern, relentless face. Oh, unhappy day for the transgressor! And since *all* who have come to the years of accountability have transgressed, then woe unto *all*! Yet "sottly, there is something else:"

There is an attribute of our Judge which influences all His actions, enters into all the departments of His government, and tempers with kindness all His dealings with His children. We speak of *mercy*, without which "there is none of us would see salvation."

Although, as before stated, there is no means we can *ourselves* invent by which to escape the punishment for our sins, yet God hath provided a means of escape for us *on the condition of our obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel.*

Through the death and suffering of Christ all mankind are redeemed from the consequences of Adam's fall, independent of any action of their own; because their agency was not exercised in bringing upon them the evil they have to endure. It is quite another thing, however, where we have broken God's laws of our own accord, and *have* exercised our agency in the matter.

In this latter case we have become actual sinners, and justice takes hold of us; but God in His infinite love and mercy has provided a means of escape for us, if we will only accept it, if we will but comply with His requirements. "Name the conditions!" we cry. Let us gather them from the scriptures.

HANNAH AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

CHAPTER II.

THREE days after the arrival of his wife and daughter in the coach, Si Whopscott was drunk in Boulder. He had come into the town early in the morning, attended to his business with unusual vigor, and at three o'clock in the afternoon was prepared to go home. But when he turned his face in that direction he shuddered and walked back to Clan's grocery. He said to the attendant that he must have just one drink as the night air was chilly blowing down the canyon. He stopped to take two drinks, and then three, and by this time he was prepared for an unlimited quantity. He drank with feverish impatience—almost desperately. After his courage had been reenforced and his tongue loosened he imparted to Clan and the crowd of loafers around the groggery "That the old woman was a leetle bit hard on a feller, and that her temper was enough to try an angel." The lawyers and doctors and some of the gamblers were there; and recalling the sharp visage and the still sharper voice of Mrs. Whopscott and remembering how she had nagged at Si during the few moments of her stay at the hotel porch, they were quite ready to believe Si's statement without further proof. In Boulder women were revered because of the scarcity of the sex as well as for other and more intrinsic reasons; but there was no more poesy or romance surrounding old Si Whopscott's wife. Even the most ignorant man in the camp, who would ordinarily have been complimented to have a virtuous woman use him for a door mat, felt highly incensed that any woman should take advantage of her exalted position as a woman, and make a man's life miserable by scolding. They could not suppose for a moment but that Si had done everything possible to please his wife just as they would have been glad to do under similar circumstances, and her ingratitude and harshness won more sympathy for Si than he had enjoyed before during all the time he had been known in the camp. The matter soon became an open subject of conversation and Si confessed in a voice which he deemed he had reduced to an almost inaudible whisper, but which could really be heard across the street:

"S'manthy ain't let me eat or sleep in peace since she got to the mill. And I expect that when I get home to-night she'll pull the roof down over my head or set fire to me after I get asleep. I know she's sure to do something mean. But I don't care for myself as long's she'll let my girl, Hanner, alone. S'manthy has always abused that child ever since she was born. Don't seem as if she ever had any love in her heart for her own leetle girl."

At this moment the idea seemed suddenly to force itself into his mind that Hannah was alone with her mother at the mill, and he started suddenly for his team. Two men helped him into the wagon, and as his body fell heavily upon a bed of hay the little brown mules pricked up their ears, assumed a very self-satisfied air and cheerfully started on a good round trot.

That night a painful scene was enacted at the mill. Hannah tried to protect her father from her mother's fury, and the old man made a maudlin attempt to save Hannah from the innumerable curses and blows which Mrs. Whopscott showered indiscriminately in the domestic circle. The old man rarely fought back. The experience of long years had

thoroughly cowed him. Once in a while he struck out with prodigious but aimless strength and made profane threats or made some drunken appeal for mercy. But this was usually when he fancied that the old woman's fury was directed more towards Hannah than himself. As to the girl herself, she bore the attacks with anything but a saint-like air. Sometimes she scratched, and bit, and swore, and worked herself up into such a rage that Mrs. Whopscott was fain to let her alone until she should be in a less energetic mood of resistance. After old Si had become partially sobered by physical attack his unamiable spouse let slip the dogs of tongue warfare and lashed him mercilessly. Robbing her speech of profanity, she said:

"Si Whopscott; you are a swindling villain! So this is the place where you came after deserting your family in Michigan. I wish we'd never found you; and we never would only for your softness for this gal. Might 'a' stayed yet ten years and you never would have wrote to me nor sent me a dollar; but you could not win yourself from Hanner. Better for her and me, too, if you had let her alone. I was making quite a woman of Hanner; and after you had gone the folks saw that all our troubles had been because of you. We got plenty of help. Hanner might have been teaching school yet and she might have been living with me in comfort in a civilized country if you hadn't 'a' been so silly as to write to her and put a crochet in her head to come out here and see you."

Old Si lifted his head and almost smiled, "Never knew you was included in the invitation, old woman."

"Oh, you old villain! Of course I wasn't in the invitation! You'd 'a' been glad to have Hanner out here to slave and toil for you, wouldn't you? You'd 'a' left me there to starve."

This conversation was kept up in a similar strain for more than an hour, during which time Hannah sat and sulked. The girl was not unintelligent-looking, and under proper home influences might have made a bright, good woman. With gentle home surroundings her homeliness might even have been softened into something more favorable. But even education, such as she had received in school and from books, had been unable to keep sweet a temper aggravated as her's had been. Bed time had long since passed and she interrupted her mother's rasping voice to say, with a sarcasm which was not unusual to her:

"Come, get to bed you turtle doves. You can resume this cooing to-morrow."

But the old woman had a definite object in view and was not to be shaken loose. She silenced Hannah with a shake of her scrawny fist, and turned to the old man: "Si Whopscott, you will have us all in the poor-house in a month the way you go on, and I shan't stand it any longer. I made up my mind before I left Michigan that if you had anything when I got out here I was going to get it and save it from going down your guzzle. And I'm going to have it. I want you to have this mill and all the business signed over to me and if you don't do it right smartly it will be the worse for you."

Si strongly demurred to this and presented with a degree of vigor unusual to him in his wife's presence strong reasons for his refusal. But she was firm and under her scorching words and vindictive glances the old man's self-possession failed. Whether she had over him any other hold than that which was apparent cannot be told but certain it is that her assertions and threats proved effective in winning a promise from Si that he would give her a paper conveying to her all his property, except only, and this reservation was made with forcible pathos, the little brown mules and the wagon.

Then only did Samantha Whopscott permit her husband and daughter to go to rest in their respective rooms. Their repose was not of long duration for daylight had not hardly appeared when Mrs. Whopscott got Si out and insisted upon his going for the lawyer to "fix the papers." Once more the little brown mules were headed for Boulder and before nine o'clock Lawyer Higbee found Si waiting grimly in his office. The delicate Rupert Thorndyke was there and had endeavored to learn the lumberman's business. But Si had not forgotten the youth's attempt to secure an acquaintance with Hannah, and he bluntly refused his confidence. Higbee scented a possible client and made himself very gracious to old Si.

Mr. Whopscott stammered and edged about in a vain endeavor to find words to represent his wishes, but finally he blurted out, "Mr. Lawyer, my old woman and me—but mostly the old woman—has concluded that I ain't fit to be trusted with as much property as I have got. So I'm to sign the fixins which will give it all to her. No fear but she'll take precious good care of it and of herself too. I have tried to get her to let Hanner have a share in it but she says no, she won't have no pardner in the business. But I'll tell you what, Mr. Lawyer, I have got a little matter of \$600.00 in Mr. Gilbert's safe and I want that to be Hanner's and I don't want the old woman to know anything about it. She'll have enough without that."

The lawyer asked Si a good many questions, and was astonished to learn the extent of the old man's property. The lumber business had evidently been remunerative. Besides the mill and all its fixtures, the cabin and furniture, there were two or three teams, several thousand logs scattered about the mountains, nearly a quarter of a million feet of lumber and about \$1,800.00 in money and good accounts. As the old man went on reciting his possessions with a kind of lingering, sorrowful affection upon each item, the lawyer's respectful manner very sensibly deepened. But all the time he was really feeling more and more contempt for the man who would give so much to such a scolding wife.

It was finally concluded that as Si owed nobody he could make a legal transfer of his property to Mrs. Whopscott, and it was agreed that Higbee, with Thorndyke for a copyist and witness, should go to the mill on the following day, take an inventory of the property, make a bill of sale, have it executed by Si and then deliver the property to his wife.

Meanwhile Whopscott impressed upon Mr. Higbee the necessity of withholding from the grant the \$600.00 which Si designed for Hannah. In giving the lawyer a final caution upon this point, Si said, "I'd a been glad to make it more, but the old woman's as sharp as a razor, and since she's been here she's found out pretty well all about my affairs. If she caught me holdin' back anything for Hanner, though the girl's our own flesh and blood, Choke Cherry Canyon would not be big enough for me. I'd have to clear out once more and start again, and I'm gettin' too old for that."

Under Higbee's instruction and with the lawyer and Thorndyke for witnesses Si went immediately to Gilbert's store and there gave orders that the amount of \$600.00, which had been held in trust by the merchant, should be transferred to his daughter, and thereafter be subject to her will.

When these things were accomplished the old man set his face resolutely homeward. He declined all invitations to drink, saying that he had not anything more to pay for whisky, that everything he owned belonged to the old woman, and she would not allow him any spending money.

The next day at the appointed hour Si called for the lawyer and his clerk. They reached the mill and for once Mrs. Whopscott was gracious. She bowed again and again to Higbee and once to Thorndyke. She offered them dinner and with it as much liquor as they cared for. Her kindness even extended itself to Si, to whom she passed a bottle with the invitation to help himself. The old man at first refused, but he was scarcely proof against it when Samantha gave him such a smile as he had not seen on her face in twenty years, and urged him not to let their guests drink alone.

While they were eating dinner Thorndyke cast a succession of glances, at first respectful and finally tender, at the unconscious Hannah. He watched her constantly, and at last when Si had gone away from the table and Mrs. Whopscott's back was turned Rupert leaned over to his employer and whispered: "The girl ith not so bad looking after all, ith she?"

The possession of \$600.00 had made a wonderful difference in the attractions of Hannah Whopscott, according to the judgment of the high-minded Rupert.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE 14th of February, commonly known as St. Valentine's Day, is near at hand, and the young people are already saving up their nickels for the purchase of valentines. In this regard we desire to suggest to the readers of the JUVENILE not to send the disgusting caricatures, which are so numerous at this season of the year, to anyone whose feelings will thereby be injured. Such acts, while done only "for fun," afford no solid enjoyment to the sender and may cause unpleasant feelings on the part of the receivers of such missives. And everything which is likely to wound the feelings of others should be strictly avoided by the youth of this people.

The origin of the celebration of St. Valentine's Day is really unknown, although various explanations of it have been given. One writer suggests that the custom may have descended to us from the ancient Romans, who on a certain day in February "put the names of young women into a box from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed;" and that Christian teachers finding it impossible to root out the ceremony gave it a Christian saint's name. In some parts of France at the present day, and a few years ago in various countries of Europe, the day was celebrated in a manner very similar to that of the Romans. On St. Valentine's Eve a number of young folks would assemble together and after inscribing upon small slips of paper the names of an equal number of boys and girls would throw them into a receptacle of some sort, from which they were drawn lottery-wise, care being taken that each should draw the name of one of the opposite sex. The person thus drawn became one's valentine for the year following, and the gentleman was not only expected to give his lady a present before the year had expired, but also to be her escort to the various places of amusement she might desire to attend. The lady on the other hand, it was supposed, would receive no other suitor until she had again drawn her valentine. Such a course naturally led to many lasting unions.

Other writers maintain that the celebration of this day originated in the fact that about this time of the year the birds choose their mates; and the young people of both sexes only imitate the birds in selecting the season for pairing and love-making.

A DISTRESSED NATION.

OLD Spain seems to be experiencing an unusual amount of the effects of an abnormal state of the physical forces that govern our planet, both in subterranean convulsions and atmospheric disturbances. Historic Granada now seems to be the principal theatre of the most violent and appalling catastrophies. The iniquities of the fathers are apparently being visited upon the children. Retributive justice, although long delayed, has in the world's history furnished to the reflecting mind the indubitable proof that although the "mills of the gods grind slow, they grind exceeding fine."

In the year 1476, in this same province of Granada, the frantic, blood-thirsty Dominican monk, Torquemada—an aspirant for ecclesiastical distinction and thereby political power—applied to the papacy for a bull to establish the inquisition for the extirpation of heretics in Spain, and having received his appointment illustrated his office by his native ferocity. Llorente, the historian of the inquisition, computes that Torquemada and his collaborators, in the course of eighteen years, burned at the stake upwards of ten thousand persons, besides the imprisonment and torture of nearly a hundred thousand. These unfortunates were for the most part the descendants of the Saracen invaders and Hebrews. The Jews, like the Arabs, were an oriental people—both traced their lineage to Abraham, their common ancestor, and both held the idolatrous worship of Rome in utter abhorrence.

But all these frightful atrocities proved failures in endeavoring to force papal Christianity upon the sons and daughters of a faithful sire. Torquemada therefore insisted on the immediate banishment of every unbaptized Jew. On March 30th, 1492, the edict of expulsion was signed. This expulsion was characterized by scenes of suffering only paralleled in later times by similar scenes of fanatical religious persecutions, namely, the banishment of the Puritans from England and the forced exodus of many of their descendants from Nauvoo through a howling wilderness to seek refuge in western America.

The Spanish clergy characteristically denounced their expatriated victims, who, leaving all they possessed, swarmed the roads filling the air with their cries of despair. Thousands, especially mothers with nursing children and old people, died by the way, many of them in the agonies of thirst.

This action against the Jews was soon followed by one against the Moors. A pragmática was issued at Seville in 1502, ordering all unbaptized Moors to leave the country, but forbidding them, under pain of death, to emigrate to the Mohammedan dominions; thus their condition was worse than the Jews, who were permitted to go where they chose. Such was the fiendish intolerance of the Spaniards that they asserted the government would be justified in taking the lives of all the Moors for their obstinate heresy. As a popular writer has trenchantly expressed it, "What an ungrateful return for the toleration that the Moors in their day of power had given to the Christians!"

"No faith was kept with the victims. Granada had surrendered under the solemn guarantee of the full enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. At the instigation of Cardinal Ximenes that pledge had been broken, and after a residence of eight centuries the Mohammedans were driven out of the land."

Storied Granada! Land of poesy! The fertile theme of bards and troubadors, whose lavish praises have been chanted in the lays of her native minstrels and so glowingly word-

painted by America's gifted son, Washington Irving, in his "Alhambra;" how art thou now afflicted and brought low! Both cottage and castle lying in ruins; peasant and peer alike fleeing before the rude blast: thy sunny slopes and vine-clad hills affording no certain refuge from the prolonged convulsive throes beneath thy fair surface. Unhappy country; upon whose bosom nature had so bountifully lavished her choicest gifts; torn and rent asunder by civil feuds; impoverished and tyrannized over by dissolute monarchs, heartless grandees and a fanatic and rapacious clergy; surely thou art now drinking the cup of trembling that erst was bitterly quaffed by Abraham's seed in mediæval times! Art thou not now experiencing the fulfillment of the irrevocable fiat, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again?"

GEORGE HAMLIN.

Lesson for the Little Ones.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

Not to tease girls or boys smaller than yourselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it into the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to the mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To never injure anything that does not belong to them just for fun or mischief.

To keep their tongues pure from foul language, and to avoid taking the Lord's name in vain.

To be ready and willing to go on errands or do chores for their parents, and to be prompt in fulfilling the little duties required of them.

To tell the truth upon all occasions: remember this is the best plan, and it will bring you more happiness in the end.

To make up their minds not to smoke, chew or drink: remember that these things are hard to be unlearned and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men and necessities to bad ones.

To remember that there never was a vagabond without these habits.

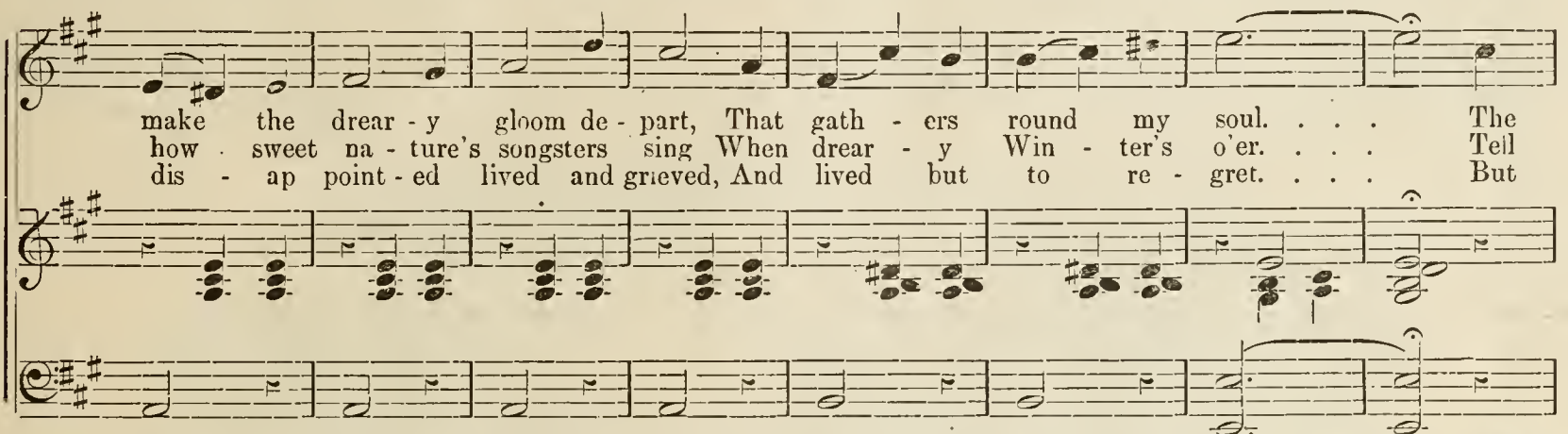
To observe all these rules and they are sure to be gentlemen. And they will become useful, industrious and honored members of society.

SING ME A SONG.

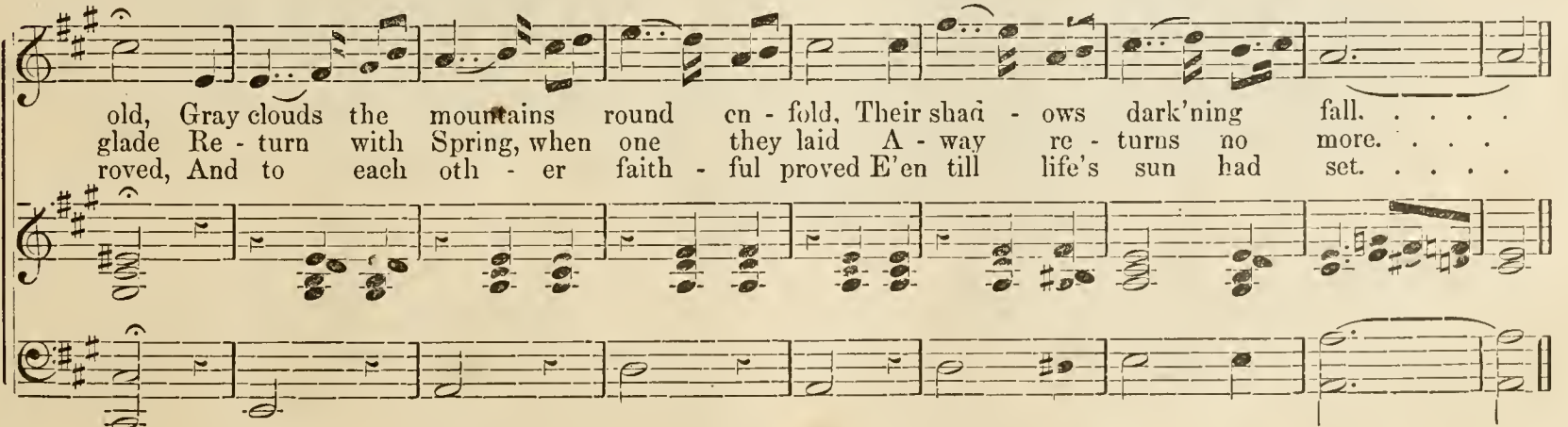
WORDS BY E. STEPHENS.

MUSIC BY L. D. EDWARDS.

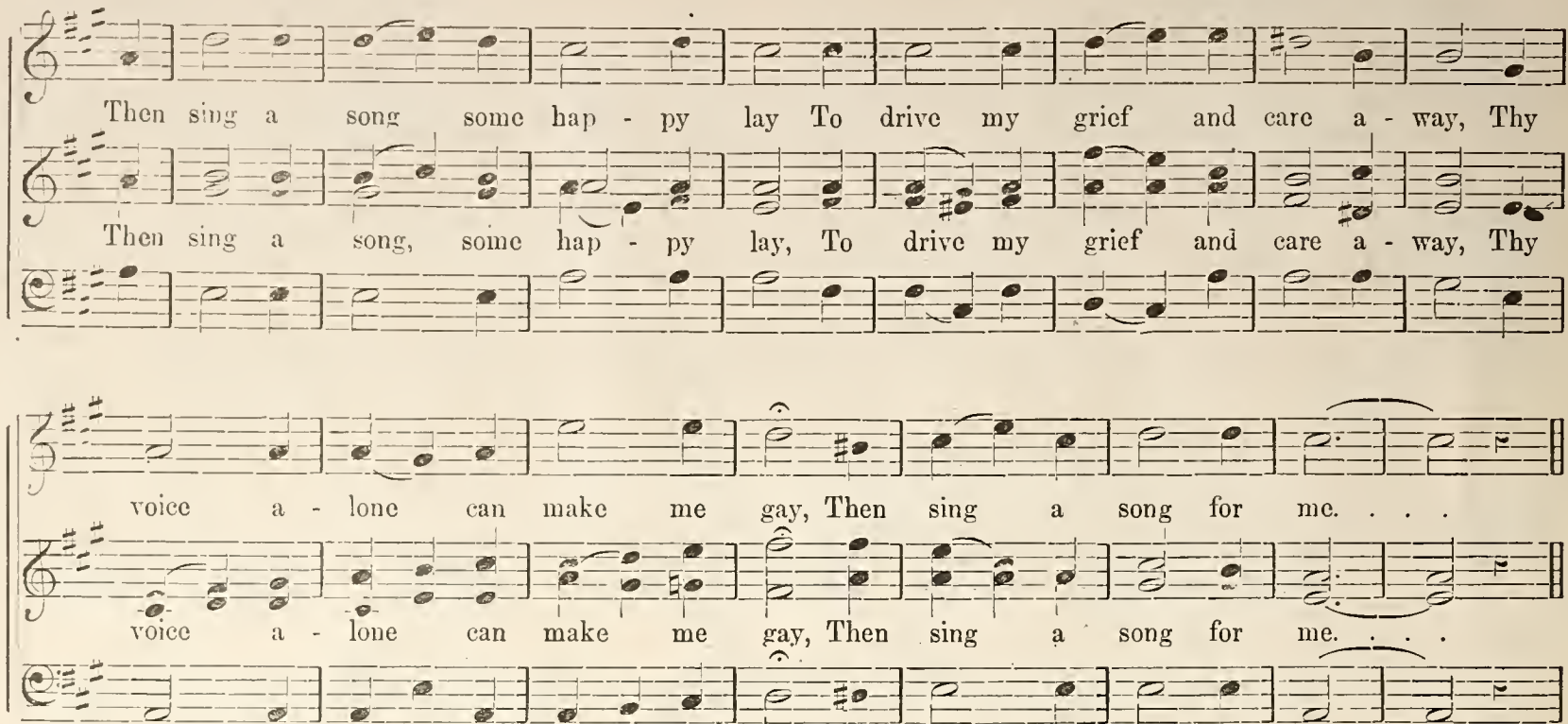
Allegretto



Rit. ad lib.



CHORUS.



Then sing a song some hap - py lay To drive my grief and care a - way, Thy
 Then sing a song, some hap - py lay, To drive my grief and care a - way, Thy
 voice a - lone can make me gay, Then sing a song for me. . . .
 voice a - lone can make me gay, Then sing a song for me. . . .

CHARITY.

Could I command with voice or pen,
 The tongues of angels and of men,
 A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass,
 My speech and preaching would surpass;
 Vain were such eloquence to me,
 Without the grace of charity.

Could I the martyr's flame endure,
 Give all my goods to feed the poor—
 Had I the faith from Alpine steep
 To hurl the mountain to the deep—
 What were such zeal, such power, to me
 Without the grace of charity?

Could I behold with prescient eye
 Things future, as the things gone by—
 Could I all earthly knowledge scan,
 And mete out heaven with a span—
 Poor were the chief of gifts to me
 Without the chiefest—charity.

Charity suffers long, is kind—
 Charity bears a humble mind—
 Rejoices not when ills befall,
 But glories in the weal of all;
 She hopes, believes and envies not,
 Nor vaunts nor murmurs o'er her lot.

The tongues of teachers shall be dumb,
 Prophets discern not things to come,
 Knowledge shall vanish out of thought,
 And miracles no more be wrought;
 But charity shall never fail—
 Her anchor is within the veil.

James Montgomery.

ENIGMA.

BY D. R. G.

Sometimes I'm pretty to behold,
 With nice designs all traced in gold;
 And often I am ugly, too,
 All colored up in red and blue;
 I bear sweet messages of love,
 When stamped with her emblem—the dove;
 Then sometimes, too, it is my fate
 To bear expressions of one's hate;
 The boys and girls all know me well,
 Though when they get me none can tell
 From whence I came; but I'll confess
 By whom I'm sent they oft can guess.

The answer to the Charade published in No. 1. is HAPPY NEW YEAR. We have received correct solutions from Wm. Brewer, Hennefer; Thomas C. Jones, Salt Lake City.

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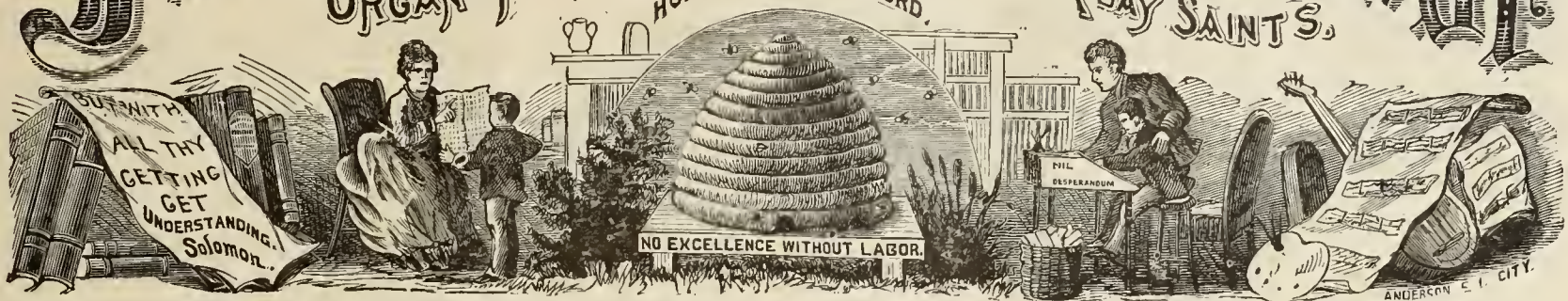
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NO. 4.

THE WORSHIP OF THE GANGES.

HOW many human beings have met their death in the waters of the Ganges it is impossible to state. But as the river has almost from time immemorial been considered by the natives of India as a door to paradise, it is not unreasonable to presume that the number of persons who have by

While the whole Ganges, the entire length of which is more than 1,500 miles, is regarded with veneration, by far the most sacred part is at the confluence of the Jumna with the main stream. Anyone who dies here must of necessity go direct to paradise, and therefore self-sacrifice was at this point most



self-drowning in this stream thus sought to enter the regions of eternal bliss reaches far up into the thousands. The myths connected with the origin of this worship are too numerous for mention here, and while they were sufficient to attract and sustain the faith of the Hindoos, they would be folly to us.

common. Here the candidate for paradisiac glory entered a boat kept by Brahmins for the purpose, and who charged a fee for officiating at the sacrifice, and were conveyed into the middle of the stream. An earthenware jar or *chatty*, as it was called, was then securely fastened to each of the devotees

feet and he was dropped overboard into the river. These weights caused him to immediately sink, and thus quickly end the ordeal.

Those benighted worshipers who were too poor to pay the required fee of the Brahmins would fasten two empty jars to their waists, one in front and one behind; being thus buoyed up by the empty vessels they would paddle themselves along until they reached the desired spot, when they scooped water into the jars until they were full, and so sank to rise no more.

Not only, however, do living persons consign their own persons to this stream, but the corpses of those who die natural deaths are frequently cast into the holy river, when the relatives of the deceased are too poor to afford the expense of a funeral pile. In such cases the body is surrounded by straw which is burned so as to scorch the body and thus purify it by fire. Two *chatties* are then fastened to it, the relatives tow it into mid-stream and there let it sink.

In many cases the sacrifice of beasts is substituted for that of human beings. Sheep, goats, cattle and various other animals are on such occasions offered with very imposing ceremonies. A stout post is fixed firmly in the ground in the upper end of which a deep notch has been made of sufficient size and height to receive the neck of the animal to be offered. It is of the utmost importance that only one blow should be used in severing the head of the victim, otherwise *Doorga*, the goddess of nature, to whom these sacrifices are offered, would be enraged. In the case of small animals this would be comparatively easy, but when a buffalo or some such monster is to be slaughtered it requires skill as well as strength to make the act acceptable. Not less important than this, however, is it that water from the Ganges should be sprinkled over the beast to thus purify it for the ceremony.

A more harmless way of worshipping this sacred stream is that represented in our engraving. Here two persons are being relieved of their sins and sanctified, according to their belief, by simply bathing in its holy waters, while the third seated upon the bank is silently meditating upon and perhaps endeavoring to commune with the "unknown god."

Were sincerity the only thing requisite for celestial exaltation surely the Hindoos would not receive a less glory than other nations and peoples, for they will lacerate their bodies, endure the most severe privations and suffer tortures which are worse than death for the sake of receiving, as they believe they will do, greater blessings hereafter. And while they sin in many of their acts, we should remember that they do it in ignorance, and they will certainly not be condemned for breaking laws of which they never had any knowledge. STREB.

HE that rightly understands the reasonableness and excellency of charity will know that it can never be excusable to waste any of our money in pride and folly.

CHARITY makes the best construction of things and persons, excuses weakness, extenuates miscarriage, makes the best of everything, forgives everybody, and serves all.

GOOD nature is the beauty of the mind, and, like personal beauty, wins almost without anything else, sometimes, indeed, in spite of positive deficiencies.

THERE is plenty of intelligence, reading, curiosity; but serious, happy discourse, avoiding personalities, dealing with results, is rare.

Utah.

ANTIQUITIES.

BY J. R. F.

UTAH, like other portions of the country, has its remains of an ancient civilization. As yet very little has been done in the way of discovery, but enough, however, to satisfy us that the region was once filled with cities, and that an enterprising people gained a subsistence from the same soil that now sustains us.

From the ruins that have been explored we are led to believe that there are three distinct periods in the ancient history of this region. The first period is that to which the mounds belong, and which was so ancient that the materials from which the dwellings were erected, decayed, crumbled to dust and now appear to be natural sand-hills.

To the second period belong the stone ruins of southern and south-eastern Utah. These are well preserved and bear signs of having been inhabited to within two or three hundred years ago.

The third period is that of the Indian tribes found in the country by the pioneers.

The antiquities of northern Utah are perhaps the oldest of any in the Territory. These are found in almost all of the principal valleys and are mere heaps of earth, or mounds, resembling those found on the river bottoms east of St. Louis, only much smaller. Some of these mounds, opened in Salt Lake Valley, and contained flint spear-heads, flint arrow-heads, stone implements and fragments of rude pottery.

At the entrance of Coon's Canyon, about twenty miles southwest of Salt Lake City, are extensive fortifications, still several feet high and bearing traces of great age.

In Cache valley are to be found numerous small mounds rising three or four feet above the level of the plain and generally from 25 to 35 feet in diameter. These have been regarded by some as burial mounds; but I have never heard of bones being found in any of them. I am of the opinion that this region was once densely populated and that these mounds are remains of dwellings, which were probably made of adobe or other material which the long lapse of time has reduced to its natural state. These mounds are generally found in groups numbering from fifty to several hundred. Small pieces of crockery-ware have been found in them, also flint arrow-heads, stone hammers and large, flat stones, similar to those used by the Indians to grind seeds, etc. In Benson Ward, a few steps below the lower bridge on Logan River, a new channel has been cut across a point of land. Here, at a depth of four or five feet below the surface, quantities of bones of men and animals were exhumed; but so old that they crumbled to dust on being exposed to the air. Numerous flint arrow-heads, spear-heads and sharp-pointed rocks were also found, the latter in large quantities. These were evidently carried there as none are now to be found nearer than three or four miles away. It is very likely that a battle was fought here, as it is not at all probable that the low land on the river would be chosen as a burial place.

As far as we can learn, no inscriptions have been discovered in northern Utah. In the vicinity of Cedar City are to be found hieroglyphic writings on rocks, representing men, birds, and animals, and in one place an alligator is pretty correctly represented.

In Red Creek Canyon, a few miles north of Parowan, there are very massive, abrupt granite rocks which rise perpendicularly out of the valley to the height of many hundred feet. On the surface of many of them, apparently engraved with some steel instrument to the depth of an inch, are numerous hieroglyphics, representing the human hand and foot, horses, dogs, rabbits, birds and also a sort of zodiac. Of these Mr. Carvalho writes:

"The engravings present the same time-worn appearance as the rest of the rocks. The most elaborately-engraved figures are thirty feet from the ground. I had to clamber up the rocks to make a drawing of them. These engravings evidently display prolonged and continued labor, and I judge them to have been executed by a different class of persons than the Indians who now inhabit these valleys and mountains. Ages seem to have passed since they were done. When we take into consideration the compact nature of the blue granite and the depth of the engravings, years must have been spent in their execution."

Remains of an adobe town were also found in this vicinity.

For many miles along the San Juan River extensive ruins have been found. High up in the cliffs on either side are houses built of stone in little niches which were accessible only by hard climbing up the declivity with fingers and toes inserted in the crevices cut in the rock. Some of these houses were two stories high. Rude inscriptions are scratched on the cliffs in many places.

One of the most inaccessible of the cliff buildings is eight hundred feet high, and can only be reached by climbing to the top of the Mesa and creeping on hands and knees down a ledge only twenty inches wide. The masonry was very perfect. The blocks were three by sixteen inches and ground perfectly smooth on the inside so as to require no plaster. The dimensions were about five by fifteen and seven feet high. The aperture serving as doorway and window was about twenty by thirty inches and had a stone lintel. On the north side of the Colorado River ruins of stone buildings have been found, but not so well preserved as those on the San Juan which were probably built at a later day.

The Moquis Indians of Arizona have a tradition that they at one time inhabited the whole of southern Utah. They had lived there for generations; they cultivated the land, built good, substantial houses and reared flocks and herds. About one thousand years ago they were visited by savage strangers from the north whom they treated hospitably. Soon their visits became more frequent and annoying. The strangers commenced to forage on them and finally to massacre them and destroy and rob their farms. To save their lives the Moquis built houses high in the cliffs, where they could store food and hide away until the raiders left. At length the savages failed to leave, but took up their abode in the land. From this time the suffering of the Moquis was terrible. Starving in their niches in the high cliffs they could only steal away during the night and wander across the cheerless uplands. At length they determined to defend themselves and drive their enemies away or perish. The fight lasted for weeks. The savages were driven back, but would return again with reinforcements and renew the fight. In the meantime the Moquis removed their women and children far to the south—and having again beaten back their enemies—they followed them and took up their abode in the almost inaccessible rock where they still reside.

VALUE OF PUNCTUALITY.

THOSE who have the care of children should teach them, among the many other necessary items of instruction, the value of punctuality. The habit of being tardy in filling appointments or attending to other duties is one that is easily acquired, but is on this account none the less annoying, and may at times lead to serious consequences. Especially in the Sunday school, where children of all ages assemble, the strictest punctuality should be observed. When the appointed time arrives for commencing school, the children, if there are no more than two or three present, should be called to order, and the exercises started.

As with our Sunday meetings so with our daily appointments and duties, promptness should characterize them all. Time is too precious to be wasted in idle waiting, and when an hour is set for a meeting of any kind it is the duty of each one who is to participate to be there at the moment.

Punctuality to a successful business man is an absolute necessity, and few indeed are the men in any walk of life who have succeeded without this great qualification. To the promptness and despatch of Napoleon may be attributed much of his success as a soldier and leader. He insisted upon absolute promptness with his marshals, saying, "You may ask anything of me but time." A more rigid economizer of time could scarcely be found in his day than was this brilliant commander.

No less prompt, however, was Washington who was seldom if ever known to be a moment behind time in filling an engagement. And himself setting such an example he could with propriety exact punctuality from those under him. On one occasion when visiting Boston a certain column was ordered to move at six o'clock in the morning.

Washington was on the ground before the appointed time, but the marshal of the day, thinking the hour appointed was too early for starting, was tardy in appearing. Washington waited a minute or two after six, and then ordered the column to move. Some time afterwards the marshal rode furiously to the front making many apologies for his tardiness. To all these Washington made the calm reply,

"It is our custom to ask, not if the leader, but if the hour has come."

John Quincy Adams, during the many years he sat in Congress, was never known to be late. One day the clock struck and a member said to the chairman, "it is time to call the House to order."

"No," was the reply, "Mr. Adams is not yet present."

At that moment he appeared, and it was found that he was on time and the clock was three minutes fast.

We would urge all our readers to be punctual and prompt in attending to all temporal as well as spiritual affairs. Adopt method in your studies, labors and pleasures. By doing this you will not only save time, but will also be able to progress more rapidly in any undertaking.

VIDI.

THE fruit of liberal education is not learning, but the capacity and desire to learn; not knowledge, but power.

NEVER fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

THE more able a man is, if he makes ill-use of his abilities, the more dangerous will he be to the commonwealth.

THE GOSPEL.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

PREVIOUS to the appearance of Jesus as a public teacher, there was a strange personage made his appearance in the land of Judea. He claimed to have been sent of God with a peculiar message to the people inhabiting that land; the burden of which was, "Repent ye, repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." For the most part this man shunned the society of his fellow-men, living in the wilderness, his clothing of camel's hair with a leathern girdle about his loins; his food was locusts and wild honey. On the plain and in the wilderness, he lifted up his voice, and the multitude came to inquire of him what they should do—so came the people, the Publicans, and the soldiers. (*Luke iii.*)

He was a bold man, who proclaimed against wickedness in whatever society it occurred. We see him reproving the multitude who rejoiced in the fact that Abraham was their father, thinking, doubtless, that that would shield them in their wickedness; but this man of God divined their thoughts and called them a generation of vipers, and told them to bring forth fruits worthy of repentance, telling them also that an ax was laid at the root of every tree, and the tree which brought not forth good fruit should be hewn down and cast into the fire. Not only did he reprove the people, but when King Herod was unlawfully living with his brother Philip's wife, he reprimanded him, saying, "It is unlawful for thee to have her." I scarcely need tell you this personage was John the Baptist.

John sought to inspire the people with faith in another who should come after him. He told them this person of whom he was the forerunner would baptize them with the Holy Ghost.

In addition to John teaching faith in this personage we read that "John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. And there went out to him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins." (*Mark i, 4, 5.*)

From the foregoing it appears that John taught faith in Jesus Christ, repentance, and baptism for the remission of sins, and righteousness in conduct.

When Jesus was about thirty years of age He came to John and was baptized of him in Jordan, and as He came out of the water the Holy Ghost descended upon Him, and a voice from heaven said, "Thou art my beloved Son; in Thee I am well pleased." (*Luke iii, 21-23.*)

After this Jesus began teaching the people in their synagogues, by the sea-shore and on the mount. He taught them to believe on Him. He told them many times that He was the Son of God, and for this saying the Jews accused Him of blasphemy. In the conversation which took place between the woman of Samaria and Jesus, the woman remarked in answer to some of his teachings, "I know that Messiah cometh, which is called Christ; when He is come, He will tell us all things. Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am He." (*John iv, 25, 26.*)

Again, He said to Martha, who was smitten with grief because of the death of her brother Lazarus, "I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live." (*John xi, 25.*)

Unto the Jews he said: "I said therefore unto you, that ye shall die in your sins: for if ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins." (*John viii, 24*)

Not only did Jesus teach that men should believe on him, but He also taught repentance. There were some Galileans whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifice, and the people were telling Jesus about it, and he said to them, "Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered these things? I tell you, nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." He also referred to some eighteen men who were slain in Siloam by a tower falling upon them. "Think ye," said Jesus, "that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? Verily I say unto you, nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." (*Luke xii, 1-5.*)

We also learn "that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John, (though Jesus Himself baptized not, but His disciples.)" (*John iv, 1, 2.*) And when Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, came to Him by night, to enquire of those things which Jesus taught, Jesus plainly told him, "Except a man be born of the water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." (*John iii, 5.*) The phrase "born of the water" in the last quotation, refers to baptism—it can mean nothing else. Still more emphatically did Jesus teach the doctrine of baptism when giving His apostles a commandment to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not" (and therefore would not be baptized), "shall be damned." (*Mark xiv, 15, 16.*)

But not only did Jesus teach the baptism in water, but also the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Previous to His death He made His disciples the promise that they should receive the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. And after His resurrection, just previous to His ascension, He said to them, "Wait for the promise of the Father which, saith He, ye have heard of me. For John truly baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." (*Acts i, 4, 5.*) A few days later the promise He made them was fulfilled, for on the day of Pentecost they were with one accord in one place, "And there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire, and it set upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." (*Acts ii, 3, 4.*) After that, those who believed and obeyed the teachings of the apostles received the Holy Ghost.

Jesus, then, taught the same principles and ordinances that John did. Let us now see what the apostles taught.

On this noted day of Pentecost, Peter preached a sermon to the multitude concerning Christ. So convincing were his reasonings that the people were "pricked in their hearts, and cried out, Men and brethren what shall we do?" Peter answered that question, but was his answer authoritative? If anyone was capable of teaching the doctrines of Christ—the gospel, Peter was surely that man. He was among the first to become the disciple of Jesus, and when the Twelve were chosen Peter's name heads the list. He listened to the public discourses of his Master. When Jesus went up into a high mountain and Moses and Elias came and ministered unto Him, and the glory of God shone around, Peter was there, he heard and saw it all.

When Jesus was troubled in spirit, just previous to His betrayal, Peter was with Him; and when the traitor, Judas, came to drag the Son of God before the earthly tribunals, Peter's hand was the first raised in his Master's defense.

When Jesus rose from the dead Peter was, with others, with Him forty days, being taught the principles of the kingdom. It was to Peter also that Jesus had said, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven." (*Matt. xvi, 19.*) But above all this intimate association with Christ, this man who had received such authority from the Master was now clothed upon with the Holy Ghost and most assuredly was able to answer this question, "What shall we do?" Peter's answer was, "*Repent and be baptized everyone of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.*" (*Acts ii, 38.*) Here, then, we have the same principles which Jesus taught. Peter's discourse taught them faith in Jesus, and in answer to their question, "What shall we do?" he told them to repent, to be baptized, and promised them the Holy Ghost; and these are the teachings that run through the whole of the New Testament.

But this is not all. In addition to these doctrines the gospel enjoins upon all to live pure, to be sober, kind, just, merciful, generous, meek, humble and charitable. These are the doctrines of Christ's great sermon on the mount, and the exhortations of all the writers of the New Testament: "Add to your *faith, virtue*; and to virtue, *knowledge*; and to knowledge, *temperance*; and to temperance, *patience*; and to patience, *godliness*; and to godliness, *brotherly-kindness*, and to brotherly-kindness, *charity*. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." (*II. Peter i, 5-8.*)

And this I declare unto you is the *Gospel of Christ*—the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believes and obeys the same—"living by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God," continuing to do so unto the end, the which if a man shall do, he hath gained eternal life.

We have now considered these principles all together, as forming a whole, as related to each other; we shall next take them up separately, and consider the nature of each principle more carefully.

(To be Continued.)

MORAL WEAKNESS.

BY J. C.

THE lack of moral fortitude is an evil which is painfully apparent in almost every circle and walk of life, and there are but few indeed, compared with the vast number, who have stamina and manhood enough to defend under any circumstances, their own interests, and the interests and character of others whose lives and examples are worthy of the greatest emulation, support and esteem.

This weakness may result from many causes. It may spring from a desire to be popular or it may result from fear, lest some one might injure us for the free expression of our honest convictions. In either case, it certainly is a very hurtful evil, both to those who practice it, and to those against whom it is practiced.

The Great Creator of all that is good and perfect, blest us with reason and discrimination, for high and holy ends, and

capacitated us so, that we cannot, with impunity, infringe upon the sacred rights of others. We must rise or fall in the social scale together, and reap and sow collectively. In view of this fact, what a nonsensical idea it is to try to make ourselves conspicuous, important or pleasing at the expense of another!

All have rights that must be acknowledged, and feelings that we ought to respect, and, although none are without faults, yet all are under obligations to use their best opportunities and energies to mitigate the evils common to every-day life, so that all may enjoy to the greatest possible extent, peace, confidence and friendship.

A man who is afraid to defend his neighbor's person, his character or his property, when they are maliciously and wrongfully assailed, is a slave to himself, a traitor to his brother, and a sinner in the sight of God, whose injunctions are, "See that ye love one another. And, do unto others as you would wish they should do unto you." Indeed whether we view the subject before us, religiously, socially, politically or philosophically, we arrive at the same conclusion, viz., that man to act in his natural, legitimate sphere, and be worthy of heavenly or earthly rewards and blessings, must stand forth boldly and fearlessly in defense of virtue, righteousness and truth.

A person lacking moral courage cannot be regarded as one who is fit to fill, satisfactorily, any public position of responsibility and trust nor can he ever be regarded as a whole-souled trustful, reliable citizen, for the simple reason, that he might, at any moment, for pecuniary or other selfish motives, betray the confidence reposed in him, and stay or hinder the ends of public justice. We thus perceive, that no matter how much intellectual ability one may possess, if his moral training has been neglected, he may be comparatively useless. In short, mental capability, destitute of moral restraint, may prove but an alluring, dangerous weapon to curse, instead of to bless.

Had it not been for their strong moral force and courage, based upon the love of right and justice, what would our forefathers have accomplished in breaking asunder the galling chains of religious and political tyranny and oppression? We leave the intelligent reader to answer. Were it not for the strong moral and religious valor of the leaders of our Church, assisted by the power of God, and the people generally, what would our position be to-day, in these valleys, socially, religiously or politically? We leave the reflecting mind also to answer. The truth is that in all time, before the ends of equity and justice could in any way be secured, men and women of strong moral force of character, had to stand forth boldly and determinedly and battle against selfishness, ignorance and superstition.

We think it necessary to call attention to the subject in question and try to show it up a little, believing that some may not have given that consideration to it which its significance deserves, and may have erred in the matter unconsciously.

We trust, for the sake of all, that moral fortitude will receive due attention; that it will be fostered, sustained and encouraged until it becomes a pleasing duty, rather than an unpleasant task; for, as before stated, it is the bounden duty of all to defend every human prerogative and right, in order that we may all reap the benefits and blessings of good society and rejoice collectively. Were this the case we would have fewer slanderers and gossips at home, and in our workshops and public thoroughfares, and a marked increase of unity, peace and love would soon prevail.

In conclusion, we kindly advise all to train their minds and hearts to be valiant for everything praiseworthy and exalting. Shun the company of those who take pleasure in slander and abuse, and, if through necessity you must mingle more or less with them, do not be afraid to let your moral pluck assert itself. It will give you greater force in the moral world every time you manifest yourself as on the side of justice; and although fools may deride you for doing so, and claim that you are obstinate, unpleasant and repulsive, you will live to see the day when you will rise above all such scurrility, and fill prominent positions in society, while those who despise you, will lose their influence and power and come to naught.

Lesson for the Little Ones.

THE REWARD OF OBEDIENCE.

CHILDREN who are taught the laws of the Lord when they are young have a great advantage over people who are not so taught. It is a blessing to a person if he knows the principles of the gospel and obeys them. But if he does not learn them until he is old, it is often a hard task to keep the laws of the Lord. It is very easy, though, for children to obey the teachings of the gospel, for they have no bad habits to overcome. All, then, that the children of Latter-day Saints need do to become good men and women is to be obedient to the counsel of their parents and teachers.

Now we will tell you two stories from the holy scriptures, which will show you the benefits of learning and obeying the commandments of God while young. The first is from the Book of Mormon.

If you have read the Book of Mormon you will understand that the people called Nephites were a good people, and those called Lamanites were wicked. At one time a number of the Lamanites, having received the gospel, repented of their evil ways and joined the Nephites. They also made a vow or promise to never take up their swords again to slay their fellow-men. They had sons, however, who did not covenant to lay down their swords. These boys were taught to keep the laws of the Lord in their youth, and they grew up having great faith in their Heavenly Father. While they were still quite young, they were gathered together in an army and led out to battle against the Lamanites in order to defend the lives of their parents. There were two thousand of these young men, and they were very brave, for they trusted

in the Lord. When they met the enemy, which was the largest army of the Lamanites, they fought with great courage. They succeeded in overcoming the foe and saving their parents from death. Their leader counted them after the battle and found that not one of them had been killed.

It was the faith of these young men that saved their lives. They had been obedient to the teachings of their mothers; and it was through this that they got this great faith. If it had not been for their early training they probably would not have had such faith, and been so successful.

The next story we are about to relate is from the Bible, and also shows how a person is rewarded for keeping the laws of the Lord.

There was a certain woman who brought her son, when he was very young, to the temple, that he might spend his whole life in the service of the Lord. The name of this boy was Samuel. His mother had promised the Lord that her son should be given to Him, to do His service. In the temple he had a good chance to learn the things of God; and he grew up to be a faithful and obedient son. The priest who officiated in the temple loved him because of his good character. The Lord showed His favor towards him by speaking to him. By his obedience he received the confidence of his Heavenly Father. When he became a man the Lord chose him to be a judge to rule Israel. He was a good and wise ruler, and judged the people acceptably before the Lord.

Now in both instances which have been related the persons spoken of were so highly favored on account of their obedience. These are not the only ones that might be mentioned. The Lord blesses all his obedient children, and He will bless you if you do His will. Obey all His laws and you will become great in His sight.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown.
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile whene'er you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,
And thus despoil to-day?
For when you borrow trouble,
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.

AN ENGLISH BOY'S
EXPERIENCE.

BY J. W.

THINKING that a few items from the experience of a boy raised in another country, and under other circumstances widely different from ours here in Utah, might be interesting to your readers, I have jotted down these few from my own experience and recollections.

I was born in Yorkshire, England, and commenced to attend Sunday school when three years old. I was considered an apt scholar, and did my full share in learning hymns and verses. When about twelve years old, a lady was teaching us in the school the necessity of sending the Bible to the heathen and pressed us to do something for that work. Myself and others about the same age, regretted our poverty and inability to contribute. The lady came to the rescue, and offered to pay us a halfpenny (one cent) per chapter for all we would learn, we to give the money to the Bible Society. On those terms I learned all of St. John's Gospel and thirteen chapters in Matthew. I hope the Bibles did the heathen good, I am sure the chapters have been both good and useful to me.

At home with my father, I learned to be a tailor. He learned it with his father, my grandfather, which takes us back in the trade over one hundred years, and to a time when there was but one style of coat, and but two or three kinds of cloth.

At fifteen years of age I left my home, and went to work with a cousin in the town of Weatherby. Before I went, and while there, I read a number of books; among them Robinson Crusoe, and the Lives of England's Naval Heroes. The reading of these works created a desire in me to be a hero myself, and made me dissatisfied with my trade, which was indeed hard work and poor pay. It also finally resulted in my running away from my place of work, with the intention of becoming a sailor.

It was one Sunday morning in the Spring, that myself and another boy of about the same age (sixteen years) left Weatherby for Liverpool. We knew but little of the road we were going to travel, and on starting my comrade had nothing but the clothes he wore and I, in addition to these, some crusts of bread and a beautiful Bible I had received as a present at Sunday school.

We reached Leeds in the forenoon and Udersfield by evening. Having no money we looked around for some place to stop, and at length found a stable, where the boy in charge was willing we should sleep; but it was on the bare floor. In the morning we awoke cold and stiff. It was the first night either of us had slept outside of a house in our lives. Without breakfast we resumed our journey to Liverpool.

Passing through Oldham I sold my Bible at a pawn shop for seven pence (fourteen cents) and with that bought some food. Evening found us at Manchester, and again looking around for a place to sleep. We applied at the freight station, where we saw a good chance in the straw under the great freight platform; but we were told, when about to enter, that it was not allowed. We were told, however, of a place on the hill, called a Night Asylum, which was just the place for such as we were. So we inquired our way to the institution, which I will describe as well as I can: We first entered a large room, which we might call the reception room; we found

there quite a large number of people of all ages, and both sexes. About nine o'clock a kind of office was opened, and a saucy clerk asked us first our names, then where we were going and what our object was. Anyone who could not give satisfactory answers were taken in charge by the police. But the professional tramp, or beggar, without a plausible story, would be hard to find. The general excuse for traveling seemed to be to find work, as for ourselves we frankly told our object. From what I learned of the general company, it would have been considered a calamity to have found work and have been compelled to do it.

(To be Continued.)

GIBRALTAR.

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

ON the first page of No. 2 of the present volume of your magazine there is presented a very good view of Gibraltar. This being the place of my birth (May 1st, 1820), and as Gibraltar is such an interesting place and has played such an important part in the struggle in Europe between Christianity and Paganism, therefore I venture a few more facts, historically, concerning this place which is very attractive to sight-seers and is one of the most glorious possessions of Europe.

The cause of the first notice of this stronghold, although painful, will attract the attention of pure minds. About the year 711 Count Julian, an English nobleman of great wealth and influence and governor of Cluta, in Africa, was the possessor of an estimable daughter. Roderick, a profligate Gothic prince of Spain, having formed associations with the count's family, succeeded in betraying the confidence reposed in him and ruined the fair daughter of Count Julian. In order to avenge the wrong and dishonor done his family the count retired with his family to Africa, and with others of influence sought Mousa, Saracen governor of the western provinces, informing him of the distracted condition of the Gothic army. Mousa communicated with his sovereign, the Caliph Ab Walid Eben Abdolmolic, and a detachment of 100 horse and 400 foot was sent into Spain. They ravaged the country and towns returning laden with spoils; and Count Julian, who accompanied the expedition, felt the assurance of revenge.

Mousa elated with the prospect the following year embarked 12,000 men, Tarik having chief command. They passed the rapid strait fifteen miles and landed on the Isthmus between *Montis Calpe* (now Gibraltar) and the continent.

Tarik, being determined to call the country his own and to secure communication with Africa, decided not to let so naturally formidable a fortification, as *Montis Calpe* has proved to be, pass without ordering fortifications as a place of safe retreat.

About this time the name *Montis Calpe* was changed to *Gebel-Tarik* in honor of the name of their respected general, of which Gibraltar is a corruption.

Tarik, having secured a safe retreat, sallied forth with his army in high glee, surprising and pillaging towns with success, until Roderick (the seducer) rallied his forces and a bloody contest ensued; fortunately, however, for Tarik some of the distracted Goths or Spaniards joined his army and with their help he soon found himself master of the whole country.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

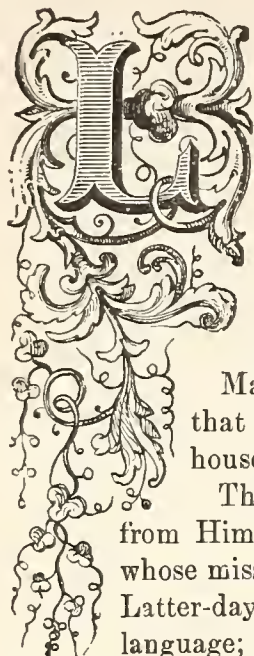
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



THE Saviour informs us that the Savior said: "Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division. * * * The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; the mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law."

Matthew also informs us that the Savior said that "a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

This sounds very strange coming, as it does, from Him who is called the Prince of Peace, and whose mission was to save mankind. No one but a Latter-day Saint can understand the meaning of this language; for no one but Saints have the experience necessary to make it plain. In the days of the Savior upon the earth His doctrine brought a division between those who were obedient to it and those who were not. Instead of peace, strife, hatred and opposition were brought to the surface by it; not in the hearts of those who received His doctrine, but in the hearts of those who fought it. This is, also, a most remarkable peculiarity of the gospel of Jesus Christ as we see it preached in our day. The nearer the relatives are who fight against the work and refuse to receive the gospel the more bitter appears to be the hostility which they manifest. They divide themselves from their obedient kindred, become their enemies and literally fulfill the words of the Savior, that "a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

This division is not confined to families. It extends to people in a national sense. There appears to be no affinity between those who reject the gospel and those who embrace it. They may be born in the same town, educated in the same schools, sharers in all the rights and immunities of the same citizenship; yet those who are called "Mormons" are looked upon and treated as aliens by their fellows. To Latter-day Saints the government itself fills the character of a tyrant and an oppressor, in fact an enemy, instead of a father, a protector and a guardian. In Utah Territory there is found a community of people, many of them descended from ancestors who laid the foundation of free government in this country—descendants of the early colonists and of the people who fought for liberty in the days of the Revolution. Others come from the free nations of Europe filled with an admiration for, and love of, liberty. They are entitled to every right which free men should enjoy; for they compare favorably with the people of any portion of the republic. Yet, notwithstanding their descent, their love of liberty, their capacity for self-government, shown in the entire history of the Territory, and their devotion to pure republicanism, they are viewed by many and

treated as enemies of the government. If we were a conquered province our treatment could be very little worse than it has been under the officials who have been sent here. There is scarcely an officer comes here under the appointment of the government who seems to regard us in any other light or treat us in any other manner than as aliens or foes.

Little do these people know that they are, by these actions, fulfilling the words of the Savior concerning His disciples. There is a great division among the people through the preaching of the gospel. God's elect is being gathered out from the various nations. He is making a selection of the best spirits, the most honest, the people of the purest lives, of the strongest faith and the most resolute purpose; they are being gathered together under the influence of the gospel. From this element the Lord intends to make a great and mighty people. Everything that is impure will gradually be cleansed from the midst of the Saints. Adulterers, and fornicators, and liars, and thieves may connect themselves with the Church and have a standing in it for a while; but sooner or later their deeds will be known. The Spirit of God will withdraw from them and they will be left to themselves to deny the faith and separate themselves from the people of God. This cleansing process, though sure and steady, is not hasty. It sometimes takes years for men to entirely lose the Spirit of the Lord and their desire to be members of this Church. But sooner or later, if they live and continue to practice iniquity, they fall into this condition. Then, in the most of instances, they become bitter enemies to the work of God.

It is a wise providence on the part of our Father to so arrange affairs that impure, wicked men cannot long remain members of His Church. Something arises after awhile to cause them to become indifferent respecting their standing, and they are severed from the body and illustrate the truth of the words of the Savior concerning the enmity which such people have.

Would there be this animosity of which the Savior speaks if mankind would receive the truth? There certainly would not; but it is because they fight the truth, because they listen to the persuasions of Satan that they have this hostile feeling against the Church. No man can visit the settlements of the Latter-day Saints in these mountains without being struck with the great difference there is between the people as they really are and the representations which are made of them. Yet they are hated. They are warred against. The world arrays itself against them. Wherever they go they are met with anger by the most of those who do not obey the truth.

APPROBATION OF KINDNESS.—Good and friendly conduct may meet with an unworthy, with an ungrateful, return; but the absence of gratitude on the part of the receiver cannot destroy the self-approbation which recompenses the giver; and we may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindness around us at so little expense. Some of them will inevitably fall on good ground, and grow up into benevolence in the minds of others; and all of them will bear fruit of happiness in the bosom whence they sprang. Once blest are all the virtues; twice blest sometimes.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

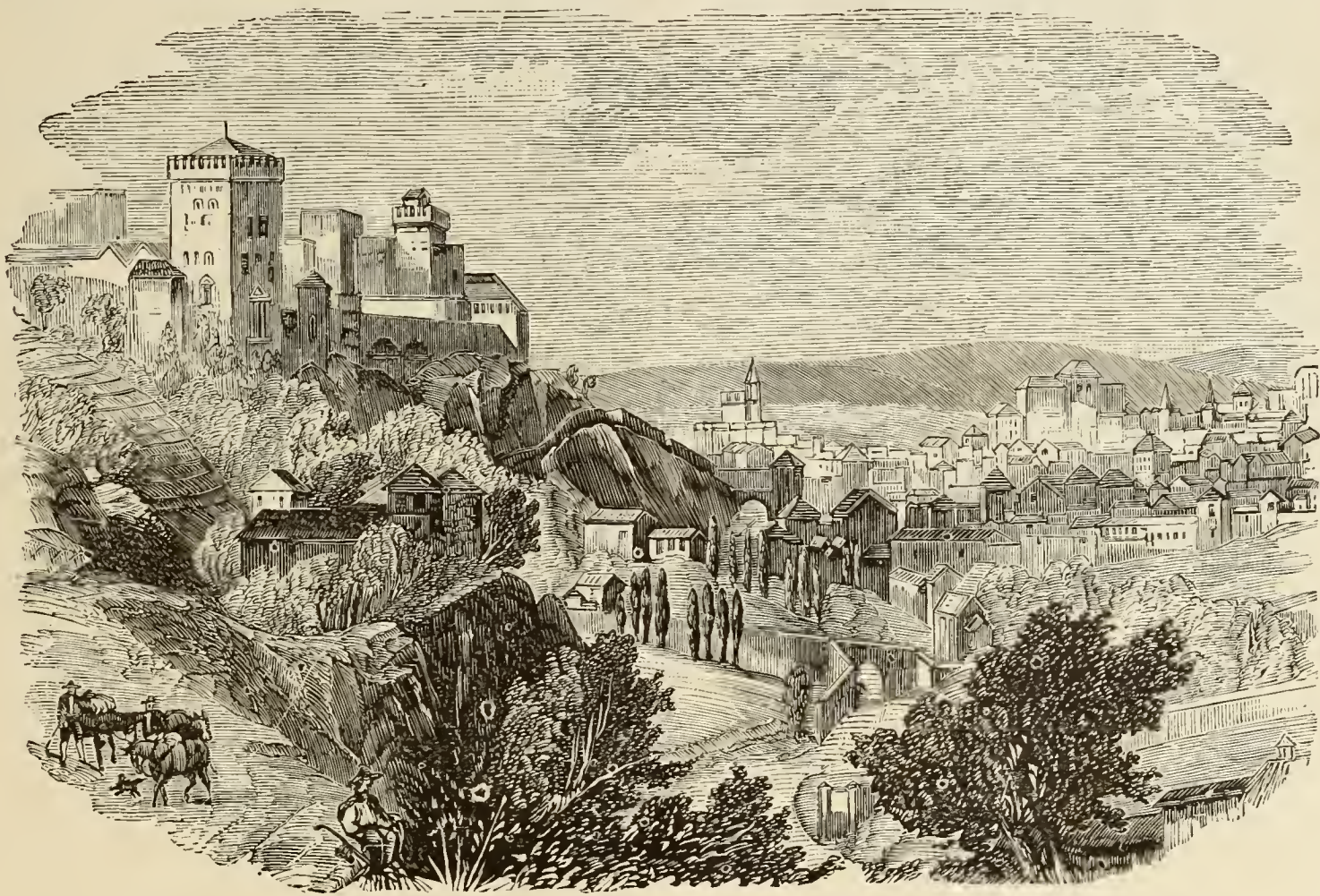
OFFENSES are easily pardoned when there is love at the bottom.

GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

IT is interesting to note in the history of the world the rise and fall of empires. Nations, like individuals, grow from infancy to maturity; they have their day of power and glory; and then, after reaching the climax of their earthly greatness, gradually, and sometimes suddenly, decline, decay and pass away, to be seen and heard of no more, only in story. It is the fate of all earthly things to be born to die, but not always to die and live again. All kingdoms and nations born of mortality live but once. Each in its turn springs as it were from the ashes of the one preceding it, and deriving its succor and strength from its remains. The power that gives life to the new brings death to the old. There is a limit to the progress and advancement of all man-made institutions beyond which they cannot reach. Every nation, when it once has reached

standing among the largest and foremost cities of Spain was Granada, a view of which is here presented. The modern city of Granada was founded by the Moors, who invaded the country in the eighth century. In the thirteenth century it became the capital of a kingdom known by the same name as the city. Afterwards it rapidly grew to importance and wealth, and became the seat of arts and learning. It is said to have attained its highest degree of prosperity in the fifteenth century, when it contained a population of 400,000, and was surrounded by a wall strengthened by over one thousand towers.

But it was not until the year 1492 that Granada was subjugated and became attached to Spain. Hitherto it had been held by the Moors; and it was only after a contest which lasted some two hundred years that it was wrested from their power. It is still one of the most important cities of Spain, although it is in a decaying condition, and its population has dwindled



the highest point of its excellence, soon begins to decline. And all kingdoms and powers will one after the other pass away, to make room for the growth of God's great kingdom, now only in its infancy, but which will yet grow and spread until it fills the whole world and subdues all earthly powers. This kingdom shall never be overcome, but it shall stand forever.

Spain, as a mighty and powerful nation, has had her day. The sun of her greatness has risen, passed the meridian of its splendor and brightness, and is now sinking below the horizon of obscurity, to rise and shine no more. Once the light of her learning and civilization gleamed over all Europe and far over the seas, bringing to view strange and unknown lands. But it has now grown dim, and the brilliance of other luminaries more recently kindled and set up to give light to the world outshine her smouldering flame, which now burns faintly among the ashes of her departed splendor and magnificence.

down to a few thousand. The country is subject to earthquakes, and it is only a few weeks since the city of Granada was shaken up with one of these terrible convulsions.

The most noted structure of Granada is the Alhambra, a part of which is shown in the left of the picture. This structure is an old fortress inclosing a castle or palace, which was the residence of the Moorish kings of Granada. It is situated upon a hill that overlooks the city. In the days of these kings the fortress was capable of giving protection to forty thousand soldiers. Some of the reigning monarchs of Spain, after the city was captured by the Christians, also had their residence within the castle. The last king who occupied it had it repaired and extended, and beautiful gardens arranged about it. He did not occupy it very long, however, and it was again left to waste and crumble away.

It was next inhabited by the governor of Granada, and the little town within the fortress became overrun with outlaws

and a population of a disreputable character. This was on account of there being more freedom allowed here for such persons, as the law was not very strictly enforced. The government, however, interfered and had the place cleared of all lawless classes.

About the early part of the present century, Granada was for a time in the hands of the French. The Alhambra was garrisoned by the troops and the commander occasionally occupied the palace. The French occupants at this time did good service in preserving the ancient castle from being destroyed so rapidly as it might have been had it not been for their efforts. They repaired the decaying roof of the edifice, cultivated the gardens, re-opened the water courses and set fountains at play, thus restoring to some extent the former beauty of the place.

The interior of the palace of the Alhambra is wonderfully preserved. The artful designs and decorations that are to be seen there seem almost as fresh as they were some five hundred years ago, when the Saracens flourished in Spain, or Andalusia, as they named the country.

Upon entering the walls of the Alhambra, and passing through its narrow streets, lined with heavily built houses of Moorish style, one almost feels as though he were transported to the very scenes of Arabian romance. The admittance to the palace is through a great, arched gate. A narrow, winding lane leads from the entrance to what is called the Palace of Cisterns, so named from reservoirs undermining it which are hewn out of the rock, and which were used to hold water for the supply of the fortress. There is also a deep well here, which was dug by the Moors. Going farther to the interior a great court is entered, which is paved with white marble and decorated in Arabic fashion. In the center of the court is a basin, one hundred and thirty feet long, formerly used as a fish pond, and stocked with gold-fish. One end of this court opens into the Court of Lions. Here is to be seen a fountain, still throwing forth its crystal spray, with alabaster basins supported by twelve carved lions. The grounds are laid out with flower beds, surrounded by arcades resting on pillars of marble. The architecture is elegant and graceful, and so delicate that it is difficult to account for its standing the wear and tear of ages, wars and earthquakes.

In this brief sketch it is not possible to describe the elegant halls, with marble floors and elaborately decorated walls and ceilings, the gilded arches, door-ways and the refreshing baths, all of which are evidences that the Saracens had attained great excellence in art and architecture.

The tower of Camares is an imposing part of this noted palace. The interior of the tower consists of a large hall, originally used as an audience chamber, and known as the Hall of Ambassadors. This chamber is richly decorated, and shows traces of former magnificence. There is a winding staircase leading to the top of this tower, from which can be had a splendid view of the surrounding country, as well as the courts and gardens of the palace.

Connected with this remarkable palace are many legends and tales which have been handed down for many generations. Several of these are very pleasingly related by Washington Irving in his work on the Alhambra. E. F. P.

OUR happiness and misery are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE topic of absorbing interest to-day in our Territory is the course which is being pursued by the district attorney and his spies. Such a condition of things as exists and has existed in this Territory for weeks has never been known in free America. It reads like a page of history of despotie France or autocratic Russia. Citizens have been watched and their footsteps dogged by night and by day; houses have been surrounded by spies, eaves-droppers have listened under windows, and under various pretexts these despicable wretches have sought entrance into families to pick up what information they could for the use of their master in his work of endeavoring to entrap and convict citizens. Every device has been used to effect the ends in view; and a net-work of villainy has encompassed every one sought to be made a victim of. A man has been used as the chief complainant in these accusations, who, for vileness of character and baseness of conduct, is unsurpassed in the history of all the vile wretches who have troubled this Territory. This man's chief recommendation to the position which he holds as detective or, in plain English, spy, is that he suborned a miserable wretch some years ago to swear lies against certain innocent citizens with the hope that he would bring about their conviction for murder. His success in this kind of business doubtless suggested him as a proper tool for the district attorney. Base, unscrupulous, murderous, without a conscience, no one could be better adapted for the ends in view. And yet, I am told, this man, Dickson, pleads that he is only executing the law, and would fain impress those to whom he speaks with the idea that he is a faithful public officer and that his acts are prompted by a high sense of duty. Did ever any one hear such hypocrisy? The facts are, he is prompted by the lowest motives. It is the love of gain and an anxiety to make fame by the persecution of an unpopular people which moves him to action. All the harlots in the country, and adulterers, and whoremongers have a feeling of security in their practices and a sense of justification and encouragement to pursue them by the present conduct of the man who acts in the name of the government; for this is the class that his conduct is adapted to protect and foster. Whoredom and adultery are laudable acts in his estimation, judging by his conduct; but marriage, however honorably contracted, however pure the motive that prompted it, however virtuous and holy the associations—these are something to be trampled upon, to be made sport of, to be held up to the gaze of the libidinous, and to be punished with imprisonment in the penitentiary.

What will be the effect, it may be asked, of all this? Will it destroy plural marriage? Will it crush out the belief in this God-like principle? Will it stop the birth of children? We may ask in reply, Did the decrees of Pharaoh against the birth of the Hebrew male children and his edict that they should be thrown into the Nile stop the increase of that oppressed people? Certainly not; neither will it do in this instance. Whenever a people suffer for a principle that principle becomes imbedded more deeply in their hearts and affections. They love it for the sufferings which it has caused and the sacrifices which they have made for it. Their convictions become strengthened, they cling to it with a tenacity born of the afflictions which they have endured for its sake.

The timid and the vacillating may shrink from espousing the principle; they are the kind who should not espouse it. But the bold, the faithful, the true, the men and women who have the courage of their convictions, will maintain the principle as long as life shall last. They will give it standing and character in the earth; and from their practice of this principle will spring a race of men and women worthy of their ancestry.

This contest is not one in which we alone are the parties on the one side and our enemies on the other. This contest is between God and Belial. God is determined to establish a righteous principle on the earth, to break down the accursed practices which have followed the sinful marriage system at present in vogue in the world. Thousands of women to-day in Christendom are compelled either to live lives that are unnatural and fail to fulfill the mission God has assigned them, or become harlots, the victims of the lust of men. Who shall write the history of their wrong? Who shall describe the sorrows they have endured? There is no mortal pen capable of it. But there is a record kept of it; and the wrongs of womanhood fill an important page in the archives of eternity, and will be one of the causes of bringing down the anger of a just and offended God upon a guilty world. It is to remedy these evils, it is to give woman every right that she should have, that God has instituted plural marriage; for every honorable woman in the Church of Christ is entitled to a husband if she wishes one. It should not be left to the caprice of men to say whether she shall be married or not. If men choose not to marry this should not deprive woman of her right. There is no coercion, there is no force used to compel women to marry; but under the law of God she has a choice, and if she choose to marry a man who has one wife and they can live happily together, who is wronged? What sin is committed? How is society injured? This principle must live; it is one of eternal truth; and though the winds may blow and the storm rage, and persecution be directed against it with all the violence of which man is capable, God has spoken concerning it, and it will outlive every attack and become a recognized principle in the earth among the children of men.

A BOY'S PROPHECY.

IN the year 1843, while persecution was raging against the Saints in Missouri a family whose name I will not mention here was baptized into the Church. They were in very comfortable circumstances when they concluded to join the Church, but after it became known that they were "Mormons," they were harrassed on every hand, even by those who had previously been their intimate friends, and in a short time they were stripped of the most they possessed by unprincipled mobocrats.

At the time of which I write circumstances called the father from home, which left the care of the family entirely upon the mother, who lay sick of fever, and two boys, one twelve and the other ten years old, the rest of the children being too small to be of much assistance. The road over which these two boys had to drive their cows to pasture led past the house of a woman who at every opportunity sought to persecute this family because they had dared to acknowledge God and were willing to subscribe to His laws. She lived alone, her only companion being a large, savage dog, which filled the hearts of the children who had occasion to visit her with terror. It

was her custom to hail these little "Mormon" boys as they passed her place with vile reproaches of their prophet and their religion, and would often set her dog on their cows and make them run in the wrong direction.

The boys bore these taunts and abuses, as the children of the Latter-day Saints were taught to bear afflictions, bravely and without resentment or murmurings. One cold evening they came bringing in their cows rather late; they had had an extra hard time of it that day and they were very tired. As they neared the old woman's place she came out with her dog to meet them, calling them hard names, abusing their Church and denouncing Joseph Smith as a rascal and his followers as fools. She said to them:

"Joe Smith is a liar and your parents are bringing you little imps up to believe in him. Why don't you prophesy?" To all of which the boys made no answer. Finally, as a finishing touch of aggravation, she sent her dog after their cows.

The younger of the two boys, whose feet were sore and bleeding from the roughness of the ground over which they had gone and the scratches he had received from briars and thorns, began to cry as they started off to gather their cows together and bring them back into the road again. His brother comforted him with these words: "Never mind; she will never set her dog on us again, for she will die in a day or two: she called the prophet a liar and she can't call Joseph Smith a liar and live."

Sure enough she never persecuted the children again. In a day or two afterwards, the old woman not having been seen moving about, some of the neighbors called to enquire about her and they found her lying dead upon her bed. It was supposed by those around her, from the contortions of her body, that she had died of some violent cramp; but the boys, who did not then dare to express their belief to anyone, always thought that it was the vengeance of the Almighty that had struck dumb in death the tongue that had dared to revile one of His most holy prophets and abuse those who revered His holy laws. And may not the boys have been right in their thoughts?

Mc.

THE DIAMOND MILL AT AMSTERDAM.—The diamond mill is one of the most interesting objects of interest in Amsterdam. It belongs to a Jew, whose son, a clever lad, obligingly conducted us through the rooms, and explained the various parts of the process of polishing diamonds. Four horses turn a wheel, setting in motion a number of smaller wheels in the room above, whose cogs, acting on circular metal plates, keep them in continued revolution. Pulverized diamond is placed on these, and the stone to be polished, fastened at the end of a piece of wood by means of an amalgam of zinc and quicksilver, is submitted to the friction of the adamantine particles. This is the only mode of acting on diamond, which can be ground, and even cut, by particles of the same substance. In the latter operation diamond dust is fixed on a metal wire that is moved rapidly backwards and forwards over the stone to be cut. You are probably aware of the distinction between a rose diamond and a brilliant. The one is entire and set vertically, the other is divided and set horizontally. The largest diamonds are reserved for roses, which always rise in the center to an angle; the smaller are used as brilliants, and have a flat octagon on the upper surface.

Elliot's "North of Europe."

HANNAH, AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

CHAPTER III.

THE lawyer made a cursory examination of the affairs at Whopscott's mill after dinner; and he held several consultations with Samantha. She was determined that every legal step should be taken with the utmost care and the property absolutely secured to her. She did not want any loophole through which Si could crawl to recover the property, or through which any future creditor might come to get satisfaction off her wealth. In order to fully accomplish her desire the lawyer concluded with her advice that he and Thorndyke should take a complete list, not only of the property immediately surrounding the mill, but of all the logs, skids, chains, etc., scattered at different points up and down the canyon. This task, it was calculated, would take nearly a week, during which time it was arranged that Higbee and his clerk should remain at the Whopscott cabin. The lawyer was not displeased at this prospect, for he scented a large fee, and had already begun to treat Si with the greatest indifference and to bestow all his respect upon the new proprietor. He knew that his compensation must come through Mrs. Whopscott. Rupert Thorndyke was not less pleased, for he had suddenly made a determination to accomplish something for himself, and no better opportunity could have been offered than would be afforded during their stay at the mill.

After the first day's work upon their inventory, in which Si had willingly assisted them, they returned to the cabin quite late in the evening; and while Hannah was setting the table for their supper the two men of law were witnesses of one of the usual domestic broils of the establishment. Mrs. Whopscott had asked Si where they had been and he replied that he had only been pointing out the logs in South Fork. Without any further provocation on his part she accused him of missing some of the felled timber and struck him with the soup ladle. Si made no resistance; and though Hannah fired up and expressed her indignation the old woman found that she had no active opponent. She was either ashamed of her conduct or else concluded at this particular stage of the proceedings it was extremely indiscreet, and so with a half-muttered apology, addressed more to the company than to Si, she called them to their places at the table.

That night after the work was done Hannah strolled out of the house past the mill down to the river bank and stood looking at the reflection of the moon in the water. The appreciation of the beautiful was not dead in this girl's mind, although it had been but little cultivated. During the few days which had elapsed since her arrival it had been her only solace to get away from the turmoil of the house and sit by the clear mountain stream, listening to its murmur, mingled with the sighing of a thousand pines. While inhaling the strong balsamic odor of the graceful trees she was wont to let her mind dwell pleasantly upon the things learned from the few good books which it had been her fortune to read. On this night she found another subject for thought. She reflected that her father and mother could never be happy together, that they both had grave faults and that she herself was not much better. She had been at school and had even taught for a few terms; but this had not been sufficient to give her a good temper and prevent her from being vicious and profane at times

when aggravated by her mother's constant blows. If anyone could have read her heart at this moment he would have known that she was a creature of good aspirations and strong affections, coupled to undying devotion—one who in happy scenes would be a pleasant, loving daughter, sister or wife, and one who under any circumstance would be true until death.

Thorndyke had noticed Hannah wandering away from the house and he followed at a little distance. This young man was possessed with greater shrewdness than he was credited with having. To be sure he was vain, affected and foppish—that is, judged by the robust western standard—but underneath this flimsy exterior there was a vein of shrewdness and selfish calculation; and under this again, a half-dead sense of goodness and laudable ambition. He had readily seen the differences in the Whopscott family and had concluded that he might derive advantage therefrom. Hannah and her \$600.00 he thought he might easily possess; but he would not be content with this. He thought that he might gain the confidence of her mother, who would soon be possessed of considerable means, and who would naturally be willing to take advice from someone besides her husband. Thorndyke knew that Samantha would soon distrust, however innocent the old man might be, and that if he could only ingratiate himself with her he might become her confidential man of business. He determined that he would, if possible, marry the daughter and be employed by the mother. Considering the differences between Samantha Whopscott and Hannah this was rather a daring project. But Rupert was either ignorant of the situation or else he was bold enough to accept without a thought of failure.

The lawyer's clerk approached the girl and addressed her softly. She started from her reverie, and even in the moonlight Thorndyke saw a flush upon her face, for his voice was the echo of her own thoughts. She had been thinking of the young fellow. Strange to say, this robust, practical girl had taken an instantaneous fancy to the effeminate man, whose black hair and romantic eyes had won her admiration. For an hour Rupert stood by the river bank talking with Hannah. When they walked back to the house she was almost ready to fall in love with him.

The work of making a list of Si Whopscott's property proceeded with much rapidity. Samantha, who was untiring, compelled everybody else to be as industrious as herself. This did not suit the lawyer; but Thorndyke, observing the humor of Mrs. Whopscott, contrived to make himself so ready and willing—so anxious to complete the affairs in a hurry and satisfactorily to her—that he soon won his way into her good graces.

A few days at the mill and in the canyon had made considerable improvement in Rupert's appearance and manner. He looked more like a man and less like a dandy. He spoke in a fuller tone and soon dropped his affected lisp. He evinced considerable knowledge of practical affairs or at least an ability to grasp the details of them which was quite remarkable. On the third night of their stay, while Si and the lawyer were smoking in front of the house, and Hannah was busy clearing off the supper table, he drew Mrs. Whopscott to one side and said to her:

"My dear Mrs. Whopscott; pardon me for intruding myself into your affairs; but I cannot see you wronged without giving you warning at least. We were measuring lumber in the mill yard to-day, and it was my duty to list the measurements as they were given to me by your worthy husband and Mr. Hig-

bee. I am satisfied that in several instances the figures they gave me were entirely too small. What their object was I do not know; but in each case where I believed a discrepancy to exist I carefully noted the location of the pile of lumber. If you desire, we can together quietly take a measurement and ascertain if my suspicion be correctly founded. Of course you will say nothing to anybody about this warning of mine, as it could do no good, and it would certainly get me into trouble with my employer. But rest assured that I shall carefully guard your interests in this matter to the extent of my ability; and if anything more of this kind occurs under my observation I shall take occasion to inform you immediately."

Samantha Whopscott on hearing this speech flew into a passion, but soon recovered so far as to be able to express great thanks to Rupert. His speech had gratified her, for she was only too glad to find her own paltry suspicions confirmed, and she was additionally glad to know that she had an ally upon whom she could depend. At her request after considerable debate between the two, Thorndyke agreed to keep his bed the following morning under pretense of illness; while she was to send her husband and the lawyer to some distant point in the canyon to take a list of logs. This would give them an opportunity to re-examine the suspected piles of lumber in the yard and ascertain to a certainty the measurements.

The preliminary steps of the plan were successfully taken. Rupert refused to get up and eat his breakfast on the ground that he could scarcely lift his head from the pillow, and after waiting for an hour or two for his recovery, Higbee and Whopscott departed for the distant logging camp. Before they were two miles from the mill the clerk was out of bed, seated at the breakfast table enjoying a hearty meal. Hannah looked at him in surprise. But she was not angry and she asked no questions. Her foolish heart whispered to her that he had remained behind to be near her, and when this thought came to her she flushed and fluttered about in a state of great delight. Rupert saw the impression and took no pains to correct it. It suited his plan and gratified his vanity intensely. He even ventured in the absence of Samantha, to whisper a hint to Hannah which she accepted as proof positive of her pleasant surmise. And when Mrs. Whopscott called him, to go with her to the mill yard, he ventured to look at Hannah with a sly grimace which seemed to say, as plainly as though he had spoken in words, "I would much rather be here with you, but for your sake I will go with your mother."

When Mrs. Whopscott and Rupert reached the yard carrying with them the book in which the several measurements of lumber were entered the clerk pointed out various piles which had excited his suspicion upon each of which he had made a private mark. For two hours they were busy, and in all the suspected cases they found discrepancies—some small, others large; but in the aggregate amounting to nearly twenty thousand feet. Each time that the new measurement of any pile was compared with the book and the difference detected, Mrs. Whopscott gave vent to her rage in a burst of vigorous and flaming profanity. She declared that she would have the lawyer discharged from the further prosecution of the work, and would punish Si with all the afflictions which she could possibly visit upon his devoted head. But after the work was concluded Thorndyke began to argue with her and finally succeeded in persuading her that silence upon the subject and a good counterplot would be much better than the scheme which she had proposed. He told her that neither Si nor Higbee

could remember either the true or false measurements of the lumber, and that neither knew the total. He could therefore erase the fictitious figures and insert the true ones. The plan of the lawyer and the lumberman, he said, would thus be overthrown, and things might then go on in an undisturbed manner giving him the opportunity to watch the unsuspecting men and to counteract all their plots to defraud Samantha.

That afternoon, having already done a good day's work with the mother, Rupert sought to establish himself more firmly with Hannah. He talked to her—and he could talk well when he tried, of a score of things which were attractive to a girl who had seen so little of the world as herself. He told wonderful stories of operas and balls, and fashion and all the elegancies of city life, always telling the most attractive things as his own experiences, until the poor girl was half wild with admiration and envy. Then he talked tenderly, and found as he expected that this pleased Hannah better than anything else; although she tried to be coquettish and to appear indifferent to his soft speeches. It was one of a thousand mysteries of love that this half-educated, strong-willed and strong-minded girl, with her robust frame should listen with patience and even pleasure to Thorndyke; and that she should be so ready to love one who had so little in common with herself.

That night, when Thorndyke laid his head upon his pillow, he said: "This has been a good day's work, my boy. Personal attractions have already caught the daughter beyond all chance of loss. And my lucky thought in lessening the amount given me by Higbee and Whopscott when they measured the lumber has led to my securing the mother, permanently, I trust."

With this gratifying reflection he fell asleep, much earlier than did either Hannah or her mother. The girl was thinking, with growing love of Rupert, and of the chance which she might enjoy of leaving a home which held so little for her and entering one of her own; and Mrs. Whopscott was thinking that in the numberless questions which would soon arise in her business the advice and help of the lawyer's clerk might be of particular value to her.

ANTIQUITY OF NURSERY RHYMES.

MANY of these productions have a very curious history, if it could only be traced. Some of them probably owe their origin to the names distinguished in our literature; as Oliver Goldsmith, for instance, is believed in his earlier days to have written such compositions. Dr. E. F. Rimbault gives us the following particulars as to some well-known favorites:

"Sing a Song of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was licensed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dates from 1633. "London Bridge is Broken Down" is of unfathomed antiquity. "Girls and Boys, Come out to Play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II.; as is also "Lucy Locket lost her Pocket," to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have you Been?" is of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century. "The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket" is of the reign of James II., to which monarch it is supposed to allude.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

ON the twenty-second day of this month the people of this nation will have a general holiday in commemoration of the birth of George Washington. It was on the 22nd of February, 1732, in Westmoreland county, Virginia, that this faithful patriot and first president of these United States first saw the light of day. His father died when he was twelve years old, thus leaving George and four other children to the care of the widow, who fortunately received ample means from her husband's estate to comfortably maintain herself and family. The education received by this son was only such as was afforded by the common schools with the exception that he obtained a knowledge of land-surveying, then an important acquisition.

George grew quite tall and very strong. His fondness for military and athletic exercises, as well as the pursuit of his business as a surveyor, kept him in the open air a great deal where he became quite hardy and enjoyed the best of health. Even in his youthful sports his abilities as a soldier and born leader of men were exhibited. He delighted in organizing his playmates into companies and then drilling them for sham battles, and at all times when a leader was needed in any of their youthful amusements, the eyes of all his comrades instinctively turned towards him, and he always proved himself competent for the position.

At one time he would have entered the naval service as midshipman on the vessel of Admiral Vernon, under whom his elder brother, Lawrence, served, had it not been for the entreaties of his mother. She earnestly besought him to relinquish his long-cherished idea of going to sea, and although it was a trial for him to forego this pleasure, he willingly did so to gratify his mother.

When only nineteen years old he was appointed an adjutant of the provincial troops with the rank of major to take part in the Seven Years' War. Three years later he commanded an expedition against the French at Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburgh) and held Fort Necessity, against superior numbers, until forced to capitulate. For his energy and bravery displayed on this occasion he received the thanks of his superiors. In the following year he acted as aid-de-camp to General Braddock in the expedition against Fort Duquesne. Here it was that Washington exhibited a knowledge of war in that region superior to that possessed by his commander, for he urged Braddock to send the provincial troops ahead to explore and see that none of the enemy were in ambush. But the English officer, confident in his own skill and bravery, heeded not the advice given, but marched forward. The result was the disastrous battle of Monongahela in which Braddock received his death-wound; his aides, with the exception of Washington, were killed or wounded, and his army was totally routed. On this occasion Washington had two horses shot under him and four bullets passed through his clothes. He was undoubtedly under the protection and care of the Almighty, for years after this event, while traveling in the west, he was visited by an Indian chief who affirmed that he personally fired his rifle many times at Washington in this battle and had directed his young warriors to do the same, but to their astonishment none of their bullets took effect. They thereafter looked upon him as a special favorite of Heaven who could not die in battle.

When it was found by the American Colonies that a war with the mother country was inevitable, all eyes instinctively

turned towards George Washington as the proper person to lead the continental forces. With a full sense of the great responsibility placed upon him he assumed command. Not for the sake of position or title did he accept the appointment, but to battle for that which he felt to be just and right. How nobly he fought and won in the great revolutionary struggle, every reader of history well knows. But when the independence of the colonies was acknowledged (Dec. 23, 1783) he willingly laid aside the sword and retired to Mount Vernon there to follow peaceful agricultural pursuits.

He was not permitted, however, to remain long in retirement. His services were wanted in the foremost position in the nation. After laboring for two terms as chief executive of the nation and refusing a third nomination he again returned to the quiet of his home on the Potomac. There he breathed his last on the 14th of December, 1799, after an illness of but a few hours.

Thus passed away a man who was "first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen." He left a grand record which the lapse of time cannot efface and an example which many might follow with profit.

In honor of this noble man a monument, called by some "the eighth wonder of the world," has been erected. It was but recently completed, and although a straight column, it cost \$1,100,000. Its total height is five hundred and fifty-five feet. It was to have been unveiled on Washington's birthday, but as that falls this year on Sunday, the ceremonies will be conducted on Saturday, the 21st day of February.

D. V.

A BRAVE BOY.

I WAS teaching a school in a little town in a western State several years ago, and during the Winter many farmers' sons and field boys entered who were not able to come at other times of the year. Some of them were dull scholars, but nearly all were anxious to learn, and they did not give me near so much trouble as the few sons of wealthier parents who were also under my charge.

There was one among the sunburnt faces of these country boys that always struck me as especially intelligent. It belonged to Henry Chalmers, a lad of fourteen.

He worked for a neighboring farmer nine months in the year, in order to attend school during the remaining three; but it was evident that he had other sources of instruction besides those given in the school, for he often came to me with questions which showed knowledge beyond what I could expect from one no further advanced in his studies.

Most of the scholars were younger than Henry, or else about his age, but there were four or five boys and several girls who were older. There was one boy of nineteen, a slow and stupid, but good-hearted fellow, and another of sixteen, George Cassell, whom I never quite liked. If he was not selfish and unprincipled, he was at least very silly.

He always wore exceedingly flashy neckties; he cocked his hat on one side, and displayed a cheap ring, of which he was evidently very proud, on his stubby little finger.

Moreover, he carried a cane wherever he went, even to and from school, which seems to me very foolish and conceited for a boy with sound legs to do under any circumstances, but especially so in his case.

However, that cane proved itself of utmost service to me and to the scholars if it was not of service to Cassel, and met its end in a very extraordinary manner.

It was one of the last days of the Spring term, and I was just ready to hear the first recitation, when a little girl burst into the school-room all out of breath with crying and running, and exclaimed, as soon as she passed the door:

"Oh, Miss Franklin; there's a mad dog right out in the road!"

The scholars all laughed. Mad dogs are a favorite terror with little girls.

"Maggie," said I, "come here;" and I took off her hat and cloak. "How do you know the dog is mad?"

"Why, he was running down the road as fast as could be, and he looked awful mad, and Mr. Atkins says he is mad, and—oh! did you hear that?"

It was the loud report of a gun directly in front of the school-house, followed by a chorus of "Oh's!" from the scholars and some shrill screaming outside.

Then another little girl ran along the walk near the side windows screaming with all her might, and opening the rear door of the building, rushed, just as Maggie had done, into the room where we were all seated.

Closely following her, at one time almost seizing her dress, came a large dog, without doubt in a rabid condition. He had been shot at in the road, and was apparently but very slightly wounded.

If the girl had closed the door behind her, which she could easily have done, the dog could not have entered; but as it was, she led the mad creature directly into the room where we all were.

The door was behind and on one side of me. As I turned and looked my heart stood still, for I beheld what I hope I may never again see—a really mad dog, his mouth dripping, his eyes glaring and his hair bristling.

He stopped at the door-way for an instant, then, with a growl, he started into the room.

I have heard people tell about thinking quickly in times of danger, but for my part, I can say that on this occasion I did not think at all. Hardly knowing what I did, I seized a ruler, grasped the two little girls and drew them to me.

The dog advanced towards us, but he had not taken three steps when a boy's form suddenly interposed. It was Henry Chalmers.

He had picked up the first weapon that came within reach, which happened to be a cane standing in the corner near his seat. Although its duty when in George Cassel's hand was solely as an ornament, it was, nevertheless, apparently designed for use, for it had a thick shaft and a large knob for a head.

With this he struck the dog swift blows over the back, and the animal instantly turned upon him with a fierce snarl.

"Oh, Henry," I screamed, "be careful, for your life!"

He did not answer, but held the cane down to the dog's mouth. The animal grasped it in his teeth, bit it furiously, receiving as he did so a heavy kick which sent him off his feet, Henry's motive evidently being to knock him senseless.

This manoeuvre was repeated several times, until the dog refused to seize the stick and made an attack upon his assailant's legs. Then the cane went down again with a loud crack and broke in two, or rather split, for it left a very sharp-pointed weapon in Henry's hands.

The idea of lending aid in the struggle did not seem to enter the minds of the other boys. In fact, what had occurred took

place so suddenly and unexpectedly that but little chance for doing anything was afforded.

Several of the girls pushed up one of the back windows, and by their screams attracted the attention of the man who had already shot at the dog, and was now looking for him.

Meanwhile Henry was keeping the creature at bay, so that he could not get at the scholars, by continual blows and kicks. He had not yet been bitten, but his trousers were badly torn. At length he tried a new plan.

He held out his left hand towards the dog, and as the animal started forward to seize it, he thrust the point of the broken cane into the open mouth.

The creature bit it savagely, but Henry, holding on to the advantage he had gained, continued to push further into the dog's mouth.

"Come here, Joe, quick!" he called; and one of the largest boys came up.

"Now, you kick him while I hold on here," he said, keeping tight hold of the cane, which seemed wedged into the dog's mouth.

Joe drew back his heavy farm boot and kicked with all his might directly against the creature's side.

"Not there; no, not there!" cried Henry. "Kick him under the stomach, so as to take away his breath."

Again Joe drew off and kicked, and this time fortunately the dog was lifted off his feet and tumbled senseless against the wall.

"Open the window! Open the window!" Henry called out.

Several boys sprang forward to obey, and the dog, about on the point of reviving, was seized and thrown out into the yard. A moment later the report of Mr. Atkins' gun told that the poor creature's career was ended.

I took a long breath. It seemed as though it was the first time I had breathed since the dog entered the room. He was gone, and the only traces left of the unfortunate creature were some stains on the floor, two windows open, a broken cane and several scholars out of their seats.

Henry was coolly walking to his seat when I stopped him.

"Henry, are you sure you are not bitten?" I asked.

"I don't think he bit me anywhere," he answered, looking at his hands.

I examined them carefully. How glad I was that I could not find upon them a single scratch!

Involuntarily I exclaimed, "You are a noble, brave boy! I thank you with all my heart, for myself and for the school, and shall remember you as long as I live!"

He looked for an instant frankly and with a pleased expression into my face, and then, without a word, took his seat.

I thought that in the present excited state of both teacher and scholars, teaching would be an impossibility, and with a few words dismissed the school until afternoon.

The entire village was much excited by this extraordinary event, as was natural it should be. Of course Henry was quite a hero in the town, but it seemed to me no amount of praise went beyond what he deserved.

I wrote an account of the matter for a local journal. From that it was copied into some of the city newspapers.

I also wrote to a wealthy gentleman of my acquaintance, and told him the whole story. He replied by an invitation to Henry to come to the city and see him, enclosing a check to pay his fare.

He did so and in time became a learned and wealthy man.

VERITAS.

THE GATHERING OF ISRAEL.

WORDS BY W. W. PHELPS.

MUSIC BY JOHN TULLIDGE.

Come all ye sons of Zi-on, And let us praise the Lord; His ransomed are re-

turning, Ac-cord-ing to His word; In sa-cred songs and gladness They

walk the narrow way, And thank the Lord who brought them To see the lat-ter day.

Come, ye dispersed of Judah,
Join in the theme and sing,
With harmony unceasing,
The praises of your King,
Whose arm is now extended,
On which the world may gaze,
To gather up the righteous
In these the latter days.

Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel!
And let your joys abound;
The voice of God shall reach you
Wherever you are found,

And called you back from bondage,
That you may sing His praise
In Zion and Jerusalem,
In these the latter days.

Then gather up for Zion,
Ye Saints throughout the land,
And clear the way before you,
As God shall give command.
Though wicked men and devils
Exert their power, 'tis vain,
Since God has made the promise
His rest you shall obtain.

WORD PUZZLE.

BY W. B.

I AM a word of 5 letters, which is a term used in the measurement of land; transpose the letters and I cause anxiety; again transpose and I am a synonym for tribes; another transposition causes me to frighten.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 5 is BEAR. The words formed by changing the initial letters are Dear, Fear, Gear, Hear, Near, Pear, Rear, Sear, Fear, Wear and Year. Correct solutions have been received from Samuel Stark and Nephi Savage, Payson; Joseph Lloyd, West Jordan; Wm. Brewer, Hennefer; W. M. Nissen, Ephraim; Afton Waters, Springville; Thos. C. Jones, Annie Backman, Salt Lake City.

THE author of the words to the song published in No. 1, entitled "My Home in Utah," is William Clegg. The name by accident did not appear with the composition.

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NO. 5.

A VIOLENT TEMPER CURED.

WILLIE and Dot Morsey had many little quarrels among themselves while playing together, and from angry words they often came to blows. Willie was three years older than his sister and he had been petted so much by his mother that he thought his will should be law to everyone, his little sister not excepted; while Dot felt she had some rights that should be respected.

One day they were forced to remain in the house all the time, as it was too stormy for them to seek amusement outside. As usual on such occasions they played "keeping house," "going on the ears," etc., until they became somewhat weary. Willie then commenced playing with his shuttlecock, and his sister seated herself in a corner to dress her doll. Before long the former began to trespass on the rights of his sister by striking with his battledoon uncomfortably near her head. She gently remonstrated at first, but he seemed determined to annoy her. Her angry passions then began to rise and some very improper language was used. Finally in her anger Dot seized the shuttlecock and threw it into the fire and Willie in retaliation took her doll and threw it violently on the floor thus breaking both its legs off. Then ensued a very disgraceful scene. Words and blows followed each other in rapid succession until Willie hurled his little sister on the floor with such force as to completely stun her for a few moments. Then with-

out realizing what he had done, he silently seated himself on a chair and sulked.

After a few moments Dot's eyes opened in a dazed sort of way, but as they rested on Willie they became very bright.

Slowly the little girl raised herself and crept to her brother's side. There with tears in her eyes she begged him to forgive her cruel words and wrong actions. At first he turned away but in a moment he, too, relented and sought pardon. Immediately they were reconciled, but none too soon, for scarce had the confessions of error been made, before Dot became unconscious and had to be placed in bed. Then followed days of sorrow for Willie and suffering for Dot. The severe blow she received when thrown down by her brother produced a dangerous illness which well nigh proved fatal. Oh how much Willie suffered! From morning till night he would sit by the bedside and beg forgiveness of the dear one lying before him; while in his heart he felt almost like a murderer. For him this was a severe lesson but it was effectual. From that day he never allowed his angry passions to gain



the mastery over him no matter how much he was annoyed.

We hope our little readers may never have to learn how to control themselves by any such sad experience. If any of you happen to have a bad temper commence now to govern it. Make it subject to you. If angry words rise to your lips

think of them and then count forty before you attempt to utter them, and very likely by that time you will have lost all desire to say anything improper. If you are tempted to do an improper action think twice before you do it. Thus your power over yourselves will continue to increase as you grow older, and it will be an easy task for you to exercise self-control, while a disregard of these things in your youth may bring sorrow and perhaps disgrace and ruin upon you in later years.

STREB.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER II.

MY former letter on Gibraltar closes with a victory for Tarik's army. He being encouraged with his prospects of the possession of the Gothic dominion set to with a will, and ordered the erection of a castle in a prominent place, about 800 feet above sea level. It was completed in the year 725, and is now called the Moorish castle. It still stands in a wonderfully well-preserved condition, although it has been the mark for many shots in numerous sieges. Many are the marks of the cannon balls on the old castle. It is a very interesting object because of its age and ancient construction. Travelers consider this one of the very interesting sights of Gibraltar. From the date of its possession by the Phœnicians until it came under Moorish rule it passed successively through the hands of the Carthaginians, Romans and Visigoths.

In 1161, the primitive works constructed by Tarik were largely increased by Abed-L-Mumen-Iben-Ali, under the personal direction of his son, and so formidable were they that it was not until the year 1309 that Ferdinand, king of Castile, succeeded in completely overcoming the Arabians who occupied the place; but in this year the infidels were routed with great loss.

Although Gibraltar increased in importance, Algesiras, on the opposite side of the bay, five miles distant, nearly obscured it in the history of the times. The Goths, or Spaniards had resumed their former discipline and valor, while their conquerors, the infidels, Saracens or Moors, had declined into luxury and effeminacy. The result was that the Goths began to regain many of their former possessions.

In the year 1333, Abomelique, son of the emperor of Fez, was dispatched with further assistance to the Moorish king of Granada, who immediately laid siege to Gibraltar. Abomelique commenced his attack on the Moorish castle, as this was at that time the strongest of all the fortifications. The Spanish governor, Vasco Perez-De-Myra, defended it with equal obstinacy. But Perez having embezzled the money which was advanced to victual the garrison, the troops and inhabitants suffered great distress, and after five months surrendered.

Five days after, the Spaniards under Alonzo attacked Gibraltar at three points. Several severe assaults had been made on the castle, when Matomet, king of Granada, joining Abomelique's forces, encamped in the rear of the Spaniards, his forces extending across the isthmus, which is only half a mile wide, from the bay to the Mediterranean. This is the only land connection with Gibraltar. Being thus cut off the Spanish leader was obliged to capitulate.

Alonzo, not being satisfied with his defeat, encamped before Gibraltar in the beginning of 1349 and laid waste the gardens

and houses of pleasure in its neighborhood. In the course of several months the castle was just ready to capitulate when a pestilential disease swept away many of the besiegers, among whom was Alonzo, who expired March 26, 1350, when the siege was raised.

The descendants of Abomelique remained in quiet possession until 1410, when Jusaf III., king of Granada, took it. The following year the inhabitants revolted against the Granadian Alcadia and drove him from the castle. He wrote to the emperor of Morocco to be taken under his protection. The emperor dispatched his brother, Sayd, with 1,000 horse and 2,000 foot to their assistance. The king of Granada, being informed that Sayd had garrisoned the castle, marched with an army, sending his fleet around the bay, and appeared before the place in 1411. Sayd met him, but being worsted retreated within the castle, and as he was much distressed for want of provisions he finally yielded.

In 1435, Henry de Guzman, Count de Nibla, formed a design of attacking Gibraltar by land and sea; but while imprudently skirmishing with the garrison from his galleys before his son, John de Guzman, arrived with the land forces, he was defeated and forced to retreat. In the confusion he himself lost his life and many of his followers were killed and drowned.

In 1462, a civil war broke out in Granada and a great part of the garrison of Gibraltar was withdrawn. While in this condition it was besieged and surrendered to John de Guzman, duke of Medina Sidonia. From that time it has remained in the hands of the Christians, after having been in the possession of the Mahometans 748 years. Henry IV., of Castile and Leon, being pleased with the conquest added to it his royal titles and gave it for a coat of arms, *Gules*, a castle proper, with a key pendant to the gate, (hence it is alluded to as the key of the Mediterranean), which arms have ever since been continued. Pedro de Poras was appointed governor, but King Henry, in the succeeding year, suppressed him and gave the command to Don Bertrand. In the year 1540, Pial-Tamet, one of the Barbary captains, surprised and pillaged Gibraltar. In 1589, during the reign of Charles V., the fortifications of the town were modernized and several additions made by Daniel Spekel, the emperor's engineer, after which the place was thought impregnable.

In 1704, Gibraltar was wrested from the dominion of Spain by the English, under Admiral Sir George Rooke. This officer had been sent into the Mediterranean with a strong fleet in the Spring of 1704 to assist Charles, arch duke of Austria, in obtaining the crown of Spain.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

DIFFERENT QUALITIES OF GENIUS.—Every man should examine his own genius, and advise with himself what is proper to apply himself to; for nothing can be more distant from tranquility and happiness than to be engaged in a course of life for which nature has rendered thee unfit; for an active life is not to be undertaken by an unactive person; nor an unactive life by an active person; to one, rest is quiet and action labor; to another, rest is labor and action quiet; a mild and timorous man should avoid a military life, a bold and impatient man the easy; for one cannot brook war, nor the other peace.

APOSTASY.

BY BEN. E. RICH.

[In presenting the following article to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR I do not claim that it originated with me, on the contrary the most of it I have copied from the writings of Elders who labored in the missionary field before I was born. So in the words of the poet I will say,

"We have gathered posies from other men's flowers—
Nothing but the thread that binds them is ours."]

IN order to have an understanding of this subject in full it would be necessary for us to go back to the days of our Father Adam and see how his children departed from the commandments of God from time to time, but my main object, at present, is to show up the apostasy from the principles taught by Jesus Christ and His apostles, and, with this purpose in view, will give a slight description of the condition of the Jews at the birth of Christ.

The Jews, although the chosen people of God, had often exhibited a rebellious disposition, which, at times, caused the most severe displeasure and wrath of the Almighty: yet, they ever had a profound reverence for their prophets who had passed from this stage of action, but, strange to tell, they often hated and even killed those who were present among them.

At the time our Savior appeared in their midst their condition was a sad one. For several hundred years previous, they had been left almost entirely without the aid of immediate revelation to guide them, consequently they were like a ship upon a stormy ocean, without a helm. Their learned doctors had taken the liberty of placing their private interpretation upon the law and the prophets, and as a consequence they were divided into numerous sects such as Pharisees, Sadducees and Essinees.

It is true they retained an attachment to Moses and the prophets but the spark of inspiration was so far extinguished that they did not discern the difference between Christ and an impostor, notwithstanding they were in constant expectation of His appearance. They evidently overlooked the prophecies relating to His first coming, and fixed their expectations upon the fulfillment of those that describe His second appearance. This being the case they could not stoop so low as to receive the meek and quiet Jesus who associated with illiterate fishermen and whose humble parentage contributed still more to render Him odious in the minds of the people. Our Lord first went to a man who had authority from God and was preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins and immediately on coming out of the water the Holy Ghost descended and rested upon Him in the form of a dove, while the voice of God recognized Him from the heavens and declared He was well pleased.

Thus we see that the principle of baptism for the remission of sins, has been testified of by the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Christ then went forth calling upon mankind to have faith in Him as the son of God, to *repent* of their sins and be baptized, or, in other words, to follow Him. He organized His Church with apostles, prophets, etc, placing these officers in His church for the work of the ministry till all the members thereof arrive at a unity of the faith. The main object of having inspired apostles and prophets at the head of His work was to keep its members from being "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine."

After being put to death He appeared to His servants and told them to wait for the Holy Ghost before going into the world to preach the gospel. After His disciples had received this power from on high they taught this same faith, repentance and baptism promising the blessings of the Holy Ghost to follow, which was imparted to believers by the laying on of hands. The organization and the principles are so plainly described in the Bible, that in the words of the prophet we might say that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

When honest-hearted persons received these principles they found themselves in possession of the power to cast out devils, speak with new tongues, heal the sick and if poison were administered to them they would receive no hurt. This they all received in fulfillment of a promise made to that effect by Jesus Christ Himself, which is recorded in the sixteenth chapter of Mark. The Lord did not say to His ministers; "go ye out into the world and where you can get the greatest salary there stay until a larger salary calls you somewhere else;" but on the contrary, He said: "Go, preach the gospel to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out the devils, freely ye have received, freely give, and take with you neither purse nor scrip." The salary promised to these ministers of the gospel was a storm of persecution.

We find that this doctrine of new revelation soon set Satan's kingdom in a rage; the hireling priests began to tremble and of course, had to do something to prejudice the minds of the people and therefore they set up a cry such as "Beelzebub the prince of devils, a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." The devil soon sent out his servants with "cart loads" of lies and the more sanctity they mixed with their lies the better it took with the people; and when everything else failed, they said, "If we let this man alone, the Romans will take away our nation." We shall have occasion to allude to this kind of treatment again before we close.

Our next object will be to learn when this church lost her authority, together with all her gifts and graces, for we find among the so-called Christian churches of to-day that they are disrobed of all her beautiful garments and even those who pretend to defend her are crying out that her gifts, graces and ordinances are useless in this age of the world. Did Christ establish the true order or did He not? We say He did; and if He understood His business and set up His church correctly, has any man a right to change it? And if any man, though he be an angel from heaven, should alter it in the least will he not come under Paul's curse, which says, "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, *let him be accursed.*" Christ placed these officers and ordinances in the church for the perfecting of the saints; and any one teaching contrary to this is a perverter of the gospel and anti-Christ in the full sense of the word.

(To be Continued.)

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.—None can love freedom heartily but good men; the rest love not freedom, but license, which never hath more scope or more indulgence than under tyrants. Hence it is that tyrants are not oft offended by, nor stand much in doubt of, bad men, as being all naturally servile; but in whom virtue and true worth most is eminent, them they fear in earnest, as by right their masters; against them lies all their hatred and corruption.—*Milton.*

AN ENGLISH BOY'S
EXPERIENCE.

BY J. W.

(Continued from page 55.)

AFTER our catechisation we each received a piece of bread and a tin ticket and were passed into other rooms. There was one room for single men, one for single women and one for married couples. Our room was a large, square one with a stove in the center and inclined boards all around for beds and another board raised up a little for a head-rest. There were no mattresses and only a few were able to obtain a thin coverlid, as there were not enough for all. The next morning we received a piece of bread for our tin tickets and then resumed our journey. We went as far as Warrington and again enquired for the night asylum. We found the place, but it was widely different from the one at Manchester. The reception room was small and dirty. There I conversed with my first professional tramp. I asked him his trade; he said he was a watch-maker, and added that it was the best trade in the world for a tramp, as one *need never get work*. Even should one go to a watchmaker's shop he need not be afraid; for if it was a wheel-maker's shop the tramp could be a fitter; and if a fitter's shop he could be a wheel-maker, and thus be safe anyway. He said he had tried various trades, and with all others he had been caught somewhere by finding work; but the watch-making had never failed him.

He told me of begging of a gentleman near London who asked him his trade. He answered that he was a coach-builder. The gentleman asked where he had worked. He answered by naming a large shop in London. The foreman's name was then asked, which he was fortunately able to give. The gentleman then remarked:

"I shall give you liberally as you are evidently not an impostor. If you could not have answered me, however, I would have sent you to prison."

The tramp considered that a narrow escape and was afraid thereafter of being a coach-builder, and he consequently decided to be a watch-maker. He also instructed me in the art of begging, saying:

"If you beg of a Quaker do not plead hunger or poverty, as that would fail; but simply say, 'Is it in your power to relieve me?' A Quaker does not like to lie, and on answering 'Yes,' will generally give."

He considered the surest way of getting money was when one could see a young couple walking out to put himself directly in front of them and ask. They will give in order to be rid of a beggar.

His last experience with work, as near as I can recollect, was given as follows: He begged of a gentleman near London, who asked why such a stout, able-looking man was begging and not working. The answer was that he would be glad to work if he could get some to do. The gentleman said, "Come with me and I will find you a job." He then took him into a large yard surrounded by a high wall. All around inside the wall were sheds, and under the sheds large piles of boulders. At various places were a seat, an anvil, a wire mask for the face, a hammer and a hoop set in a handle. The work was to break the stones small enough to drop through a two-inch hole in the anvil, and the pay was three pence (six cents), per bushel. The tramp went to work heartily and resolved to quit his wandering life. He was soon encouraged by seeing quite a large-looking pile of stones under the anvil; but his

arm ached a little and the hammer felt heavier than at first. He worked a while longer then looked again. The pile did not seem to have grown so fast as at first, but his arm ached more and the hammer felt still heavier. He now began to think how he could get away; because if caught sneaking away he would likely be sent to prison. Finally he went and told the clerk he had eaten no breakfast and asked for his pay so he could buy food. The clerk measured his stones and paid for one bushel. He bought a loaf of bread at a shop in the yard, and while eating it was watching for a chance to get out at the doors. He soon saw a chance and escaped. He had not gone far before he met a carriage full of ladies of whom he begged; one threw him a sixpence, and this, he said, forever spoiled him for work, as he had begged a sixpence in two minutes, and it would have taken him two hours to earn it.

Bed time came and the order was given for all the English (six in number), to go in first; the rest, forty or fifty Irish, were to wait. I was crowded behind and remarked to an Irish neighbor to let me pass and not to be ashamed of his country. He replied, "Arrah; if all the English were to have their heads cut off, you would be Irish to-morrow!"

We were catechised as at Manchester. I was polite, and found it to pay, even there. The pieces of bread were cut by the matron as needed and while I got a large piece, my tramp acquaintance, who was saucy, got a small, thin piece which he held up between his thumb and finger and blew at it as if to blow it away. We were shown into a large room with quite a number of beds. The bedsteads were of iron with gunny-sack ticks filled with chaff.

Our guide, a young woman, said, "Now, you six Englishmen can have that bed *to yourselves*, (pointing to one in a corner). You Irish can divide the rest." Evidently more than six to a bed. The bed was of the ordinary size and we got in three at the head and three at the foot. But when we wanted to turn or move, we had to give a general notice, as we could not do so otherwise.

Next morning we received another piece of bread and resumed our journey towards Liverpool, arriving about noon. We immediately commenced our enquiries among the shipping; but it happened to be the year of the Irish famine and there were boys in abundance and trade was bad. I had but one offer and that was to be bound apprentice to a ship that was bound for Calcutta. I was to go next day at ten o'clock to close the bargain; but I was too late, as another boy had offered and was taken.

On the second day after reaching Liverpool, while wandering around the docks I got tired and sat down by a cotton bale where I fell asleep. A gentleman awoke me and questioned me as to my business, etc., after which he gave me a sixpence. Up to this time I had eaten only corn which I gathered in the docks. I bought some food at night and had three halfpence left. I put the penny in one of my shoes and the halfpenny in the other for safe keeping, as I did not have a good opinion of my company at the night asylum in this city, which was the worst I had seen or visited. I had on a pair of good, new shoes, and when I went to the asylum I simply laid down on the floor in my clothes. I awoke in the night to find the shoe gone that had the penny in it. The string was gone from the other shoe and some trifles from my pocket; I think in trying to get the other shoe they aroused me. I never found my shoe again and walked around Liverpool and then home with but one shoe.

Next day in our enquiries after food we learned of a place where soup was distributed, and were informed where we could

get tickets. There were at this time three of us in company. We were directed to a certain place, either in a joke or a mistake, for on entering we found it to be a pawn shop. We asked for some tickets for soup and were directed higher up the street. The place we found was a police office and we were rather shy about going in; but we were hungry and I was elected speaker and went in. The officer accused us of being runaway apprentices. I told him I never was apprenticed, but had worked at home. He finally gave us tickets for each a quart of soup.

We went to a large building where was a row of very large tubs, each holding hundreds of gallons. The soup was made of oatmeal, pearl barley, etc. There was no meat. We ate heartily and went again next day for more soup, but were told we did not need to eat every day.

The day following we started for home and walked to Manchester before night. We went to the night asylum again but were refused bread because we had been there before. We reached Leeds the next day, where the night asylum was a nice, clean place and each occupant was given a loaf of good bread. Our pockets were searched to see if we had any money concealed on us. Next morning we were shown our road and informed that if we were found in town after telling them we were going somewhere else we would be sent to prison. We walked twenty-eight miles that day and I arrived home. I had been absent from home over a year and from my place of work over two weeks. My parents scarcely expected to see me again as I had not informed them of my going or intentions. The experience I gained on that journey, while it only increased my desire to see more of the world, made me resolve to try and have money in my pocket when I should start again.

About a year afterwards I obeyed the gospel, and a year later gathered to Utah.

I have since visited all those towns as an Elder preaching the gospel, but under very different circumstances from my former visit.

NEARLY A MURDER.

YEARS ago when western America was but thinly populated each of the hunters, trappers or herders who ventured into the then wild region was supposed to be able and ready at all times to defend himself not only from wild animals but also from wicked men. No marshals and sheriffs were then found to pursue criminals; nor were courts in session to judge between man and man. The rough and frequently cruel law of still rougher men was often administered unjustly and many are the innocent persons convicted on slight circumstantial evidence that have suffered for deeds they never committed.

The cattle-thief in those days was considered by the herders to be worse than a murderer. The act of killing a man then was not viewed with much horror unless done in a very cowardly manner, but to steal an ox was a deed worthy of death. The talk of such an offense generally only ended in the death of the supposed guilty party.

That the hasty judgment of enraged herders was not always just the following incident will prove:

One hot day in July, some years ago, a herdsman was driving his cattle from a well-grazed pasture to a new location. As he drove the herd along a few other cattle that were in the

vicinity became mixed with his, and all efforts to separate them were in vain. He had not, however, reached his destination before about a dozen horsemen overtook him and demanded their cattle which he was accused of stealing.

He tried to explain but they told him to make his remarks short. He then offered to assist in separating the stray cattle from his own, but they only laughed at him and said they intended to confiscate the whole herd and leave him hanging on a tree as a warning to other thieves. The poor man was completely overcome, but as he was only allowed ten minutes in which to make his defense, he turned to his rough captors and said:

"How many of you have wives?"

Two or three nodded.

"How many of you have children?"

Another nod from several was the answer.

"Then I know who I am talking to, and you'll hear me: I never stole any cattle. I have lived in these parts over three years. I came from the States, after having failed in business during the panic.

"I have been saving. I have no home here; my family are in the East, for I go from place to place. These clothes I wear are rough, and I am a hard-looking customer, but this is a hard country. Days seem like months to me, and months like years. Married men, you know that. But for the letters from home [here he pulled out some loving missives from his wife] I should get discouraged.

"I have paid part of my debts. Here are the receipts," and he handed them to his hearers. "I expected to sell out and go home in November. Here is the Testament my good mother gave me; here is my little girl's picture," and he kissed it very tenderly.

"Now, men, if you have decided to kill me for what I am innocent of, send these home, and send as much from the cattle as you can when I'm dead. Can't you send half the value? My family will need it."

"Hold on now; stop right thar," said a rough ranger. "Now I say, boys," he continued, "I say, let him go. Give us your hand old boy; that picture and them letters did the business. You can go free."

"We'll do more than that," said another man of a family, "let's buy his cattle here and let him go."

And so they did. These rough men, uncouth in appearance, unlearned in speech, but noble at heart were melted to tears at this simple recital, and love was begotten in their hearts for the wife and child of a man whose life they had almost taken. They paid him full price in gold for his stock and never left his side until they saw him safely in the stage with his face turned towards home and family, and then with light hearts and joyful countenances they turned to resume their occupations.

D. V.

FALSEHOOD always endeavors to copy the mien and attitude of truth.

A MERE sanguine temperament often passes for genius and patriotism.

HE who can conceal his joy is greater than he who can conceal his griefs.

AVOID circumlocution in language. Words, like cannon balls, should go straight to their mark.

Lessons for the Little Ones.

GETTING A TESTIMONY.

A VERY boy and girl who has come to years of understanding and is accountable before the Lord for his or her actions, should seek to get a testimony that the gospel is true. The earlier in life one receives this knowledge the better it will be for him. For it will be a guide and a help to him in his endeavors to serve the Lord acceptably while in youth.

Perhaps some children think themselves too young to receive such a testimony, and that it is not necessary that they should do so until they become men and women. It is a mistake to think like this. No child feels too young to ask its parents for what it needs, and if it asks for that which is for its good, it is given. Then why should a child be afraid to ask our Heavenly Father for what it is in need of, and which no one else can give? Our Heavenly Father may not answer those who go to Him for things they do not want; but He will never refuse to hear and answer those who wish to know how to serve Him aright.

The best and greatest men who have lived are those who sought in their youth the right way to serve the Lord. Joseph Smith, as good a man and as great a prophet as ever lived upon this earth, except our Savior, prayed to the Lord in his youth. He wanted to know the way of serving Him and the Lord Himself came down and spoke to him.

The Prophet Nephi, whose history is recorded in the Book of Mormon, tell us that he sought the Lord while very young, and that the Lord heard his prayers. He made the Lord his friend, and He bestowed upon Nephi many great favors. If you will read the account of his life, which is in the fore part of the Book of Mormon, you will learn how useful and mighty a man he became. You will also see how the course he took in life resulted in good, while his brothers who were wicked and disobedient, and who did not seek to do the Lord's will, brought a curse upon themselves and their children after them.

We might mention many other men whom the scriptures speak of that began early in life to learn the will of the Lord concerning them. Among these were Joseph, who became governor of Egypt, Solomon, the king of Israel, and Daniel, who rose to be the chief ruler in the great empire of Babylon.

Some children no doubt might ask, "How can we get a testimony of the truth of the gospel?" This is an important question, as it is very necessary that children should know how to get this knowledge.

When a person wants a certain thing he generally goes to the place where he thinks it is to be found in order to get it. The only one from whom a knowledge of the gospel can be had is our Heavenly Father. We must pray to Him in faith, and He will surely answer us. He may not appear to us or even send an angel, but He will give us a testimony that cannot be mistaken. We perhaps may not be convinced by some sign or miracle, but by the silent whisperings of the Holy Spirit. We should not ask for a testimony in the form of some wonderful display of God's power. It would not be wise to do so. The best testimony is a good degree of the Holy Spirit to dwell within us at all times. Then we will be continually receiving testimony upon testimony to strengthen our faith. This Spirit will cause many things to become as evidence in our eyes to the truth of the work of the Lord which otherwise would not appear so.

But to obtain and retain this Spirit we must seek earnestly and live in purity. It is a gift from the Lord to His children; but He only gives it to those who are worthy of it. He does not reward those who do not merit His blessing. Do not expect, therefore, the Lord will give you a knowledge of the gospel when you become men and women unless you ask for and show a desire to obtain it. It is better to try and get a testimony now while young.

TIRED OF DOING RIGHT.

"Don't you get tired of trying to do right?" asked Rob of little Tim.

"Why, what do you mean?" replied Tim, a little startled.

"One day I tried hard to be good, not to get mad and all that sort of thing, and I never was so tired in my life."

Tim said thoughtfully: "It is hard work to do right, sometimes, but it is harder to be bad, I think. Just see, when you try to be good, you don't say and do so many mean things; but when you don't care and don't try, you are always uncomfortable and in trouble about something. I think it is a great deal harder to do bad."—*Ex.*

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

AT the April Conference of 1882, I was called by the servants of God to fill a mission to New Zealand. I accordingly left Salt Lake City, May 2nd, 1882, in company with other brethren who were appointed to a mission in the same country and proceeded to Ogden where I boarded the Central Pacific train which conveyed us towards the great Pacific Ocean.

But a short time elapsed after starting on the journey before I began to think of home and the very pleasant associations of wife, child, parents, brothers and sisters and friends that I was leaving behind me. The significance of my errand and the necessity of making God a suecor and support gradually became perceptible, as I realized that I had passed from the bosom of the Church and from an influence heavenly and divine into one not as mutual and congenial.

During our journey through the western portion of Utah and eastern part of Nevada night's sable curtain shrouded the country; but next morning on awakening from a somewhat comfortable resting-place we found ourselves at the Humboldt Wells near the head of the Humboldt River, which was followed nearly all day towards its mouth.

In traveling through this part of Nevada there is little to be seen, as the country produces no vegetation, with the exception of those portions of meadow land which immediately skirt the river, over which roam numerous herds of poverty-stricken cattle. At the various stations passed nothing of interest was to be seen. Towards evening we left the Humboldt River and penetrated the narrows of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. By this time night had overtaken us; therefore we were prevented from viewing the beautiful scenery in which those mountains abound.

The unpleasant feelings created in one's mind by the uninteresting and desert-like appearance of Nevada are dispelled as rapidly as the twinkling of an eye by the smiling orchards, vegetable gardens, grass-carpeted pastures and fields, young vineyards, cherry and orange fields to be seen on either side of the railroad as the train emerges from the fastnesses of the mountains and rapidly descends the Pacific slope towards the metropolis of the West.

Not many hours' ride into the State of California brings us into the Sacramento depot which is elegantly embellished and fitted up with necessary conveniences for the accommodation of the passengers and trains. We remained at Sacramento, the capital of the State, twenty-five minutes, then crossed the Sacramento River on the great steam ferry-boat, *Solano*; I believe the largest in the world of the kind. It only required fifteen minutes for our whole train to be taken aboard of the boat, ferried three miles across the river and to be put on the track at the opposite side. Immediately we were again flying towards Oakland, the western terminus of the Central Pacific Railway. At this point the passengers are transferred from the train to the beautifully and commodiously-arranged ferry-boat on the San Francisco Bay, whence they are conveyed a distance of six miles to the city.

A view of the bay, covered with vessels of all descriptions, varying in size from the small pulling-boat to the mammoth steamer, sailing craft and man-of-war, is very grand. And the system of wharves and docks which project into the bay from the San Francisco side are also very interesting. These places of rest for the many plowers of the main are flanked

by hundreds of boats, whose towering masts clothed with yard-arms, sails and ropes, add to the beauty of the spectacle.

Arriving in San Francisco we learned with pleasure that we would be detained on account of the delay of the English mail, which was to be carried to New Zealand and Australia by the same ship which would carry us from our native country. This enabled us to remain there four days, during which time we viewed the great sights of the city, a description of which both time and space prevent me from giving.

On the afternoon of the 8th of May, 1882, myself and companions boarded the royal mail steamer, *City of Sidney*, and steamed out of the Golden Gate. After sailing on the ocean for some time, and as the American Continent passed from view, the great breakers made us feel very uncomfortable. Being in the cabin everything was nice; but, alas! I could not find an easy place upon the whole boat, and it was not long before I was very sea-sick, which caused me to feel uncomfortable during the remainder of the voyage.

On the morning of the seventh day out from San Francisco we arose with the hope of again seeing land, as we had previously been informed that on that morning we should arrive at the Sandwich Islands. We therefore leaned anxiously over the starboard side, looking with longing eyes for land. In the early part of the forenoon we sighted one of the islands in the dim distance. It appeared at first as a dark cloud; but as we neared this beautiful land, its rolling hills and gentle slopes, covered with grass and vegetation, became more visible, which tended to create mirth and joy in the breasts of those on board. At length we passed between two of the islands and rounded the head of the one on the right. We then beheld the beautiful town of Honolulu, almost obscured from view by the dense foliage of cocoanut, banana, mango and other tropical trees. Immediately at the back of the city is Punch-bowl Hill, an extinct volcano.

A most interesting sight to us was to see, as we neared shore, a number of native boys who swam out to meet the ship as it was pulling along the wharf. These dusky children came for the purpose of diving for money, which was customarily thrown from the vessel by some of the cabin passengers. Ten and twenty-five cent pieces were thrown into the sea and these little aquatic experts would go down and get it before it would reach the bottom of the ocean.

The ship having been made fast to the wharf, we went ashore. To our happy surprise we met Elder H. H. Cluff, who was then the President of the Hawaiian Mission. Bro. Cluff received us with cordiality, and directed us to the headquarters of the Latter-day Saints, where we spent a pleasant time.

We remained about four hours in Honolulu when the whistle of the ship summoned us to get aboard, which we did. The remainder of the voyage was uneventful. After a lapse of two weeks we reached Auckland, New Zealand. This was on the 22nd of May, 1882. We felt thankful to our Heavenly Father for preserving us on that voyage of 6050 miles, and permitting us to land in tolerably good health.

(To be Continued.)

LET amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the greatest spaces thereof.

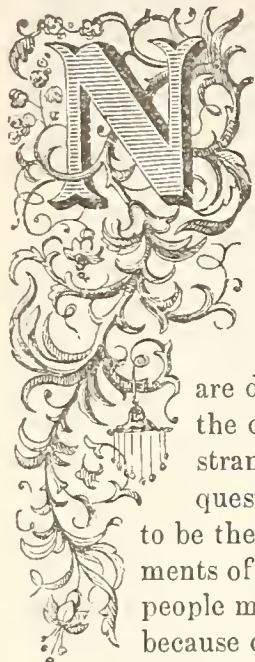
THE shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



NEVER, in the history of the Church, has the anger and hatred of the wicked been more apparent against the Church of God than at present. The Latter-day Saints are passing through an ordeal. The Lord is permitting their faith to be tried. The enemies of the truth are proceeding to lengths never before known in this Territory. Those who are exposed the most, and against whom the chief proceedings are directed, are those who have sought to obey the celestial law of marriage. Does this seem strange to the children? Do you ever ask the question, why it is that those who have striven to be the most faithful in keeping the commandments of God should be the most persecuted? Some people might imagine that they would be so favored, because of their obedience that they would escape all trouble. They might imagine that they who were not so obedient would be the ones to be stirred up and annoyed.

"All that will live godly in Christ Jesus," the Apostle Paul says, "shall suffer persecution." There is a reason for this. Satan has power in the earth. A large portion of mankind listen to him and are controlled by him. He hates the truth, and he has made it and its believers unpopular. Therefore, the nearer men live like the wicked world the more popular they are with the world. But the nearer they approach to godliness, and the less they give heed to Satan, the more they are persecuted. He wages war upon all those who will not be governed by him. He seeks for their destruction, and when he has the power he sheds their blood.

But some may ask: "Why does the Lord suffer Satan to persecute the Saints? They are good people, and why does He not protect them?"

He does protect and deliver them. If He did not, they would have been destroyed long ago. But He has His own way of doing this. He does not work according to men's ideas and views. His methods are as much above ours as the heavens are higher than the earth. We look at the present. We are apt to measure success or defeat by that which takes place immediately around us in this life. But not so with the Lord. His glance comprehends eternity.

Persecution does not hurt anybody. It has a good effect. It tries and proves people. Their faith and integrity are tested. They are led to seek the Lord. If faithful, they become stronger and in every way better under persecution. The weak, the unbelieving, the hypocrite, and all who are only Saints in name, are brought to light. They cannot endure the pressure. They are separated from the Church. By this process the Church is purified. The tares, which are continually growing among the wheat, are brought to light,

and the wheat has more room to grow and spread. Persecution is not pleasant. We all shrink from it more or less. Yet its effect upon the Church has been most beneficial.

"But why," it may be asked, "should the members of the Church who seek to obey the celestial law of marriage be more persecuted than those who do not?"

One reason is, those who obey that law approach nearer to godliness and excite more opposition on the part of Satan and those under his influence. But, we ask, why should not those who obey this law be more persecuted and tried than others? They aim to attain a higher glory. They desire, by obeying the law that pertains to exaltation, to reach the glory where God and Christ are. To be counted worthy to enjoy this glory they must be willing to endure all things, to be like gold seven times purified in the fire. They who reach the celestial glory must be tried and proved in all things. Depend upon it, if there is a weak spot in their character it will be found out. They must, by the grace of God to assist them, overcome all their weaknesses and bear patiently every trial and affliction that may lie in their pathway; yes, even death itself if it should be necessary.

Why, then, should they expect to escape persecution? As the world now is, with Satan wielding so much power as he does, they should not expect to escape trials of this kind. They appear to be necessary. But such Saints have many advantages, and these make up to them for all they suffer. They have the consciousness of keeping the commandments of the Lord. This is a cause of strength and comfort. The Lord, also, bestows His Holy Spirit in abundance upon them. This enables them to bear patiently and joyously every kind of persecution and affliction. They rejoice and are exceeding glad, for so persecuted the world the prophets which were before them.

It was often remarked by President Brigham Young, that with all the troubles and difficulties the Saints have had to endure, their position has always been much better than that of their enemies. This, doubtless, is the case with the Saints of this dispensation. Let the lives of Latter-day Saints be compared with the lives of their enemies, and how much more desirable in every way the condition of the former appears! In temporal circumstances the Saints in this Territory appear to be blessed above people of their class elsewhere; but how can a comparison be made between the blessings which flow unto them from the gospel and the blessings which other people enjoy? In this respect the condition of the Saints is incomparably superior.

WHILE upon this subject permit us to give to you, our little readers, some words of counsel. In times like the present some people of little faith allow themselves to be tormented by apprehensions of what is going to happen. These fears in Latter-day Saints are nothing less than folly. Does not God reign as much now as when times were smooth and easy? If He does, can we not trust Him as much now as we did then? He is watching over His people. He will not permit the wicked to go one inch farther than He sees is good for us. Of this we may be sure. We should never take a step at any time without seeking to know from Him if it is right and obtaining His blessing upon it. This having been done, we should then be courageous and strong. Our house is then built upon a rock, and not upon the sand, and when the rains descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon the house, it will not fall. When this is the case with us what room is there for fear? When a spirit of

fear and trembling takes possession of Latter-day Saints they are in a bad condition. The Spirit of the Lord is not there; for that Spirit casteth out all fear. When Saints give way to distrust and fear, to doubt and depression and are discouraged, they should know that they are under an evil influence. The Spirit of the Lord bears no such fruit. It gives courage, strength and comfort, it fills one with hope, peace and joy. All gloom, distrust and apprehension are banished, and confidence in the Lord and His power to save us is supreme. No matter how dark the prospects, this is the way Latter-day Saints should always feel. This is the way the Lord desires us to feel. When any other feeling prevails we may know it is not from God.

INAUGURATION DAY.

ON the fourth of this month Washington City, the capital of this nation, will be the scene of great excitement and imposing ceremonies. The assembled multitudes will have the opportunity of seeing for the first time in twenty-eight years the inauguration of a Democratic president. Judging from the extensive preparations which are being made the event will not be surpassed in grandeur by that of any similar occasion that has ever transpired in this country. The friends of Mr. Cleveland seem determined to make his entrance into this high position an event long to be remembered both by himself as well as the people.

The ceremonies attending the inauguration of a president in these days are different to what they were in the early days of the republic. True, Washington and Adams were ushered into office with some of the style and display common to royalty in England; but Jefferson instituted a reform in this respect, which to the American people was quite pleasing. Dressed in plain black clothes he rode without guard or servant to the old Capitol, where he dismounted and hitched his horse to the fence. He was met on the steps by a number of friends with whom he walked to the Senate Chamber, where he delivered his inaugural address. The annual messages, too, which during previous administrations had been read by the president himself to a conjoint meeting of both houses of Congress, Jefferson submitted in writing and they were read by the respective clerks of both houses. This latter practice has been observed ever since.

Another act of reform accredited to Jefferson was to cease giving the numerous balls and receptions which were so common in the time of Washington and Adams. He established two public days for the reception of company—the first of January and the fourth of July. On other days he was ready, however, to receive any person who might call either on business or out of courtesy. This arrangement met with the unqualified disapproval of Washington ladies and they determined to try and have the old custom renewed.

On the day which in former times had been set apart for a ball, the ladies resorted in full dress to the presidential mansion. Jefferson was out taking a ride on horseback. On his return he saw many elegantly-dressed ladies in the public rooms, and immediately understood the object of their visit. But he was not to be foiled in his purpose, and he appeared before his fair guests booted and spurred, and covered with dust.

So courteous was he in his reception of them and so graceful in his manners that the ladies went away delighted with

the president, but annoyed with themselves for their rudeness in attempting to break through his household rules. They never were guilty of a similar act.

President-elect Cleveland has been compared, by some of his admiring friends, with Jefferson for simplicity of manners and honesty of purpose, but whether the comparison is a just one time will prove. It is to be sincerely hoped, however, that the fourth of March may see a man placed in position as chief executive of this nation who will be full of integrity, fearless in the discharge of his duty and who will faithfully oppose error and corruption from whatever source it may come.

VIDI.

THE SCIPIO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THERE being some difference of opinion among teachers of Sunday schools as to the advisability of giving scholars prizes for good attendance and behavior, we take the liberty of inserting the following extract from a letter written by Brother Thomas Memmott, superintendent of the Scipio Sunday school, which will doubtless prove of interest and may be suggestive to those who have charge of Sunday schools elsewhere:

"Some years ago when taking up a new field here, we took in ten acres of land for the Sunday school for which we now have the deeds. The brethren donated a ten acre water claim, and when another brother donated five acres more land; thus our Sunday school now owns fifteen acres of land and ten of water.

"We plant this with grain, hire out the land and the proceeds are used for our Sunday school.

"We made Brother Yates, our Co-op. Superintendent, treasurer. When the grain is thrashed it goes to him and he kindly allows us the highest cash price, we never closing out to him until we think grain is at its highest price.

"Now we give small tickets to the scholars for early attendance and also for other good causes. These small tickets have a cash value—half a cent. These are redeemed with larger tickets whose value is two cents. These are in turn redeemed with anything proper on a cash basis. Thus many good books have got into the hands of our children from this source. At the beginning of this year many had saved up their tickets, and we offered to take them on JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR subscriptions, and the result is six new subscribers from that source. Thus placing in the hands of the children the best work of the times for them."

AN EARLY MANUSCRIPT OF THE BIBLE.—The Duke of Sussex, uncle of her present majesty, possessed a very fine manuscript of the thirteenth century, upon vellum, in two volumes, entitled, "Biblia Sacra Hebraica." At the end of the second volume was the following curious inscription in Hebrew:

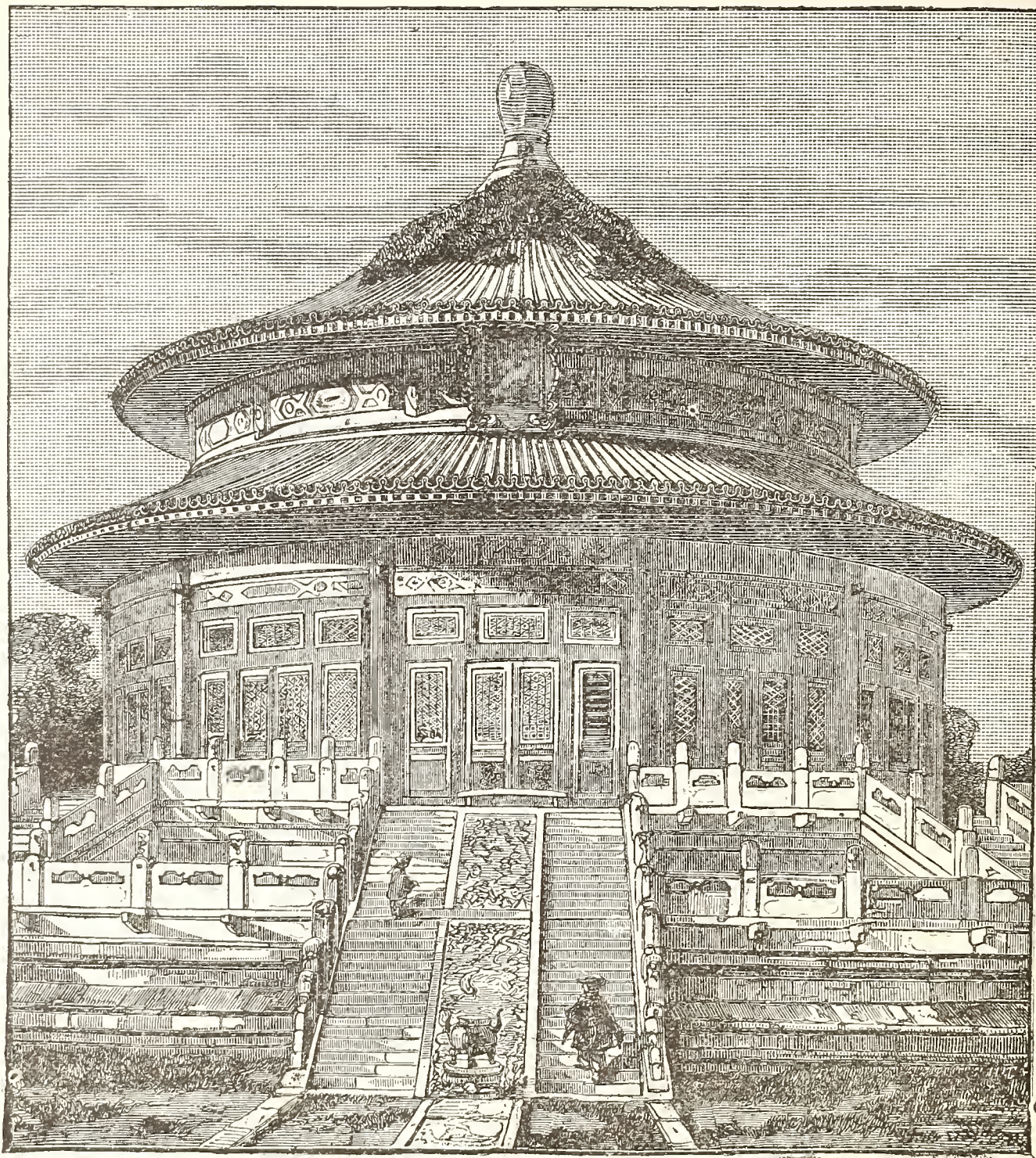
"I, Meyer, the son of Rabbi Jacob, the Scribe, have finished this book for Rabbi Abraham, the year 5052 (A. D. 1292), and he has bequeathed it to his children, and his children's children, for ever. Amen, Amen, Amen. Be strong and strengthened. May the book not be damaged this day nor for ever, until the ass ascends the ladder." After this was drawn the figure of an ass ascending a ladder.

CHINESE TEMPLES.

THE Chinese, unlike many so-called Christians, are said to be worshipers of material beings or objects. They have several edifices which were erected for sacred purposes. These buildings are known as the Temple of Heaven, the Temple of the Sun, the Temple of the Moon, the Temple of the Earth, etc. The one represented in the picture is called the Temple of the Sun. The Temple of Heaven is the principal one. In it the emperor is crowned and is supposed to assume the gov-

of sacrifices, etc. Foreigners are not admitted into the Temple of Heaven, as the Chinese consider it would be polluted thereby. Even the masses of the natives are excluded for fear of their profaning its sacredness.

The more one learns concerning the customs of different peoples—their modes of worship and their ideas of the Deity—the greater is his inclination to the belief that mankind have degenerated from a higher standard of perfection than they are now able to attain. We know of nothing that goes to prove that man sprang from a lower order of animal life—



ernment of the whole earth, although his authority is not recognized by any outside the Chinese empire. He also makes yearly sacrifices within its walls, invoking the blessings of heaven upon his domains. He offers similar sacrifices in the other temples, though not so often. There is a paved road leading from the palace of the emperor to the Temple of Heaven over which the ruler is carried in a car drawn by six white elephants. Within the enclosure of another building called the Temple of Agriculture the emperor is required once a year to plow up the ground and plant seed. Other ceremonies are performed upon this occasion, such as the offering

that through a series of changes or evolutions, which occupied ages, he finally attained his present position in the first rank of the animal kingdom. There are individuals, and a great many of them, too, who are not satisfied with the account of the origin of man as given in the Bible. Some of these men, with more self-conceit than common sense, have endeavored to account for human existence in what they consider a more reasonable way. It is almost needless to say that they have invariably failed. The theories they invent are like bags of gas, with no more body or weight; and when they come in contact with a spark of truth they immediately

explode, and there is nothing left of them. Those who have made the deepest researches into antiquity are of the opinion that in the early ages of the world's history mankind were in possession of greater and more accurate knowledge upon most subjects than they are to-day. They are sustained in their belief by substantial evidences. The pages of history, the facts gained by antiquarians through their researches among the ruins of ancient cities, and the more sure word of modern revelation, all go to prove that their views are correct.

The vague conceptions that heathens have of the Supreme Being and the manner of worshiping Him suggest the idea that they were once in possession of correct knowledge upon these subjects, or that they received their notions from a true source. The character and meaning of the mythology of various nations seem to impress one with the belief that all peoples are from the same family, or that they once received the same kind of religious training; and that the teachings imparted unto them were from inspired men. Many heathen nations believe in building sacred edifices or temples for the worship of the Deity. This is another evidence that their forms of worship were not originated by man; but that they are the results of the true form being corrupted through the loss of inspiration for their guidance.

The doctrines believed in by some heathen worshipers so much resemble the teachings of true Christianity that some men have asserted their belief that they must have been learned from the ancient apostles of Christ, or from some of His followers. Again, some of the religious rites practiced by heathens are similar to those which the Israelites were required to obey in the days of Moses and for a long time afterwards.

The ruins of Assyria, Egypt, China, Japan, Peru and many other places show evidences of ancient civilizations that would excel any of modern times.

From both sacred and secular history we learn of the wonderful progress made by the ancients in the knowledge of arts and sciences, and in gaining wisdom. It appears that those who were considered heathens in ancient times knew more about heavenly things than do the professed Christians of to-day. For an instance of this we will call your attention to Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, who was a heathen. When the three Hebrews were cast into the fiery furnace by order of the king, Nebuchadnezzar, seeing four personages walking about in the flames, exclaimed that the fourth was like the Son of God. We suppose from this that he had learned from some source to recognize the personal appearance of the Son of God.

The similarity that exists to a remarkable extent between the languages of peoples separated from each other by great distances, goes to show that they are from the same parentage. Notwithstanding the fact that the language of the people was confounded while they were building the Tower of Babel, there still remains some likeness between most all the languages of the earth.

A traveler who spent many years in studying the language and style of writing used by the ancients, states his belief that Adam spoke a perfect language; that he possessed a method of writing that was superior to anything now known; and that in short he was a perfect man, with all the talents and accomplishments that it is possible for mankind to attain. But through carelessness and neglect the art of writing was almost lost entirely, and the language became corrupted.

This is indeed a more sensible, rational and admirable conception of the condition of primitive man than that advocated

by the evolutionist. It also accords with what the scripture teaches us concerning our first parents. We are informed in the Bible that Adam was the son of God, and that God created man in His own image. From this we would naturally believe that He endowed him with all the faculties belonging to mankind. E. F. P.

HANNAH, AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

CHAPTER IV.

SI WHOPSCOTT and Lawyer Higbee proceeded in good faith with their inventory. They had made a perfectly correct report to Thorndyke of the lumber in the mill-yard, but in pursuance of his paltry plot to secure influence with Samantha he had written fictitious entries upon the lists and then caused her to believe that her husband and the lawyer had some plan on foot to withhold from her a portion of the property. He was rewarded for his treachery by the selfish and suspicious woman, without losing the confidence of his employer and the old lumberman. The day following the execution of his project Rupert again remained at the mill-house. He was not needed at the several logging camps, since both he and Samantha knew that Si could have no possible object in withholding from the lists the correct number of logs; and he was instructed by Mr. Higbee to prosecute the work of copying the papers. This was very agreeable to Thorndyke, who saw thus an opportunity to make love to Hannah and increase his influence with her mother. Samantha also deemed it to her advantage, since she was anxious to secure to herself an alliance with this shrewd young clerk. But most of all it was happiness for Hannah, who, in a rough almost tigerish fashion, had begun to fairly love Rupert.

After the lapse of a few days the work was all completed, the papers made and the property delivered to its new owner. The lawyer and his clerk returned to Boulder. Rupert had not openly declared his affection to Hannah but he had made many allusions to it, and she thought that she had every reason to believe that he loved her. With Samantha he had not been so conservative; and they two had agreed that he should be called upon at any time when legal advice was needed by Mrs. Whopscott. Believing himself master of the situation and knowing how effective absence is in some cases, Rupert stayed away from the mill for ten days, at the expiration of which time he received a message from Samantha asking him to visit her at once. Upon his arrival at the house she was absent at the mill overlooking the work personally, and giving orders in her sharp, unpleasant voice as if she had been a competent mill-hand for twenty years. The young man could not lose this opportunity to further his suit with Hannah, and during the hour which followed, aided by a few languishing looks, and some soft speeches, he had won Hannah's consent to become Mrs. Thorndyke.

When Samantha reached the house she did not even wait to greet Mr. Thorndyke with a welcome, but blurted out:

"Well, you've come at last, have you? I want your help. Si Whopscott's been drunk again. Where he gets the money I can't tell; I warned him that if he was guilty of any foolishness out he'd go—and out he will go, if there's any such thing

as law in this country to protect an honest, hard-working woman in her rights. I want to know if I'm obliged to keep that good-for-nothing, lazy, drunken vagabond around here any longer. Can't I drive him and his mules off the place, and forbid him ever to come back again?"

Thorndyke considered for a moment, and then answered that Mrs. Whopscott, being the possessor in her own right of all the property around the mill, including the house and its surroundings, could order Si away, and compel him at least to leave the property untouched. As to the right which Si might have to enter the domicile Thorndyke was not so clear. But without giving offense to Samantha he managed to intimate that she could make it so warm about the house for her husband that he would have little anxiety to remain.

Mrs. Whopscott accepted the advice and agreed to follow it. She would at once forbid Si's interference in the mill management and would order him to take his departure. If he failed to observe her demands she asserted that she could very easily make life a burden for him until he would be glad to concede her points.

Hannah had been present and had once or twice ventured a remonstrance; but had been abruptly silenced by her mother. She felt a shock of most intense pain when she saw that it was upon the advice and really with the consent of her lover that her father was to be impoverished and turned adrift. But when the conversation had reached this definite point Samantha ordered Hannah to another part of the house and then said to Rupert confidentially,

"I'll never have any peace about the place while that girl stays to snivel and swear. She don't seem to care anything for her mother, and she's completely wrapped up in that old villain, Si Whopscott. I half wish she'd go with him."

This brought the subject in a startling way before Thorndyke, for once he lost his self-possession. But after a moment's thought he concluded to put a bold face on the matter and accordingly he asked Mrs. Whopscott for her daughter's hand in marriage, saying that he believed that Hannah would not be averse to giving her consent. Samantha seemed startled by the suddenness of the proposition, and turned rather curtly from Thorndyke. She was about to say that he might be Hannah's husband if he chose, but if he accepted that situation he could not be her confidential man of business. When he noticed the unfavorable light in her eyes he quickly interposed:

"My dear Mrs. Whopscott, do not suppose for a moment that this could make me serve you any the less faithfully. Because the girl and I have taken a fancy to each other is no sign that I approve of her foolishness concerning her father. If you consent to our marriage I shall endeavor to wean her affection from that disreputable person and shall endeavor to keep him at arm's length from you and Hannah. Think of it for a few moments and I believe you will see that I could in this way render you much more help than under any other circumstances."

Mrs. Whopscott agreed to give the matter consideration and that afternoon, much to Rupert's delight and to Hannah's surprise she gave her full consent to the marriage only stipulating that the ceremony should be performed immediately. That afternoon Rupert returned to Boulder to make arrangements for his wedding within a week.

At night Hannah, full of her new-found happiness, wandered down to the river where she had first thought of loving Thorndyke, and left her father and mother alone at the house. This was Samantha's opportunity and she used it unsparingly.

She first accused Si of theft and double-dealing and drunkenness, and finally declared that he could live at the mill no longer since she could not trust to his honesty nor sobriety. This blow fell with shattering force upon the old man and he remonstrated in a pathetic way which would have won mercy from anyone who had a heart. But his pleadings were unavailing and long before Hannah returned from the scene of her happy reverie poor Si Whopscott had agreed to leave the mill and the house, and never set foot upon the premises again.

When the girl came back she was too much engrossed in her own thoughts to notice that there had been a quarrel and that her father looked crushed. She was about to retire to her own room without even saying good-night when her mother called her back and said:

"A nice father you've got Hannah Whopscott, and very proud Mr. Thorndyke will be of his new relation when you get married."

Even the uncouth Hannah flushed at this coarse allusion to her lover; and being recalled to herself was about to say something in defense of her father when he burst out with a torrent of profanity and indignantly closed with saying:

"S'manthy Whopscott don't you never mention that man's name along with the name of my leetle girl, for he's a low varmint. You may drive me from house and home, but yer sha'nt insult my daughter in that way."

The old man's words struck Hannah speechless with indignation. For the first time and all in a second she fairly hated her father. Samantha saw the effect upon the girl, and hastened to make the breach between father and daughter still wider.

She said: "It's like you Si Whopscott to talk so about your betters and to refuse this girl the best chance she could ever have of being happy. You're a selfish brute; and I hope that Hannah knows now who's her real friend. She shall marry Mr. Thorndyke if she wants to and you can't prevent it."

The old man turned a pleading glance upon his daughter and cried: "Oh Hannah! my dear leetle girl, don't marry that skunk. Let your mother have all this property and you come along with me, and I'll work for you day an' night to make you comfortable and keep you safe from harm—but don't, oh don't give yourself away to such a whippersnapper as that Thorndyke!"

Instead of being melted by this appeal of her father's, Hannah was more hardened than ever. She spurned the old man's outstretched hands, looked at him disdainfully, and then went and sat by her mother.

The old man seemed ready to die with pain and anger. He looked first at the mother and then at Hannah, reached out his hands once or twice in a pitiful way and seemed about to speak. But he either restrained himself or else the words stuck in his throat; and he turned without a word and opened the door. He looked out once into the black night and then again at his wife and daughter. For a full minute his gaze rested upon Hannah, first in anger and then with a yearning tenderness most sorrowful to see. Tears welled from his old eyes, and coursed down his cheeks, and then, without a sound he was gone.

Next morning just at daylight Si Whopscott was seen driving through Boulder and when someone asked him where he was going, he answered, "To the deuce."

If Hannah worried about her father for a moment, all thought of him was dissipated by the light of her coming happiness. Her mother was almost kind to her, Rupert was very

attentive, and within a week Hannah Whopscott was called Mrs. Thorndyke.

At a h.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE STATE OF THE LAMANITES.

BY J. R. F.

READING the promises contained in the Book of Mormon to the Lamanites calls to mind the present state of that race and the labor that will be required to raise them from the lowly condition into which they have fallen, and to enlighten their benighted minds so that they may receive the truth and comprehend it. The promises to them are certainly great, but nothing short of the Spirit and power of God can raise them to what they are to be.

A traveler recently returned from Spanish America, after having spent several years among the Indians, draws such a picture of their condition that we would wish to draw a veil over it were it not for the knowledge we have that a great change in their condition is near at hand.

The Mexican Indian is noted for his patient endurance of fatigue and pain. He is exceedingly tenacious of old customs. After three centuries of constant intercourse with Europeans he still keeps aloof from the foreigner and continues to live in his native village. He speaks his hereditary language, delights in his old pastimes and, according to reports of reliable travelers, occasionally worships in secret his ancestral idols.

Slavery is prohibited by law in Mexico, yet upon the plantations the Indians are in reality slaves. The extravagant and licentious outbursts in which they occasionally indulge bring them under pecuniary obligations, leading them to sell themselves for a number of years, or even for life, to the landlord, who is ever ready and willing to bring about this condition of things.

Ever since the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards the natives have been subjected to a system of tyranny, oppression and cruelty which has few parallels in the history of the world. They are treated as beasts of burden by the government and kept in abject servitude by the church. The former burdens them with taxes, compels them to perform labor without remuneration, confiscates their property when it sees fit and compels them to buy what it has to sell at its own price. The latter requires a strict observance of every church duty and extorts from them enormous fees to support the clergy. In this way fees are required for marriages and even for permission to bury the dead. Not long since there existed a system of oppression known as the *mita*, a compulsory personal labor. They were compelled to work mines, cultivate fields, etc., for the space of a year. So much was the labor of mines dreaded that they looked upon it as a sentence of death and governed themselves accordingly.

An estimate may be formed of the extent of this evil when it is known that 12,000 annually were required by the *mita* of Potosa alone. It is estimated that in the mines of Peru 8,285,000 have perished in this manner. Sixty thousand were

held to serve as *pongos* or menial servants in Peru and Bolivia at one time.

The Peruvian Indians were long subjected to another system, very grievous and unjust, known as the law of *repartamiento*. This was originally established with the intention of supplying the Indians with such articles as they might need at fair and reasonable prices, but it was shamefully abused and it was made compulsory on the Indians to purchase articles of the most worthless description at fabulous prices, whether they needed them or not. Thus razors were forced at an exorbitant price on Indians who had no beards to shave. This system of legal swindling is still practiced in some parts of South America.

In Equador the Indian national beverage is *chicha*. It was the beverage when the Spanish took possession of the country and it has maintained itself to this day. It is brewed in many Indian habitations, from Indian corn in copper kettles. Its taste is slightly acid and not altogether unpleasant. Those who make it and their friends and relatives, together with their children, often sit around their kettle like witches around a cauldron, uncombed and unwashed, on the earthen floor of their dark, smoke-blackened, windowless, filthy hovels which dogs, pigs and chickens share with their human masters. "There they sit, men and women, and sot and dote upon one another, and grin and simper, dance and sing, drink and revel until they sink to the dirty ground overcome and exhausted not to awake again till next morning, when they rise to repeat the scenes of the previous day."

This is the manner in which they have been civilized by their Spanish conquerors.

The white portion of the community never make any serious efforts to raise the Indian from his abject condition: on the contrary the general tendency is to oppress and degrade him still more. Labor being considered disreputable by the white gentlemen, what would become of the country if the Indians took it into their heads to become something better than mere drudges? They are now considered as little better than beasts of burden. While horses and mules are called *bagages mayores*, asses and Indians are called *bagages menores*. That is to say as a beast of burden the Indian is considered below the horse and mule and on a level with the donkey.

Kicks and brutal words are the only encouragements the Indian receives from his betters, before whom he crouches in abject servility and cowardice. He is destitute of all ambition, energy, industry and spirit of enterprise. He is so accustomed to be a slave and to be kicked and cuffed about all his life time until now he does not aspire to be anything else. If he has enough to give some money to the priest and buy raw food and *chicha* for what remains he is satisfied. He needs no bed, for he sleeps on lousy sheep skins spread on the bare ground of the hovel in which he lives. He needs no books, for he cannot read. All his money that does not find its way into the bottomless coffers of the church is spent to satisfy his greedy appetite. He is a stranger to the higher emotions of human nature; he has long forgotten the ancient and glorious traditions of his race. The great names of *Huayna Capace* and *Atahualpa* are meaningless sounds in his ears.

The most that can be said of the Peruvian Indians is that they are not savages. They are humble, submissive, docile and obedient, and, if we except the ill-treatment of their wives, they seldom commit acts of violence. They will go to mass with the utmost regularity; they will go to confession as often as the church prescribes; they will give the church more than

they should in justice to themselves. They will kneel down before the image of every saint and prostrate themselves before the image of the holy Virgin; they will say their prayers many times a day and will punctually comply with all the outward observances of the church. They will carry the heavy statues of the saints at the many processions gotten up by the church during the year and they will carefully attend their own separate religious festivals and processions, but they know nothing of religion except its outward forms and ceremonies.

It has never entered their ignorant minds that He who dined with publicans and sinners and selected His apostles from among humble fishermen would also extend His kind hand to them. They know not, neither could their minds grasp the fact, that they are a chosen race and that it has been said of them:

"For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. * * * Behold I will lay thy stones with fair colors and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates and thy gates of carbuncles and all thy borders of pleasant stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children. In righteousness shalt thou be established; thou shalt be far from oppression for thou shalt not fear, and from terror for it shall not come near thee."

The word "Indian" is a term of contempt among them and they cannot offer a greater insult to one another than by the epithet, *Indis brute*. They will never call one another bad names without strengthening their vocabulary by the term, "Indian," which is the most effective and most expressive of all.

At their revels they sing and dance to the tune of a drum and a fife or harp. It is but one and the same sad and monotonous tune they play and to which they sing and dance for hours and days. The same tune that enlivens their festivals resounds at their funerals; but that tune is full of the deepest significance. It is low and plaintive, like the mourning of a subjected race bemoaning the loss of its ancient greatness and its present misery and degradation.

A few years since they made an attempt to throw off the Spanish yoke and be free, but they lacked leaders and unity.

They are now considered too cowardly to be allowed in the army. Yet it is written of them:

"I will make thy horn iron and thy hoofs brass, and thou shalt beat in pieces many people."

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

A Dialogue for three boys—Nephi, Clark and John.

BY L. K. YOUNG.

NEPHI.—Have you seen the panorama that is now going about, boys?

CLARK.—Yes we were present last night. Were you there?

N.—Yes. I am working up to the mill, but got permission from my employer to come down, and I am well paid for my trouble.

JOHN.—Which scene did you boys like best?

C.—I hardly know how to answer that question. Give us your opinion, Nephi, while I think a little.

N.—The last judgment seemed to make the greatest impression upon my mind, for the reason that it applies to me individually.

J.—How to you more than to each one of the human family?

N.—It does not, for it means every person that has lived or ever will live on this earth, if I understand it correctly. Now, Clark, a penny for your thoughts.

C.—I was very much interested with the great pyramid, but like you was deeply impressed with the scene entitled the Last Judgment. The personages dressed in white, looked so beautiful and happy as they tripped along the street paved with gold, that wound through that lovely green, to the gate of the great white throne.

J.—And did you look on the other side? That was as dreadful as the one you have described was beautiful. It almost makes me shudder to think of anyone being thrown into such a terrible place of torture.

N.—And every one whose name is not written in the Lamb's book of life will go there.

C.—I wonder if our names are written in that book?

N.—I hope so, for if they are not we will never behold the great white throne, if Brother Smith told the truth.

J.—Do they put our names in that book when we are children or not until we are older?

C.—I don't know, but if they are there now they can be erased if we do any wicked thing, if that book is like ours.

J.—We boys have never done anything very bad have we Nephi? You are the oldest and we are nearly always together.

N.—We have been a little bad some times. Don't you remember anything we have done that was wrong?

C.—Yes, I remember that big melon which did not belong to us that we ate under the bank last Fall.

J.—But we did not mean to be wicked; we only did it for fun.

N.—It was not much fun then, and it is not much fun to think about it now either.

C.—That is about the first time we have done such things, and I motion we let it be the last.

N. and J.—I second that motion.

N.—And I motion we go and ask forgiveness for those wrongs and then perhaps the Lord will forgive us.

J.—That is not so easily done: it hurts our pride to acknowledge a fault and ask forgiveness.

N.—It is only our false pride that is hurt. True pride delights in honesty and truthfulness, so pa says.

C.—We want to cultivate true pride don't we, so we will grow up to be honest, upright men.

N.—Yes we do, and we might as well make a start to day as any time. You know our Sunday school teacher told us to set our aim high, if we wanted to become good men.

J.—If some of the boys find this out, they will make fun of us and call us religious.

N.—Never mind if they do; let us show them that we can do as the song says: "Dare to do right," and see who will win.

C.—Now we have made some good resolutions to-day we will have to watch ourselves closely, or we will not be able to carry them out.

J.—If we do carry them out we will get our names in the Lamb's book of life; don't you think so, Nephi?

N.—I hope so. We certainly will if we keep the commandments of God, and are never caught in the snares of the evil one again.

A POOR, WAYFARING MAN OF GRIEF.

MUSIC ARRANGED BY E. BEESLEY.

A poor, wayfaring man of grief Hath oft-en crossed me on my way; Who sued so humbly

for re-lief, That I could nev-er answer "Nay." I had not power to ask his name, Whith-

er he went, or whence he came; Yet there was something in his eye That won my love, I knew not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake!
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the suff'rer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed and clothed and cheered my guest;
I laid him on my couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment—he was healed;
I had myself a wound concealed;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew;
The Savior stood before mine eyes.
He spake, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

NOTE.—We publish this hymn as a relic or curiosity, as it is historically connected with the most diabolical tragedy that ever disgraced the American continent—the assassination of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum. The circumstances which make it memorable are as follows: In the afternoon of the 27th day of June, 1844, the day of the martyrdom, the prisoners in Carthage jail felt unusually dull and languid. Their spirits were depressed and gloomy, and they were possessed with indefinite ominous forebodings. In consonance with these feelings, Elder (now President) John Taylor sang this hymn to the tune here set to it. After awhile Hyrum Smith requested him to again sing it. He replied that he did not feel like singing. "Oh, never mind," said Hyrum, "commence singing, and you will get the spirit of it. Soon after singing it the second time the mob appeared in front of the jail. The subsequent occurrences all are no doubt familiar with.

LINES ON CONSTANCY.

BY J. C.

Be up and make hay while the bright sun is shining,
While the season is fit and the weather is dry,
And sit not in sorrow and trouble repining,
Till the wild, raving tempest has blackened the sky.

Full many a life has been withered and blighted,
And many a hope has been clouded for aye;
And rife are the wrongs that may never be righted,
By trusting to-morrow and slighting to-day.

The arm at the anvil must ever be ready
The hammer to wield when the weld must be made;
The swift, winding river rolls constant and steady,
Till on the sea's bosom its burden is laid.

The bright sun that scatters the mists of the morning
Climbs up the great dome to its zenith on high;
No cloud for a moment could stay his returning,
To sink in the depths of the far western sky.

The streamlet that steals from the small bubbling fountain,
The ivy that creeps up the moss-covered wall,
And the eagle that flutters o'er yonder bald mountain—
Fill duties assigned them with credit to all.

While man, by his Maker made lord of creation,
Sits sluggishly, lazily, listlessly by,
To meet the stern duties that mark his high station
With a shrug of his shoulders, a yawn, or a sigh.

How grand are the lessons that nature may teach us!
How rich the examples experience can give!
But, blind and conceited, so slowly they reach us,
That often we die ere we learn how to live.

No wonder man's life is a myst'ry to others,
Since e'en to himself it a puzzle appears;
Some vain, idle whim often pesters and bothers
The worth of his youth and the weight of his years.

PI.

BY 'A PRINTERS' DEVIL.

OWN, fi oyu aen letl
Thaw sethe treset elpsl,
Ujts neds ni ruvo mane,
Dan le'wl shiplub het mase.

If each group of letters is properly arranged,
Into four lines of rhyme the pi will then be changed.

SQUARE WORD PUZZLE.

1, the name of a Territory. 2, a story. 3, a man's name.
4, a force. If the words are placed one under the other they
will read the same from top to bottom as from left to right.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 3 is VALENTINE. It has been correctly solved by C. E. Draper, St. Johns, Tooele Co.; Edwin G. Parker, Hooper City; Fred. H. Ottley, Union; Marinda Monson, Richmond; Isabel Holley, Springville; Samuel Stark, Payson; Wm. Brewer, Hennefer; Lizzie Lloyd, West Jordan; Mrs. E. Goodman, Minersville; Ernest Smedley, Bountiful; Josephine Workman, Farmington; Elizabeth J. Clarke, Newton; Thomas C. Jones and Elizabeth A. Mumford, Salt Lake City.

PRIZES FOR PUZZLES AND ENIGMAS.

FOR the purpose of encouraging those who take an interest in the Enigmas we publish, we have decided to offer prizes for the best productions of this character. For the most ingenious original Puzzle, Enigma or Charade of any character suitable for publication, we offer as a first prize a handsome and entertaining work, entitled "Adventures Round the World."

The second prize to be awarded for the next best Puzzle, Enigma or Charade is "A Popular History of the United States."

RULES:

None but original productions will be received for competition. The same person can send any number of competitive Enigmas or Puzzles. All Puzzles, Enigmas, etc. for competition must be received at this office before the 1st of May, 1885.

THE COST OF BOOKS.

SINCE the art of printing was discovered books have become so numerous and are so cheap as to be within the reach of all. In fact it is very truly remarked that "to books there is no end." But there was a time when he who possessed a single book was considered rich. Then such articles were prepared only at the cost of much time and money and great patience on the part of copyists, and when finished were very cumbersome.

The king of Northumberland, it is said, in the year 690 gave eight hundred acres of land for a history of the world; while the countess of Anjou at a later date gave two hundred sheep and a large parcel of furs for a small book of homilies, and one hundred and twenty crowns for a single book of Livy.

A Latin Bible was valued at one hundred and fifty dollars in the year 1720 and this was at a time when two arches of London Bridge did not cost an equal amount. The wages of a laborer for fifteen years at that time would only have been sufficient for the purchase of one Bible.

Little do many readers of the JUVENILE imagine how many years of constant toil it has required to bring the art of printing to the state of perfection which it has now attained! Not only, however, did those who introduced it have to encounter arduous labor, but they also had to meet the frowns and opposition of a so-called enlightened world, and it was only by persistent energy that what we now behold has been accomplished.

V.

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THE Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

ALL THY GETTING GET UNDERSTANDING. Solomon.

ANDERSON & CO. CITY.

VOL. XX.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 15, 1885.

NO. 6.

BURNING PLACE AT SMITHFIELD.

THE picture represents a scene such as was witnessed hundreds of years ago, during what are called the dark ages of the world's history. At that time the nations that are now considered the most enlightened were in a very different state.

Our readers must remember that England has only reached her present degree of civilization, power and prosperity through a succession of political, social and religious changes among her people. Before the time of the Savior's birth, the natives of England, known as the ancient Britons, were a wild, uncivilized and war-like race. They worshiped idols, wore but scanty clothing and smeared their bodies with mud and the juice of vegetables. Their condition was no better than that of the Indian tribes that inhabit these regions.

In the course of time the British isles were visited by other peoples who were more advanced in the arts of civilization. First, it is supposed, came merchants from Phœnicia, to trade with the natives for tin and lead, which were found in their mines near the sea coast. Others came from France, or Gaul, as it was formerly called. Then, about fifty-five years prior to the Savior's advent the islands were visited by the Romans, under Julius Cæsar. This emperor forced the Britons to acknowledge their submission to the Roman Power. But troubles nearer home caused Cæsar and his army to return; and these people were again left to themselves.

By coming in contact from time to time with other peoples they learned better modes of living, and gradually they arose from their degraded condition of existence. Their country

was invaded at different times by the Danes, the Normans and the Saxons, and their habits and customs were introduced among the Britons. The Roman Catholic religion was also brought and taught to them, first, it is said, by a monk from Italy. It was adopted by the people, and in time became the religion of the country. Then came the reformation. Men rose up who protested against papal rule and Catholic doctrine. The Protestants finally gained power. The rulers of the country favored the move made by the reformers, and the cause was strengthened.

After awhile a queen by the name of Mary was enthroned. She was determined to put down the reformed religion and to restore the unreformed, or Catholic faith. This brings us to the time of which the accompanying picture reminds us. The first act made by this wicked and bloody queen to stop the spread of Protestantism was to imprison several of its leading advocates. Freedom was offered these men only on condition that they would recant, or

recall what they had taught in favor of reform. But they each refused, preferring death rather than deny what they had said and submit to the dictation of the pope. They were also conscious of the fact that their martyrdom at the stake would do more for the cause they advocated than a hundred sermons against Catholicism. Refusing to renounce their religion, these men were condemned to death. It was thought that by publicly burning some of the chief heretics, as they were called, their followers would be seized with terror and would immediately relinquish their religion and become subject to the rules



of the mother church. One of these leaders was burned at Smithfield, the place here represented. Others were burned at different places, some in their own districts, that their immediate followers might witness their fate and take warning therefrom.

These cruelties, however, did not have the desired effect. The persons thus tormented met their doom willingly, and rejoiced to lay down their lives for the principles they earnestly believed in, thereby witnessing to their fellow-religionists that they were sincere. Instead of shrinking from such a terrible death, others were inspired, by the noble examples set, with a desire to become martyrs. The unswerving constancy of the victims consigned to the flames was a cause of admiration, while their persecutors were looked upon with contempt and disgust.

Those who were condemned to the flames were not convicted of teaching heresy. They were taken on mere suspicion and required to subscribe to certain articles or suffer death, or some other punishment.

During the three years that this persecution lasted it is estimated that two hundred and seventy persons were burned at the stake. Besides this, a great many were punished with imprisonment, fine and confiscation of property. Among those burned were women and children, as well as men. Some were tortured in a horrible manner, being left to burn for as much as three quarters of an hour before death relieved them.

The recital of the horrors enacted in those days of tyranny and despotism remind us very forcibly of the persecutions endured by the Latter-day Saints. Both peoples have alike been attacked by religious bigots because they chose to worship as they felt prompted to do.

It is difficult to believe that men in these times, and especially those who profess the religion of Christ, can be found who would commit such outrages against an innocent and inoffensive community. Yet it is a fact that those terrible evils, which history informs us were committed in past ages, have been repeated in an equally dreadful form in these days.

But the people whose religion is now assailed can better afford to suffer for it than could those who lived at the time of the reformation. They know full well that the gospel which they have embraced is the truth, and that the Lord will protect them and His work will triumph.

Smithfield is a noted cattle market in London. Formerly it was an open spot used for a variety of purposes. In the twelfth century it served as a play-ground. Later it was the place of public execution for criminals, and the burning of persons accused of teaching heresy. By many other incidents also it has been connected for many centuries with the history of the great city of London. A large building now covers part of the ground, which is used as a meat market, there being about two hundred shops within its walls. Some of the grounds are laid out in ornamental gardens, with roads, seats and a drinking fountain. Near the center of the place is a spiral road leading down to an underground railway station, and there are railroads running in three different directions from it.

E. F. P.

Our happiness and misery are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it.

THE most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

BEFORE proceeding with the description of Auckland it becomes necessary to draw the attention of the younger readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to the topography and surroundings of New Zealand, and thus enable them to better understand the subject.

If you look upon the map, you will see in the South Pacific Ocean, about 1,200 miles a little south-east of the great island of Australia, the islands (three in number), which are called New Zealand. They present the appearance of a boot with the shoe detached from the leg by Cook's Strait.

New Zealand was discovered by Tasman in 1642, and surveyed by Captain Cook in 1769 and 1774. A British missionary station was established there in 1815. In 1833 it was declared a British possession, and in 1841 was formed into a separate colony from New South Wales. It received a constitution in 1853, and in the following year the first parliament assembled.

The colony is divided into two islands, the North having an area of 44,000 square miles, and the South, 55,000. The present population, exclusive of Maories, is estimated at 507,788. The aboriginal population has been estimated at 43,000, almost entirely in the north island. The government of New Zealand is administered by a governor appointed by the British government, a legislative council, or upper chamber, nominated by the governor on the advice of his ministers, and a house of representatives elected by the male inhabitants.

We will now return to our remarks upon Auckland. The unpleasant feeling of sea-sickness and gloominess, caused by the long, monotonous voyage, was dispelled by our entrance into Auckland Harbor.

Entering the outer harbor the vessel passes up the Rangitoto Channel, between the rugged, volcanic island of that name, with its triple-coned peak and rough, *scoria*-strewn sides, and the long, low, narrow promontory terminating in the small, extinct volcanic cones of Mount Victoria and the North Head.

The city stands upon an upland slope, which rises in a series of undulations from a magnificent, sheltered bay. The bold headlands, numerous recesses and bays along the shores; the luxuriant verdure of the low, volcanic hills; the pretty villas and peaceful homesteads, embowered in foliage, nestling about the slopes; the deep fern-glens and luxuriant copses, and the yellow, shining beaches and bold cliffs, make a picture of beauty, and show evidences of vigorous Anglo-Saxon enterprise, and convey to the mind of the storm-tossed mariner thoughts of comfort and rest.

Two long and commodious wharves stretch out into the foreground, flanked by forests of tall masts, while the white sails of the smaller coasting vessels and the light, swift-moving steamers dot the surface of the water. Massive warehouses fringe the shore, backed up with a regular array of streets, great public edifices and splendid residences of wealthy citizens. On the left the pretty village of Parnell seems to lead by one long street up from the shore, which here presents a bold and striking frontage to the harbor. The streets crossing down to the glens on either side so nestle among the foliage as to hide the large population residing in this favorite suburb.

A little to the right the Waikato Railway, intersecting the settled country south of the city, emerges from a tunnel and connects with the shipping at the nearer railway wharf. Away

beyond the railway are the green copses, dells and glades of the Domain—the lungs of the city—where citizens find a peaceful retreat from the cares of business; it is the favorite resort of pleasure-seekers, and the scene of many athletic tournaments and gala festivals.

As the vessel rounds the North Head and steams up the beautiful land-locked harbor, with its placid waters, the pretty marine suburb of Devonport is seen nestling on the green slopes and at the feet of the extinct volcanoes, while along the northern shore beautiful homesteads are dotted over the landscape, and thicker clusters of dwellings here and there mark the site of some embryo village.

There is a great demand for business sites on this side of the harbor, because of its delightful situation, lovely surroundings, magnificent views of sea and land, as well as the calm and seclusion. It is already apparent that this shore is destined at no distant day to become the resort of the wealthy and fashionable of the city and the retreat and refuge of the wearied man of business.

Among the fairest scenes of earth there are few that rival Auckland for beauty of scenery, geniality of climate, fertility of soil and commercial advantages.

The following day we ascended and took a view from Mount Eden. There are many elevations in and about Auckland from which enchanting views of the city, its surroundings and the whole peninsula may be obtained; but that which best rewards the traveler is a view from the summit of Mount Eden. This extinct volcano is in the southern suburbs of the city. Its height is 642 feet, and it possesses a perfect crater of about 150 feet in depth, with the ridge broken on one side, where the lava must have poured forth in seething, molten streams over the low-lying country to the west.

Looking east and west over the narrow isthmus the traveler beholds two seas, evidently once joined, for the channel can still be easily traced, and will doubtless be re-opened at no distant day by means of a canal, uniting the two harbors. Looking over the intervening land the channel leading to the harbor of Waitemata is seen between the volcanic heights of the North Head and Rangitoto. Further off is the lofty ridge of Cape Colville and the island of Tiri-Tiri, with its great lighthouse; the outlines of the Great and Little barriers, Cuvier and other islands and islets looming faintly on the remote horizon. Turning southward the eye rests on the waters of Manukau Harbor, with its numerous branches running into land. The lofty range that forms the North Head at the entrance of the Manukau, together with the Waitakerei range, follow the outline of the scene in the same direction and afford that contrast which is requisite to heighten the beauty of the intervening scenery. Looking away down the Waitemata and Hauraki gulfs to the eastward, towards the Frith of Thames, the surface of the bay is studded with numerous peaceful islands; beyond them can be discerned the lofty ranges that shut in the Thames district, and in the remote distance the blue hills of the upper Thames.

Within the area inclosed by this view there is a diversity and beauty of scenery of which the eye never tires. Everywhere arms of the sea indent the land like threads of silver and the vegetation is luxuriant and brilliant. The whole isthmus between the city of Auckland and the distant village of Onehunga is one panorama of fields and meadows, rich pastures, well-trimmed hedges; and farm-houses dot the level country, resting under the slopes of the numerous volcanic hills, or peeping out from the friendly shelter of graceful pines and the familiar ornamental trees of England. It is an

English scene in all its characteristics, with the verdant luxury of a semi-tropical climate.

Almost at the feet of the spectator, and lying under Mt. Eden, are the pretty towns of Epsom, Remuera and New-Market, with their elegant cottages, trim gardens, smooth meadows and regular fields, presenting the very beau-ideal of rural loveliness. On the other hand, the glance alights downward upon Auckland, with its busy industries, the smoke of factories, the regular masses of brick and stone and the forest of shipping, while the distant hum of thronged streets and bustling life, as the sound is borne upward through the air, combines with the exquisite beauty of the picture to gratify one's feelings even to cheerfulness.

For commercial advantages Auckland is not surpassed by any other colonial seaport. The harbor is one of the most secure south of the line. It is easily accessible for vessels of the deepest draught in all kinds of weather, by day or night. The channel is two miles wide, has no dangerous currents, no rocks or shoals, is clearly buoyed and well lighted.

Auckland is in the great Pacific highway of the old world. When the Panama Canal shall have been opened Auckland will stand in direct line of the ocean traffic. It is the port of call for the San Francisco mail steamers and is in regular communication with Sydney, Fiji, Samoa and many other islands of the Pacific.

From Auckland the traveler may book to America, England and practically any part of the world; and the fine steamers of the enterprising and well-managed Union Steam-Shipping Company afford frequent facilities for visiting all parts of New Zealand and the principal Australian seaports. Auckland is in telegraphic communication with all the main centers of population in the civilized world. These are some of the principal commercial advantages of what is styled "the queen of the north in Maoriland."

(To be Continued.)

AN INCIDENT.

A YOUNG man, seeking employment, went into the office of a Chicago railway superintendent. His clothes indicated extreme poverty and his face extreme suffering. His face both concealed and revealed mental agitation. It was not the face of vice or of ignorance. The young man's countenance, voice and bearing said plainly: "Here are intelligence, virtue, good breeding and misfortune."

The superintendent was the servant of Capital and was busy. Nevertheless, he had humane sympathies and always had time to be respectful to Labor. Capital is insecure if Labor is treated with contempt. Here is a conversation between Labor and Capital:

"Have you anything for me to do, sir?"

"Will you go to Iowa and work in the harvest field?"

"Yes, sir. I shall be glad to do anything."

"All right. Call here to-morrow at ten o'clock and I will let you know what I can do for you."

The young man went out and the superintendent immediately asked a farmer in Iowa, by telegraph, if he could employ another man. The reply was:

"Yes. If he amounts to anything send him along."

The young man returned. He was punctual. A good sign, thought the superintendent. Punctuality means business. The superintendent handed him a railway pass and the address of the Iowa farmer, saying:

"That pass will take you to the town named on it, and when you get there anyone will direct you to the farmer whose name is on the bit of paper. He will give you plenty of work and good wages. I wish you every success. Good day."

The young man thanked the superintendent, betraying some emotion in doing so, and passed out.

"Drink, probably," muttered the superintendent as he resumed his work. "What a curse it is! However, I have done my duty."

But it was not drink that made the poor fellow's lips quiver and his eyes glisten. We shall see what it was.

Five years pass, and the same man calls upon the same superintendent, who has forgotten both the man and the incident. He has had so many such to remember. Besides, the young man is not exactly the same man. His clothes are good though plain. His countenance and bearing say now, "Here are intelligence, virtue, good breeding and good fortune."

He is a changed man. He looks like a man who has fought and won; and he has.

He gives his name, recalls the fact of his having asked the superintendent for work, and adds:

"I wish to tell you, sir, that your act of kindness was far more to me than you could have imagined. I had asked for employment of exactly seven men, who hire a large number of persons, but was told by every one of them that they had nothing for me to do.

"All of them answered me harshly. Some of them would not so much as look at me. Two of them said they did not want any tramps around them, and I could get work if I wished it. They seemed to take it for granted that my asking for work proved that I did not want it.

"You may imagine how disheartened and despondent I was. I had a wife who was too feeble to even sew for a living, and a child two years old. We were living in a wretched little room, which I could pay for no longer.

"The evening came. I was standing on the corner of the street, watching a man light the street lamps and wishing I were in his place, when two young men of about my age came up and shook hands with me.

"I had known them years before, but I never knew any good of them. Upon hearing my story they said they were 'in the same boat.' They had tried to get employment without success; but now they had a 'big thing' on hand that was going to make them rich, and I might go in with them.

"They made me promise that I wouldn't 'peach' on them, and then told me they knew of a bank in a small country town where they could make a 'big haul,' and it required three to do the job.

"Well, sir, I was awfully frightened, I can tell you. I never had such feelings in all my life. I had been brought up honestly. I had received a good common school education, and always felt some pride in the respectability of my family. I was an only child. My father and mother, who had died a few years before, were very strict with me. I always went to church and Sunday school when I was a boy, and never fell into any bad habits. The dying injunction of both my parents was that I should be honest and straight-forward in my life. So when these fellows told me their plan, the faces of my father and mother seemed to plead with me to flee; but the faces of my starving wife and child also appeared and plead for bread.

"God only knows how I suffered that moment, sir. The longer I listened to my companions as we wandered along the streets, the more agitated and undecided I became.

"It got to be one o'clock. We were standing at the Wells Street Bridge. The streets were silent. I could feel a thumping in my throat.

"Finally I told the men I must go, and that I would meet them again at that place the next evening at eight o'clock.

"While they were talking I made up my mind to try once more to get employment, and if I failed, to join them in their raid upon the bank.

"You may think it strange, sir, that I should come to such a decision. But that is because you never knew what it was to despair and to feel the awful darkness that it brings upon the conscience. I felt as if my whole moral nature was gradually becoming paralyzed.

"I went to my room. I sat on the side of the bed where my wife and child lay and waited for the morning. I felt nothing. I was torpid.

"When the morning came and the offices were opened, I gave my wife and child a loaf of bread bought with money my companions had given me, kissed them and went out into the street.

"I came in here. It was mere chance that I did so, and I can tell you, sir, I was excited enough to scream when you said what you did. I restrained myself, however, and you did not take notice of my face.

"I was not used to farm work. I was accustomed to lighter employment. But I went where you told me to go and did as you told me to do. The farmer who employed me was a noble man, and I have ever since supported myself and family comfortably in his employment.

"I am sorry to take your time, sir, but I could not help coming to thank you for saving me. If you had treated me as I had been treated by the others, I do not know what would have become of me—or rather, I do know only too well!"

At this point the young man broke down and nothing was heard in the busy office but his convulsive sobs. Tears were in the superintendent's eyes. He was mastering himself.

When he had control of his feelings he rose from his chair, grasped the young man's hands, and said:

"It is for me to thank you, not you me. I did not dream of doing for you what you say I have done. You have taught me a lesson that I shall not forget: By a single act of ordinary duty I have saved a man from crime and ruin."—*Selected.*

BE DEFINITE.

BY W. J.

WE do not all possess the ability to speak or write our thoughts clearly—to speak or write just what we mean, neither more nor less, and to do so in such a manner that our words can neither be misunderstood nor misconstrued—neither can we remember and narrate facts and events as well nor as correctly as it is our privilege to do; but it is a very good thing to be able to do all these things clearly, correctly and intelligently. There is sometimes a lack of ability to express one's thoughts when those thoughts are clear and distinct in the mind; but indistinctness of expression frequently arises from confusion of thought, from a pre-occupied or inattentive mind, from only a partial understanding of the subject in hand, or from a disposition to evade, misrepresent or conceal the truth, or from the labor of the mind in manufacturing lies out of

whole cloth while we are speaking. It is necessary, therefore, for us to think clearly, to apply our minds to the subject in hand, to understand what we speak or write about and to be honest and truthful in all we say or write. And if the young of both sexes will remember, study and practice these simple items of instruction through their mortal lives, they will be greatly benefitted by them both in time and in eternity.

There are numerous forms of expression used by the human family and among them are the doubtful, the uncertain, the indefinite, the indistinct, the equivocal, the ambiguous, the circumlocutory and other forms, and many instances illustrative of these forms might be given; but space will not permit in a short article. Here is one, however, which was published some time ago in a New Hampshire paper, and illustrates one form of expression:

"In a court of justice, the other day, in a suit of malicious trespass in entering upon land and removing a fence, one of the witnesses was asked:

"Did you help build the fence?"

"I did."

"What year was it?"

"Well, let's see. It was the same year my brother-in-law had his leg broke in a wrestling match at Dearborn."

"Well, what year was that?"

"Let's see! It was just six months after we found the Dreggan boy drowned in Sabin's well. That was—that was eighteen hundred and—and"—

"Can't you remember?"

"Why, yes; I ought to. Let's see. That same Summer that we took the Dreggan boy out of the well, Tyler's second girl started to run away with a tin peddler, and we caught them just the other side of Dearborn. I squared off on the peddler."

"But what year was it that you built the fence?"

"Why, the same year that all this happened, or may be a year or two before or after. If I could only talk with my old woman a minute I could get it exact."

"How?"

"Why, I was building the last half of that fence when she was hooked by a cow, and she'd hunt up the man that owned the beast, and hit the date square on the head."

It was decided to let the exact date remain unknown.

Here is an illustration of how some people get things confused and confounded in their minds when they try to tell them. Some time ago *Harper's Monthly* told the following anecdote of a judge who was noted for the way he got things mixed in his charges to the jury:

"On one occasion a case was tried before him, the points of which may be briefly stated thus: Smith brought suit against Jones upon a promissory note given for a horse.

"Jones' defense was failure of consideration, he averring that at the time of the purchase the horse had the glanders, of which he died, and Smith knew it.

"Smith replied that the horse did not have the glanders, but had the distemper, and that Jones knew it when he bought it.

"The judge charged the jury thus:

"Gentlemen of the jury, please pay attention to the charge of the court. You have already made one mis-trial of this case because you did not pay attention to the charge of the court, and I don't want you to do it again. I intend to make it so clear to you this time that you cannot possibly make a mistake.

"This suit is upon a note for a promissory horse. I hope you understand that. Now, if you find that at the time of

the purchase Smith had the glanders, and Jones knew it, Jones cannot recover. That is clear, gentlemen.

"I will state it again. If you find that at the time of the sale Jones had the distemper, and Smith knew it, then Smith cannot possibly recover.

"But, gentlemen, I will state it a third time, so that you cannot possibly make a mistake. If at the time of the sale Smith had the glanders and Jones had the distemper, and the horse knew it, then neither Smith, Jones nor the horse can recover. Let the record be given to the jury."

This certainly is mixed up enough to satisfy even a professional mixer, and should be classed as "mixed expression."

Now, all of our youth of both sexes, while they are permitted to live, will have to communicate, more or less, either orally or in writing, with their fellow-beings; and some of both sexes, and especially the males, will have to proclaim the gospel of eternal life to many of Adam's race, both by tongue and pen; and in doing so will have to teach the educated of the world. Therefore—and even if their missionary labors were confined entirely to the uneducated—they should train themselves to think clearly, orderly and systematically, and to give distinct, unmistakable and honest expression to their ideas and to the sacred truths of the gospel. Let them make this a study, always living humbly and prayerfully, so as to have the aid of the Holy Spirit in all their studies and labors, and they will become efficient and powerful ministers for God and His cause here on earth.

HANNAH, AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

CHAPTER V.

THE day after the wedding, Thorndyke, with his wife's permission, secured the \$600.00 which had been deposited for her by Si Whopscott. With this money he felt perfectly independent. It was more than he had ever possessed before at one time. But he was not so foolish as to rest content with this amount; he had his eye upon the mill and its attendant property, and he doubted not that he could soon convert some of Samantha's wealth for his benefit.

Mr. and Mrs. Thorndyke lived at the hotel, and Hannah's means—of which her husband took complete charge—paid their bills. The girl was in a complete ecstasy, and not the least part of her happiness was derived from the fact that she supplied money to gratify her husband's desires and to spare him the necessity of poorly-requited toil in the lawyer's office.

Relieved from the unquiet influences of her former life, and surrounded by an ideal atmosphere of love and goodness, the girl began to develop those qualities which had always before been held in restraint; and a few months of this life would have made her a grand woman. But Thorndyke's tastes were expensive and his intentions regarding Samantha's mill were fixed. He soon began to absent himself from the hotel for two or three days at a time, always visiting the Whopscott property in the canyon, conferring there with Samantha, advising her and gaining a better and better insight into the business, and a stronger and still stronger hold over her mind. At first his wife had accompanied him; but this was produc-

tive of so much unhappiness because of Samantha's jagged temper that Thorndyke tenderly required his wife to remain away. Viewing this as an evidence of his love and care for her, Hannah accepted the situation, although if left to herself she would have been willing to brave her mother's anger rather than to be separated from her husband even for a day.

Rupert soon began to be recognized as the agent for Mrs. Whopscott and took the general direction of the sale of lumber and the purchase of mill supplies. Samantha's affairs were very prosperous and the deposits of cash which she made in Boulder were growing larger and larger. Nothing was heard of old Si, but this was no disturbing influence with Samantha or Rupert. Both were only too glad to be rid entirely of his presence. Hannah sometimes thought of her father with half tenderness; and she even yearned occasionally to see him and hear his gruff old voice. But if her filial love asserted itself for a moment, and if her conscience smote her uneasily, she had but to remember the bitter words which old Si had used concerning Rupert and her marriage in order to still all self-reproach and banish affectionate thoughts.

Rupert received no fixed salary from Mrs. Whopscott, and in his anxiety to ingratiate himself with her he had been afraid to demand any compensation. All the financial benefit, therefore, that he had derived from his labors in her behalf had been the receipt of an occasional commission upon the sale of timbers or the purchase of supplies. This was a very slight and precarious source of revenue and the high prices and extravagant ways of the camp of Boulder, in which Rupert delighted to participate, soon left of Hannah's means and Rupert's small revenue only a trifle. The situation was growing pressing and Thorndyke, to supply his immediate needs, had borrowed several considerable sums from various people in the town. He even went back to Lawyer Higbee's office and devoted himself to labor there during several days of each week, with the avowed intention of completing his course of law studies and gaining admittance to the bar.

In the meantime he approached Samantha on the subject of a loan; but the moment that he suggested money she flew into such a towering rage that he was quite willing to retreat without having made his project definitely known.

Mrs. Whopscott declared she would save her money until she heard of a good opportunity to sell the mill and close out the entire business, and then she would escape from the barbarous region of Boulder, and return to her old home in Michigan "with cash enough to make all the neighbors stare and grow crazy with jealousy."

At this time she had with Mr. Gilbert, one of the merchants in Boulder, about \$2000.00 deposited. Rupert knew of this and had even been the medium through which the cash had been transferred to the merchant's keeping. When he became impoverished, and even want seemed not far off, Thorndyke began to think how he could obtain possession of this wealth; and finally he developed a plan which seemed to afford a prospect of temporary success.

One day he rode up to the mill in apparently breathless haste, and without dismounting from his horse he called to Samantha. Seeing his disordered manner she rushed to meet him and was greeted with the words:

"Mrs. Whopscott, I have heard some dreadful news in Boulder. It is whispered there that Gilbert is not safe, and that money left on deposit with him is likely to be swallowed up in his personal speculations. As soon as I heard this rumor I flew here to the mill, hoping that we could arrange some plan to save your money."

Samantha no sooner heard this than she fell into a fit of raving and cursing, which might have continued indefinitely had she not been recalled to the necessities of the case by Thorndyke. He said to her:

"Don't be so frightened. If we set actively to work I am sure I can recover the money for you."

Thoroughly cowed by the news and awed by his manner, Samantha ceased to storm and willingly listened to her adviser. He suggested that she should give him an order upon Gilbert for the money and empower him to receive it and deposit it elsewhere, or in case of non-payment by Gilbert to begin suit against him at once. Armed with these papers Rupert returned exultingly to town, after having promised to inform Samantha at once of the result. She had at first insisted upon going with him, but after much persuasion he had induced her to believe that a much better result would be accomplished without her presence.

That afternoon Rupert drew the entire sum from Gilbert's store and that same evening Mr. Gilbert himself started on a business trip to the East, which Rupert knew he had anticipated for some time. At daylight the next morning Thorndyke was again at the mill. Mrs. Whopscott had evidently not slept during the night, and his coming was a great relief to her. He sprang from his horse and entered the house with a hopeful look upon his face, and said:

"My dear Mrs. Whopscott, rest easy about your money. I did not get it from Gilbert, but I have taken steps to plant a suit against him and shall carefully watch all his affairs until such time as we can get the full amount due you, with costs and damages. Gilbert himself has gone away and will be absent some time. But whether he shall ever return or not you may rest assured that I will some time be able to recover your money for you."

Samantha was excited and fearful. But the calm manner of Thorndyke partially restored her, and when he asserted again and again that her interests were no longer in jeopardy she finally ceased to worry. What helped her as much as anything else to produce this result in her mind was Thorndyke's assertion that in the end they would make Gilbert's failure to pay the money cost him twice as much as the original amount; and as there would be personal gain for Samantha in this, as well as the gratification of her vengeance, she took a vindictive pleasure in anticipating the result of her suit.

Rupert returned to town immediately. The principal feeling in his mind was one of triumph; mingled with it, of course, were sensations of fear and shame. But he was now the possessor of \$2000.00, and there seemed but little chance of immediate detection. There was no room in his mind for remorse. Thorndyke did not intend to rob Mrs. Whopscott; he saw before him many opportunities to make money, and he believed that long before discovery could be made, he could easily return the "borrowed" cash and thus save himself without doing anyone else an injury.

He had no time to be tender to Hannah. For some weeks past his anxiety had been so great as to partially estrange them. He could not even bear the tenderness with which she sought to learn and share his anxieties, and to alleviate his evident sufferings. But once more his mind was at rest and he made Hannah very happy by showing greater appreciation of her love than he had ever before exhibited. Wretch as he was he could not be insensible to the implicit devotion of Hannah's untutored heart.

(To be Continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

TO-DAY (March 4th) is an important one in the political history of the nation. The subject is perhaps rather uninteresting to many of our readers, who have adopted the usually-declared idea that politics means knavery, and that a career of that kind can only be pursued at the sacrifice of every principle of honesty and uprightness. But a time is coming when the youth of these mountains will have to take a part in governing the nation, and a greater or less knowledge of political history will be absolutely necessary to them. First of all the general proposition may be laid down that such a thing as purity in politics is not impossible though at present somewhat rare. The science or profession, as it may be called, is in its proper phase, a noble one; and for a man who is conscientious, full of moral courage, able to resist the temptations which beset the politician's path in a thousand alluring forms, and can restrain his ambition within proper limits, no more inviting or more praiseworthy direction could be desired in which to exercise his talents than to study and solve questions of statesmanship and devise measures which shall be of lasting benefit to his race. Viewed in this light politics are worthy the best endeavors of the brightest minds; and such a system would we wish to see introduced to and studied by our young men whose destiny is to uphold and sustain pure government, and be in this direction as the servants of God are in all others—benefactors of the world of mankind.

In all governments, both religious and secular, as well as in everything that exists, it seems necessary that there should be opposition, or contrary influences at work, each having its quota of followers. These aim, naturally enough, to induce others to join their ranks and entertain their opinions, endeavoring, at the same time, to demonstrate the superiority of their ideas over all others. Where this opposition manifests itself in a national government, each party declares what it calls its policy, that is, expresses its views on certain points at issue, both regarding domestic and foreign affairs, and works industriously to convince all men whose ears or attention it can get that its policy is the only safe plan by which the prosperity and well-being of the government can be secured, and that the advice of its leaders must be listened to in the councils of the nation, if ruin and disaster are to be averted. These parties are of various names and numbers; some spring up quickly, with perhaps only one or two points at issue on which they choose to differ from the others, some are short-lived and soon forgotten, and some acquire strength and following enough to shake the government to its very foundation, establish new lines of action and follow different methods entirely to those believed in and put into practice by their opponents.

It is through just such a crisis that the government of the United States has lately passed: For many years the voting strength of the nation has been divided between two parties calling themselves Republicans and Democrats, each staking its chances of victory in every succeeding election upon a certain policy and certain points of doctrine which it enunciated through the press and its public orators. Twenty-four years ago the supremacy of the Democratic party in the federal administration came to an end in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency of the United States on a platform which declared it to be the duty of the government, among other things, to wipe out slavery in the South and polygamy

in Utah. Twenty-four years ago to-day he took the oath of office and his high seat as chief magistrate of the nation. During his first term of office slavery was extinguished in a deluge of blood which nearly cost the nation its very existence. Every national Republican convention since that time has reiterated the threat that polygamy must also give way before what they call civilization, and every president has felt required to put forth some efforts to bring this about. Last year's convention was no exception in this respect; the platform was sufficiently vigorous in its suggestions, and there was little change in what had been done and said on each similar occasion during the last twenty-four years except that at the election on the fourth of last November the party in power met a defeat. To-day the chosen leader of the Democratic party—Grover Cleveland—was sworn in and took his seat as President of the United States, and the whole executive branch of the government, after all these years, passes into other hands. Hence we say, as in our opening sentence, the day is an important one. What its effects will be upon us as a people we cannot foretell. The party going into power has not officially declared its intention to exterminate polygamy. It has simply refrained from saying anything on the subject, although President Cleveland in his inaugural address is reported as declaring that "the conscience of the people demands * * * that polygamy in the Territories * * * shall be repressed."

But we do not place our faith in political parties, either Democrats or Republicans. We believe one would be as willing as the other to crowd us to the wall if it could be sure of winning popular applause for the act. While we have warm friends in both parties, we cannot expect especial favor from either. The Lord is determined to have the glory for carrying on and consummating His own work, and to do this He is fully able. Therefore to sum up the condition of the world in brief words, it may be stated that the only opposition to the kingdom and power of God is found in the power of Satan. Those who are not for the one are for the other—and it is only a question of a short time as to which will be triumphant.

GOOD GOVERNMENT.—It is essential to the goodness of a governor or king to guard the rights, secure the peace and promote the prosperity of his subjects. No one can be called a good governor who does not exercise his supremacy and authority in framing and executing laws for the protection and safety of his subjects. It is as essential to the character of a good ruler to punish vice as to reward virtue; to avenge the wrongs of his subjects, as to secure their interests; yea, the former is essential to the latter, since it is only the fear of punishment that restrains wicked men from violence. Should a ruler suffer crimes to go unpunished, the laws, however good and righteous in themselves, would presently lose their authority and government fall into contempt. Laws have no force any further than they are carried into execution; and authority loses its respect whenever it ceases to be exercised. Whenever the supreme magistrate neglects the execution of the laws he loses the confidence of the people and his regard to the public welfare becomes suspected. No one can confide in his public spirit when he suffers the disturbers of the peace to go unpunished; for his ideas of true regard to public good as necessarily connect punishments with crimes as rewards with virtue.—*West.*

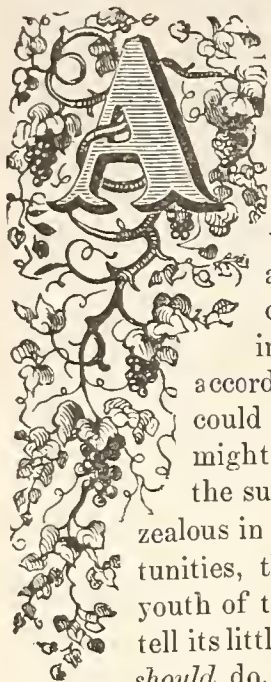
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



ALITTLE maiden not yet in her teens once gave in our hearing a poetical and very pointed answer to the question "what can a child do?" It was recited at a Sunday school jubilee in one of the towns of northern Utah and was rendered with an earnestness and feeling, amounting almost to an appeal for the recognition of childhood's claims, which made a lasting impression on our mind. Exactly what, according to this little lady's opinion, a child could do, we are not now able to recall: but we might write a great deal of our own opinion on the subject, for we are still and long have been zealous in advocating the prerogatives, the opportunities, the position and the requirements of the youth of this people. The JUVENILE has aimed to tell its little readers what they *can* and what they *should* do, and has had much satisfaction in hearing from some of its earliest subscribers—now men and women fairly started in life with every promise of a bright future—that its words of encouragement and counsel set their young minds to work, woke up their sleeping ambition and aroused in their hearts the desire to take advantage of the blessings so richly bestowed upon them and make themselves active and useful in a world where there is so much to be done, and comparatively speaking so very few to do it.

And our opinion would be that of that large body of people, here and throughout the world, bearing the name of Latter-day Saints; for they, of all others, know the value of children, understand the eternal relations which exist between parents and their offspring, and are aware that to the rising generation the church and kingdom of God must look for its future champions and defenders. Upon them will soon rest the responsibility of carrying on the work in which their fathers and mothers have labored so faithfully, and it is of the utmost importance that they be fitted by training and education for the great trust soon to be reposed in them.

We might briefly answer the question "What can a child do?" by saying, it can either do right or do wrong; it can be obedient, truthful, conscientious, pure in thought and deed, honest and God-fearing, or it can go contrary to the wishes of its parents and teachers; it can bring itself to take delight in the association of rude and vulgar playmates; it can acquire the habit of using profane language and of telling falsehoods, and can act in violation of every principle of honor and integrity. The choice of good or evil is left to the youth as well as to the adults, who are but "children of a larger growth." To be sure the punishments visited upon children by their parents appeal more directly to their physical feelings; and many of the errors and follies of youth can by timely and judicious correction be weeded out from the minds of the thoughtless

offenders. Yet there are many people who believe in the theory that since the fall of Adam, the consequences thereof have been so terrible and so far-reaching in their effects that mankind is by nature more inclined to do evil than good and that it is no wonder children are wayward, difficult to manage and choose to do wickedly instead of to work righteousness. We prefer, however, to take the other view, and hold that children, whose spirits come direct from God, are pure and holy when they enter upon this stage of action, that they are more easily susceptible to good impressions and good advice than they are to the promptings of the evil one, and that they naturally love that which is good and true and beautiful, and abhor that which is bad and false and deceptive. It is a sad fact, however, that the promptings of nature are too often warped and changed by the improper influences which surround the growing child. It cannot be denied that in the world, generally speaking, there are more and stronger invitations to forsake the path of virtue and duty than to pursue it unfalteringly to the end. And these, if they are to be counteracted, call for the exercise of prompt and proper authority on the part of the parents. In this respect there is great neglect, owing either to circumstances or to lack of inclination on the parents' part; and the result is that the moral condition of our planet has not made any very rapid strides towards perfection, but seems on the contrary, getting worse year by year.

To get His people free from such a state of affairs and in a position where He could teach them His ways without their having to contend all the time with the traditions of the world, the Lord has instituted the principle of gathering; and doubtless the large majority of those who are reading our words rejoice in having been born in the valleys of the mountains, away from the vice and wrong-doing which are corroding and cankering the very vitals of most civilized communities. Now that we have yielded willing obedience to so much of the Lord's word unto us, it well becomes us to seek further to do His holy will and observe His commandments.

And this brings us back, so far as our readers are concerned, to the question already quoted in these "Thoughts." There are almost innumerable ways in which even young children can do something which will bring them joy and satisfaction in after life and happiness and exaltation in eternity. We will suppose that parents in all our communities understand their duty and sense their responsibility as regards their children, and that the latter are desirous of choosing the good course which we have in a preceding paragraph briefly outlined. Then although the little ones cannot assist their fathers in the field, or their mothers in their tiring household duties, they can save their parents many weary steps by thoughtfully trying to be useful; they can add pleasure and contentment to the family circle and carry contentment into the house, if they are determined to be frank, and candid, and cheerful. They can set their playmates good examples by trying to live as good children should—obeying the ten commandments and the words of wisdom; in short, doing right. They can attend and take part in the exercises of the Sabbath school and the Primary, and, when they are older, the Mutual Improvement Association. They can be gentlemanly and lady-like, even though small of stature and young in years, and can cultivate the noble traits of moral courage, generosity, patience and charity. They can do many other things which we, as well as their parents and teachers, have often told them of; and we can assure them that every one can make his or her influence for good or evil felt in the world.

COFFEE CULTURE.

OUR engraving represents the method of gathering coffee, which is so much used in this Territory as well as in other parts of the world. The scene is laid in Java from which place alone, fifty-five thousand tons of coffee, and that, too, of a very good quality, are annually exported.

There are several accounts as to the time and manner in which this beverage was first introduced to the civilized world, but the one considered most authentic is that a traveling Mohammedan brought some of the berries from southern Abyssinia with him and used them at his home in Arabia. Here the drink was much liked and it was soon used also in Constantinople where coffee houses were established which were said to be constantly thronged with lovers of the beverage. Gradually the taste for it grew among other European nations. In England its introduction met with the greatest opposition where it was denounced as "hell drink," "hell

being divested of their covering leave the coffee beans as we see them at the stores.

A coffee plantation will not thrive only in countries where the temperature is about 65 or 70 degrees. A moist atmosphere is best adapted for its cultivation, although with considerable irrigation it has been successfully raised in dry climates. The soil must be rich, that composed of decayed vegetation being the best. The plants having been selected are then set out in rows from eight to ten feet apart. At the expiration of three years a small crop is generally obtained, but only when six years have elapsed is the largest yield gathered. When fully matured one tree will at times produce four pounds of berries.

As soon as the fruit assumes a dark crimson color it is ready to be picked. This occurs in Java about the first of January and lasts about three or four months, as the crop does not ripen all at once. The labor of picking is frequently done by women and children, although male natives are also employed



poison," etc., and a heavy tax was imposed upon it by the legislature. Finally, however, this drink which had formerly been considered a luxury was deemed a necessity, and every household must now have its good supply of coffee.

The plant which produces the berries grows in its wild state to a height of from twelve to fifteen feet, but when under cultivation, is kept down by careful trimming to six or eight feet, which lessens the labor of gathering as well as causes the plant to yield a larger quantity of a better quality. The tree grows erect, with a single stem opening out at the upper part into long, drooping branches. The leaves are oval and sharp-pointed; from the angle of the leaf stalk small, white, fragrant flowers appear, numbering from four to twelve in a group.

The flowering of the plant sometimes occurs in a single night, and while it usually lasts but a few days it flowers in some countries for eight months. The berries which succeed the blossom, are about the size of a small cherry; the external part under the skin is a pulpy mass which covers two seeds; these are flat on one side and convex on the other, and lie with the flat sides in contact, being separated by a thin skin. These

when they will work for low wages. A good day's work is to pick about three bushels apiece for which an amount is given equal to eight cents per bushel. An overseer, as is seen in the picture, constantly rides around the plantation while the harvesting is going on to see that the crop is properly gathered without injury to the trees. After the berries have been sufficiently dried the outer covering is removed and the beans are thoroughly cleaned and sorted by various kinds of machinery, when they are packed in bags ready for exportation.

The process of roasting and grinding the beans and then preparing the drink are too well known to require any description here.

It is claimed by many that the use of coffee is not injurious in the least to the system. Some physicians even recommend it; but this much is certain that those who use it constantly have a very unhealthy appearance, and will themselves acknowledge that they feel evil effects from its use. At any rate the Word of Wisdom teaches that the use of coffee and other stimulants is not good for the Saints and this should be sufficient to cause the youth of Zion to refrain from it entirely.

Lessons for the Little Ones.

PRIMARY EXERCISES.

JESUS CHOOSES HIS DISCIPLES.

JESUS began His mission of preaching among the people when He was thirty years of age. His heart was full of love and pity for men, women and children. He healed the sick, made the blind to see and the lame to walk, and did good wherever He went.

His Father in heaven put it in His heart to choose some good, honest men to help Him in His labors among the people. So He went down to the lovely sea-shore of Galilee, where He saw two men, Andrew and Peter, who were brothers, fishing. He called them and told them of the mission there was for them to do, and they being honest, God-fearing men, left all and followed Him.

They soon saw two more young men, named John and James; they also believed and left their nets and boats and followed Him. These four were poor, but good and true men, who knew it was better to serve God and do His will than to live just for themselves.

As they journeyed with Jesus many people were believers, and followed them, and received the truth with glad hearts, knowing for themselves that Jesus was the Christ. Now, four was not enough to fill the quorum, so Jesus sought and found eight more men who were suitable to His purpose; for Jesus could read the hearts of all and knew whom to choose. There were Philip, Thomas, Bartholomew, James, the son of Alphaeus, Matthew, Simon, Nathanael and Judas Iscariot. Jesus and these twelve brethren traveled all the time among the people preaching repentance to them, and to repent for the kingdom of heaven was at hand. He told His disciples not to take money or clothes with them, nor to provide for their wants, but to go trusting in God, His Father, and to ask for all things needed in His name. He told them that they would be hated and persecuted for His sake; but if they would be true and faithful, even to the giving of their lives, they should be saved and have eternal life in the world to come.

QUESTIONS.

1. How old was Jesus when He began to preach?
2. How many men did He choose to help Him?
3. What were their names?

4. What kind of men did He choose for His disciples?

5. In what way were these disciples to travel?

6. On whom were they to rely for help?

7. In whose name were they to call on the Father?

8. How do we send our Elders out in our day?

A MISSION.

(A dialogue for a young girl and a class of eight or ten members. The girl represents the Primary President and sits in front of the class.)

Primary President.—Your exercises have been very good to-day, my dear children; and now, before closing. I wish to send you all on a mission, or give you one; for we are all on a mission in this world, sent here from our heavenly home to prove how true we will be to our Heavenly Father.

First Boy.—But how can little boys and girls go on missions? It is only big men who go, I thought.

P. P.—Listen, and I will tell you: Every little girl and boy must wear clothes, eat food and, I guess, sometimes have a little money to spend. What kind of clothes do you wear?

Second Boy.—Store clothes; they are cheap, ma says.

P. P.—Just as I thought. Nearly all our clothes are brought from other places; yet there is not a boy or girl here to-day but could be comfortably clothed in nice, warm home-made goods, if your parents saw fit to get them. This brings me to the very mission I have for you. Whenever you need shoes, clothes, hats, a new trunk in which to put your clothes, shoe blacking, stockings and many other useful things, ask father and mother to buy the home-made ones every time. Now, who will do this?

All.—I will! I will!

First Girl.—But some folks make fun of those who wear home-made.

P. P.—Never mind; you tell them you desire to help build up God's kingdom on the earth, even when small, and you intend doing what is right no matter who laughs.

Third Boy.—I don't see how wearing home-made clothing can help build up His kingdom.

P. P.—Well, here are a few of the reasons; and as you get older you will see many more. If we wear home-made clothes we give work to many men and women, who, perhaps, could not get much to do; we keep our large factories running and keep our money at home. All you boys and girls should learn trades; but if we buy everything we

need from others, we cannot find work for all our dear children. So, now, when you spend your money, let it be with those who are Latter-day Saints. Wash your faces and hands with soap made at home. Read books printed and written at home. Make everything you can yourselves, and learn to want as little as possible from those who are our enemies; and be "busy bees in the hive of Deseret." Will you try to fill your mission, dear children?

All.—Yes, we will try; we will try.

P. P.—That is right; and in years to come you will be blessed for so doing, and you will help to build up Zion just as it should be. You are my brave band of missionaries and may God ever bless you. You are now dismissed.

CHILDREN'S TRUE SAYINGS.

Last Christmas, my sister's little girl, four years old, awoke full of eager curiosity, and spying her array of presents, lifted her hands in speechless delight. After looking them all over she solemnly exclaimed, "I prayed for it all;" and when night came gravely asked her papa to tell God to thank Santa Claus for all her nice things.

"Mamma, is God everywhere?"

"Yes, His Spirit is."

"I wish I could find Him, I just know He would get me some new shoes."

ZINA.

APOSTASY.

BY BEN. E. RICH.

WE will now take a look at the religious world which declares with one voice that they love and follow our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. In entering into this investigation, we will say it is with no feelings of hatred towards the Catholic or Protestant world. We believe that all mankind should have the privilege of worshiping God according to the dictates of their own consciences; but if they are in darkness and have fallen from that path which leads to eternal life in the presence of our Maker, and we, knowing this to be the case, do not consider it unkind in the least to point out the error and have them profit by the same.

Both Catholics and Protestants claim that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, that He was sent from heaven as a Savior of this world, and taught the principles of life and salvation, that all who lived the same might dwell with Him in the glory that He prepared for those who kept His commandments. About the year 100 all the apostles are said to have been dead. Mosheim says that baptism was administered by immersion in the second century: after which those baptized were dedicated to the service of God by the imposition of

hands. They then spake in tongues; foretold future events; healed the sick; and that many miracles were performed by the saints, which affords sufficient evidence that Christ did not intend to limit the signs that were for believers to the age of the apostles, but rather to fulfil His promise to the effect that "these signs shall follow them that believe." According to the most approved historians the spiritual gifts were enjoyed to a certain extent in the third century; baptism was administered by immersion also and no mention is made of any other mode until about the middle of this (3rd.) century. At this time Gahan, a Catholic historian, speaking of Novation, says, "Having embraced the faith, he continued a catechuman, till falling dangerously ill, and his life being despaired of, he was baptized in bed, *not by immersion, which was then the usual method, but by infusion, or pouring on of water.*" This, coming from a Catholic historian who adopted another mode of baptism than immersion, is no small weight of testimony; although he endeavors to smooth the affair over in order to deliver Catholicism from the dilemma into which this throws it.

The laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost was practiced in this century, but, says Mosheim, "The face of things began now to change in the Christian church. It varied from the primitive rule and degenerated towards the form of religious monarchy, soon followed by a train of vices."

Origen is said to be the first mystifier of the Scriptures, and from him grew the practice of interpreting the sacred writings and explaining them in almost every way but literal. He says, "Let us seek after the spirit and substantial fruit of the word which are hidden and mysterious. The Scriptures are of little use to those who understand them as written." In this century also there was a contest about infant baptism which shows it was not an established doctrine. In the year 306 Constantine the Great was declared emperor of Rome. About the year 313 he is said to have seen a remarkable sign in the heavens of a flaming cross, after which he became a convert to the Christian faith. He took the reins of government, amalgamated church and state, took upon himself the title of bishop, increased the salaries of the clergy, gave popularity to the Christian religion, and introduced into it worldly honor, grandeur and wealth. It is also stated that he was not baptized until just previous to his death, which happened in the year 337. From this time we see the true religion of Christ decline very fast; schisms on schisms, man-made creeds etc., entered into the church, and about the year 570, according to Mosheim, *all* the gifts and graces of the church were entirely done away, and even in the third century he says there remained no more than a mere shadow of the ancient government of the Church.

In the year 305 the society of monks was organized. They wandered about the deserts and upon the mountains, macerated their bodies with hunger and thirst, and some historians say they became very filthy in order to mortify their pride. Numerous females or virgins are said to have dragged out a miserable life of this kind, having made vows of perpetual chastity, hence arose the abominable nurency business. We here see how man, who was once the companion of angels degraded himself below the beast. In the year 325, the council of Nicee was called, consisting of 318 bishops, a multitude of presbyters, deacons and others amounting in all to 2048; and yet, in this large assembly there was not found enough of the Spirit of God to obtain a revelation to settle a most important point of doctrine. Under this order of things the Nicene creed was adopted and all men were forced to sub-

scribe to it or suffer banishment. The church here became the head of government, and Satan the head of both.

The Catholics claim that there has been a regular succession of bishops, and, admitting it to be the case, it does not prove that they have the Holy Priesthood of God. We will apply the apostle's rule which will work both ways, and which proves that the Catholic priesthood is not the acknowledged authority of God. Says Paul, "there being a change of Priesthood, there is made of necessity a change also of the law." We are certain that the order of the church has undergone a *great* change; therefore, the *order* being changed, of *necessity* required another order of priesthood, for the Holy Priesthood of the Scriptures is not adapted to Catholicism, any more than the constitution of the United States is adopted to the kingdom of Great Britain.

The following is a specimen of Catholicism in the seventh century. We quote from Jones' Church History, page 442, Vol. 1. who quotes from Robertson's History of Charles V. Vol. 1. "In several places in France a festival was celebrated in commemoration of the Virgin Mary's flight into Egypt. It was called the Feast of the Ass. A young girl, richly dressed with a child in her arms, was placed upon an ass decorated with trappings; the ass was led to the altar, high mass was said; the animal was taught to kneel at proper places; a hymn was sung to his praise; and when the ceremony was ended, the priest, instead of the usual words with which he dismissed the people, *brayed* three times like an ass, and the people instead of the usual response, *brayed* three times in return."

Can any reasonable person be made to believe that God requires absurdities? Who will suppose for a moment that God ever required an individual in order to serve Him, to bray like an ass, to worship an image, to act the part of a monk and load himself with chains, macerate his body with hunger, thirst and cold and live like the beasts of the woods; or to go through all the ridiculous ceremonies of Catholicism? Is it possible that any responsible person can be so deluded as to think that the Holy Priesthood of God would be continued under the sanction of high heaven, through all this mass of superstition? God will not dwell in unholy temples, and as soon as men turn from Him, He will not accept of their proceedings.

(To be Continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY EARLY FRIENDS.

BY J. W.

ONE of my earliest associates and fellow-laborers in the latter-day gospel was Elder Henry H. Kirk. My first acquaintance with him was when he came from the Nottingham to the Sheffield Conference, to travel in the Doncaster district. I think this was in 1850. Of his early life he told me as follows:

His parents were Roman Catholics, and at a proper age he was sent to a Roman Catholic monastic school to be educated for their priesthood. The liberal and unbelieving notions, however, which he had learned in society seem to have spoiled him for the ministerial profession, and he was often in trouble with his superiors because of unbelief. The following is an instance among many others he related to me:

A rule in the monastery required one student to read from the lives of the saints while the others ate dinner. The one that read fasted that meal. If any student was in disgrace he had to read. If none were in disgrace the task was given in turns.

The lives of the saints are chiefly accounts of miracles claimed to have been worked by the saints, or early fathers of the church, who existed long after the days of the apostles. The rock on which Brother Kirk split was as follows: A certain saint was banished to an uninhabited island. While here he was told in a dream to go to a distant city to preach and to start at noon. The saint had no way of leaving the island; but when the time came for his departure he went down to the shore and spread his cloak on the water, stepped on it and was wafted to the place which he had been commanded to visit.

When this was read Brother Kirk laughed *out loud*. The superior rose to his feet and demanded to know who laughed. Brother Kirk acknowledged it and was then asked if he did not believe the story. Brother Kirk replied he could hardly accept the whole of it, but proposed to divide it up and let some of the others take a part of it. By that means he thought they might believe the whole among them. He offered to believe as his share the part which states that the saint went to the water.

Brother Kirk's conduct on this occasion was considered rank infidelity and he was sentenced to read for several days during the dinner hour. He saved his dinners, however, by leaving the monastery.

Soon after leaving this place he became interested in the Chartist agitation, and seemed chiefly noted in assisting to plan difficulties for others, while he would escape them himself. About this time he got married.

The next incident I remember was an attempt by several of the sectarian churches to get him to join their societies; for a converted Catholic, Jew, Negro or Indian is especially valuable to preach collection sermons. Brother Kirk's wife was a church member; a Baptist, I believe. One day the leader of her church, with a few influential members, called at Brother Kirk's house to talk to him, as they said, for the good of his soul. The conversation dragged when prayer was proposed. They knelt down and all prayed except Brother Kirk. On arising quite a pause ensued, when the leader, who was a confirmed stutterer, said, with difficulty:

"I tell you what, Friend Kirk, I believe if you would give your heart to the Lord, I believe the Lord would put you in a good way to make a good living."

Brother Kirk replied, "Do you think He would?"

"I tell you what, Friend Kirk, if the Lord won't do it, I'll do it myself."

Brother Kirk jumped up in a passion and said, "What do you mean? Do you think that I would sell my soul to the devil for the chance to stand behind a counter to sell cotton balls, three for a penny? Leave my house!"

The meeting adjourned.

Soon after this my friend heard the Latter-day Saints preach and was drawn in by the gospel net. He had not been baptized long before he was ordained to the Priesthood and sent out to preach. He soon developed, especially in showing up the falacies and short-comings of the various religions of the present day. He was quite successful in his labors and baptized a great many.

I will give you a few instances of the manner in which he answered his assailants when opposed by the sectarians.

One Sunday he had been preaching to quite a large congregation in the open air, and in the course of his remarks had attacked the sectarian notion of being saved by *faith alone*; and also the theory of hell being a bottomless pit full of fire and brimstone. After dismissal he went into a brother's house near by, and soon an elderly local preacher came in with a large Bible under his arm and thus addressed Elder Kirk:

"My dear friend; I listened to your sermon, and to some of your remarks I feel it my duty to call your attention, as they are of so wrong and dangerous a nature that if not repented of before it be too late the blood of souls may be on your skirts."

Brother Kirk replied by thanking the gentleman for his interest in him and assuring him of his willingness to rectify all wrongs as soon as pointed out.

Minister.—O, I am so glad to see your willingness and to hear you speak so! I will now proceed. First, I believe you said that faith alone would save no one.

Elder.—I acknowledge that.

M.—And you acknowledge it to be an error?

E.—Well, no; not quite. (*Pointing to the Bible*), Perhaps you could show me some passage to assist me.

M.—Certainly; I am prepared to do that. (*Turns the leaves and reads*), "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that, not of man: it is the gift of God." Now, sir, is not that sufficient?

E.—Not quite. As you will notice, the passage says by *grace*, and not by *faith*, are ye saved.

M.—Well, but the idea is there conveyed that it is by faith alone we are saved.

E.—No; I think it is nearer conveyed that it is by *grace alone*, if either. Besides, if *faith alone* can save a person the devils are more sure of salvation than you are.

M.—(*In surprise*), My dear sir, how so?

E.—Simply because they have more faith than you have. Does not the scriptures say that the devils *believe* and tremble? Besides, I read of the devils holding a prayer meeting, and they prayed and got a direct answer to their prayers; for the very thing they asked for was allowed right on the spot. Such a thing, I will venture, you never got in your life.

M.—The devils prayed! Who did they pray to?

E.—To Jesus Christ, of course. Do you think the devils are infidels?

M.—My friend, where do you find an account of that?

E.—In the Bible.

M.—My dear friend, I have read this blessed book through on my knees and have never seen it. I think you are wrong.

E.—(*Takes the Bible, turns to Luke and reads*), "Lord, if thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the swine; and he said, Go." Now, sir, there you find a direct *prayer* and a direct *answer* to their prayer.

M.—(*Pauses and reflects a few moments.*) Well, we will leave that point; but on the next point I think you must yield. Did I not understand you to say that hell was *not* a bottomless pit full of fire and brimstone?

E.—Yes, I believe I said that.

M.—Well, is not that wrong. And more; by depriving hell of its horrors would it not have a tendency to encourage sin, and thus damn souls?"

E.—That *may* be; but yet one should not *lie* to men in order to frighten them into repentance.

M.—But that would not be lying.

E.—I read that hell is a place of outer darkness, and I maintain that if there is fire there must be light.

M.—The mouth of hell may be outer darkness, but I assert that further on there is fire and brimstone.

E.—O, I begin to understand! Some stay at the mouth and others pass on.

M.—Well, I believe there are different degrees of punishment as well as different degrees of glory.

E.—Yes, I presume so. But how are you going to keep them in the mouth when once thrown in? Perhaps, though, there are shelves around the sides on which to place them.

(*Minister looks puzzled, and confused.*)

Again, I read of hell riding out one morning on horseback; and if it be such a place as you describe I am wondering what kind of a saddle and stirrup irons it would need.

M.—(*In surprise*) Hell rode on horseback! Where did you read that?

E.—In the Bible; I get my information there.

(*Minister passes the Bible.*)

E.—(*Turns to Revelations and reads*), "And there went out a pale horse, and he that sat on him was death, and *hell followed with him.*" Now, you cannot think that hell would go on foot and keep up with death on horseback do you?

M.—(*Looking at his watch.*) Well, my friend, I find that the time for our afternoon service has arrived, so we will be compelled to defer the remainder of our conversation until another time, and I must bid you good day.

E.—Good-day, sir. Come again as soon as you can.

M.—Yes, sir. (*Goes.*)

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER III.

THE conclusion of the last letter on Gibraltar stated that Sir George Rooke wrested Gibraltar from Spain.

While the admiral was in the Mediterranean, nothing of importance being done, he held a council of war on the 17th of July, 1704, near Tetuan. Several schemes were proposed, particularly a second attack on Cadiz, Spain; but for want of sufficient land forces it was resolved to suddenly and vigorously attack Gibraltar. On the 21st of the same month the fleet arrived in the bay with 1,800 men, English and Dutch, commanded by the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt. The forces were landed on the isthmus and the garrison was summoned to surrender; but the governor, Marquis de Salines, refused to do so.

On the 23rd of July, at daybreak, the ships were at their various stations. The admiral gave the signal and the cannonading commenced with such telling effect that in five or six hours the enemy were driven from their guns. Captains Hicks and Jumper, who lay next to the mole, pushed ashore with their pinaces, whereupon the Spaniards sprang a mine, blew up the fortifications, killed two lieutenants and forty men and wounded sixty. The uninjured soldiers, however, advanced and took a small redoubt half-way between the mole and town.

The Marquis de Salines, being again summoned, thought proper to capitulate. Hostages were given and the Prince of Hesse, on the 24th of July, 1704, took possession of the gates and became governor. The works were found to be very strong, mounting 100 pieces of ordnance, well appointed with ammunition and stores; yet the garrison consisted at most of only 150 men, exclusive of the inhabitants.

The loss of the English in this engagement consisted of two lieutenants, one master and fifty-seven sailors killed, and one captain, seven lieutenants, one boatswain and two hundred and seven sailors wounded.

The courts of Madrid and Paris were greatly concerned at the loss of so great a fortress as Gibraltar. A grandee of Spain was therefore ordered to besiege and endeavor to retake it. A fleet of French ships landed six battalions, which joined the Spanish army.

On the 11th of October, 1704, fire was opened against the town from the trenches. On the 29th of the same month Sir John Leake, an English admiral, unexpectedly entered the bay with his fleet and surprised and captured three frigates, a fire ship and a store ship. He then landed 500 sailors and supplied the garrison with six months' provisions and plenty of ammunition, which proved providential to the garrison.

On the night of the admiral's arrival it had been planned to attack the garrison at five different points, by land and sea; two hundred boats having been obtained from Cadiz for the purpose; but the arrival of the reinforcements caused them to hesitate.

On the 31st of October, however, five hundred Gothic or Spanish soldiers volunteered to make an attack; and after partaking of the sacrament, swore never to return until they had retaken Gibraltar. Fortune favored the party, so that with the guidance of a goat herder and the aid of rope ladders they succeeded in secreting themselves in St. Michael's Cave without being observed. The part of the rock which they scaled in the night is almost perpendicular and faces the Mediterranean sea.

I had the pleasure of personally visiting this wonderful cave in 1853 while on my mission to that wonderful stronghold, so noted in history and of which I shall have more to say in my next letter.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

THE GATHERING OF ISRAEL.

EVERY reader of the Bible realizes that the gathering of Israel is predicated upon its once having been scattered. We find it recorded in the book of Deuteronomy that the Lord will gather Israel from all nations whither He has scattered them.

To obtain a proper understanding of the great work of gathering in these latter times, we must have, to a certain extent, a comprehensive idea of the scattering; for as general as was the scattering so must the gathering be. If the dispersion was over all the earth and among all nations, it is necessary that the gathering should be from the whole earth and out of every nation.

It is thirty-two centuries since Israel began to be oppressed in the land of Canaan; and about that time one-third of them were more or less in bondage to their enemies. Seven hundred years before the coming of Christ the ten tribes were scattered throughout western Asia. At the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans the Jews were scattered over the known world. We have an account of some who returned to build the waste places of Judah; but multitudes of them remain in their scattered condition.

In the first book of Nephi, written about six hundred years before the final dispersion of the Jews, is recorded the following prophecy about the gathering:

"And after they have been scattered, and the Lord has scourged them for the space of many generations, until they shall believe on Christ and worship the Father in His name, with clean hands and pure hearts, the Lord will set His hand again the second time, to restore His people from their lost and fallen state; then He will proceed to do a marvelous work among the children of men."

With this brief allusion to the scattering of Israel we are now prepared to speak of the gathering.

On the sixth day of April, 1830, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized in Fayette, Seneca Co., New York. As soon as it was in progress the Lord commanded His servants to go with the message of salvation to all nations, kindreds, tongues and peoples. From that time the work rolled on with great rapidity. Among the principles expounded to the converts was and is the law of gathering, and whenever a believer takes upon himself the name of Latter-day Saint his strong desire is to gather with the people of God. As a result of this we have in our midst people from almost every nation upon the face of the earth. While this Church was small, its members were persecuted and driven from their homes. Still this did not stop the progress of the work, it only added more fuel to the flames. At that time the spirit of prophecy rested powerfully upon the prophet and he told in unmistakable language the future of the work which was then so small.

All that is being done in Congress at the present, and all that has been done by our enemies in the past, is in fulfillment of what the prophet foretold many years ago. Our enemies do not realize that they are fulfilling and bringing about the word of God.

We are represented as a poor and low people, yet our name is better known than that of any other denomination upon the face of the earth. The oppression brought to bear upon us will only help to spread the gospel and fasten it more firmly in the hearts of the faithful. For we cannot become the people God wants us to be without passing through these ordeals and gaining an experience.

Joseph the Prophet sealed his testimony with his blood and Brigham, his successor, nobly led us to this land where we enjoy peace and the privilege of worshiping God according to the desires of our hearts; and when the proper time comes, some of the people will gather to the land of Missouri, which is consecrated for the gathering of the Saints, and Israel shall be one nation and the Lord will be their king and reign over them.

MAMIE LAMB.

BEHAVIOR IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

KNOWING that the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR falls under the inspection of all young people who attend the Sabbath school regularly throughout the Territory, and as I take a great interest in their welfare, I thought that a few words of advice might be appropriate as well as beneficial.

I see so many of our boys and girls attending Sunday school with no object in view, seemingly, but to pass away the time. Now this is not right. We should go with this one great aim in our heart to improve our minds and make ourselves more exalted so that we may be prepared to appear before our God.

We should attend our meetings and the Sunday school with reverence, and with hearts full of thankfulness that we have such great privileges in these latter days.

Of course young people must have amusement, but to have such we need not resort to laughing and talking during the hours of religious worship. The Bible says there is "A time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance;" and again, "For wisdom is better than rubies; and all things that may be desired are not to be compared to it." Therefore, my young friends seek for wisdom and "with all thy getting, get understanding."

If you have been to a party or out sleigh riding on Saturday evening, do not go to Sunday school the next day and laugh and relate what a good time you have had, but wait for a more favorable time. Attend strictly to your lessons while in your class and do not interrupt others, for it shows no mark of a lady or gentleman, to sit laughing or talking while others are reading or reciting their lessons.

Improve every opportunity you have in gaining instruction, and in making yourselves wiser and better each day, for you know not when you may be called before the judgment seat of God, for every moment brings us nearer to the grave. Be persistent in improving your mind and you will thereby strengthen your character. Obey all that are placed to teach and instruct you.

"Let us govern our passions with absolute sway
Grow wiser and better, as life wears away."

IDA.

TRUE HEROISM.

HEROES and heroines are more numerous in this world of ours than many of us realize. The idea is quite prevalent, but nevertheless erroneous, that we are to look for heroes only on the battlefield or in other dangerous and desperate places, when the fact is that acts of the greatest heroism are constantly transpiring around us. The boy who will take the part of a weak friend when attacked by bullies, is a hero; he who will battle faithfully for the truth, no matter who seeks to overcome, and who surmounts every opposing obstacle while performing his duty, is as much worthy of this title as is the daring soldier, or the intrepid seaman.

A school incident which happened not very long since will serve to illustrate the spirit which prompts heroes:

A poor, half-starved boy who had violated the laws of the school he was attending, was called up by the harsh teacher and commanded to take off his coat that he might receive a whipping. The boy hesitated a moment and then refused to do as he was told.

Again the teacher said, "Take off your coat," and swung, at the same time, the lash through the air.

The culprit slowly removed his coat and it was then apparent to all, why he at first refused to comply: he had no means with which to provide himself with an undergarment, and even his shoulder blades seemed to have almost cut through his skin, he was so thin.

A murmur was heard among the scholars at this sight, and suddenly a stout, healthy boy arose, walked to the teacher's desk and said, "O sir, please don't hurt this poor fellow! Whip me. He's nothing but a poor chap. Don't you hurt him; he's poor. Whip me!"

"Well," answered the teacher, "it's going to be a severe whipping: I am willing to take you as a substitute."

"Well," said the boy, "I don't care. You may whip me if you will let this poor fellow go."

His schoolmate was released, and without an outcry this little hero received the master's severe castigation. He felt the pain of the lash, but his heart was filled with joy for this noble act.

That boy exhibited the true spirit of Christ—the greatest hero the world has ever produced—in that he showed by this act his willingness to suffer for the faults of another.

But acts of self-sacrifice are not and need not be confined to the boys alone. Girls have many opportunities of showing the kind of spirit they possess. Many incidents might be mentioned, of which we will, however, name but one, in which the true spirit of heroism has been manifested by the gentler sex. The incident occurred in San Francisco:

The street was crowded with vehicles and a woman and child were waiting at one end of a crossing for an opportunity to pass over. Suddenly the child started to run across when it fell in front of a passing vehicle.

A young lady happened to be near and saw the mishap. The wagon-wheel was on the point of grazing the child's head. To have stopped to lift the child would have been to lose the only remaining chance of saving its life. She therefore placed her foot directly in front of the wheel and with her hands held on to the spokes until the wagon stopped.

The child was picked up uninjured but its noble rescuer had her foot crushed, and fainted away when her brave deed was done. After being carried home she regained consciousness, when her brother told her she had done something which might make her a cripple for life:

Her answer was, "Don't scold. If I had hesitated a moment the child would have been crushed to death. The wheel would have passed over its head, and it is only my foot that is hurt."

We hope the readers of the INSTRUCTOR will seek for the spirit of true heroism that they may be able to do what is right regardless of consequences, and ever be willing to assist and even suffer for each other if necessary.

VIDI.

HOW WHISKY PAYS.—Some years ago we had in our employ a man who several times a day ran out of the office to buy a drink of whisky. Every time he went out the cashier was instructed to drop ten cents into the drawer to our credit. At the end of seventeen months, the man who had gone out so often had drank himself out of a good situation, and the drawer, when opened, was found to contain four hundred and nine dollars, which we loaned to a young mechanic at seven per cent. interest. He used it to purchase a set of tinner's tools. On the 16th of November, 1876, he returned it to us with interest, saying in his letter that he has now a wife, two children, and property worth five thousand dollars. The other fellow is a bum, hunting for food.—*Ex.*

A MAN who sells his conscience for his interest will sell it for his pleasure. A man who will betray his country will betray his friend.

THE LATTER-DAY WORK.

WORDS BY L. G. RICHARDS.

MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

Ben marcato.

If in the days of Ab-ra-ham Je-ho-vah's power was shown, What wisdom hath the

Great "I Am" in lat-ter days made known! What marvelous works are taking place, Ac-cord-ing to His

word! What gifts of love, what hal-lowed grace, Are on His Saints con-ferred!

The richest gems of heavenly truth
Are faith's own sweet reward;
Visions and dreams both age and youth
Enjoy, and praise the Lord—
The Lord who deigns to loose the tongue
Untaught, that dare not lie;
And youths and maidens, meek and young,
Speak forth and prophesy.

The patriarchal law restored
Gives us a future view
Of good that will on us be poured,
And on our children, too.
Then to the Lord, the Great "I Am,"
Let ceaseless praise ascend;
We in the God of Abraham
Do also find a friend.

CHARADE.

BY C. O. G.

My First is an art quite extensively used,
Through the medium of which much learning's diffused;
And by its means we're sometimes amused,
While by it one's character is often abused.

My Second's a substance used in a like art,
By which mankind their ideas impart—
Well known in every city, town and mart;
While my whole with my first plays a prominent part.

THERE are indeed but very few to whom nature has been so unkind that they are not capable of shining in some science or other. There is a certain bias towards knowledge in every mind, which may be strengthened and improved by proper application.

THE answer to the Enigma published in number 4 is ACRES. Correct solutions have been received from Sadie Thompson, Scipio; Samuel Stark and Nephi Savage, Payson; William and Lovina E. Brewer, Hennefer; Thomas L. Jones, South Weber; G. Raymond, Kaysville; John Olson, Logan; George F. Fewens, Salt Lake City.

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ORGAN FOR YOUNG
HOLINESS TO THE LORD.
LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XX.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 1, 1885.

NO. 7.

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

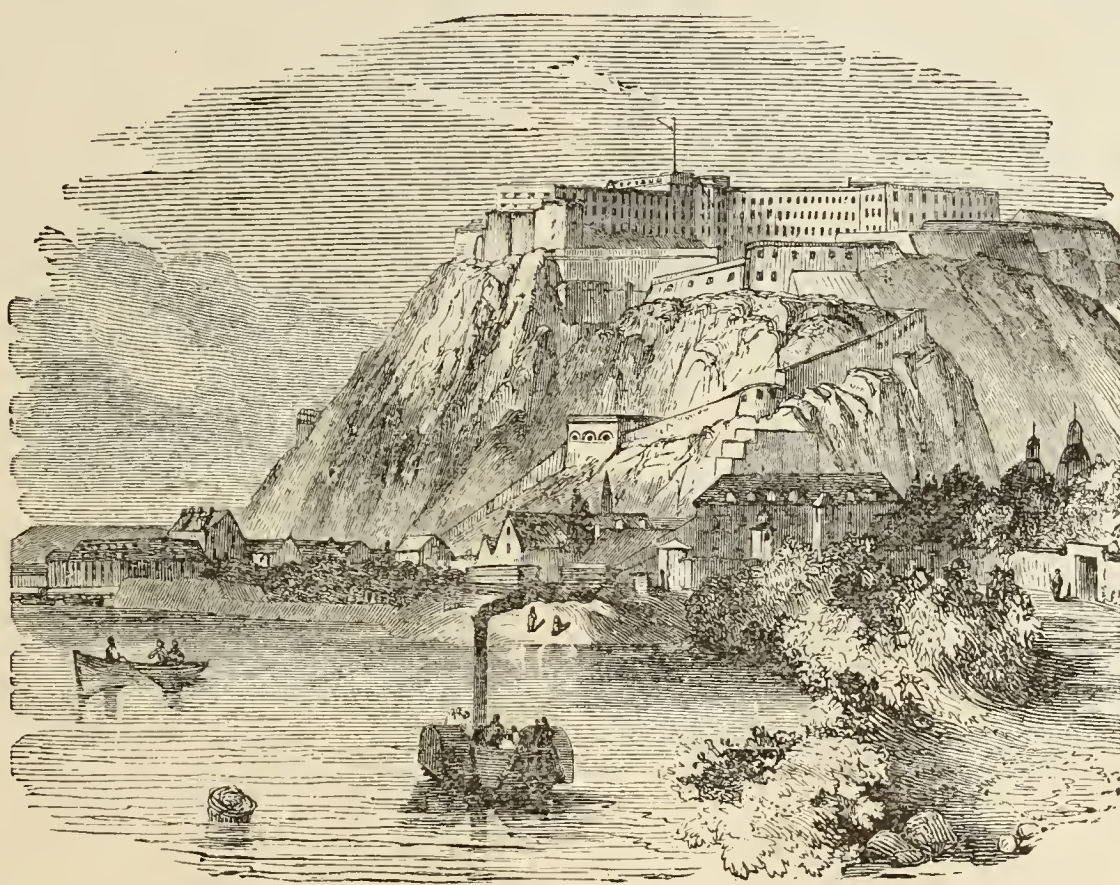
IN sailing along that beautiful river, the Rhine—so interesting in its touching history and on account of its curious and quaint legends, and so charming to the beholder, with its vine-clad hills, its rocky cliffs and ruined castles—one almost forgets all worldly cares and lives in a sphere of such delight that tales of gnomes, and fairies, and magic worlds seem as real as life, and one can readily understand how easily, to a poet's mind, most fascinating thoughts must come and weave themselves into words sublime; for here must be the muse's home—everything is so filled with poetry, music and all that brings to the senses delight and ecstasy.

Nothing really beautiful, however, appears along the banks before nearing Cologne; but from there on to Mayence one experiences continual pleasure; for the ever-varying, ever-beautiful scenery passes before us like the shifting scenes of some most wonderful panorama. Village rises upon village, all sheltered from the world by the overhanging hills and these hills covered with most fruitful vineyards and crowned with towers and castles, whose brown and rugged walls seem to relate to the beholder tales of daring deeds, of plighted troths, of broken vows, of cloistered lives. Here cluster also thoughts of chivalry and greatness; for we gaze now upon some ancient tower built by the Romans in Caesar's time and then upon some beautiful chateau erected by the early French.

Down through the valleys come babbling rivulets bearing doubtless more tales of history and romance to pour their sparkling waters and charming stories into this already great and classic stream. Sailing on, one city after another with its white spires rises and sinks in the distance. The mountains swell before you then fade away. Still on we sail without a care, almost without a thought, wrapt in oblivion, forgetful of everything but the charming sight before us, and so

I sail on almost forgetting the picture here before me and gazing backward at that lovely scene which one happy day disclosed. I fain would have sailed on and on upon those quiet, classic waters, never halting, and wrapt in this oblivious spell have gazed longer on the charming scene; but the shades of night hid from our eyes all this loveliness and brought to mind the cares of ordinary life and then the voyage ended.

So now my lamp-light shining on the picture before me dispels the dream, the gloaming brought and bids me halt before the great, white walls of Ehrenbreitstein. Perhaps in the whole length of the river there is no spot more imposing than this. Its very name describes the place, meaning the "broad stone of honor." Five hundred and seventy-five white stone steps rise almost from the river and ascend to the fortress, which is so strong that it is known as the Gibraltar of the Rhine. It is



accessible only from one side and appears to the eye so impregnable that one can scarcely imagine that an army would besiege it after once beholding it from the river; but history tells us it has been many times besieged, yet has surrendered but three times to the enemy—the first through the treachery of Elector Philip Christopher it fell into the hands of the French; the second time it was forced through hunger to surrender to General Johanne Von Werth; and the third time, during the French revolution, after withstanding four sieges, it was forced to capitulate, all provisions being exhausted.

The situation is most imposing, being on a rock three hundred and eighty-seven feet above the Rhine and commanding a most charming view of the two noted rivers, the Rhine and the Moselle, with their cities, spires and domes. A bridge of boats connects the fortress with the pretty and interesting city of Coblenz on the opposite side of the river.

Just beyond the fortress, in a small valley, is a quaint and interesting city bearing the same name and containing not more than three thousand inhabitants. Here stands the old castle Ehrenbreitstein, where the archbishops of Treves found an asylum, and here also is a lone, mouldering Roman tower, standing as a monument to the great Cæsar's army, for it is the only thing here to tell that a Roman ever trod the soil.

ANNIE.

TWO WAYS OF SPENDING A DOLLAR.

TWO brothers were given a dollar each by a friend who came to spend a few days with their parents. Oh, how rich they felt! They sat by the barn and made plans for spending their money which would have taken more than fifty dollars to have carried out, but after their pleasant "castle building," they separated for the day's duties, for they were not raised in idleness, but were taught to make good use of their time. Fred, the elder, had a place in a packing room for one of Salt Lake's big stores, but his wages were small and he gave them to his mother, except what it took to clothe him. Jimmie, had the privilege of going to school this Winter, and he was striving to make the most of his chances, for he was a wise lad, and saw how much more good he could do if he had an education, than if left in ignorance.

Home they came at night, eager to learn on what plan each had decided, for they had permission to spend their money as they pleased. Fred was going to the theatre; he had seen some boys who were going, and the pictures were just gorgeous. He had never seen a burlesque opera, and was wild to go. "Come along, Jimmie," he said, "it will be prime, and we can have a jolly time."

"I can't," said Jimmie, "to-night the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association meets, and I have to speak on the principle of obedience."

"Oh never mind for once," said Fred.

"Yes I will 'mind,' Fred, for I have never missed my meetings, and would not enjoy myself if I went to the theatre," answered Jimmie.

Fred knew Jimmie was right, but marched off murmuring something about being too religious to have any enjoyment.

Fred soon appeared all dressed up; and was off to join his companions. Jimmie soon followed, but took another direction, with the Compendium in his pocket, and in his heart a feeling of joy. He arrived at the hall, sat down, and carefully reviewed all he had read on the great principle of obedience,

and when his name was called from the programme, walked up like a man, and though his heart beat fast, and his knees felt weak, he raised his heart in silent prayer for help, and not in vain, for the spirit he needed rested upon him, and he spoke as no lad could speak unless filled from the fount of all light.

The Bishop of the Ward was present that evening, and told them he had come to call some of the most worthy young men to be ordained to the Holy Priesthood, and to Jimmie's astonishment he called the names of Fred and himself. How he wished his brother was there! A call was made for assistance to be given to a poor brother who was going on a mission. Out came Jimmie's dollar. He gave fifty cents for the cause, and made an inward resolve to buy a good book with the rest. As he was going out the Bishop came up and shook hands with him, saying, "God bless you my lad for your obedience and generosity." His heart was as light as a feather, and on reaching home he told his father and mother what had occurred. His sleep was sweet and peaceful, and his last thought was of gratitude for his many good blessings, and joy to think he had been able to do a little good in his weak way.

But what of Fred. With his jolly companions he passed into the gallery for fifty cents. The music, lights and brilliant scenery, together with the slurring remarks of his not over-nice friends, were all new and strange to him. At first, he felt like running away, for he could not look on all those scantily clad girls with so many feathers and spangles and so little clothing, without blushing. He looked around to see how the other boys took it, but they only grinned and joked him on his too apparent modesty. Looking down into the parquette, he saw bald headed men, Elders, members of the Improvement Associations all sitting calmly gazing on the stage. So, trying to act at his ease, he thought if they could come to see such sights he guessed he could stand it, though he felt an inward doubt of its being just the thing for young men to see; and his pure young heart turned away in disgust.

At eleven o'clock he bolted down stairs with the rest, and turned to go home, but the boys grabbed him, and marched off across the street for a glass of beer. "They just made me," he said to himself, and took his glass with a wry face, for he did not like it, but lacked the courage to say so. The boys seeing Fred had some money insisted on his treating them, so he said he would buy some cakes and cheese, and off they went to a bakery; then back to the saloon for a glass of wine "to top off with" the boys said.

This completely upset Fred for he was not used to anything of the kind. Finding his head getting dizzy, and feeling sick, he begged the boys to take him home, so, taking him by the arms, they started off, singing some low song, and with rude jests and loud laughter and an occasional hoot, they made the night hideous. As they neared Fred's home, they grew silent, and pushed him inside the gate, and stole away. He saw a light in the kitchen window, and tried to make for the door; but seeing double and his steps being unsteady, he stumbled and fell. The door flew open, his anxious mother raised him in her arms and nearly carried him into the house to the lounge. How that loving mother's heart ached to see her first born in such a condition, none but those who go through such a trial can tell!

All night she sat by his side, watching his face in his drunken slumber, and bathing his head where he had hit it when he fell, her pale face and trembling hands telling of her agony. With the dawn Fred awoke, and looking around him he gazed on his mother with a dazed and frightened look.

She uttered no word of reproach, but the silent tears coursing down her pale cheeks, made him recall the past evening with a force that seemed would choke him. As the truth burst upon him, with a wail as if his heart would break, he threw himself in his mother's arms and sobbed out his remorse and grief for his folly; she wept with him and gently drawing him down on his knees, said, "let us pray to Him for your pardon and for strength." Fred is doing all he can to redeem himself and regain the lost confidence of his parents and Bishop, for his misconduct soon became known. No doubt it was told, with a relish, by the very boys who were only too glad to drag down one who had heretofore shamed their wicked course by his manly pure conduct. Jimmie cried like a child when with his father and mother Fred related just how it all happened, and asked their forgiveness. The gift of the Holy Priesthood was conferred on Jimmie, and has been honored by him ever since, he prized it above all else and Fred has never given any one reason to doubt his sincerity since that fatal evening and his money has never been spent for the gratification of his own wishes, but with prudence, for he ever remembers the mortification with which his dollar clouded his heart for many long days.

ZINA.

WORDS FROM A SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

EXTRACTS FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

IT had been announced that the conference of the Australian Mission would be held here (Taonoke), on the 10th and 11th of January; but our native brother, Otene, had not quite finished the *whare* (house), which he was building for the holding of Church meetings. He therefore asked to have it postponed for one week, and, to accomodate him, President Stewart agreed to do so. It was, however, then too late to give notice of the change to some who were coming from the more distant parts of the island.

On the third, Brothers Anderson and Gardner arrived, having walked 175 miles to meet with us. Their field of labor is about the poorest in the mission. They had been obliged to split posts part of the time for a living; but notwithstanding these things they had succeeded in baptizing thirty persons in six months. Brother Anderson had a conversation with the king of the Maoris and was by him invited to call on him at his residence.

The Maoris are a very peculiar people and at times difficult to get along with. If they invite a person to call on them he is sure of receiving the best of treatment; but if one goes among them as a stranger, without an invitation, he is likely to get the cold shoulder, no matter what he may say or do.

The king, on his late visit to England, was converted to the "Blue Ribbon Cause," and since his return has been traveling and organizing that order among his people. We have several times met with some "Blue Ribbon" men, who claim that this movement is about the same as the gospel of the "Mormons." Of course we say it is proper for them to accept the blue ribbon if it will prevent them from using strong drink; but the difference between this cause and the gospel is easily shown.

Many of the leading chiefs in different parts of the island have embraced the gospel, and they boldly meet the arch-deacon of the English church here in discussion and often defeat him in argument. Most of the church of England ministers among the natives have so far acted very justly, and do not

countenance any unfair means or actions against the "Mormons."

During the week the natives have been coming in to conference in grand style; some by train, some on horseback and many in buggies. It was an interesting sight to see them coming sometimes thirty and forty together. Tents were brought along and also cart loads of provisions, such as potatoes, sheep, pigs, fish and other good things for a feast, as well as loads of wood to use in cooking.

Brother Otene's *whare* was finished on Thursday night and on Friday morning we met in it and sang a Maori hymn, after which I was called to offer the dedicatory prayer. Brother Stewart then addressed the people in their language, telling them to have respect for the house that they had built and set apart for the worship of God. The building is 20 by 40 feet outside. The side walls are only 6 feet and the center 13 feet high. This may not seem very grand to Utah boys and girls; but according to the Maori style it is a very fine structure.

After the dedicatory service the people gathered in the yard and began their speeches of welcome. It is their custom, when any of their chiefs or persons of distinction come to visit them, to come out of their houses and the visitors will go in, and, without exchanging any words of greeting, they will all start to cry, (or *tangi*, as they call it.) This is sometimes kept up for hours. After exhausting themselves with crying they will start their speeches of welcome, sometimes taking a staff or sword in the hand, and jump and dance around at a fearful rate. After the speeches of welcome are over the visitor will respond in a similar manner. They then greet each other with hand-shaking and *hongi*, which means in English, rubbing the noses together. In their speeches this day they got along without a crying spell, as they had mostly met and attended to that part prior to the meeting.

After dismissal the bell rang for *kai* (meal time). Forty-two, including part of the Elders, sat down at the first table, and the remaining Elders at the second. The tables were set five times to accomodate the whole crowd—nearly two hundred persons. We dined in this manner: New mats were spread upon the floor on top of fine linen cloths. Each person had a knife, fork, spoon, plate, cup and saucer; and the food was mutton, goose, pork, birds, fish, bread, pie, cake, pudding and fruit. The natives are fond of good living. Our Elders did full justice to all the good things.

We held three meetings the first day, and the next morning (Sunday), thirteen persons handed in their names for baptism. At 10 o'clock we proceeded to the river, which was close by, and found about 100 natives standing in groups or seated on the grassy, sloping banks. Just as we arrived we saw approaching from another direction those who were to be baptized; and it was indeed a beautiful sight to see eight men and five women—all arrayed in pure white, some of them having beautiful mats of peacock feathers, others of other material (all their own make), thrown around their shoulders—marching in single file down the bank, past fine weeping-willow trees to where the Elders were awaiting them. President Stewart baptized them. After the ceremony we had another feast. We again held three meetings during the day and had a most enjoyable time, although there were some of us who could only understand in part what was said.

We Elders have commenced with renewed diligence to study the language. I trust by the next conference we will all be able to take a more active part, besides doing more good in our respective fields of labor.

Taonoke, New Zealand.

GEORGE S. TAYLOR.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER IV.

IN my last letter I promised to say something more about St. Michael's cave and the 500 volunteers. The opening to this cave is about 10 feet wide and 15 feet high; we can form some idea of the inside measurement of the cave from the fact of its concealing 500 soldiers. Let me here say, however, that the natural and artificial caves and galleries that have been here provided are now capable of concealing not only the whole army, but also the inhabitants, who altogether aggregate from 15,000 to 20,000 souls, and then have plenty of room left for supplies and provisions.

One adventurous officer of the English army, by the aid of ropes and torches, descended so deep into this seemingly bottomless pit, or cave, that he left his sword and gold watch on an open table rock and after ascending promised them to any person who dared to go as deep as he had been and obtain them. No one was ever known to succeed in doing so. The roaring of the sea may be heard in the depths of this cavern, and it is by some supposed that a subterranean passage extends under the strait into Africa, as there is a species of monkey on the rock which abounds on the opposite coast.

The night after arriving the 500 concealed soldiers scaled the wall (called the Moorish wall, which divides the north part from the south), surprised and put to death the guards at Signal and Middle hills; but being then discovered were immediately attacked and 160 of them were killed or driven over the back of the rock and dashed to pieces. A colonel and 30 officers, with the remainder of the 500, were taken prisoners. These brave but unfortunate adventurers were to have been supported by a body of French troops; but through some misunderstanding they were left to their dreadful fate.

On the 10th of December, 1704, 2,000 men with provisions and ammunition landed on the rock, and on the 11th and 12th of the following month made a vigorous though unsuccessful attack on the garrison. Soon afterwards the garrison received six companies of Dutch and two hundred English soldiers, with provisions and stores. The English ministry having been informed of the enemy's designs on the stronghold ordered reinforcements to join Sir John Leake at Lisbon. On the 6th of March this commander sailed with 28 English, 4 Dutch and 8 Portuguese men-of-war, having on board two battalions of soldiers for Gibraltar. On entering the bay he gave chase to five French ships, three of which he captured and the other two were driven ashore and burned. In the course of this siege the enemy did not lose less than 10,000 men, including those who died of sickness; while the garrison lost only about four hundred.

About this time the garrison made additional fortifications. The Prince of Hesse then joined the Arch-Duke Charles at Lisbon, where the combined fleets of England and Holland were assembled to support that prince in obtaining the crown of Spain.

In August, 1705, the arch-duke was received by the garrison as lawful sovereign of Spain and so proclaimed with the title of Charles III. Soon after, Sir Roger Elliot became governor of Gibraltar, and it was proclaimed a free port by order of Queen Anne. In 1720 the garrison was in much danger, having only three weak battalions and but fourteen days' provisions in the stores, with many Spaniards in the town. There was also a fleet before its walls, prepared with scaling ladders. At this critical time, Colonel Cane, governor of Minorca,

arrived with 500 men and plenty of provisions, which caused the Spanish fleet to sail.

The garrison thereafter remained at peace until the latter part of 1726, when troubles again began. On the 20th of January following the Spaniards began to erect a battery on the beach, consequently all of the Spaniards who were on the rock were ordered out of the fortress and their galleys were forbidden to anchor under cover of the guns. Count De las Toras commanded the Spanish forces, which amounted to nearly 20,000 men. He advanced within reach of the English guns, when he was ordered to withdraw. The count's reply was, that as the garrison could command no more than it was able to maintain, he should obey his Catholic majesty's orders and encroach as far as possible.

In February the garrison received reinforcements, and on the 10th the enemy came to the neutral ground. The garrison, after holding a council, demanded to know why the Spaniards dared to trespass on the land which did not belong to them. The commander replied that he was on his master's ground and was only answerable to him. With this the garrison gathered its men within the fortifications and on the succeeding day opened fire on the trespassers. Some of the enemy now deserted to the fortress, and from these useful information was obtained.

On the 22nd the count opened fire upon the garrison with seventeen cannon, besides several mortars. On March 3rd and 8th two other batteries, one of them twenty-two and the other fifteen cannon, commenced to fire upon the rock. On the 27th the garrison received more recruits and assistance. Hostilities continued until the night of the 12th of June, when Colonel Fitzgerald was admitted into the fortress and delivered letters which announced that peace had been declared.

The garrison lost 300 killed and wounded, the most of which was caused by the bursting of seventy cannon and 30 mortars among their own ranks. It was computed that the enemy's losses during this siege was 3,000 men.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

AFTER arriving at Auckland, myself and the other Elders who came with me were duly assigned to our respective fields of labor. My appointment was to travel with J. S. Ferris and disseminate the truths of the gospel by constantly distributing tracts and preaching once a week to the people of Auckland and vicinity.

There was little encouragement given us in that locality, as the people pay but little attention to and take meager interest in the truth. They are satisfied, apparently, with their priests and easy modes of religion.

Auckland will rival any city of its proportions with respect to religious institutions, drinking saloons and establishments of ill-repute. Notwithstanding that all the religious organizations of the old country have been transplanted in that far-off region, possessing many fine buildings, halls, libraries and reading-rooms, the waves of drunkenness and kindred evils roll high.

On the 26th of September, 1882, myself and companion took our *swags*, which consisted of a roll of blankets, a tent

eight by six feet, books, clothes and other essentials, boarded the cars at Mount Eden and arrived at Waimuahu about nine o'clock. Here we shouldered our *swags* and wended our way towards Reweti, where the Maoris greeted us with a smile and made us welcome.

At this place I took my first meal—small potatoes and shell-fish—with the Maoris. It was eaten under circumstances more peculiar than gratifying, being surrounded by a band of poor, whining cats, dogs and pigs, which are the principal domestic animals possessed by the aborigines of New Zealand.

That evening we arrived at Helensville and were permitted by the officers in charge to sleep in the county court house. Here our blankets, a loaf of bread and some butter, which we had brought from Auckland, came in handy. We remained three days in that settlement, during which time we preached the gospel to nearly every inhabitant of the town. We were enabled to do this through the liberality and courtesy of the Free-Thinkers, who comprise nearly all the people in the place. They furnished the main hall free and at the end of the meeting it was almost unanimously agreed by the congregation that we had preached the gospel as it was taught by Christ and the apostles.

I will adopt the plan of describing the country through which I traveled while in the performance of missionary duties as I proceed.

Helensville is thirty-eight miles from Auckland and connected with that place by the Kaipara Railway. It is situated on the Kaipara River—a muddy tidal stream, but of sufficient depth to admit of navigation by vessels of from 100 to 150 tons burden. There is a spacious landing place and breast-work in connection with the railway, which cost \$150,000. The township possesses two halls—the Public and Odd Fellows halls. The Episcopalians and Presbyterians have churches here. The population is about 500 souls.

On the morning of the 29th we rolled our blankets together and left Helensville without any breakfast and plodded along under a comparatively heavy burden. Our disappointment at not making any converts was paralleled by the satisfaction we had in knowing that the gospel message had been plainly presented to the inhabitants of the place we had just left. After walking along for some time we suddenly came upon a gum-diggers' camp, almost hidden in the dense foliage of the forest, the principal tree of which is the so-called kauri. It is from this tree that the best lumber used in New Zealand is made, as it is almost destitute of knots and grows to a tremendous height and thickness. The main trunk of the tree is free from branches nearly to the top, which is itself very bushy. Gum oozes from this gigantic king of the New Zealand forest and runs into the ground, where it hardens. This is gathered by the gum-diggers, who are similar in reputation and mode of living to our American miners. Their implements for obtaining gum consist of a long rod of iron, sharpened sufficiently to penetrate the earth easily, and a common spade. The rod of iron is thrust into the ground for the purpose of finding where the gum is located, and the spade is then used for uncovering it. This gum very much resembles resin and is shipped to England and America to be used in making varnish, ornaments, etc.

These diggers kindly permitted us to enter their rude hut and cook our breakfast, after eating which we traveled over a beautiful country to a small town called Kaupakapa, made known our business to the authorities of the place but were refused any opportunity of presenting the gospel to the people

of the town. We therefore continued on our journey until towards evening, when with aching back, galled and sore feet we arrived at the home of a Mr. Clinkard, which is situated on a small, beautiful table-land overlooking the picturesque Makarau River.

As we approached this place we saw an old granary or empty room and felt inspired to apply for permission to occupy it for the night. Our request was readily granted. We therefore deposited our loads in the room but were ourselves cordially invited into the house occupied by the family, where we were made welcome. Not only were we provided with a sumptuous supper, but also permitted to occupy the best bed in the house.

The next morning we gave our host and hostess some of our works, thanked them warmly and continued on our laborious journey. We penetrated deep gorges and climbed precipitous mountains, sweating and panting under the sun's heat and our heavy loads. Through these parts the forest is very dense. That evening we arrived at a place owned by Mr. Woodcock, who, on application, received us into his house and made us welcome. The next day was Sunday. We walked three miles through the forest to Kaipara Flat, which is dotted by the habitations of the white man. Arriving at a fine residence, the lady of the house invited us in and gave us some nice milk and cake (at this time she did not know who we were), after which three ladies accompanied us to the church of England, about one mile distant.

On entering the house of worship, filled with country people, we were objects of the public gaze. However, the ladies cared for us by handing us prayer books, etc.

At the close of the meeting we made ourselves and our business known. The man in charge of the church took us home with him and gave us dinner. We then returned to Mr. Woodcock's and called at the house where we had previously been so hospitably received, but found that a change had come over the condition of affairs since we had become known, for we were not invited in nor treated to cake and milk; but a drink of cold water was handed to us out of the door. I imagined I could hear the inmates commenting upon the narrow escape some of them had in being exposed to the extreme danger of walking the lonely roads with two ferocious "Mormon" Elders.

That same evening we rolled up our blankets and continued our pilgrimage. We called at the house of a man who gave us supper; but after learning who we were he was extremely anxious to get rid of us, so much so, in fact, that he accompanied us two miles from his place. Night was now at hand and its dark, heavily-laden clouds made it almost impossible to see, and we knew not whither we were going. At length we saw a light in the distance and approached it. We called to the man of the house, who came out. We made known to him that we wanted shelter for the night. He informed us that we could sleep under a shed, where there were piles of the most obnoxious refuse. We thanked him for his offer and continued our journey until we finally arrived at Warkworth, where a comfortable bed was obtained.

This is termed the Mahurangi vicinity. The soil is generally fertile and the country is well watered, but for the most part hilly and covered with dense ranges, rendering settlement difficult. Wool, sheep, cattle and dairy products are the principal articles of export.

No opportunities of preaching the gospel in Warkworth being available we started again for Auckland by another route.

In our travels we met a number of Maoris, to whom we gave tracts.

We finally arrived, without any further adventures of note, at the Hot Springs, which are owned by Mr. Robert Graham. This place has, for many years past, been a favorite sanatorium and Summer resort of the Auckland citizens. These springs have the reputation of curing many of the diseases with which the human family is afflicted, especially in effecting the cure of gout, rheumatism, etc.

The hotel here is commodious and comfortable. It stands in the midst of trees, an avenue of pines leading to the landing place of the steamers. Flower gardens and orchards are attached to the hotel, which is amply furnished with sumptuous tables. But, alas! It did us poor fellows no good, as we had no means to pay for these luxuries. We therefore remained with an old widower in a small, inconvenient cabin by the roadside. The next morning we proceeded as far as the Wade River, where we embarked on a small steamer and in a few hours arrived at Auckland, after having walked about one hundred miles over a rough road.

We were not much encouraged, as the good results of our labors were imperceptible. The people in the localities visited manifested a total indifference to us and the cause which we represented.

HOW COAL IS DUG.

BY J. C.

BEING somewhat acquainted with the various methods of coal mining, I thought I would write something on the subject, which might, perhaps, prove interesting and instructive to some of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Coal, as you already knew, is one of the many rich mineral deposits found in the mountains of Utah. When a coal measure is discovered, the first thing necessary is, to determine, by the cheapest and easiest possible means, its extent, quality and permanence. This is best done by driving into it a long, narrow prospect tunnel. Should the prospect prove favorable, a wider, deeper tunnel is started, at some convenient point, which will be likely to strike the center of the surrounding vein or measure. This tunnel, or main entry, as it is commonly called, is run to a considerable distance, before any other excavations are attempted. The main entry is generally run and timbered by first-class workmen, so as to ensure straightness, permanence and strength. It serves three very important purposes: an air course, a water course and a means of exit for the coal.

After the main entry has been driven to the necessary distance, cross entries are struck off on both sides of it, at considerable distances apart, running transversely, and at such angles as will cause the water that naturally oozes from the surrounding elements to escape, of its own accord, to the water channel in the main entry, whence it finds its way out of the mine, without the trouble and expense of pumping.

Main entries to coal mines are generally capacious enough to admit of two lines of rails, or a double track, across which the empty and loaded cars are drawn by mules, horses or steam power, to and from the workings within, to the railroad cars without, which stand ready, under "schutes," to receive

the coal, as it is "tipped" from the mine cars, at the mouth of the tunnel.

The coal mines of this Territory are owned and operated mostly by rich railroad companies, who take the coal direct from the mines, and switch it off at various points along their tracks, to suit agents and customers.

The cross entries, before referred to, are generally run narrower than the main entry, as they only are required to contain a single line of rails. On either side of the cross entries, at short, stated distances apart, rooms or chambers of a given width are run, leaving only "stoops" or pillars between them of such strength and thickness as will safely support the weight of the overhanging mountain. These chambers are driven in all directions through the various bodies of coal that intervene between the cross entries, until the underground workings assume a chequer-board appearance—the white representing a room, the black, a stoop, or pillar.

The coal is taken from the rooms where it is dug, a car load at a time, by boys and horses, to the main tracks of the cross entries, and thence, in a string of cars, to the main entry, where switches are built, capable of holding from thirty to forty cars at once, which are taken to the surface, in the manner, and by the means already described.

After the mine has been worked to a considerable extent, and nothing has been left of the coal measure, save the pillars upon which the mountain rests, these too, by a process of daring and ingenuity, are entirely removed. This is done by using timber props of considerable strength and thickness, with caps of thick plank placed between their upper ends and the roof. As the weight settles on these props, the caps gradually yield to the immense pressure, and the props seldom break, until the caps have been almost perforated by the strain. This causes the mountain to settle so gradually, that the miners have time to remove their much coveted prize—the "stoops."

You thus see, that the whole of the coal measure is removed, and the mountain gradually settles, crushing the timbers in its slow but sure descent, until, finally, roof and pavement are locked together in a long firm embrace.

Strange as it may appear, this settling of the elements, seldom interferes with the work that is constantly going on in the main parts of the mine. Each collapse, it seems, only serves to take the weight from the remaining "stoops," which in turn, share the same fate as those already removed.

"Stoop" razing, although somewhat hazardous to those engaged in it, saves a vast quantity of coal, which otherwise would be lost, and, besides, it is much easier for the workmen to dislodge coal from the "stoops," than from the solid face of the measure: Hence, the miners reckon "stoop" razing their best and richest harvest.

Coal miners, as a rule, are a brave, hearty, hardy, generous set of fellows, notwithstanding their dangerous and laborious calling, and much strength, judgment and skill are requisite to fit them for the brunt of their daily avocations. Picks, steel-wedges, crow-bars, sledge-hammers, drills, fusc and blasting powder, are the means they employ, to break and shatter the black diamonds, that glisten before them in the faint, flickering light of lamp or candle. It is truly wonderful to see the hilarity these miners manifest, in their dark caverns, surrounded with so many trials, dangers, and difficulties.

Coal miners are payed so much per ton for digging and loading the coal, and, so long as coal and cars are plentiful, and business prosperous with them, they seem to enjoy a measure of hope, contentment and cheer, which kings and emperors of the present day, so terrorized with dynamite, might well envy.

A coal miner's success, in making means, depends largely upon his adroitness as a driller, and upon his good judgment in locating his holes, and in charging them strongly or slightly as occasion requires, to make his shots or blasts count to the best advantage. Men of poor skill, in these regards, often work long and hard to very little purpose, while experts, right beside them, with half the work, and less than half the expense, will turn out coal in wonderful quantities. A good, skillful workman will often blast and load from five to eight tons of coal per day, while a poor hand labors hard and earnestly for less than half the same result.

But, besides the difference of some in this respect, it is infinitely better, and more pleasant to all engaged in a mine, when good, efficient workmen are employed, for this reason, that men of limited skill and discrimination are forever boring and blasting and nearly suffocate everyone around them with powder smoke, which is very annoying and hurtful, especially in mines poorly ventilated, and be it known, to the shame and discredit of many wealthy companies, that far too many of these exist.

Many a poor miner suffers untold misery, because some company is too stingy or too inhuman to build a good air course, or to sink a shaft to promote ventilation, and the more is the disgrace apparent when the fact is known that the coal layed down at our doors, costing us from five to seven dollars a ton, is dug and loaded by the poor, stifled, ill-requited miner, for about seventy-five cents per ton.

When we think of this, and other abuses of these industrious, hard-working men whose lives and health are at stake for a scanty living, and who fill the laps of their employers with plenty, we are forcibly reminded of Burns' appropriate, expressive couplet—

Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.

JOSEPH SMITH'S LAST DREAM.

[We copy the following interesting item from an almanac which was published in 1863, in Salt Lake City, by W. W. Phelps, who was also the writer of this incident. Ed.]

IN June, 1844, when Joseph Smith went to Carthage and delivered himself up to Governor Ford, I accompanied him, and while on the way thither, he related to me and his brother Hyrum the following dream:

He said: "While I was at Jordan's in Iowa the other night, I dreamed that myself and my brother Hyrum went on board of a large steamboat, lying in a small bay, near the great ocean. Shortly after we went on board there was an alarm of fire, and I discovered that the boat had been anchored some distance from the shore, out in the bay, and that an escape from the fire, in the confusion, appeared hazardous; but, as delay was folly, I and Hyrum jumped overboard, and tried our faith at walking upon the water.

"At first we sank in the water nearly to our knees, but as we proceeded we increased in faith, and were soon able to walk upon the water. On looking towards the burning boat in the east, we saw that it was drifting towards the wharf and the town, with a great flame and clouds of smoke; and, as if by whirlwind, the town was taking fire, too, so that the scene of destruction and horror of the frightened inhabitants were terrible.

"We proceeded on the bosom of the mighty deep and were soon out of sight of land. The ocean was still; the rays of the sun were bright, and we forgot all the troubles of our mother earth. Just at that moment I heard the sound of a human voice, and, turning around, saw my brother Samuel H. approaching towards us from the east. We stopped and he came up. After a moment's conversation he informed me that he had been lonesome back there, and had made up his mind to go with me across the mighty deep.

"We all started again, and in a short time were blest with the first sight of a city, whose gold and silver steeples and towers were more beautiful than any I had ever seen or heard of on earth. It stood, as it were, upon the western shore of the mighty deep we were walking on, and its order and glory seemed far beyond the wisdom of man. While we were gazing upon the perfection of the city, a small boat launched off from the port, and, almost as quick as thought, came to us. In an instant they took us on board and saluted us with a welcome, and with music such as is not on earth. The next scene, on landing, was more than I can describe; the greeting of old friends, the music from a thousand towers, and the light of God Himself at the return of three of His sons, soothed my soul into a quiet and a joy that I felt as if I was truly in heaven. I gazed upon the splendor; I greeted my friends. I awoke, and lo, it was a dream!

"While I meditated upon such a marvelous scene, I fell asleep again, and behold I stood near the shore of the burning boat, and there was a great consternation among the officers, crew and passengers of the flaming craft, as there seemed to be much ammunition or powder on board. The alarm was given that the fire was near the magazine, and in a moment, suddenly, it blew up with a great noise, and sank in deep water with all on board. I then turned to the country east, among the bushy openings, and saw William and Wilson Law endeavoring to escape from the wild beasts of the forest, but two lions rushed out of a thicket and devoured them. I awoke again."

I will say that Joseph never told this dream again, as he was martyred about two days after. I relate from recollection as nearly as I can.

No man can promise even fifty years of life: but any man may, if he please, live in the proportion of fifty years in forty: let him rise early, that he may have the day before him; and let him make the most of the day by determining to spend it on two sorts of acquaintance only: those by whom something may be got and those from whom something may be learned.

HAPPINESS—Common happiness is sustained, not by great exertions, which are in the power of a few, and happen rarely even to them, but by great numbers doing every one a little, every one something in his particular province, to his particular neighborhood. This is the way in which Providence intended society to be carried on, and beneficence to be exercised.

SILENCE is the sanctuary of prudence.

MORTIFICATIONS are often more painful than real calamities.

The Juvenile Instructor.

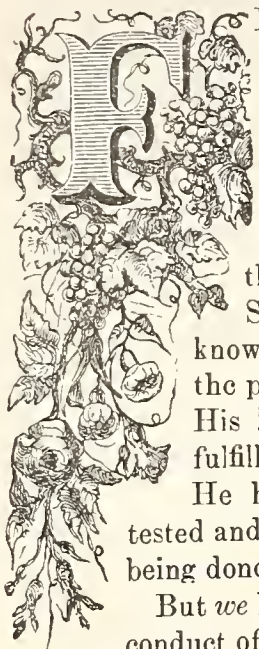
GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

INTEMPERANCE AND ITS HORRIBLE CONSEQUENCES.



EARS are indulged in by some persons respecting the attacks which are made upon us by our enemies. They fear that our enemies will be successful in gaining advantages over us. Those who have these fears, of course, can have but little faith. The existence of such fears is an evidence of the absence of faith. No true Latter-day Saint, who has had any experience, or any knowledge of God and His power, can doubt the promises which He has made concerning His Zion in the last days, or His ability to fulfill them. He will bring to pass all that He has promised, though His Saints will be tested and proved to the very utmost while this is being done.

But we have greater causes of uneasiness than the conduct of our enemies towards us. The conduct of so-called Latter-day Saints gives us more fear than the conduct of the wicked. The strength of Zion consists in the purity and righteousness of the Saints. When they keep all the commandments of the Lord then they are mighty and no enemy can prevail against them. But when they disobey the Lord, when they indulge in wickedness, then there is cause for fear and we stand in danger of our enemies prevailing against us.

There is one form of wickedness, to which our attention has been directed of late, that we fear is growing among the young men of this Territory. We refer to drunkenness. Let any person travel in the evening on any of the roads leading from Salt Lake City to the country, especially on a Saturday evening, and if he is a man who takes interest in the welfare of the people, he will be shocked at the number of men he will meet who are under the influence of liquor. There appears to be a class of persons who cannot visit the city without indulging in drinking beer or spirituous liquor, and in many instances these are young men. These poor wretches have no idea, perhaps, of the consequences that will follow this indulgence. If they were to be told that they were forming habits to which they would be slaves all the rest of their lives, and that would make them a horror and a curse to their parents, to their wives and children and their other friends, and cause them to fill drunkards' graves, they might be startled and say that could never be. But we know it will be.

The drinking of liquor and beer is a habit; but it is a habit which with some natures is easily acquired, and when once acquired, cannot easily be shaken off. In fact, when a taste for beverages of this kind is acquired it clings to one through life. It is a constant temptation to such persons to drink, even though they may regain, through faith and the blessing

of the Lord, self-control sufficient to resist the inclination. With the most of people nature seriously revolts against the use of beer or strong drinks. Nature rejects them as poisonous, and if taken in any quantity, they are quickly expelled from the stomach. But if men or women persist in drinking them, opposition ceases, nature submits, and finally a fondness for them is created and they are craved. By this force of habit a taste for strong drink is acquired, and in the same way opium, snuff and tobacco and other narcotics become pleasant to those who use them. We have had occasion to notice cases of this kind from our boyhood, and it is a terribly sad statement to make, that we cannot call to mind a single instance of a young man in this Church acquiring intemperate habits who ever was able afterwards to entirely conquer them. We have, in a few instances, (and they are very few), known them reform; but how desperate the struggle they have had to make! And how great the danger there has been of their relapsing into the habit of drinking again!

The continued use of intoxicating drinks gains an irresistible influence over both the mental and physical powers. In the intemperate man the moral qualities become weak and blunted, the mind languid, and all the physical constitution changed and impaired. After a spell of drinking he may resolve that he will never touch the accursed stuff again. He makes the most solemn vows to this effect to himself, to his family and to his friends. They for a few times may believe him, he may believe himself; but the poor creature does not know his own weakness; he does not appear to understand that he has destroyed his moral fibre. He is no longer his own master. He has become a slave to the dreadful habit in which he has indulged. He bows to that whenever temptation is thrown in his way, and he appears to be utterly powerless to resist. His family and friends may for awhile entertain hopes of his reform. His earnest protestations and vows may have the effect to encourage them; but ere long they learn to distrust them, and finally to look upon him as one that is beyond hope and in whose death they would have relief. Is there one of us, who has had any experience in life, that has not seen cases of this kind? As we write, instance after instance of this character of bright, promising, loving men—men whose prospects in life were of the most cheering and satisfactory character—pass before our mental vision. They started out in life full of hope, beloved by all who knew them, with everything to encourage them; but they thought they could drink a little. There was no harm, they thought, in occasionally taking a glass. In some men's veins there seems to be a demon chained and sleeping. They may, by cultivating correct habits, pass through life and never be conscious of its presence. It requires intoxicating drink to arouse and unloose it. But when once aroused and unchained it becomes, apparently, uncontrollable. The fatal glass or glasses of beer or liquor have had their effect. The man in whose system this demon riots is no longer the same man that he was before he tumbled. He has awakened a monster with which through life, if he wishes to control himself, he will have to struggle.

Who can describe the anguish, the misery, the horrors which have followed the use of intoxicating drinks? Not alone in the persons who have been the victims of this soul-destroying vice; but in the persons of their parents, their wives, children and friends. Nothing less than the pen of angels can give any adequate conception of the terrible woes which have followed their use. There is no other single vice, probably, if we may judge by the experience of our own generation, which has brought the same amount of misery upon mankind as the

vice of intemperance. It is indeed the parent of every vice. It leads to the commission of every crime. Its indulgence degrades man far below every other created being.

Dr. Cheyne, a celebrated physician of Dublin, tells a story of a man of his acquaintance, cultivated, popular and wealthy, who had contracted the habit of intemperance. Every effort was made to reclaim him in vain. His friends implored him to abandon the vice, and regain his moral influence and his health. In answer to them he finally said: "I am convinced that all you say is only too true; but I cannot resist. If a bottle of brandy stood at one hand, and the pit of hell yawned at the other, and I knew that if I took but a swallow of the brandy I should be pushed in, I should drink it. You are all very kind. I should be grateful for so many kind, good friends; but you may spare yourselves the trouble of trying to reform me—the thing is impossible."

This man was not always such a slave to this vice. So with every other drunkard. If we have had relatives, friends or acquaintances who were or are subject to the vice of intemperance, we know there was a time in their lives when they were not in this condition. The father and mother can look back to the days when their drunkard son was pure, innocent, guileless and free from every vicious habit, when they felt full of hope for him and indulged in pleasing anticipations concerning his future. The loving and once doting wife has only to recall the days when she bestowed her maiden love and all her heart's fondest affections upon him whom she had chosen for her husband, to remember how full of happiness and joy life opened before her. No fear then that her life would be wrecked or that the loving union which she had entered upon for time and all eternity would be destroyed through drunkenness; for intemperate habits had not been acquired. Could she have seen the man whom she so loved, and to whose embrace she surrendered herself, when she presented herself with him at the marriage altar, as he afterwards appeared to her in all his hideousness when he became the slave of intemperance, she would have recoiled from him with horror and disgust. A pure, trusting girl would shrink from association with a drunkard as she would from a reptile.

But this innocent son, this pleasing and attractive husband, does not reach the depth of degradation as a drunkard at one step. It is the first glass, the first taste of the damning drink, that prepares the way for what follows. If this were never taken, there would be no drunkenness. Intemperance would be unknown. But one drink to-day; it is the first drink, and the beginning is made; and another drink, perhaps, to-morrow, perhaps next week, perhaps next month. It is not so difficult to take the second drink, and less difficult to take the third drink, and so the habit grows and the vice is acquired. Stealthily, but none the less surely, does the vice gain the mastery as drink follows drink, and the demon of drink asserts control and claims his slave.

PARENTS! if we had a voice that could penetrate your hearts and arouse you to the consciousness of the dreadful consequences which follow the use of intoxicating drink, we would warn you in the most solemn manner to refrain from them yourselves and teach your children to do so also; and not only to teach them, but to watch and guard them that they yield not to this temptation.

WIVES! we beseech you to set your faces like flint against the use of intoxicating drinks. Give them no encouragement in your houses. Deem it not a light thing for your husbands or children to use them, even if only a glass occasionally. Their use may be the beginning of sorrow that may not end

while life lasts. A few glasses of wine in company may add, in the opinion of some, to the liveliness, hilarity and enjoyment of all present. The wife sees the effect upon her husband for the first time or two. It quickens his powers, he is greatly enlivened, he appears to good advantage. If it stopped there no great harm would be done; but does it stop there? Let the lives of the choice spirits, the convivial and social men, the attractive and genial society of Utah be studied, and then the question can be answered. In the beginning of the use of intoxicants the husband may be sociable, attractive and witty. A glass or two may arouse his powers and he may shine. But let that be continued and that husband may become the drunkard and the sot, the terror of his wife and an object of pity and disgust to his acquaintances and friends.

In conclusion we say, that as a Church and a people we should do all in our power to check the growth of this dreadful vice. Every lawful influence should be used against it. Every drunkard, who will not repent, should be severed from the Church. The use of liquor and beer should be made a sufficient cause for the withdrawal of fellowship from those who use them. Bishops and Teachers should be rigid in enforcing the law of God upon this subject. By this means we may save our children and redeem our land from this abominable vice.

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

"I WISH that pony was mine," said a little boy, who stood at a window looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You'd have to let me ride him sometimes," said the other.

"Why would I? You'd have no right to him if he was mine."

"Father would make you let me have him part of the time."

"No, he wouldn't!"

"My children," said the mother, who had been listening, and now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other, and all for nothing, "let me tell you of a quarrel between two boys no bigger nor older than you are, that I read about the other day. They were going along a road, talking together in a pleasant way, when one of them said:

"I wish I had all the pasture land in the world."

The other said, "And I wish I had all the cattle in the world."

"What would you do then?" asked his friend.

"Why, I would turn them into your pasture land."

"No, you wouldn't," was the reply.

"Yes, I would."

"But I wouldn't let you."

"I wouldn't ask you."

"You shouldn't do it."

"I should."

"You sha'n't!"

"I will;" and with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys, as they were.

The children laughed, but their mother said:

"You see in what trifles quarrels often begin. Were you any wiser than these boys in your half angry talk about an imaginary pony? If I had not been here, who knows but you might have been as silly and wicked as they were!"—*Ex.*

MODES OF EXECUTION.

CAPITAL punishment in criminal jurisprudence means the punishment of death. It is called capital punishment from the Latin word, *caput*, meaning "head." The head, being the most vital, is usually that part of the body which is acted upon. This extreme penalty, notwithstanding the practice of the world from the remotest times down to the present day, has frequently been frowned down by philosophers and philanthropists, who have gone so far as to deny the right to so punish, of any earthly power. The weight of authority, however, appears in favor of capital punishment. Reference can also be confidently made to the Old Testament, which is the foundation of all law, as sufficiently exhibiting the mind of the Great Lawgiver in regard to this matter:

"Whosoever sheddeth man's blood; by man shall his blood be shed."

I will here state that in former times the committing of murder was by no means the only crime for which the perpetrator received death at the hands of the law, but capital punishment was meted out to those who committed the most trivial offenses. During the reign of George III. we read in the history of England that the following were among some of the numerous offenses which involved a sentence of death: "Stealing in a dwelling-house to the amount of 40 shillings; stealing privately, in a shop, goods to the value of 5 shillings; counterfeiting the stamps that were used for the sale of perfumery; and doing the same with the stamps used for the certificates for hair powder."

The inhumanity of such a state of the criminal code gave way, towards the end of the reign of this king, to a course of legislation which has reduced the application of death as a punishment within its present humane limits. Practically, indeed, it is only in the case of treason and murder that the capital sentence is ever pronounced in any of the civilized nations to day; and even then it is not always carried out, as certain circumstances connected with the committing of the crime, extreme youth, etc., often spares the life of the convict at last.

It may be necessary to state that in other nations the administration of the criminal law has perhaps been, on the whole, as severe as in England during the same period.

Imposing the death penalty as the ordinary punishment for all felonies was not the only inhuman feature of former criminal jurisprudence. The manner of executing capital punishment was so brutal and unfeeling that it causes one to shudder at the thought of the extreme tortures imposed upon the poor unfortunates.

I will here give a few of the modes of inflicting the punishment of death: From the end of the first until the middle

of the eighteenth century, drowning was one of the many modes, then in vogue, of capital punishment; but it was generally inflicted upon women and the meaner and more infamous offenders among men, the greater and more distinguished criminals being hung. The drowning was performed in various ways according to the nature of the offense. A faithless wife was smothered in mud. Other offenders were drowned in pits, wells, etc. The doom of the parricide (one who murders a parent or ancestor) was to be put into a sack and cast into the sea. In Saxony, as late as 1734, a woman convicted of child-murder was sewn up in a sack, along with a cat, a dog and a snake and thus drowned.

Breaking on the wheel was a very barbarous method of inflicting the punishment of death, formerly in use in France and Germany, when the criminal was placed on a carriage wheel, with his arms and legs extended along the spokes, and the wheel being turned around the executioner fractured his limbs by successive blows with an iron bar, which were repeated until death ensued. This custom was abolished in

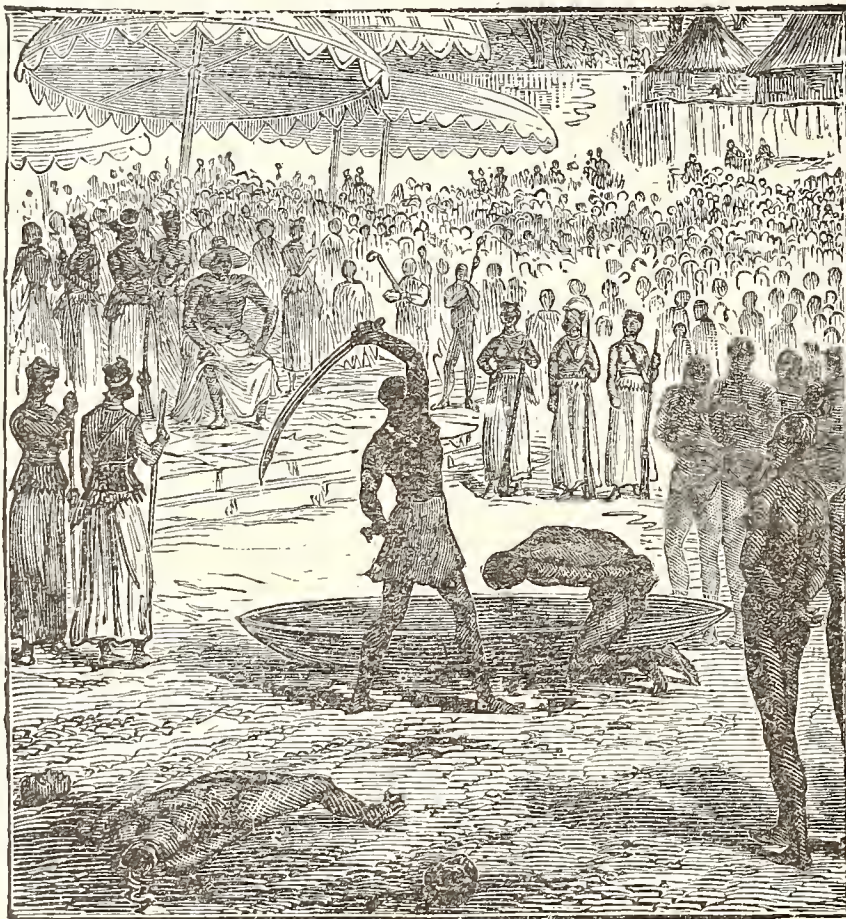
France at the Revolution, giving way for a more humane manner of inflicting death, which was performed by a machine called the guillotine. It is composed of two upright posts, grooved on the inside and connected on the top by a cross beam. In these grooves a sharp iron blade, placed obliquely, descends by its own weight upon the neck of the victim, who is bound to a board laid below. The speed and certainty with which this machine does its work gives it a great superiority over the ax or sword, to say nothing of the merciless form of execution upon the wheel and other cruel modes in former use.

Many other modes of capital punishment might be referred to, together with the painful and cruel tor-

tures applied to those who refused to plead when arraigned before a tribunal, and for extorting evidence from witnesses, etc., but the subject is too unpleasant for further consideration. Enough has been quoted to show what hard-hearted and merciless natures were possessed by those who made and executed laws in the early history of the nations.

Our cut illustrates the manner in which a semi-barbarous and heathen people of to-day administers the death penalty to the culprit. The scene, exhibiting, as it does, the presence of the king, his subordinate officers and many of his subjects, manifests their inexorable natures. Their custom, however, is not nearly so brutal and inhuman as that which existed among nations who considered themselves more enlightened and civilized.

Since the dawn of freedom and liberty the life of man is considered before the law as his most sacred heritage, and the death penalty is not meted out to him, with few exceptions, save when he takes the life of his innocent fellow-being, thus



carrying out the intent of the divine law quoted in the beginning of this article.

Formerly the object of the punishment was to seek revenge upon the offender and compel him to atone for his wrongs by the slow and cruel tortures inflicted upon him. W. J. L.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ELDER HENRY H. KIRK.

BY J. W.

ELDER KIRK was a believer in Solomon's maxim, "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he become wise in his own conceit;" and while he was always kind and affable to the honest seeker after truth, he could cut hard at those who sought only to cavil. In one of the towns in his district certain members of the sect known as Primitive Methodists, otherwise named "Ranters," because of the great noise they made in preaching or praying, attended for a time our out-door meetings, and by interruptions did their best to annoy us.

Brother Kirk looked about him for the means, as he expressed it, of getting even with them, and if possible to stop their interference. Finally he adopted this plan: He wrote out the following notice and sent the crier around the town to publish it:

"This is to give notice that the Ranters' funeral sermon will be preached this evening, by Elder Henry H. Kirk, at 7, p.m. at the usual place of meeting of the Latter-day Saints. All the Ranters *especially* are invited to attend. They are likewise requested to bring their chapel door key with them, as the Saints will want to hold a council meeting in it on Monday evening next."

The result of such a strange notice, so publicly proclaimed, was that not only the Ranters, but a large proportion of the townspeople attended. After opening in the usual manner, Brother Kirk took this text:

"Let the dead bury their dead, follow thou me," and then spoke as follows:

"Brethren, and sisters, and friends. Here are a part of the words of our Savior—He who spoke as man never spoke, and He who said nothing in vain. Yet, at the first glance, it may seem to be vain to speak of *one dead person burying another*; but I hope to show you before I am through that such a thing is not impossible.

"We will first ask the question, Who are dead? The Apostle Paul, on one occasion, spoke as follows: 'And you hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins.' Now, here we find a people who had been dead, but by some process had been quickened, or made alive again. Now, what was that process? By further inquiry we find the quickening process was obedience to the gospel.

"The next question is, Does it follow that all who have not obeyed the gospel are dead? By further perusing the sacred book we learn, and have to answer, that all who do not obey the gospel, but remain in their sins, are dead.

"With this view we must now inquire, Have the Ranters obeyed the gospel? By further search we learn that the gospel consists of the following as its first principles: Faith

in the Lord Jesus Christ; repentance; baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

"Now, let us compare: Have the Ranters got faith? I say they have not. But they will say that they *believe*. Yes, my friends; but simple belief alone is not faith. (*Reads from Hebrews xi. to show that belief alone is not faith.*) Again, Jesus says, 'He that sayeth he believeth on me and keepeth not my sayings, the same is a liar, and the truth is not in him.' The Savior commanded baptism; the Ranters do not obey the command. Hence, when they say they believe they speak falsely and really have no faith at all. Again, baptism they denounce in toto; and yet it is a part of that quickening process, the gospel. And as to the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, they do not practice it, nor believe in it, nor profess to have the Holy Ghost at all. Hence, out of four principles it is clearly proven they are destitute of three of them; and so far as the gospel is concerned it is plainly shown *they are dead*.

"And now, my friends, we ask, Of what use are dead people? Certainly they can be of no use but to furnish funerals with corpses. But what shall we do with them? Is it reasonable that decent people should have such a job on their hands as the burial of all these corpses? Certainly not. Therefore we come to the words of my text: *Let the dead bury their dead*, or in other words, let them bury each other, which I hope will be attended to as soon as possible. Amen."

Here Brother Kirk closed and Brother R. Brinkworth arose to bear testimony. He said:

"Now, my Ranter friends; it has been clearly proven that you are all dead; so I hope you will go quietly away to your graves and trouble us no more."

A countryman in the crowd called out, in the broadest of dialects, "We a—n't dead yet!"

Brother Brinkworth replied, in a heated tone, "Do you think *you* know better than he does? I say you *are* dead and are only walking around to save funeral expenses."

Here followed a great burst of laughter from the non-professors; and from the conversation after meeting we learned that it was a pretty general conclusion among them that it was useless for any of the sects to think of successfully contending with these "Mormons." A great many in that neighborhood obeyed the gospel. I have no doubt but that some of your readers will recollect this occurrence.

(To be Continued.)

SYSTEM ESSENTIAL.—Every profession implies system. There can be no efficiency and no advance without it. The meanest trade demands it and would run to waste without something of it. The perfection of the most complicated business is the perfection of the system with which it is conducted. It is this that binds its complications together and gives a unity to all its energies. It is like a hidden sense pervading it, responsive at every point, and fitly meeting every demand. The marvellous achievements of modern commerce, stretching its relations over distant seas and many lands, and gathering the materials of every civilization within its ample bosom, are, more than anything, the results of an expanding and victorious system, which shrinks at no obstacles and adapts itself to every emergency.

SPEAKING without thinking is shooting without taking aim.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

GOSSIP AND ITS EVILS.

THERE has been considerable talk of late, among that portion of our people who take interest in public affairs, concerning the absence of discretion among neighbors in this city and other places in the Territory, and the loose and imprudent way in which they gossip about each other's affairs. It is said, and perhaps with considerable truth, that much of the trouble that the Saints have been put to by their enemies is due to the foolish, gossiping talk of those who call themselves their friends. If this be so, and I am inclined to think that to a certain extent it is, what a disgrace it is, and what a serious responsibility rests upon those who are guilty of such conduct! Though they may not intend to do their brethren and sisters harm by their talk, they really become their betrayers, and do them as serious injury as if they were their personal enemies. Rumors are circulated about one and another; they pass from mouth to mouth, from family to family, until they become the common gossip of the neighborhood and are generally believed to be true. Apostates and other enemies catch them up and carry them to some official, then a long examination is entered upon, numerous witnesses are summoned, and the parties accused are subjected to annoyance and expense, they and their family affairs are brought prominently and unpleasantly before the public, and perhaps it ends in their being indicted by the grand jury and put to all the cost, inconvenience and risk of a trial in the district and other courts. I do not overstate the case when I say, there have been many instances of this kind, and they have had their origin in the foolish, and I may say wicked, gossip of neighbors and so-called friends. And yet such persons call themselves Saints, and would doubtless feel deeply offended if doubts should be expressed respecting their loyalty to the cause of God and their devotion and love to their brethren and sisters.

I have a friend whose frequent exclamation in former times was, "When will Israel learn wisdom?" I ask myself the same question to-day. When, indeed, will Israel learn wisdom? When will the Latter-day Saints learn to govern their tongues and mind their own business? The only creed that I have ever known the Church to publish as such, is the simple sentence: "MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS." Only think of the happiness and peace and good feeling that would prevail everywhere among the Saints if they would live up to this simple yet comprehensive creed!

What right have I to meddle with or gossip about my neighbor's family or affairs? What right has he to meddle with or gossip about me, my family or my affairs? If he is a Priest or a Teacher he has a right to visit me and my family, to question us concerning our lives, to see that we perform the duties of our religion, that we live at peace with one another and with our brethren and sisters and practically embody in our lives the religion we profess. When this is done his duty requires no more. Outside my house my family affairs should be sacred from observation or comment, from him, unless there is something wrong which we will not repent of, and which, therefore should be brought to the attention of the Bishop and his counsellors. That which is correct in the treatment of me, my family and my affairs in this respect, is correct in the treatment of every other person or family in the Church. But Pope, the English poet, wrote the truth when he said:

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

There are people who have a standing in the Church, who respect neither age, station nor anything else. The commands of the Lord, the covenants they have made in holy places, nor any other good influence appears to have the least power to restrain them. The Lord has attached a penalty to the command which He has given, that we shall not speak evil of the Lord's anointed. There are many who treat this with utter contempt. When they meet together in their social circles their greatest enjoyment appears to consist in talking about their neighbors and their affairs. Nothing is too private, nothing too sacred for them to discuss and gossip about. If a celestial being were to live here awhile, long enough for his mode of life and his relations with others to be known, everything about him and his affairs would be, by the class of which I speak, canvassed and overhauled. If he had taken a new wife, or had brought wives with him, not a single particular concerning him and them would escape criticism and comment. The most private details of their lives would be made the subject of gossip. Not content with this, either, he would be exceedingly fortunate if these gossips should confine themselves to the truth, if they did not misrepresent him and misrepresent his family, and say things about him and about them that were utterly false.

Is this too strong a statement? I do not believe it is. I know that the leading men in the Church, and their families and their affairs in general are subjected to this kind of treatment by the tongues of persons who call themselves Latter-day Saints. Their characters and motives are picked to pieces; they are misrepresented, and I am ashamed to say it, they are lied about by those who ought to know better, but who yield to this dreadful habit of gossiping. This tearing to pieces of character, this meddling with private concerns, is not confined alone to those leading men and their families; it is extended to others, until none are exempt, and matters which belong to a man and his family alone, and with which no one should meddle, and about which no one should talk, become the common gossip of the entire neighborhood.

This is not only an unfortunate habit which these people have fallen into, it is positively wicked. Where it is indulged in the Spirit of God cannot exist. Whoever practices it will go into darkness. The only safe course for a Latter-day Saint to pursue is to mind his or her own business. What a shameful occupation it must be for men or women when they get together to begin dissecting the character and conduct of their neighbors, discussing their family affairs, regaling each other with all the gossip they have been able to pick up about their friends or the people around them! It is just such an occupation as the devil takes delight at people being engaged in; but how about holy angels and the Holy Spirit? Will they not flee from such society?

Now that I am upon this subject I may be permitted to give my opinion as to the cause of this idle gossip. It is no more than reasonable to think that sensible people, aside from the commands of the Lord upon the subject, would discountenance it. Such people would naturally think that while they were engaged in dissecting other people's characters, and gossiping about their affairs, others would, in like manner, be dealing with them and their concerns. Therefore, as a matter of self-protection they would naturally frown upon and discourage such a practice in society. But sensible people have other topics of conversation than small talk and personal gossip. It is only silly people, who never use their brains to think, who never use their time to read, who fall back upon gossip as a means

of amusement or passing away the time in company. In the most of instances it is for a dearth of something else to talk about that they take up the family affairs or business of their neighbors. There are thousands of more interesting subjects for people to talk about than neighborhood gossip. If they would exercise their brains, as much as they do their teeth or their fingers, or their legs in dancing, they would not lack subjects of conversation. Gossip is the refuge of silly people. It is the amusement of people who have no other use for their brains or tongues. Yet though so destitute of sense, they are most mischievous. They are a plague, if not a curse, to any community where they live. They are to be dreaded and should be shunned. Can they be cured? Why, yes, if they, themselves, will consent to be instructed. But not without. They can be taught to control their tongues. They can store their minds with useful information; they can learn to understand interesting things; they can school themselves in talking about them, instead of personal gossip. By doing so, they will have more enjoyment, they will be happier, their friends will derive greater profit and satisfaction from their association, society will be benefited and the tone of all social gatherings at which they may be present will be improved.

Let me, therefore, advise all who may have been guilty of gossiping to stop the practice, and those who have never fallen into it to be careful and never yield to it. When inclined to indulge in it, think how you would feel, if you discovered that the person of whom you wished to speak were within earshot and could hear every word you said about him or her.

Lesson for the Little Ones.

PRIMARY EXERCISES.

THE FIRST MIRACLE OF CHRIST.

ONE time Jesus, His mother and disciples were invited to a great marriage feast, where there were many guests, and much ceremony. This was in Cana of Galilee.

While they were all seated at the tables, eating and enjoying themselves, the servants came to get more wine, when they found it was all gone, they did not know what to do, and as they were close to Jesus and His mother they overheard them talking about it.

Mary turned to her son and said, "They have no wine," for she knew the power her son had received from His Father, and wanted Him to make it manifest that others should be benefited by it.

Jesus answered her, saying, "Woman what have I to do with thee, mine hour has not yet come." He meant by this, that the time for Him to show forth the power He had obtained from His Father, had not yet come. His mother turned to the ser-

vants and told them to do just as Jesus said, for she felt in her heart that her dear son would be glad to please His mother, and would manifest His Father's goodness by doing as she wished.

Now there were six large water pots of stone, which would hold a firkin apiece, that is about eight or nine gallons. Jesus turning to the servants, told them to fill them up with water to the brim, which they did.

"Now," says Jesus, "draw out and bear it to the governor of the feast." When they drew out as he told them, behold it was wine, pure and good. When they took it to the governor he tasted, and I guess smacked his lips over it, for, turning to the bridegroom, he says, "Most people have the best wine first and then bring that which is not so good, but you have kept the best for the last of the feast." Neither of them knew what Jesus had done, for they were sitting at the head of the table, but the servants knew, and His disciples saw and marveled and believed on Him stronger than ever.

This was the first miracle Jesus did before the people, and on this occasion He wished to please His dear, sweet mother, whom He honored and loved. How her heart must have rejoiced, when she saw His power made manifest and realized she was the mother of such a son, even the Son of God!

How much joy you dear children can give your parents if you will be obedient and willing to please them even as Jesus was! Love God above all others, then let the love of your parents come next; and in time to come, when you need power to heal the sick and do good to those who are in trouble, ask God in the name of Jesus, and He will bless you with power, even as He blessed His Son Jesus when He turned water into wine at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee.

QUESTIONS.

- 1.—Where was the marriage feast held?
- 2.—Who was invited?
- 3.—What did Mary say to her son?
- 4.—How did He answer her?
- 5.—What did He mean by saying, "My time has not yet come?"
- 6.—What did He tell the servants to do?
- 7.—And what did the servants pour out?
- 8.—Whom did Jesus wish to please by performing this miracle?
- 9.—What did His disciples think when they saw what Jesus had power to do?
- 10.—Who gave Jesus power to do such great miracles?

ZINA.

APOSTASY.

BY BEN. E. RICH.

(Concluded.)

ALL historians admit that from this time until the days of Martin Luther, all manner of superstition prevailed, hence, nothing can be plainer than that this church had become *apostate* and was *without* the power of the gospel of Christ; and we contend that if she is a corrupt church it is impossible for her to confer authority that is pure. A corrupt fountain cannot send forth pure water. A corrupt tree cannot produce good fruit. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

We will now examine it after the reformation by Martin Luther and others in the early part of the sixteenth century. Luther was born in 1483. The immediate cause of the Reformation was the sale of indulgences by Tetzel. Luther was a monk of the Augustinian order, and on the 10th of December, 1520, in the presence of a large body of people committed to the flames the bull of excommunication which Pope Leo X. had published against him.

The question now is, where did Luther get his authority from? He could not have received it from the church of Rome, for in the first place *she had none except from the devil*; and in the second place she excommunicated Luther and that would have destroyed all the authority he received from her. It is an established principle that those who confer authority have the right and power to take it away. It yet remains to be shown where his authority did come from. Some might say from God; but this could not be for two reasons: First, he did not pretend to be an inspired man nor to receive revelations, and this is the only way that God ever gives authority after His Church becomes disorganized. Secondly, he did not build up a kingdom after the pattern of Christ's Church; he had no apostles, no prophets, and even denied immediate revelation, which shows he was *not* sent of God. He did not baptize for the remission of sins, nor lay on hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, nor had his followers any of the gifts which were promised by Christ Himself to those who kept His commandments, nor did he contend for the faith once delivered to the saints but contended that such faith was not for man any more to enjoy.

John Calvin was the originator of the Calvinistic doctrine and virtually the originator of Presbyterianism. Did he better it any? No, but immediately went to work as the church of Rome had done (from whom he was an apostate) and propagated his doctrine by the fire and the faggot; thus we see Sevetus and Rodgers burned at the stake and many others killed for not obeying this new doctrine.

The Baptists chiefly owe their origin to Meno Simon who in the early part of his public career was a Romish priest.

Henry VIII. was once a Catholic and while so he burned Tyndale the first translator of the New Testament and while yet a supporter of the Catholic faith wrote a book against Luther which gave him the title of the "Great Defender of the Faith." He divorced three wives; and, on falling out with the Pope because he (the Pope) opposed the divorce of Queen Catherine and marriage of Ann Boleyn, he declared himself the head of the church, and here we date the commencement of the Church of England.

In the year 1547, the prayer-book was composed. Bishop Cranmer is said to have been the principle person engaged in this work. In the reign of Edward VI. the Church of England was established by *Acts of Parliament*. Now this church in one of her homilies states that "Laity and clergy, learned,

and unlearned, men, women and children of *all* ages, sects, and degrees of *whole Christendom*, have been at once buried in the *most abominable idolatry* for the space of 800 years or more."

John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists, sprang from the Church of England, hence she is the second generation offspring of the Catholic church. Wesley, in his 94th sermon states the same in substance as the Church of England. He says, the real cause why the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost were no longer to be found in the Christian church, was because the Christians had turned *heathens* again and had only a *dead form left*. If then the Christians have been buried in idolatry for 800 years and are nothing but heathens, as these persons declare, can we expect to find the Holy Priesthood of God in their midst? These men did not pretend to receive revelation from God and taking into consideration the darkness which covered the earth can we admit that they have the authority to act in the name of God, while His law reads that "no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron?"

Now to sum up this matter, and show the difference between the true church of Christ on the one hand and the Catholic church with all her posterity which compose the whole Protestant world on the other hand it amounts to just this: one had apostles, prophets, etc., who led the church by inspiration or divine revelation, whereas the others have learned men to preach their learned men's opinions. In place of the Holy Ghost they have a college to teach them divinity. Instead of making the gospel without charge by preaching without money, they must have from \$2,000 to \$50,000 per annum. Instead of the gift of knowledge, prophecy, and revelation they say, *I guess so, may be so, and hope so.*

From these remarks it is plain to see that the falling away spoken of by Paul has come to pass as well as other prophecies relative to the great apostasy, and can we not look for a fulfillment of prophecies which point to the restoration of the Holy Priesthood or gospel dispensation in the latter days, that the gospel may be preached in its purity, the kingdom of God built up, the house of Israel gathered, and the way prepared for the second coming of Christ? Daniel, a prophet of God declared that the Lord had made known to Nebuchadnezzar what should take place in the latter days, when the prophet, says the God of heaven will set up a kingdom which is to stand forever. John, an apostle of Jesus Christ, tells us an angel will bring it from the heavens and our Lord says it is to be preached to all the world and then the end shall come. On the 5th day of April, 1830, the Lord saw fit to set up His kingdom. It was ushered in by an angel coming from the heavens. It is organized with apostles, prophets, etc., and built upon the rock of revelation, and from that day to this it has been before the world, and is being preached as a witness that the end may come. It makes a call upon mankind to have *faith* in Christ; to *repent* of their sins; and be *baptized* for the remission of the same; to have hands laid upon them for the gift of the Holy Ghost; and promises the gifts and power to follow all who believe.

Joseph Smith was the instrument in the hands of God of doing this work and was a prophet of God and an apostle of Jesus Christ, but not being of this world, the world hated and killed him as they did his Master. But, notwithstanding the hatred of the world, God has seen fit to set up His kingdom, and it will roll forth until it fills the whole world, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, for "truth is mighty and will prevail."

GOD BLESS OUR MOUNTAIN HOME.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

Andante con moto.

TREBLE.

TENOR.

O happy homes among the hills, Where flow a thousand crystal
Fanned by the cool, soft mountain air, The valleys teem with beauties
May no in-trud-ing hostile band E'er des-e-erate our beauteous
rills; Surrounded by grand mountains high, Whose snow-clad summits reach the sky, My heart enraptur'd with the sight, Cries to the
rare; And flowers deck the hills and plains, Refreshed by Spring and Autumn rains; Each nook contains a city fair. Filled with warm
land, Nor war's alarms disturb the rest And peace with which our homes are blest; While generations swell the throng Of happy

CHORUS. *Moderato. f*

TREB. & ALTO.

1st. 2nd.

heavens with delight, God bless and guard our mountain home, God bless our mountain home, home.
Rit. hearts who breathe the prayer.

TENOR & BASS.

hearts to sing the song,

Rit.

THE SABBATH BREAKER.

BY AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON.

ONCE there lived, long years ago,
A man who sought a wide renown,
Not as philanthropist or divine,
But as "wickedest man in all the town."
He builded houses strong and high,
Not for the poor to dwell therein,
But with doors and windows lettered o'er,
Luring the weak to taste of sin.
Warm and glowing, the great lights burned,
When the winter winds outside blew cold,
And, while feebly the poor toiled on for dimes,
O'er his counters glittered the shining gold.
For there, when the week's long toil was done
Drawn as by cords, did the laborer come
And spend, while his dear ones wept at home,
His hard-earned wages at last for *rum*.
There, while the timid hurried past,
They heard the drunkard's wildest song,
And oft, above it the gambler's oath,
Or the deadly shot in the outcast throng.

Nor woman's prayer, nor children's tears,
Nor scenes of suff'rings howe'er deep,
Could turn his heart from its wicked course,
Or trouble in dreams his heavy sleep.
But unsatisfied yet, his darkened mind
Searched long and deep for some further ill,
To affront, by power of might and gold,
To flaunt the strength of his evil will.
At last, one beautiful Sabbath morn,
Into his sinful mind there came,
Like a guilty thing, a new born plan
With hate and wickedness aflame.
He sought and gathered out dark-souled men,
To fill the contract his mind had planned,
To build a boat, all by Sabbath work,
To defy the day, and the Lord's command.
It filled his soul with an evil joy,
When passers paused, at the hammer's sound,
O, louder and worse their discord seemed,
In the quiet elsewhere all around.
But the work went on till the boat was done,
Painted, the flag made, too; then came
Into his heart a further task—
The search for a fitting, evil name.
'Twas found! On the red and yellow flag
That idly streamed above his head,
In letters of black like a venomous sting—
He smiled, and "THE SABBATH BREAKER"—read.

Not 'till another Sabbath morn
Was the dark boat launched—an evil sight!
Just as the throngs of children sweet,
Walked in the sunshine, warm and bright,
With loving parents and teachers good
From ev'ry street to the house of prayer;
Dismayed, they saw the new-launched boat—
Heard the drunken song on the holy air.

And then, as the evil men had timed,
When the Sabbath schools poured forth their throngs,
Again, they heard o'er the waters clear
The returning sinners' ribald songs.
And just above, o'er their reckless heads
A small black cloud in the sky arose;
On land they shuddered, and they at sea
Turned to the shore ere the storm should close

O'er their helpless heads. But drunken, weak,
In vain they strove; the Almighty's wrath
By His lightnings pierced, by His thunders spoke,
And towering billows checked their path.
The sudden winds roared o'er their eries,
The torrent rains swept o'er their deck,
And when the furious tempest passed,
They who looked forth to see the wreck,
Saw through the mists not yet quite cleared,
And where the billows last had raved,
Rose a broken mast, o'er the buried crew,
Where the flag, "THE SABBATH BREAKER," waved.

ENIGMA.

I AM a word of letters six,
A shelter made of logs or bricks;
Behead, then in each house I stand,
Of rich or poor throughout the land;
Behead again, I power express:
Now, juveniles, all try to guess
My name, then from me take
As many words as you can make.
The author found just forty-four;
Try it, perhaps you'll find some more.

In combining the letters to form other words it is not intended that any letter should be used more than once in a single combination. All foreign words and proper names should be omitted.

THE answer to the Square Word Puzzle published in No. 5 is as follows:

U T A H
T A L E
A L M A
H E A T

It has been solved correctly by Precindia Meservy, South Hooper; Adelgunda Heiner, Morgan City; Grandison Raymond, Kaysville; Thomas Nielson, Ephraim; John S. Blain, Spring City; Mary Emily Chandler, Washakie; Lewis Williams, Samaria; Lovina Brewer, Wm. Brewer, Henneferville; Charlotte W. Boden, Swan Lake, Idaho; Thomas S. Jones, South Weber; William A. Colvin, Nephi Savage, Payson; E. Goodman, Minersville; Annie Baekman, Salt Lake City.

The "Pi" which appeared in the same number, when rectified, reads as follows:

"Now, if you can tell
What these letters spell,
Just send in your name
And we'll publish the same."

We have received correct solutions from Samuel Stark, Nephi Savage, William Colvin, Payson; Precinda Meservy, South Hooper; Eda Smith, Pleasant Grove; L. J. Holley, Springville; E. Goodman, Minersville; G. W. Ingram, Brigham City; Nettie McKendrick, Tooele; Thomas S. Jones, South Weber; Angeline Martin, Salina; Lovina Brewer, William Brewer, Henneferville; Violet E. Parker, Hooper City; Josephine Workman, Farmington; Thomas Nielson, P. C. Anderson, Ephraim; Lizzie Brown, Harrisville; Catherine Sutherland, Zenobia Sutherland, Big Cottonwood; Mary Emily Chandler, Washakie; Lewis Williams, Samaria; P. H. Jakeman, Glenwood; John S. Blain, Spring City; Louisa Johnson, Inez Fisher, Avilda L. Page, Ven Paece, Wilkin F. Egan, Ernest Fisher, South Bountiful; Lizzie Myler, Lewisville, Idaho; Adelgunda Heiner, Morgan City; C. E. Draper, St. Johns; Fred. H. Ottley, Union; Byron H. Allred, Jr., Myra I. Allred, Garden City; Edith Spence, Pleasant Green; Charles W. Baker, B. J. Beer, Annie Baekman, Louie Shoebridge, Hannah Olsen, Salt Lake City.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

ALL THY GETTING GET UNDERSTANDING. Solomon.

AMERICAN CITY.

VOL. XX.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1885.

NO. 8.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF NEW YORK CITY.

THE scene here portrayed reminds us of the early colonization of America by Europeans, the account of which, no doubt, every school boy and girl has read with interest.

The early history of nations, countries, cities and towns, like that of individuals, seems always to be the most attractive and fascinating, and is perused with the greatest pleasure. A community's early existence, as well as a person's youthful life, is the most charming to contemplate, though perhaps not always so pleasant in its reality. Youth is the most romantic stage of life; for countries and their inhabitants become more matter-of-fact in their nature and fixed in their course as they grow older.

It is the natural inclination of humanity, when an interest has been awakened within them concerning anything, to learn of its origin and early existence. Especially is this so in regard to individuals and communities. The many difficulties they had to contend with, the struggles they made, and the hardships and privations they endured in, order to sustain and establish themselves, together with their triumphs of success, all seem to furnish attractions which the mind never grows weary of viewing. They also tend to renew one's courage and incite him to greater exertions in battling with the little difficulties that beset his own pathway.

The history of the settlement of this country by the people of Europe is filled with incidents that are exceedingly interesting to read about. The accompanying engraving is intended to represent the founding of New York City.

The site of this great metropolis of America was first discovered to the civilized world by Henry Hudson,

an English navigator, who was in the service of the Dutch East India Company. The Dutch settled upon Manhattan Island, upon which the greater part of New York City rests, as early as 1612. A permanent colony was not established by them until the year 1623, when thirty families made their homes there. They built a fort for their protection and named the settlement New Amsterdam. The British laid a claim to the territory by right of prior possession, and Charles II., king of England, gave it and the whole province now included in the State of New York to his brother, the Duke of York, who was afterwards King James II. So in August, 1664, an English fleet came over and took possession of the town. The Dutch made

no resistance. The name of the town was changed to New York, in honor of the Duke of York who now claimed possession. About nine years later the Dutch recaptured the town and gave it the name of New Orange. But after peace had been declared between the English and Dutch, the pos-



session was restored to the former, and the name which they had given it was resumed.

From the beginning of the nineteenth century the population of the city has increased very rapidly. In the first ten years it more than doubled itself, and since that it has continued to grow with remarkable speed. According to the census of 1880 its population was more than 1,200,000. Although this number is considerably less than that of London's inhabitants, it is difficult to get a proper conception of its vastness. And when we consider how young the city is compared to many cities of Europe, the proportions it has attained are most wonderful. There are nine times as many people in New York City as in the whole of Utah Territory. It has 420 miles of streets and 11 miles of piers along the water. Being entirely surrounded with water it serves admirably as a shipping port. About two-thirds of the imports and two-fifths of the exports of the United States pass through this port. Over 15,000 gas lamps are used to light the streets, and upwards of 300 miles of water pipes have been laid to conduct the water used for domestic purposes from large reservoirs to the dwelling-houses in the city.

It would be useless to attempt, in a brief sketch like this, a full description of the numerous objects of interest to be found in this great city. Even its history since it was founded could only be given very imperfectly here. It is doubtful whether a description, however complete, of the points of interest in any place is satisfactory. The only way to properly appreciate such things is to visit and see them for ourselves.

E. F. P.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

NOTHING of importance transpired in my field of labor except that I was appointed president of the Auckland branch of the Church, until the 11th of January, 1883, when, having made all necessary arrangements, I embarked on the steamship *Rotomahana* for the Thames in company with Elder James C. Williams with the view of presenting the gospel to the people of the Waikato district.

We sailed along a narrow arm of the ocean, land-locked on either side. On the right was the main-land of New Zealand diversified by small elevations, gentle slopes and valleys in which could be seen occasional habitations of the Europeans and Maoris, while on the left was a group of islands, Rangitoto and Juarintine being the principal ones. Four hours' sail brought us to an open sea, the Thames Gulf, so named by Captain Cook when he explored those remote parts of the globe in making his circuit of the earth.

At 9 p. m. we pulled alongside the Grahantown wharf where we were met by Brother Thomas H. Locke, the only Latter-day Saint at the Thames. He received us very hospitably by conducting us to his residence and caring for our necessities. We sojourned two weeks in that place, during which time we presented the gospel to the inhabitants by tracting the principal portions of the city, and held one public meeting at which the attendance was very poor.

In distributing and gathering tracts, an opportunity of discussing the principles of "Mormonism" with two of the most prominent ministers of the place was afforded. Of course they leveled their artillery on the structure of the gospel,

especially polygamy and the pretense of performing miracles, and poured forth a volley of abuse and slander. But after firing their green peas of error and false doctrine against the adamantine fortifications of truth, and investigating the tenets of the persuasion adhered to by the Latter-day Saints, they were compelled to hoist the white feather.

One of these learned individuals thought that I was uncharitable and unchristian-like to express my convictions of the necessity of baptism for salvation. Also for arguing that the gospel with all its power, authority to officiate in the ordinances thereof, and blessings had left the earth years ago. He said: "If power and authority of the gospel are not in vogue among the Christian denominations extant on the earth, how do you account for the great transformation from sin and darkness to light and a high standard of morality? Again, see what Christianity has done for the development of science and learning."

I challenged him to point out his boasted morality. I said, "Cast your eyes of reflection over the present state of affairs of the whole world, religious and moral. Behold, if you please, the hundreds of contending and conflicting doctrines and theories among the numerous sects and creeds. Again the drunkenness, intemperance and prostitution which are eating and diseasing millions of the human race, mentally and physically. Murder fills the hearts of thousands of this generation. This fact being demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt by the glaring accounts of foul and atrocious murders and assassinations, with which the daily and weekly periodicals teem. The old world is embroiled by restless, international jealousies and conflicting interests. The great powers and nations are brightening their guns for war. The crowned heads of Europe stand in great peril of the assassin's knife. This, sir, is your boasted, prodigious transformation from sin to a high standard of morality."

I told him, as for Christianity aiding in the advancement of art and science, it had little to gloat over, as many of the most eminent scientific men were genuine infidels.

He interrogated me respecting Utah, her people and the Edmunds bill, and finally inquired of my birth, etc. I readily informed him that I was brought up in Utah and was a thorough-bred and a natural-born "Mormon," when he stood agast with wonder and amazement, saying, "You are no disgrace in general appearance and intelligence to your ancestors. You must have had considerable experience in the ministry."

On the 26th of January, being satisfied that the people had been sufficiently warned, myself and companion took our departure for the interior of the island. We were on foot and followed the serpentine form of the river Thames coming occasionally to small villages whose inhabitants were Maoris and Europeans, to whom we presented the gospel tracts. After a three days' hard walk we arrived at Cambridge on the Waikato river.

In that trip of about 80 miles the truth was presented to the people of six settlements, the principal of which were Paeroa and Tearoha, at both of which places we applied for food and shelter, but in every instance received a positive refusal. As a consequence we were necessitated to walk 40 miles one day on a dry road under the burning rays of a New Zealand sun. When we arrived at Cambridge our feet were sore, our limbs ached and our stomachs were empty. At this settlement we remained for the space of eight days during which time we held one meeting and distributed tracts through the town.

The principal work in spreading the truth at that time was being done among the Maoris. The gospel which had been opened to the natives of New Zealand by W. M. Bromley, was commencing to take root, and many of them were coming forward to obey the truth. While here we assisted in the baptism and confirmation of seven of the natives, also administered to their sick and blessed some of their children. This was the commencement of a new era in New Zealand in connection with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The gospel had been preached to nearly all the white inhabitants of the country who rejected the same and had starved and persecuted the servants of God, who by a remarkable dream and important cases of healing had turned the gospel to the lost sheep of Israel.

As an evidence that God was beginning to work among the natives by His Spirit one of them came two or three times every day to us, asking questions pertaining to the principles of "Mormonism." He could not refrain from seeking for his soul's salvation. Finally, one evening, he demanded baptism. We consented, and he led the way down to the Waikato River in a hurried manner. It reminded me of an animal rushing to the stream to drink, being extremely thirsty. After baptism and confirmation, contentment and joy characterized his general appearance: his once eager countenance now wore an aspect of smiles and gratitude.

During my stay in Waikato there were seventy-four united to the Church, all of whom were added within two months.

I left Cambridge on February 5th, for Te Awamutu. During three days' absence, the gospel was presented to the people of the above named place, also Kihikihi, Alexander and Ohaupo. I then returned to Cambridge. After recruiting one day I again started to Auckland 600 miles from Cambridge warning the people of Hamilton, Ngauwahia, Taupire and Huntley and arrived in Auckland the 10th of February. Thereafter I made a journey of about 300 miles principally on foot, presented the gospel to sixteen villages and towns, held two public meetings and baptized four Maoris. Popular prejudice seemed to be so intense that the people would not allow us to preach in their halls without money and if a hall was furnished they would not come out and hear us.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ELDER HENRY H. KIRK.

BY J. W.

AFTER this funeral sermon the sects felt somewhat demoralized and did not trouble us so much at our meetings. The non-professors of religion, who generally admire anything witty, also gave us their sympathy and encouragement. After a short time a number of the religionists, still smarting under what was universally acknowledged as a defeat, got together to consult. There was present with them, by accident, a brother who had but very lately been baptized, and by them not known to have deserted their ranks, and from him we learned what happened. One speaker said:

"These Mormons claim to have the power to work miracles, such as healing the sick by the laying on of hands, etc. Now, if we could pin this man [Brother Kirk] right down and make him either work a miracle or fairly admit he cannot do it, we would have him caught, as we are satisfied he cannot do any such thing. Then all the town will hear of it and know him to be an impostor."

The wisdom of this plan was at once admitted and immediately accepted by the company. But, like with the rats who had agreed that a bell on the cat's neck, to give them warning when she was coming, would be good, the only difficulty was who should put the bell on; so with them, the only difficulty was who should make him do it. At length even that difficulty was overcome by a well-known drunkard bully, who was present, agreeing that for a gallon of ale paid in advance, he would make him do it or back out. He further agreed to give Brother Kirk a thrashing in the bargain.

All this happened immediately after a meeting in the forenoon at which Brother Kirk had been preaching. He had gone into a brother's house close by for dinner.

The ale was paid to the bully, as agreed, and it was decided to act at once. Accordingly the man went into the house and, addressing himself directly to Brother Kirk, said:

"See here, they tell me you profess to work miracles. Now, I want you to work one for me, and *right now*, or I will knock your two eyes into one."

Elder.—My dear sir, there is some mistake; I am sure you never heard me profess to do any such thing.

Bully.—No difference; if I haven't, others have. So, now, get at it or I'll get in my work.

E.—(*Arising, and apparently in a passion,*) Well, did I say I would not work a miracle for you?

B.—(*A little milder,*) No, you did not say you would not, but what I want of you is to do it.

E.—Well, all right; seeing you are determined, I guess I will work a miracle just to please you. But see here; do you believe I can? because, you know, faith is necessary. The Testament tells us that even Jesus Christ could not work a miracle on one occasion because of unbelief.

B.—(*Somewhat surprised, studied a moment and said,*) Well, yes, I believe; so go ahead.

E.—Well, I'm glad you believe and thus give me a good opportunity. Again, I will need a little help. Of course you cannot object to helping me.

B.—Certainly, anything that I can do I will do.

E.—All right, we will immediately proceed. Please to pull off your coat. (*B. did so.*) Pull up your right sleeve. (*B. complied.*)

There was a large knife lying on the table close by. Bro. Kirk took up the knife with one hand and took hold of the man's wrist with the other. The man jerked back and asked what he was going to do.

E.—(*Very composedly,*) O, I thought maybe the best thing I could do would be to cut your hand off and then put it on again! Perhaps that would be as convincing as anything I could do. (*B. got his coat and commenced to put it on.*)

E.—Stop; you will not go away before I have worked the miracle?

B.—Yes, I think I will.

E.—But you must not. And again, you are safe because you said you *believed* I could do it.

B.—Yes; but I would rather not try it on. (*Goes out.*)

His employers were watching, hoping to see the fun of Bro. Kirk getting a good beating. When the bully joined them one said:

"Well, did he work a miracle?"

The bully answered, a little sheepishly, "No; but he *would* have done if I would have let him. But you go and try him yourself and let him cut your hand off and put it on again, if you want to; he can't try it on me."

(*To be Continued.*)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

OULD THE WILL OF THE KING OR OF CONGRESS TO BE
THE STANDARD OF RIGHT AND WRONG TO THE PEOPLE?

AFTER the death of Cromwell and the restoration of the Stuarts to the English throne, there was a great reaction in England in religious matters. The strictness and severity of the Puritans were replaced by the laxness and libertism of the Cavaliers, and morals fell to a very low ebb. It was at this time that Thomas Hobbes, "in language," Macauley says, "more precise and luminous than has ever been employed by any other metaphysical writer," maintained that the will of the king was the standard of right and wrong, and that every subject ought to be ready to profess Popery, Mohammedanism, or Paganism, at the royal command. Hobbes' writings had the effect, it is said, to exalt the kingly office, relax the obligations of morality and degrade religion into an affair of state. And it is no wonder that, under the circumstances, they should have this effect. Men's minds were in a condition to take advantage of any reasoning or argument that would justify them in throwing off the obligations of religion and in yielding to immorality. When men accept the will of the king, and such a king for instance as Charles II. was, instead of the will of God, as their rule of life, it is easy to conceive the depth of degradation to which they would descend.

I refer to Hobbes and his writings to show that, long ago, men were found who used the same arguments and reasoning which are now urged upon the Latter-day Saints respecting laying aside some parts of their religion and conforming to the laws of Congress. In every age, I suppose, there have been persons of this character—persons who have thought that mankind should conform in their religion and in their other views to the will and wishes of their governors and their rulers. Very many persons, who appear to wish the Latter-day Saints well, and who express great pity for us, ask in pleading tones if we cannot lay aside the practice of plural marriage. They say it is the only difficulty in the way. An influential man, who served a long time as member of the U. S. House of Representatives, and is now a prominent officer of the Government, said to me a short time ago,

"I know your people possess many excellent qualities. They are a people whom I admire. Your religion, which produces such fruits, must be a good religion. I am a Presbyterian; but I think none the worse of your religion on that account. Your revelations are as good, for aught I know, as the revelations we believe in. I know that much can be said in favor of polygamy; but the country is unalterably opposed to it; the people will neither accept nor tolerate it; why cannot you confine yourselves to believing it and let the practice of it go?"

After I explained to him the nature of our belief in it and why we practiced it, how it was interwoven with all our hopes for exaltation in the presence of God, and that it was impossible for us to renounce it without at the same time renouncing the heaven for which we were striving, he saw the subject in another light; but still thought, perhaps, that we were fanatical upon the subject. Religion in these days is so much a matter of fashion, and sits so easily upon the consciences of the bulk of the people, that they appear unable to comprehend why we make such a fuss about it or attach so much importance to it. When the nation condemns a feature of religion as emphatically as it has done celestial marriage in our

case, and attach penalties to its practices, such persons can see no sense or reason in clinging to it. They, like Thomas Hobbes, are willing to take the will of the rulers as the standard of right and wrong. If they lived in a monarchy, the religion which the king dictated and insisted upon would be adopted by them; but, living in a Republic, they take the will of Congress instead, and seem to think that our consciences should accommodate themselves to that which Congress says shall or shall not be religion!

It is only a few days ago that I fell in company with an intelligent man, who had been baptized into our Church when he was eight years old, but who had grown up an unbeliever. His friends are still members of the Church, and he lives among us, kind and friendly to our people, ready to defend them against many misrepresentations, but with no faith, apparently, in our principles and particularly opposed to plural marriage. I met him away from home. Without any design on the part of either of us the conversation led to the topic of never-failing interest, and so much and so widely discussed, the topic of plural marriage. There were many remarks that he made, which, coming from a man of his intelligence, surprised me; but that which startled me most, was the statement that he did not believe God would ever reveal anything as a command, which would require him if he obeyed it, to disobey the laws of his country. In other words, he thought the laws of a country ought to be obeyed in preference to any laws of God.

Now, it is true, that the Lord has commanded us to obey the laws of our country. He never has given us a command which requires us, in obeying it, to violate any constitutional law of the land. The law of July 1st, 1862, commonly known as "the anti-polygamy law," is the first law of Congress upon this subject. But it did not become law until about ten years after the announcement to the world, by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, that celestial marriage was one of the principles of salvation in which it believed. That law, we have always believed, is violative in spirit and meaning of the first amendment of the Constitution. If all the world were to say that plural or celestial marriage is not a part of religion, would that separate it from religion or convince us that it is not in our minds, a religious principle? It is a vital part of our religion, and was proclaimed as such, and believed and practised as such, by the Church when the law leveled against it was enacted. The law, therefore, was enacted by Congress against a law of God. It attempted to annul and make void that which He had commanded, and that which He declared to be essential to exaltation in His presence. God, in giving the law, made it a part of religion, and, therefore, it could not be prohibited without violating the Constitution. It was not He who gave a command which came in contact with the laws of the country; but, as I have said, it was men who attempted by the enactment of laws, to interfere with and prevent obedience to God's laws. This is the case as it stands with us.

But, as I remarked in the conversation referred to, if mankind had bowed to the dictates of rulers and law-making powers in matters of religion, there is scarcely a principle of the so-called Christian religion that would be left; for every one has been warred against, more or less, in ages past. Rome, if she could have done so, would have swept Christianity as a religion from the face of the earth. But its professors never accepted the will of pagan rulers as their standard of right and wrong. They obeyed that which they conceived to be the will of God, bowed in obedience to His laws, and frequently suffered imprisonment and death therefor. By the heroic

sacrifices of men and women, whose consciences could not be brought to accept the dictation of their fellow-creatures for the will of heaven, religious liberty has been preserved in the earth and the forms of religion known as Christianity have survived. At the time Hobbes wrote upon the subject of religion it was a crime, under the laws of England, for a Catholic in that kingdom to make a convert to his religion. The punishment for a priest who did this was, he was to be hung, drawn and quartered—a frightful penalty for such an offense. Yet there were men who had the courage to face this penalty in the performance of that which they believed to be their duty. A notable instance of this occurred in the case of Charles II., King of England. His brother James was informed that Charles could not die easy until he received the services of a Roman Catholic priest. It seems the king was secretly at heart a Roman Catholic in his faith. The room in which the king was lying was full of courtiers; but James, who himself was at heart a bigoted Roman Catholic, went to the bedside and, in a whisper, asked the king if he should get a priest to come and see him. The king eagerly responded in the affirmative. After considerable trouble a priest was found, and was smuggled in disguise into the king's bed-chamber from which the courtiers had been requested to withdraw. At the risk of his life he administered the rites of his church to the dying monarch, who thereafter appeared greatly relieved in his mind. Had the laws then on the statute books of England been enforced against Huddleston, this priest who attended the dying king, he would have been hung, drawn and quartered. By such an act the laws would have been vindicated; but the rights of conscience would have been outraged, and religious liberty would most unjustly and cruelly have been interfered with.

Catholics had inflicted frightful penalties upon Protestants and upon all who dissented from the Church of Rome, and this through many centuries. When Protestantism gained power this persecution, so full of the most bitter memories, was not forgotten. The Church of Rome was a source of dread and hatred. To check its growth, the same means were resorted to that it had used against heretics. In the treatment of these it had given the world a lesson that had not been forgotten, and its members in turn became the victims of a persecution, as cruel while it lasted, as any it had inflicted. There was a time in England when, if the Protestants could have had their way, Catholicism would have been crushed out. But though Roman Catholic priests were compelled to hide from public sight, and if found were treated as the vilest of criminals, and dare not perform mass or any other ceremony without exposing themselves and all who were present to the vengeance of the laws, still their religion lived. Its members could not be driven to deny or abandon their faith because of persecution.

The same is true of Protestantism. It was persecuted; its believers were tortured and martyred by thousands upon thousands. But it prospered, nevertheless. Its right to live has been demonstrated. There are many features of Protestantism which I think very erroneous. But that is between its believers and their God. If I had the power, I would not have the right to use force to lead them away from their belief. God has not given this authority to any man, or set of men. He Himself does not take this method of leading men to do His will. And if He does not, is it likely that He will entrust others with the power to do it?

The truth is that to have perfect religious liberty men must be left free to exercise the agency which God has given them.

Neither kings, congresses, nor rulers of any kind, have the least right to interfere with or curtail man's agency. A law which commands man to do certain things, or to refrain from doing certain things which are matters of conscience and religion with him, and in doing which he intrudes upon no one's rights and disturbs no one, is an unconstitutional law and ought not to be enacted.

At the hotel yesterday I sat at table with three gentlemen, each of us occupying a side. Two of them were somewhat old acquaintances, one of them having been in Congress four years while I was a member. The conversation turned upon the subject of marriage. The oldest was at least fifty years of age; another was probably forty-five; both of these were quite gray; and the other was about forty-three. All three were bachelors. Now, the argument frequently used against plural marriage is that it is not correct because the sexes are so nearly equal in numbers. Let this be granted, and what then? Here were three men, amply able to keep a wife each, who were not married. Three women, the sexes being equal in numbers, have, as a consequence, to go without husbands. Is it fair for these three women, if they desire to marry (and nearly every woman if she can get a partner to suit her will marry) to be forced to live single? or should they be permitted, if they wished to do so, to marry a man who already has a wife? The question came up, did I injure society any more by having plural wives, than they did by living as bachelors? Knowing their lives, as I do, I can answer it very satisfactorily to myself.

The attempt is made to have this principle of our religion separated from religion and to call it a social question. Even if viewed in this light its effects are incomparably superior to the effects which accompany the prevailing system of marriage. But let others call it a social question or whatever they please, we esteem it as a holy principle of religion—a law which pertains to celestial glory, which if not obeyed by us will forever prevent us from becoming "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ."

CURING A BAD MEMORY.

OUR readers, doubtless, have heard of *mnemonics*, the name given to any system of rules intended to assist the memory. The practical working of such a system is hindered by the fact that it requires a good memory to remember its precepts when the occasion comes to use them. But a writer in the *St. Nicholas* gives two simple rules for the improvement of the memory, which can be easily recalled and readily put into practice: Your memory is bad, but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One, to read a subject when strongly interested; the other is to not only read, but think.

When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book and try to remember the ideas on that page; and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words and speak them out.

Faithfully follow these two rules and you have the golden keys of knowledge.

Besides inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading hard to break.

Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit as the habit of running through story after story and forgetting them as soon as read.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER V.

IN the year 1760 two British regiments formed a conspiracy to surprise, plunder and massacre their officers and then surrender the fortress into the hands of Spain. The number of conspirators was seven hundred and thirty; but during a quarrel in a wine-house someone divulged the scheme. A private was executed on the grand parade as the ring leader, and ten others were condemned to death, which overawed the rest.

About this time the fortifications were strengthened. One battery of great annoyance to the enemy was called by them the "devil's tongue;" and the entrance into the fortress was also called the "mouth of fire." In the beginning of the year 1783 there were six hundred and sixty-three pieces of artillery in the stronghold, including cannon, mortars and howitzers.

Although the Spaniards had been thrice defeated in their attempts to recover Gibraltar, they continued to view the position with a jealous eye and determined to seize the first opportunity to wrest it from the dominion of Great Britain. Near the close of 1777 everything indicated a war between France and England, as hostilities had been carried on for about six months. Spain therefore took this favorable opportunity of interfering by offering her mediation, proposing such arrangements as she must have felt sure would not be agreeable. On the refusal of England to accede the court of Madrid espoused the part of France, and on the 16th of June, 1779, the Spanish ambassador presented to the court of London his hostile manifesto. The principal design of the court of Madrid, doubtless, was the recovery of Gibraltar. On the 21st of June, 1779, the communication between Spain and Gibraltar was closed by order of the Spanish court.

The garrison at this time consisted of 209 officers, 59 staff, 313 sergeants, 166 drummers and 4,632 rank and file, making an army of 5,379 men. On the communication being closed a council of war was immediately summoned to advise concerning the measures to be pursued, and arrangements were entered into for the defense and provisioning of the garrison. On the 6th of July a packet from England informed the governor that hostilities had already commenced between Great Britain and Spain. A proclamation, in consequence, was issued, ordering the seizure of all Spanish vessels, etc., and letters of marque were granted for that purpose to the privateers in the bay of Gibraltar. The consequence was, a few prizes were taken and a few hostile shots were exchanged.

On the 16th of July, Gibraltar was blockaded and the Spaniards began to strengthen their fortifications. As the blockade did not continue long by water many of the inhabitants left Gibraltar, for the necessaries of life daily became more scarce. As the enemy's camp numbered 15,000 men and fortifications were continually being erected and advances made, a council of war was summoned on September 11th, and the next day fire was opened on the enemy, which caused them to do much of their work during the night, although then much annoyed by the bursting of shell, etc.

About July, 1779, several cannon of large calibre were erected on the summit of the rock at the north front, 1,439 feet above sea level. The roads leading to this elevated spot were constructed at great expense.

To add to the trouble of the distressed inhabitants of the rock the small pox broke out; provisions were very scarce and high priced, mutton being worth 75 cents per pound; veal,

\$1.00; pork, 60 cents; a pig's head, \$4.50; ducks, \$3.00 a pair; a goose, \$5.00, etc. The governor, General Elliot, for experiment, lived on four ounces of rice a day, for eight days.

Thistles, dandelions and wild leeks were the daily nourishment of many for some time (which may remind some of the early settlers of Utah, adding dried hides cooked for soup as a change). Before long, however, the inhabitants were made glad by the arrival of a strong fleet from England, laden with stores and provisions. This event seemed to animate the soldiers and prepare them for the great struggle then about to commence.

The reception of the fleet with supplies so displeased the enemy that they opened a vigorous fire on the garrison, thus destroying many buildings and scattering the terrified inhabitants, who fled to the south of the rock, without shelter only some who were afterwards furnished with tents by the government. It was not uncommon for a shell to pass through houses and disquiet officers and others while enjoying their hoarded luxuries, killing and wounding them, causing much confusion and disorder. Wine and other strong drinks were given to the soldiers, thus causing disturbances and many disgraceful scenes. On one occasion it pleased them to take the image of the Virgin Mary and, for a bit of fun, they placed it in a whirligig and then held a mock court marshal, found it guilty of some crime and placed it in a prison. The men were guilty of drunkenness, debauchery and other high crimes, and had taken liberties until they could scarcely be controlled by their officers while on duty. Necessity caused the adoption of the following rigorous measures on then 26th of April, 1781: that every soldier convicted of being drunk, or asleep at his post, or found marauding, should be executed. On the 5th of May a soldier was executed on the grand parade for plundering. His body hung until sunset as an example to others.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

THE GIFT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOHN H. KELSON.

THE plan of salvation is not comprised in any one principle only; neither can eternal life and exaltation be attained by a single bound from a sinful and depraved state to a condition of holiness and heavenly felicity.

Even in this mortal state the attainment of wealth, learning and honorable position involves indefatigable labor, strict adherence to, and application of, certain principles and rules. Can it be conceived that the vaster concerns of religion are less obligatory and exacting? or that eternal life can be secured without obtaining a knowledge of its ordinances and principles and yielding obedience thereunto?

The believer in the atonement of Christ is in a far better position than the infidel. He is saved according to the power and efficacy of this faith. He might add repentance to his belief, and thus take another step; and he will certainly reap the benefit of this advancement. If he is then baptized by one holding divine authority, he takes a great and important stride in the path of life and salvation. His position is now a highly favored one. He is born into the kingdom of God. But he must not stop at this degree of progress. He has not yet attained full salvation. He is born, it is true, but he must

now begin to live the new life; he must breathe the new atmosphere. If he stops here he is like the still-born babe. He must receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. Devoid of this vital spiritual breath the baptized believer is dead and can make no further advancement.

We have abundant evidences in the scriptures that the Father and the Son are material personages, that each possesses a glorious body similar to man's mortal tabernacle. But the personality of the Holy Ghost is not so clearly revealed.

Joseph Smith informs us that "the Father has a body of flesh and bones as tangible as man's; the Son also; but the Holy Ghost has not a body of flesh and bones, but is a personage of spirit. Were it not so, the Holy Ghost could not dwell in us." (*Doc. and Cov.* 130, 22.)

Speculations and discussion about the personality of the Holy Ghost are vain and unprofitable. It is evident that many things concerning this divine agent are purposely withheld from us; for Jesus said: "He shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak; and he will show you things to come." (*John xvi.* 13.)

The Holy Ghost is known also in the scriptures as "The Comforter;" "The Holy Spirit;" "The Spirit of Truth," etc. All these terms are used to designate that divine gift which is bestowed by the laying on of hands. It is the special medium by which the mysteries of God are unfolded, and the knowledge of the principles of eternal life is communicated unto man.

There is a divine spirit of light and truth which proceeds from the Godhead and "enlighteneth every man that is born into the world." This spirit is general and universal in its operations. It is the breath of the Almighty which quickens all things. It is like the sun, which sheds its genial rays, not only upon waving forests and green fields, but also upon the barren desert and the stagnant pool. It falls like the gentle rain both upon the just and the unjust. It is the light, in man, which is called conscience; the monitor, which prompts to goodness, rebukes evil, and stings with remorse the soul of the evil-doer. By this light the things pertaining to this mortal life are made manifest.

It is the light of science, the inspiration of skill and art. It fires the soul of the philosopher and lights his way into the secrets of nature. It flashes upon astute minds, and reveals new and marvelous discoveries and inventions. It gives wisdom to statesmen and good counsel to kings and potentates. It is the fountain of all the good there is in the world; and the source of all the truth, life, power and grandeur manifested in animated nature.

Alma says: "The elements are the tabernacle of God, as man is the temple of God." By the potent energy of this divine Spirit the changes of the seasons are regulated; the earth is fertilized; and all the wonderful works and incomprehensible mysteries of creation are carried on.

But this all-pervading and universal spirit; which might be called inspiration, ardor, vivacity, or even, enterprise must be carefully distinguished from the special gifts of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost is a peculiar endowment, belonging to a certain class. It is bestowed as a special gift upon certain individuals, upon specific conditions.

This divine power, which proceeds from the Father through the medium and in the name of the Son is spoken of as being "sent," "given," "poured out," "falling upon," etc. Thus indicating its unlimited diffusive, or omnipresent properties. The apostle Peter said; "The promise is unto you, and your

children; and to all them that are afar off; even to as many as the Lord our God shall call."

(*To be Continued.*)

A LAD OVERCOMES.

"IT is good for a man," saith the prophet Jeremiah, "that he bear the yoke in his youth."

An illustration of the sentiment is furnished by the university life of the first Lord Abinger, better known as James Scarlett, the distinguished advocate and judge.

In his sixteenth year he was sent from the island of Jamaica, where his father was a rich planter, to the University of Cambridge, England.

Such was the good opinion entertained of the youth by his parents, that he was made his own master, and given the command of money without any limit but his own discretion.

The lad's first resolution—we commend it to young men in similar circumstances—was that he would do nothing to forfeit his parents' confidence. He determined to study with diligence, and not to permit anything to interfere with the formation of studious habits.

It was not long before an event occurred which tried the temper of his resolution. Young Scarlett's agreeable manners and social disposition made him popular with his fellow-students.

One day, while he was hard at work, a deputation, several of whom were noblemen's sons, called at his room and announced that he had been chosen a member of the True Blue Club, whose members, limited to twelve, were chosen from the *élite* of the college.

He thanked them for the honor, and after they had departed, began to reflect how far membership in the club was consistent with his resolution.

It would lead to desirable social friendships which in after life might be useful to him; but it was a drinking club, whose main business was, at stated periods, to dine together with abundant festivity.

The lad had a natural aversion to wine, which, notwithstanding it was fashionable to drink, he did not wish to overcome. He saw that club habits would interfere with habits of study, and with a high courage worthy of a man of riper wisdom, he declined in courteous terms the honor of membership.

No one had ever declined that honor, and young Scarlett's bold act created a sensation in the college.

At first the "True Blues" were cold in their manners towards the lad who had declined to associate himself with them. But that soon wore off, and some of the members, admiring his pluck, became his life-long friends.

The Masters of Arts and Fellows of the college, hearing of the act, sought out the young gentleman who refused to enter the most aristocratic club in Cambridge. They made his acquaintance, admitted him to their society, afforded him opportunities of improvement, and by their friendship more than compensated for his loss of jovial companionship.

That act of declining influenced young Scarlett's future life. It was his first great temptation. His overcoming it, because he would not forfeit his parents' confidence, was the earnest of his success.

He never again met with a temptation which so severely tried his power of resistance. He bore the yoke in his youth and his neck was made strong for the burden of life.

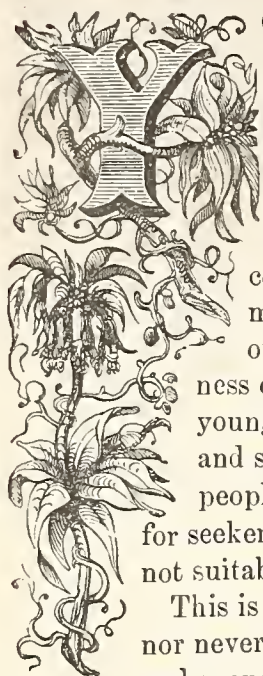
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



YOUNG people frequently make a great mistake in forming their ideas respecting that which constitutes enjoyment. They have not had experience in life, all their sensations are new and vivid, and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they should make mistakes and frequently come to wrong conclusions. One very common mistake is to suppose that the practice of religion curtails or interferes with happiness or enjoyment. Hence it is there are some young people who neglect the duties of religion and seem to think they may do well enough for people more advanced in life to attend to, but for seekers after pleasure like themselves they are not suitable.

This is a great mistake. True religion never did nor never will interfere with or detract from healthy and proper enjoyment. There is a good reason for this. God who created man is the author of true religion. Being from the same source they are admirably adapted to each other. The most perfectly happy man on earth is the man who lives in the closest obedience to the laws of the gospel. Obedience to them makes his character and life the most perfectly rounded, harmonious and best developed possible. Every part of his being, every faculty and power of mind and body receives attention. He is restrained from doing anything that would injure him; he is encouraged and strengthened in doing everything that would benefit him. If he has weaknesses, they are brought to light and corrected, and the strength of his nature is brought into full exercise.

It is a mistake to imagine that the highest enjoyment can only be derived from the gratification of the appetites and through giving full play to the animal powers. A knowledge of the gospel or true religion teaches better than this. It shows that it is not through these that the purest, highest and most lasting happiness is obtained. Through it man learns that he has a spiritual being, and that it must receive attention if he would be happy—that it is, in fact, the higher part of his organism. He learns that the most exquisite, exalted and sweetest enjoyment, which fills the soul to overflowing, comes through the cultivation of the spiritual part of his being, and that this does not interfere with the proper exercise of what may be called his animal powers.

It is this that children need to be taught. Every boy and girl should be taught how to obtain pure and lasting happiness. They should be taught that it is by the cultivation of the higher faculties, the spiritual part of their nature, that this can be best obtained. If they live so obedient to the Lord that they can have His Holy Spirit as their constant companion, they will find in it a never-failing fountain of happiness. By its aid those who possess it acquire self-control, they are enabled to practice self-denial.

We have known boys who either neglected or rejected their religion. They sought for happiness in other channels. Their lives, have generally been failures. As a rule, they have not been useful, prosperous or happy. In the course of our life numerous cases of this kind have been known to us.

We have also known boys who stuck to their religion. They loved it, and did all in their power to understand and practice it. We have never known a boy of this kind whose life has not been a happy one. They are the successful, useful, influential men of our Territory. They have been blessed and honored of the Lord and are beloved by their associates. Having lived in harmony with and obedience to law, they have consciences void of offense; they do not suffer from self-condemnation, nor have they to bear in their bodies and spirits the penalties of violating the laws.

This is the best proof boys and girls can have as to which is the best course for them to pursue. Let them look around them and judge for themselves. Does any one know an apostate whose life and actions he would like to imitate? Do any of our readers know any men or women who rejects the gospel whom they would wish to be like?

But some one may ask: "Are all who do not believe the religion of the Latter-day Saints wicked?"

We do not say so. But we say that those who reject that religion are not so happy and do not have so much pure and lasting enjoyment as those who embrace and live according to its requirements. We say that no one can reject it without grieving and losing the Spirit of the Lord, and to that extent they do wrong.

There are kinds of enjoyment which people who reject religion sometimes have, yes and wicked people too. If they have wealth, they can gratify themselves in many ways. The pleasures of the world are to be purchased by wealth. They can have fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine horses and carriages, and everything that is choice to eat and pleases the eye and gratifies the appetite. Wicked people can have these if they have money. And there are many, very many people in the world who struggle all their lives to obtain these things, because they think they bring the highest pleasure.

But those who have this view of happiness do not understand their own natures. They have never sounded the depths of their own hearts. There is a fountain of happiness which the poor may have opened to them by obeying the gospel which will fill their whole being with joy that cannot be described. All the wealth of the earth without the gospel, would not produce it, and no man, however rich, that has not tasted it can conceive of its blissful feeling.

The good things of the earth are not to be despised. It is necessary for all to have some portion of them. But they are secondary to the gospel and the Spirit of the Lord. When they are possessed in addition to the Spirit then they are very convenient and are of advantage to mankind, for they are apt then to be used for their benefit.

ANOTHER point about which some make mistakes is, that if they obey religion they cannot have that amount of liberty they would have otherwise. We have found some young persons among us who had that idea. They seemed to think that they would be deprived in some way of their independence, by espousing our religion.

Now, why any one should have such a thought as this is a mystery to us. It must have its origin in ignorance. We have traveled considerably and mingled largely with men in

various stations in life; but we never met with a people who were more independent in their views or who had greater liberty to express them, if they chose to do so, than the Latter-day Saints.

Some persons cannot draw the distinction between independence and disobedience. They imagine that to be independent they must be disobedient and rebellious. Can anything be more absurd than this? Because a person is obedient does it lessen his independence or take anything away from his liberty? Every person who reflects will say at once, "No; it does not." But shallow thinkers say because the Latter-day Saints are obedient, therefore they are not independent and do not have liberty! What ridiculous nonsense such talk is! Is a family of children who carefully obey their parents and take delight in doing as they are told, any less free, than a family who are always murmuring about the requirements of their parents and rebelling against them?

It requires the highest qualities in a man or woman to be a Latter-day Saint. It requires true independence of character and the highest courage to bear all that a Saint who lives on the earth for any time has to contend with. The Saints have been so independent and determined that mobs could not drive them from their religion, though they robbed them of all they had. When people have shown by their works, as the Latter-day Saints have, that they cannot be driven or frightened from their religion, they exhibit true independence. They have shown that they will die rather than yield to the wrong. But in the right they can be led by a hair. No people on the earth have given such proofs of independence and a love of liberty as the Saints have. It is because they possessed these qualities that Utah is settled by them. They preferred a home in a wilderness and desert land with freedom than homes in the midst of so-called civilization without independence.

A SIGN-SEEKER.

BY J. E. T.

IN the year 1849, while Elder William L. Cutler was the President of the Lincolnshire Conference, England, I, in company with him, was trying to open up some new fields of labor, for up to this time an Elder of the Church had not visited this neighborhood.

A very neat, but small Primitive Methodist chapel had been secured in order to give Elder Cutler (lately from America) an opportunity to expound the peculiar doctrines taught by the Latter-day Saints, news of which had spread to a considerable distance and caused the assembling of a large congregation.

The internal arrangements of the chapel were similar to others belonging to this denomination. There was a center aisle leading from the entrance to the pulpit which was immediately opposite the door, the pews or seats being on either side. Immediately under the pulpit was a small enclosure the floor of which was one step higher than the floor of the main hall and was called the communion seat. Here the members of this sect met once a month to partake of the sacrament. On three sides were seats and the pulpit was reached by a stairway inside this communion seat.

Elder Cutler occupied the pulpit which was just large enough for one person, and his companion was seated below within the enclosure. The preliminaries of singing, prayer, etc., having been completed, Elder Cutler arose and gave out his

text:—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. * * And these signs shall follow them that believe," etc. (*Mark xvi. 15-18.*)

Just as this was done a very small gentleman not more than five feet two inches high, dressed in a swallow-tailed, broadcloth coat with a stove-pipe hat by his side, evidently a stranger in the village, who had previously taken a seat inside the communion railing, was seen to take out some note paper and write very rapidly in long hand for a brief time. Suddenly he arose and addressed Elder Cutler as follows:

"My dear sir, I think it would be much more interesting to the audience if you would show them a sign yourself."

Elder Cutler, evidently nettled at being thus interrupted, spoke very decisively, "Sit down, sir."

Our small man at once dropped into his seat and resumed his writing; but not for a great length of time, for he again arose and said, "I am sure, sir, that if you will work a miracle right here it will be much more satisfactory to the audience than telling us what you can do."

Elder Cutler again repeated but in much louder tones than before, "Sit down sir, and don't interrupt me any more. When I get through I will give you a sign."

This seemingly satisfied our little man; but ten minutes had not elapsed when he again arose to his feet and demanded the sign then and there.

Elder Cutler being fully aroused by this third interruption thus addressed himself to the audience in very mild, quiet tones, "It seems, ladies and gentlemen, as if this small specimen of humanity will not sit still until I give him a sign; now if you will be quiet for a few moments I will go down and give him the sign he wants and then I will finish my discourse."

Curiosity was now at its highest pitch, the congregation at the lower end of the chapel arose to their feet on purpose to witness the promised sign. Elder Cutler came slowly down from the pulpit, very deliberately pulled off his coat and hung it on the communion railing, (I will here state that his height was six feet two inches and withal he had a very large hand) he then drew his shirt sleeves up his arm, spat on both hands, doubled his heavy fists, and standing over the now cowering form of this seeker for a sign, said in thundering tones, "Whereabouts will you have it?"

The small man leaned over, grabbed his hat and papers and went down the aisle among those that were standing in it and out of the door as if he had been shot from a cannon.

The building being a consecrated one, also the sanctity attached to such places, prevented for a time any exhibition of feeling from the people. But when Elder Cutler who had been anxiously eying the departed sign-seeker broke the silence by very dryly remarking partly to himself and partly to the audience, "Why, he didn't want a sign after all," the audience could no longer restrain themselves and such a demonstration was made that I presume was never before witnessed in a place of worship in old England.

Elder Cutler, myself nor any of the audience (as far as we could learn) ever knew where the sign-seeker came from or where he went afterwards.

TRUTH is such a precious jewel that it is not wisdom to use it upon all occasions and in all places; but where it is imprudent to exhibit this priceless gem, another one, almost equal in value, called silence, is a most suitable substitute.

NAPOLEON'S HOUSE AT ST. HELENA.

ABOUT 1400 miles west of the west coast of South Africa and 2000 miles from the east coast of Brazil, in the Atlantic ocean is situated the small island St. Helena, renowned as the place of the great Napoleon's banishment after his most brilliant successes amid European nations were ended. Its greatest length is ten and one-half miles, while its breadth does not exceed seven miles. It is owned by the British and was at one time a very important halting-station for vessels traveling between Europe and the East. It is a strongly fortified position, not only so formed by nature in its precipitous and almost inaccessible coasts, but, also in every place where a landing might be effected, military works have been erected for the purpose of making it secure. The population is estimated to be at the present time between six and seven thousand. It is on this land where Napoleon's home as represented in our engraving is situated: a plain, unpretentious building which served him as a home and a prison.

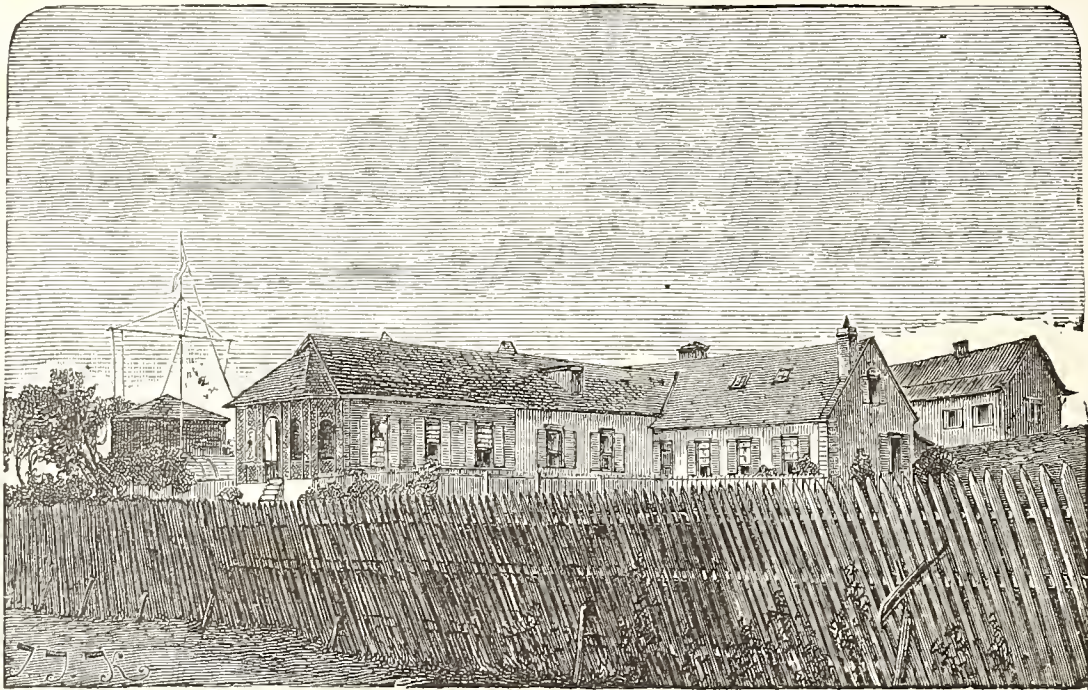
The principal events in the life of Napoleon Bonaparte are doubtless known to most of our readers; how he rose almost from obscurity to be the leader of the French army and even the ruler of the nation; how he inspired his troops with a spirit of daring and courage akin to recklessness, by which he was enabled to spread terror among every European power that dared to oppose him; how he was overcome and banished to the island St. Helena from which he escaped to again astonish the world with the brilliancy of his genius; and how on the field of Waterloo he met a terrible and overwhelming defeat from which he could never recover. We will therefore confine this article to his subsequent banishment and death on the isolated spot previously described.

After the surrender of Paris to the Bourbons, Napoleon proceeded to Rochefort near the sea-coast with the intention of escaping his enemies by fleeing to America. Here he was greeted with acclamations of joy by the people and was told that by making one grand effort he might be able to collect an army sufficient to battle a short time longer with his opponents but with no hope of permanent success. Alternating between hope and fear he allowed several precious days to pass during which English ships were continually being gathered to blockade the ports of France and prevent the escape of the "man of destiny," and the imperialists were approaching nearer to try and capture the dethroned emperor.

Finally when longer delay on French soil was perilous and the chances for an escape to America were not at all encouraging, Napoleon decided to throw himself on the mercy of the English. He accordingly surrendered to Captain Maitland of

the ship Bellerophon on July 15th, 1815, and was immediately conveyed to England. Here nearly everyone felt the greatest joy at the capture of the much-dreaded leader, and as long as he remained on the ship anchored in Plymouth harbor the neighborhood swarmed with people anxious to catch a glimpse of the grim warrior. The more the people saw of him, however, the greater became their pity for his misfortunes, and the English ministry fearing that the national hatred might soon be entirely overcome, decided to no longer permit Napoleon's doom to be undecided.

The confidence which the fallen leader had shown in the English had no effect upon his judges. The nation feared him and determined to place him where he would evermore be secure. No place in Europe was deemed sufficiently safe and after some delay the place of his captivity was chosen. It was arranged that some spot near the center of the island at a distance from the part inhabited should be selected, sufficiently large to permit Napoleon to walk about or even ride without being made to feel that he was a prisoner. The title emperor by which he had hitherto been known even in England was also to be taken from him and he was to receive none other than that of general. Himself and officers were to be disarmed, and only three male companions were to be allowed to accompany him into exile. The personal effects of himself and companions were to be searched, and their money, plate, jewels, etc., were to be taken away lest they should serve as a means of escape. And on arriving at St. Helena should Napoleon desire to pass outside the grounds allotted to him he was to be escorted by an officer.



This sentence was carried out with the exception that the condemned succeeded in concealing a diamond necklace and 270,000 francs about their persons which therefore did not fall into the hands of the custom house officer; and as Napoleon was about to enter the ship, Admiral Keith said, "General, England orders me to demand your sword." The prisoner told in a glance the only terms upon which it could be obtained. The Admiral did not insist and the sword therefore remained with its owner.

On the 15th of October, 1815, the vessel which bore the prisoners with the accompanying fleet anchored in the harbor of Jamestown. The entire population of the place assembled on the quay. The illustrious passenger ascended the quarter-deck and gazed sadly on the rugged black abode where he was to spend the remainder of his days. On the 17th, the party landed and were lodged in a place which was to serve temporarily as a residence. A permanent place of abode was, however, soon prepared at a place called Longwood where there was sufficient room for his companions as well as himself.

The exile was at all times kept under the strictest watch. An officer was appointed to see him at least once and some-

times twice a day. Any lengthened disappearance of the captive was to be reported to the governor. No person or article was permitted to enter or leave the island without being subjected to the closest scrutiny, and letters or packets to any of the inhabitants of Longwood first had to pass through the hands of the governor. The inhabitants were warned that any participation in an attempt at escape would be deemed high treason and treated as such.

These precautions were most galling to the great warrior and he remonstrated in no gentle terms to those who were placed to guard him. The location, too, of his house was anything but healthy and pleasant, it being on a plain exposed to both sun and wind, and he frequently asserted that his life was endangered to prevent the chance of his escape.

Deprived of his liberty Napoleon spent his time in reading, talking to his friends and dictating from memory to his companions the principal events of his life. Thus passed the years of his imprisonment until 1821 which terminated his career. For months he had been afflicted with a disease from the pain of which he could only now and then gain temporary relief. From the beginning of the year he gradually grew worse until the 5th of May, when surrounded by his faithful companions and servants he breathed his last. His pain during sickness had been most intense, and as he had ordered his body to be opened after his death, it was revealed that cancer of the stomach was the principal cause of his demise, though the liver was also diseased.

His body was dressed in the uniform he preferred, that of the chasseurs of the Guard, and after suitable religious services performed by a single priest and his few friends all that was left of this great man was consigned to the tomb on the isle to which England had banished him.

PERSECUTION.

BY EZRA C. ROBINSON, 12 YEARS OLD.

WITHOUT persecution the Latter-day Saints are apt to go astray as did the people of Nephi. It is necessary for us to be troubled to keep us humble. Jesus said, "It must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!" Be not discouraged when they come for it is for our good. The people of God cannot expect but that persecution will be greater the nearer they live to God. Trace the history of the prophets, were they not persecuted? Yes, they were. When the children of Israel were in bondage and most cruelly treated, see how the Lord delivered them. If we are faithful we need not fear, for the Lord will protect us.

Jeremiah was imprisoned for prophesying, and the Hebrew children were tried to the very uttermost because of their belief. Nebuchadnezzar set up an image of gold and made a decree to all nations that when they heard all kinds of music they should fall down and worship the image he had prepared and if they did not do so they were to be cast into the fire. Now when the music was heard, all nations fell down and worshiped the image, but the three Hebrew children refused to do as bid. They were, therefore, cast into the fire, the heat of which was so great that the men who cast them in were burned while doing so. The king looked into the furnace and beheld four men walking in the fire, and he said the fourth looked like the Son of God; and he called the condemned Hebrews out and found that there was no smell of fire about

them. The king then made a decree to all the nations that they should worship the God of the Hebrew children. Daniel also had his trials. The king made a decree that no person should pray except to him for thirty days. Whoever did so was to be cast into the lion's den. But Daniel trusted in God and prayed as usual. As a consequence, he was cast into the lion's den. The king, however, was sorry and could not sleep all that night. Early in the morning he went to the mouth of the den and called Daniel out and had all those wicked men who had opposed Daniel thrown to the lions and they were soon devoured.

See how Jesus the Son of God was ridiculed, and mocked and spit upon. Yet He became not angry, but in His last moments prayed for His murderers.

Every good man has had opposition to contend with. Even Columbus was ridiculed for thinking the world was round and that there was more land than the old world, and not until he had proved that his theory was correct was he looked upon with any favor.

Hence the Saints need not feel downcast because they are persecuted, for as long as they do right and Satan has any power, they will be opposed by the evil one and his servants.

AGASSIZ AND HIS FATHER.

THIS story is told of Agassiz, the great naturalist:

His father destined him for a commercial life, and was impatient at his devotion to frogs, snakes and fishes. The latter, especially, were objects of the boy's attention. His vacations he spent in making journeys on foot through Europe, examining the different species of fresh-water fishes.

"If you can prove to me," said his father, "that you really know something about science, I will consent that you shall give up the career I have planned for you."

Young Agassiz, in his next vacation, being then eighteen, visited England, taking with him a letter of introduction to Sir Roderick Murchison.

"You have been studying nature," said the great man, bluntly. "What have you learned?"

The lad was timid, not sure at that moment that he had learned anything. "I think," he said, at last, "I know a little about fishes."

"Very well. There will be a meeting of the Royal Society to-night. I will take you with me there."

All of the great scientific men of England belonged to this society. That evening, when the business of the meeting was over, Sir Roderick rose and said:

"I have a young friend here from Switzerland who thinks he knows something about fishes; how much, I have a fancy to try. There is, under this cloth, a perfect skeleton of a fish which existed long before man." He then gave him the precise locality in which it had been found, with one or two other facts concerning it. The species to which the specimen belonged was of course extinct.

"Can you sketch for me on the blackboard your idea of this fish?" asked Sir Roderick.

Agassiz took up the chalk, hesitated a moment, and then sketched rapidly a skeleton fish. Sir Roderick held up the specimen. The portrait was correct in every bone and line. The gray old doctors burst into loud applause.

"Sir," Agassiz said, on telling the story, "that was the proudest moment of my life—no, the happiest—for I knew now my father would consent that I should give my life to science."

Lesson for the Little Ones.

PRIMARY EXERCISES.

JESUS CONTINUES TO WORK MIRACLES.

AS Jesus traveled from place to place, He continued to work miracles among the people, and His fame spread all around, for all the sick that were brought to Him or could see Him were healed. The lame walked, the blind saw, the deaf heard and all who were sick with diseases were made well. So great was the power He had, that people followed Him from place to place by thousands and wherever He went crowds of sick people came for Him to heal them and they were so full of joy, they would shout and praise God and run to tell others of the goodness and mercy shown to them by Jesus the Son of God. But some followed with a desire to find something from which to make evil, for the priests and rulers were jealous of His power over the people and feared He would become so great that their own power would not be felt by the people. Therefore, those who were wicked and would not repent, tried to make it appear that Jesus and His followers were evil doers. But the Spirit of God gave to those who believed on Him a testimony for themselves, just as He does in our day.

Once when Jesus had gone from the city into a desert place, He saw a great many people had followed Him there, and His tender heart was full of pity, so He healed all their sick, and comforted them with the words of life they were so glad to hear. When the evening came, His disciples asked if they should send the people away to the villages for some food, but Jesus said, "They need not depart, give ye them to eat." His disciples told Him they had but five loaves and two fishes. Jesus said, "Bring them hither to me," and He told all the people to sit down on the grass. He then took the five loaves and two fishes, looking up to heaven He blessed and brake them and gave to His disciples to give to the multitude to eat, and they all ate and were filled, and they gathered up of the pieces that were left, twelve baskets full. Now those who had eaten were about five thousand men, women and children. How wonderful was this manifestation of the great power Jesus had! It was then as it is now. The poor and meek were the ones who believed on, and followed Jesus.

Jesus told His disciples to go and get in a ship, while He sent the people away and when they had all gone, He went upon the mountain to pray.

About the fourth watch of the night the wind rose, and the sea was very rough, Jesus' disciples wondered where He was. Pretty soon they saw something moving towards them on the water. It was Jesus walking to the ship. He was coming to His disciples; but they were afraid for they thought it was a spirit. He knew their fears and spoke to them, saying, "Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid," and Peter said, "Lord if it is Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water;" and Jesus told him to come. So Peter got down from the ship and walked towards Jesus, but the wind rose, and his heart failed him; he cried out and Jesus stretched forth His hand saying, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt." When they reached the ship, the wind ceased blowing and all on board marveled and worshiped Him, feeling more sure than ever that He was the Son of God.

QUESTIONS.

- 1.—What did Jesus do for the people as He traveled from place to place?
- 2.—What would the people do when they were healed?
- 3.—How did the priests and rulers feel when they saw Jesus' power over the people?
- 4.—What did God give to those who believed on Jesus?
- 5.—What did Jesus tell His disciples to do for the people who had followed Him from the villages?
- 6.—How many loaves and fishes had they to give them?
- 7.—How many people were fed?
- 8.—How many baskets of fragments did they have left after the multitude were fed?
- 9.—What kind of people followed Jesus?
- 10.—How did Jesus reach the ship where His disciples were?
- 11.—Which one came to Him on the water?
- 12.—By what power did Jesus and Peter walk on the water?

SOMETHING NEW.

How much we all love to have new clothes, or see new and strange sights, or a new friend, or a new present, or hear wonderful news!

This is all very natural and very nice, for we will strive all the harder when we see something new that takes our fancy; but I hope our dear children will be sure and fancy only those things that are best for them to have. When your prim-

any fairs come off this year, try and see what you can get that is better than last year's effort. Try and think of something new, useful, ornamental, and try to combine them together.

The boys can get new and better varieties of flowers and vegetables, garden seeds of superior kinds, new kinds of furniture, improved garden tools and pretty toys made with pocket knives, etc.

Our girls can get some nice home-made cloth and embroider it, making nice shirts, dresses, jackets, hats and all kinds of wearing apparel and delight everybody with something new.

ZINA.

HANNAH, AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

CHAPTER VI.

RUPERT'S mental distress would have been intense, for he was not at heart a wicked man, and his bad action would have preyed upon his mind only the possession of so much wealth made him feel quite easy. He paid his bills, he lavished money upon Hannah, he began to feel quite respectable, and in the consciousness of financial ability, he forgot the source from which his means were derived.

Three months elapsed before Gilbert's return, and during this time Rupert was almost happy. Hannah was entirely joyous. She was informed by Rupert that his people in the East had sent him means, and she saw what pleased her more than anything else—her husband's unruffled brow.

Mrs. Whopscott urged upon Rupert the necessity of planting a suit against Gilbert, and pressed him to take active steps to maintain her interests. But Thorndyke succeeded each time when the subject was mentioned in persuading her to await Gilbert's return.

Finally the merchant came home and his first visitor was Samantha. She demanded her money, and Gilbert told her that he had already paid it to her authorized agent. Mrs. Whopscott did not believe him, and made many threats, but finally was convinced of the truth of his assertion when she saw Rupert's own receipt. She had come to the merchant trusting entirely in the word of her son-in-law, and had relied so implicitly upon him that she had not even communicated her purpose to him; but now that she had discovered his perfidy she came to a resolution to punish him without reserve and without mercy.

That night Rupert Thorndyke was arrested upon a charge of embezzlement. The facts were plain and easily proven and within three weeks he was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for his crime.

Hannah was wild. During the progress of the case she many times supplicated her mother, upon her bended knees. But Samantha was adamant. Having once given her confidence, and having met with such a base betrayal she would listen to no pleading for mercy. And so at last Rupert found himself the inmate of a stone cell, and Hannah found herself a deserted woman.

The night that Rupert was incarcerated Hannah visited her mother. Painful as it is to record, she spoke fiercely. With raving and with cursing she greeted her mother. And finding no mercy there she seized a knife from the table and swore to slay her parent, if Samantha would not concede some means of redeeming Rupert.

She might as well have talked to the granite walls about her, because Samantha was set upon vengeance.

That night Hannah was very ill. The next morning she reviewed her situation. She learned that she was penniless, and that so far from being able to realize from any resource of her husband, he himself was in need of her assistance.

What should she do? Her mother detested her, and was doubly angry towards her because of Rupert's crime. She knew no one in Boulder. In her agony and distress she would have sent to old Si had she known his whereabouts. But he had vanished.

This situation continued for a week. Then she was in actual want. Without waiting to consult anybody she began to look for employment. But one situation was open to her. She went into a laundry. There she worked in delicate health, seeking to maintain herself in honor and respectability.

Boulder in those days was a wild town. Hannah, to that western city, was a beautiful woman. Temptations innumerable were thrown in her way. But her love was immured within the prison walls with her lover.

She had been toiling thus two months, when one day a span of little brown mules walked gravely up in front of the laundry and stopped. From the wagon which they were drawing there solemnly stepped down a bent and unhandsome figure—old Si Whopscott. He walked into the building and clumsily took off his hat. With an awkward bow he asked for Hannah. She entered the room, and with one impulsive rush put her head upon his bosom.

"Hanner, my leetle girl, you've had lots of trouble. Yer old man never would have looked upon your face again, only for your woe. But when he heard of your distress he couldn't keep away. I've been living at Canyon City. I've been working hard, but I didn't have any home troubles. It was there I learned of your bother, and I'm come to take care of you."

That night Hannah left her toil at the laundry. Her father had hired a modest room, in which Hannah was to keep house for the two. His sole source of revenue now was his labor as a drayman. It was poorly requited toil, and it was hard labor. But Si had something now to live for.

A few months elapsed and one day Hannah was ill. She lost her senses. And when her senses returned a tiny little girl rested upon her heart.

After Hannah's health was partly restored, she longed to look upon the face of her husband. She went to the penitentiary and begged to be allowed to see him. Her request was granted.

The next day Rupert Thorndyke was missing. By what means Hannah had accomplished his escape no one ever learned; but her woman's wit had done it. That night Hannah and her baby rested by Rupert's side. Old Si kept watch at the door. Like a watch-dog he laid upon the mat, never closing his eyes in sleep, alert, listening to every sound, constantly watchful.

Rupert was hidden there for three days; then the officers found him. He went back to prison. Hannah was almost crazy. A few days after Rupert's capture the baby became ill. It was a hard struggle. Hannah fought with passionate love to hold its life. But she failed. A little mound of earth on the hillside covered Hannah's baby.

FOOLISH GEORGE HOGDEN.

FOOLISH GEORGE HOGDEN is not an imaginary character. I believe he is a native of the town of Newport, Vt. People call him "*Foolish George*" because he is rather weak of intellect—a little daft, as the Scotch say.

Foolish George is a favored patron of the Passumpsic Railroad. He rides back and forth whenever he pleases. If he takes a fancy to ride from Newport to White River Junction, he steps aboard the train. He can take the best seat in the car if he chooses. No conductor presumes to demand any fare of him. If he wishes to take the next train back to St. Johnsbury, or any other station, he does it without money and without price.

Foolish George has a great command of language—such as it is—and a good many ideas, if he only knew how to sort them and make them hang together. Sometimes he is a great political orator and "stumps" for himself as a presidential candidate. Then again he appears in the role of a musician. For the occasion he is anything that he happens to imagine himself. People who have the leisure for such things love to call upon him for a speech, always promising him a few pennies for his performance.

Then George will mount a box, or whatever happens to be nearest, and pour out his strange eloquence while the crowd laugh and applaud. His speeches are sure to amuse them every time, for amid the medley of his words there will often flash out a droll conceit and sometimes just a hint of a bright idea that the wisest of them might be proud of.

Two or three pennies will produce a song from poor George as easily as a speech, and his singing is quite as good fun for the crowd as his oratory. Nothing gratifies the thoughtless better than to "patronize" those who are inferior to them. Ah, the inferiority may not be so certain, after all!

It is not always safe to say which is the wiser, the fool who amuses, or the fool who laughs. A friend of mine who had been far away came to visit me. I had not seen him for years.

One day he strolled into the village to while away the time. An hour afterwards I found him with a knot of men and boys listening to foolish George, who stood on the steps of a building making a "speech for Grant."

George was in good spirits and won frequent bursts of applause. It was a great entertainment for the thoughtless company. When I approached my friend he was laughing and clapping as heartily as the rest. Turning to me he said:

"Here, if you wish to see a specimen of perfect felicity, look at that fellow. He illustrates Pope's line exactly:

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

I did not laugh, nor even smile, in return. I showed no signs of being amused, but I took his arm and we walked away together. When we were out of sight of the crowd, we sat down in the shade.

"Now, what was there to laugh at in the exhibition you just witnessed?" I asked seriously.

"Everything," replied my friend. "He is so foolish and funny, and his assurance was so happy and perfect. Nobody could help laughing."

"Perhaps some could not. But I never laugh at him, or at anything he does."

"Well, really, I do not see how you can help it."

"Do you think the tender Master who pitied all men's infirmities would have laughed at Foolish George? Pope's line, which you have just quoted, is a neat way of telling us to let well enough alone; but it cannot apply to poor George, for his ignorance is not a thing he could help if he tried. He

is a fool by misfortune. They who practice upon him, and will not let him alone, are greater fools, and of a different kind."

My friend looked up in some surprise at my earnestness. "Well, it did not occur to me to look at it in that way," said he.

"With all our intellect, refinement and culture," I continued, "Foolish George is, in a sense, our superior. I can never laugh at him. When I stand before him, it is with awe and reverence rather than amusement. I know not how he came to be what he is, but his infirmity is sacred in my eyes. I am too thankful for the blessing of my full reason to ridicule those who are deprived of that gift. Foolish George Hogden is not only an object of pity, but he is a hero, worthy of our highest admiration.

"Let me tell you a story. One Spring day, years ago, an express train left White River Junction for St. Johnsbury, with a hundred passengers. Most of these had made the same trip many times, and probably not one of them had now any thought of danger ahead.

"The day was pleasant and everything seemed in fine condition. All looked for a quick and prosperous journey. They sped on—past Norwich, past Thetford, past Piedmont, past Wells River, past Ryegate, past Barnet. A few miles more would bring them to their destination.

"But something lay unseen before them on the road that meant destruction and death! Up in the gorge where the Passumpsic enters the Connecticut, a huge rock had fallen from the overhanging cliff upon the track. It waited there, immovable, to crush the train as it thundered round the curve. On the left of it towered the solid granite, with its innumerable jagged points. On the right, almost beneath the track, was a deep abyss, with the angry river boiling at the bottom.

"The engineer could not see the rock until he had passed the bend, and then it would be too late. Disaster seemed inevitable—disaster, sudden, awful, complete!

"The train approached the curve. Two minutes more and the crash must come! Just at that critical time poor Hogden happened to be strolling along the gorge and discovered the fallen rock. He heard the thunder of the cars, and his simple mind comprehended the terrible extremity. His instinct was quicker than many a man's reason.

"He dashed down the track to meet the train.

"As the locomotive rolled in sight, the eye of the ever-watchful engineer caught the figure of a man on the track, running and swinging his hat frantically in the air. Instantly he blew the whistle and every brakeman plied his brake hard down. The engine was reversed and the heavy train rumbled on past Foolish George, who had saved it, past the curve, and stopped barely sixteen feet from the rock.

"Then the astonished passengers got out of the cars, looked shuddering into the abyss below, and turned to bless poor, foolish Hogden for their deliverance from death."

Before the story was finished my friend had covered his face with his hands.

After a pause he looked up and said, "God forgive me for my thoughtlessness! I was on that train! But I never knew that it was Foolish George Hogden who saved us from destruction.

"Is it possible that only that poor idiot's intellect stood between us and eternity that day? I shall never laugh at his simplicity again. God bless poor George Hogden!"

That act of Foolish George was what earned him the right to ride free anywhere on the Passumpsic River Railroad as long as he lives.

FRANKLIN B. GAGE.

UTAH'S VALES.

WORDS BY E. B. WELLS.

MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

Allegretto.

INTRODUCTION.

Grand and no - ble, nature's bulwarks, Stand the loft - y mountains round, And with - in the pleasant

valleys peace and plen - ty do a - bound. Here is Zi - on—land of promise— Where the

Rit.

Saints of God a - bid; And the des - ert, once so barren, blossoms now on every side.

CHORUS.

TENOR. Peaceful vales where Saints may dwell, And praise the God of

TREBLE AND ALTO. Peaceful vales where Saints may dwell. And praise the God of Is - ra -

BASS. Peaceful vales where Saints may dwell, And praise the God of

ff *Rit.*

And the angels of Jehovah
 Watch forever on the towers
 That, like sentinels, are stationed
 Round this glorious land of ours,
 Which the Saints in peace inherit
 As their resting place foretold,
 Where they gather round the standard,
 And the flag of truth unfold.

As a mighty chorus swelling
 From these valleys, here and there,
 List! ten thousand human voices
 Calling on the Lord in prayer;
 And the song of praise and gladness
 In loud peals of music grand,
 Like an anthem of hosannas,
 Echoes through the chosen land.

FARMER JOHN GRAY.

BY J. C.

An honest man was Farmer Gray,
 Who, though he had his failings,
 Met all the ills that crossed his way,
 Scornful of sad bewailings.
 When John lost pig, ox, horse or mare,
 With cramp or other trouble,
 He said, to fret and harbor care
 Would make his losses double.
 When grain was cheap, or living dear,
 John's mind was quite contented;
 He thought with patience, hope and cheer,
 All ills were best resented.
 When grubs or mice would gnaw his corn,
 Or cattle break his fences,
 John saw, to sit and curse, or mourn,
 Would only add expenses.
 John did his best in ev'ry way
 To care for things around him;
 He fed his cows good roots and hay,
 And much rich milk they found him.
 While shiftless ones their lot deplored
 And want would make them splutter,
 John's pantry shelves were richly stored
 With plenty eggs and butter.
 When neighboring farmers mourned their woes,
 John used to laugh, and tell them,
 Poor, ill-plowed land and rusty hoes
 Explained best what befel them.
 "To help my point, you'll find," quoth John,
 "That he who tills the deepest
 And weeds and harrows best what's sown,
 Can sell his stuff the cheapest."
 When fops with style were bothered much;
 John's better sense and reason,
 Selected cloth and leather such,
 As suited purse and season.
 John ne'er could see how it would pay,
 To suffer aches and ailings,
 And barter home or farm away
 For fashion's strange prevailings.

When gossips at the corner stood,
 Or by the stove sat mopping,
 John fixed his barns and stables good,
 Or stacks that needed topping.
 Though many jeers at John were cast,
 By senseless, meddling neighbors,
 They seldom failed to own, at last,
 The wisdom of his labors.
 While some with duns were sore opprest,
 And suffered calls perplexing,
 John had no threats to mar his rest,
 No law suits long and vexing.
 John's force of will, and gift of sense,
 Lent law to all his yearnings,
 And fixed the rule, that no expense
 Should e'er exceed his earnings.
 Now, gossips, fops and trifling men—
 Of every rank and station—
 Whether you drive the plow or pen,
 You'll find it's your salvation
 To pattern after Farmer Grey,
 Whose mind was made contented,
 By planning well, from day to day,
 That wrongs might be prevented.

THE answer to the Charade published in No. 6 is PRINTING INK. Correct solutions have been received from Annie W. Peterson and Helger Johnson, Huntsville.

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GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR

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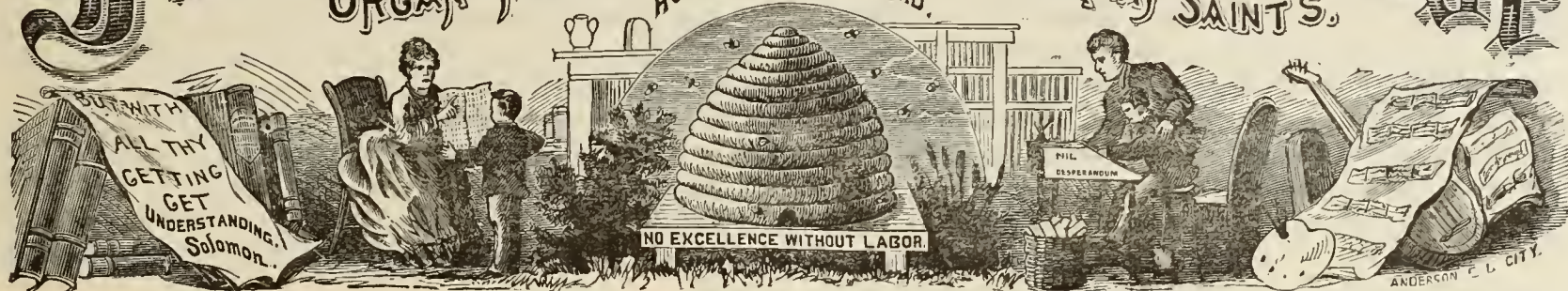
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THE Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



VOL. XX.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 1, 1885.

NO. 9.

MAY-DAY AND ITS CELEBRATION.

THE month of May is the most beautiful and charming of all the year. It is in this month that the trees are in full leaf, the green grass springs up and the flowers are in bloom. The gentle breezes that blow are fragrant with perfume; the

This is the season replete with themes for the poet's song, and abounding with choice subjects for the painter's brush. In point of beauty nature is at this time the climax of human conception. Her loveliness and delicacy are beyond the power



sun shines brightly in the clear sky; the weather is mild and lovely; the birds sing sweetly in the grove and field, and all nature declares that the balmy days of Summer have returned. The earth seems a paradise of beauty, and every heart is made glad by the delightfulness of nature in her fairest raiment.

of description, and defy all efforts made to reproduce them in art.

The word May, the name of the fifth month in the year, means "to grow." It is therefore very suitable to the characteristic of this part of the year, for it is the season of growth.

Vegetation at this period receives a new life as it were, and springs forth with renewed vigor and strength.

From a very remote period it has been customary with European nations to celebrate the first day of May, or May-day as it is termed, with festivity and dancing. Upon such occasions it was usual to decorate the places selected for holding the festival with flowers and branches of trees. The Romans were in the habit of celebrating this season of the year with what were called floral games, which commenced on the 28th of April and lasted several days. In both ancient and modern times May-day has been set apart as a day of rejoicing and festivity. The Celts, or old inhabitants of southern and western Europe, held on this day a festival called "Beltein," (fire-god) when they paid homage to the sun.

During the middle ages the people of England, both rich and poor, even the king and his court, were in the habit of going out on May-day to gather flowers and branches of hawthorn. These were taken to their homes at sunrise, amid the blowing of horns, the shouting of the people and other demonstrations of joy and merriment. The flowers and branches were used to decorate their doors and windows. In each village a May-pole was erected. It was decorated with wreaths of flowers, and the young people would circle around it and dance nearly the whole day. A young maiden of the village was chosen as "May-queen" and crowned with flowers. She was seated in a bowery or some shaded place, and the village youths and maidens would give her homage and dance and sing before her.

Celebrations of this character were also held in other European countries, in France, Germany and in Scandinavia. The custom is still prevalent in some rural districts of these countries, but it is not of such importance as it formerly was, and is generally participated in by the young people only. In this country, too, the day is observed by the young people, who go "May-walking" and gather flowers, etc.

There are other customs still in vogue that have been observed for many centuries. The origin of some of these is not known, as they have been handed down from time immemorial.

E. F. P.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER VI.

THE enemy's artillery continued discharging 15,000 shots every twenty-four hours, often killing and wounding men, women and children, blowing up magazines and setting fire to buildings, so that the town exhibited a most dreadful picture. The inhabitants deserted their houses and fled to the caves for safety. On the 21st of May the firing was so rapid that forty-two shots were counted in two minutes. A corporal going with the relief had the muzzle of his firelock closed and the barrel twisted like a French horn, without injury to his person. The enemy's shot pierced seven feet of solid sand-bag work. Some large mortars in the fortress did great execution in the enemy's camp. On August 6th a shell fell into a tent inside the defenses. It did not immediately explode and those who were near at hand, thinking that the fuse had gone out, were discussing their narrow escape, when the shell burst and blew them with violence against a wall at some distance; but they were not killed.

On November 20th two deserters came to the garrison, one of whom was a corporal, and gave much useful information, in consequence of which orders were given to attack the enemy's batteries. This event took place on the night of the 26th and was attended with great success. The enemy were driven from their batteries, most of their guns were spiked, their works were fired, and trains of powder were laid to their magazines, and just as the troops entered Gibraltar after this successful raid the largest magazine exploded with a tremendous crash. As but little opposition was offered there were few killed or wounded.

Between April 1st and December 31st, 1781, 18 officers, 39 sergeants, 8 drummers and 503 rank and file (total, 568) were killed and wounded, exclusive of inhabitants. A deserter coming from the enemy's camp stated that three sets of guns had been spoiled since the commencement of the bombardment.

On May 11th, 1782, a general attack was expected by land and sea, as 20,000 French and Spanish were to join those of the enemy already before the stronghold. Three English store ships, by the aid of French colors, succeeded in deceiving the enemy and entering Gibraltar, bringing 1,900 barrels of powder and other supplies to the garrison, much to their relief and joy.

Soon after this occurred two deserters sought to descend the back of the rock by the aid of ropes; but the ropes proved to be too short, and after hanging to the lower end of them some time and not being able to regain or save themselves they were forced to loose their grip and both of them were dashed to pieces in their fall.

In July over 100 ships of the enemy entered the bay. About this time an unlucky shell from the enemy blew up a large magazine. The explosion shook the whole rock and twenty-nine were killed and wounded by the accident. Desertion was quite prevalent and quite a number were executed according to rigorous garrison orders. One soldier, in his endeavors to desert, got down on the east side of the steep rock for some distance and could descend no further, neither could he return. After some time he alarmed the guard, who rescued him; but he was soon afterwards executed as a deserter.

An extraordinary instance of gallantry and coolness occurred with an artilleryman. While engaged filling shells with composition, etc., one of them, by some means, caught fire in the operation. Although surrounded with unfixed fuses, loaded shells, composition, etc., with the most astonishing presence of mind he carried out the lighted shell and threw it where it could do little or no harm, and in two seconds after it exploded. Thus, through his coolness, he saved the lives of many, as well as the laboratory and fixtures. He was handsomely rewarded by the governor.

The enemy hastened with its preparations to attack Gibraltar by sea and by land, but chiefly by sea, where they had floating batteries, gun and mortar boats, covered by a squadron of men-of-war. A brother to the king of France and other great persons were to be present at the attack. The enemy numbered 40,000, and their defenses by land were quite strong. So sanguine were the enemy of success that they tauntingly raised on the maintop gallant masthead of the admiral's ship, the British ensign with the Spanish flag flying triumphantly over it.

The strength of the garrison, including the marine brigade, was about 7,500 men, upwards of 400 of whom were in the hospital. The number daily on duty was 1,091.

The enemy's anticipations of success were so great that it was thought criminal even to whisper a doubt of success. The garrison, although weak in comparison with the besiegers, but knowing their natural defense, also felt assured of success.

Just previous to the general attack nine line-of-battle ships passing in front of the fortress, fired a few broadsides, and the land batteries opened fire with sixty mortars, followed by a general discharge of 170 pieces of ordnance of heavy calibre, which filled the air with shell and shot, presenting a most singular yet fearful appearance. 5,557 shot and 2,302 shell, exclusive of those fired by the men-of-war, were expended by the enemy on this occasion.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

THE MISSING PAGES.

"HAVE a paper, sir? Something to read in the cars, ma'am? *Harper's! Atlantic! Scribner!* All the magazines!"

But the people hurried past John's little stand into the station, as they had done all the morning. Only a *Post* and *Journal* sold, and here was noon! Profit, three cents! On sunny days his sales were pretty brisk; but it was drizzling. The thick Pittsburgh air was full of falling soot and nobody cared to stop and buy.

"No wonder they want to hurry out of this horrible place!" muttered John, looking about at the wet, dingy houses, the pools of black mud through which the horses tramped, and the clouds of smoke rolling through the street. He thought of the sunny Ohio farm on which he was born and felt that he could never grow used to this place. Three cents profit! Not enough to buy a loaf of bread.

John thought of his mother and of the scanty breakfast which they had eaten together in their bare garret, with its windows opening on the sooty roofs. If he could but have had a good trade he might have carried a nice little treat home to her. But the crowd hurried past and nobody stopped.

Magazine, ma'am? Something to read on"—

The lady stopped. "*Godey?* Ah, your books are dirty!" dropping the sooty magazine with a shrug.

As if he could help that! But he began blowing away the soot for the twentieth time that day. It was four years since his father died and he and his mother had come down to town, and in that time he had done nothing but fight weakly against soot and starvation.

He opened one of the story papers for boys. There was a sea story in it: a boy goes off in the first chapter as a stow-away; in the third, "the gallant lad leaped upon deck and the commodore clasped him in his arms!"

On the next page was an account of a boy going home from work, who arrived just in time to scale the walls of a burning house and rescue a child, for which daring act he was the next day taken into partnership by the child's father, a millionaire.

"Some fellows have such splendid chances," said John, laying down the book with a sigh. "Now, I've been here for years and nothing grand or noble ever turns up for me to do. Buy ten *Posts* and fifteen *Journals*, daily, and sell them—if I can. On Saturdays, buy the weeklies; once a month, the

magazines. That's the heft of it, year in and year out. How's a fellow to make a ten-strike at that sort of work?"

An old gentleman who had missed the train sauntered up and began idly looking over the boy's stock.

John watched him anxiously. If he should buy one of the six bound books! Profit on each was twenty-five cents. If he should buy one of those he could take home a little treat to his mother after all.

The boy's eyes fairly glistened; for, besides being very fond of his mother, he was very hungry, and the smell of fried oysters and coffee from the restaurant near was almost more than he could bear.

The old gentleman took up one of the books. John thought he was certainly going to buy one. What should the treat be? A bit of fresh meat? a mince pie? He decided that the steak would be best.

"Ah! here is a book which I have wanted for a long time," said the gentleman. "What's the price of this, my boy?"

"Those are one dollar each, sir."

"I'll take this. No, you needn't wrap it up; I'll read it on the cars."

He laid down a bright trade dollar.

John could almost smell the delicious steak, and he thought of his mother's thin, starved face. They had not tasted meat for days. But a glance at the book, as the gentleman dropped it into his satchel, caused him to say, faintly:

"Stop, sir! I did not see which one you had taken. That is an imperfect copy; there are four leaves missing in the middle."

"Too bad!" throwing it down. "The dollar, please."

"You can have it for seventy-five cents," said John, cagerly.

"I don't want a mutilated copy at all."

John handed him back the dollar, and closing his satchel the man walked on a few steps and sat down in an open doorway to wait for his train. He was a ruddy, fat old gentleman, with a kindly, shrewd blue eye. Having nothing to do he thought the occurrence over leisurely.

"That's an honest lad," he said to the proprietor of the shop in which he stood. "He might have cheated me just now, but he did not."

"Who? John M'Tavish? As honest as steel. He's been under my eye now for four years, and I know him to be as truthful a lad as ever was born of Scotch blood."

"Um, um!" said the old gentleman; but he put on his spectacles and eyed John from head to foot.

The next day he stopped at the same shop and walked up to the proprietor.

"How's he for intelligence, now?" he began, as if the conversation had stopped the moment before. "Stupid, probably?"

"I don't think he's very sharp in trade," was the reply; "but he's a very handy boy. He has made a good many convenient knick-knacks for the neighbors—that book-shelf, for instance."

"Why, that's the very thing I want in a boy! Well, there's my train. Good-day, sir."

"He'll be back again. Odd old fellow," said the merchant, laughing.

The next day he was back and he came at the same hour.

"I like that boy's looks, sir. I've been watching him. But of course he has a dozen relations—drunken father, rag-tag of brothers—who would follow him?"

"No. He has only a mother, and she is a decent, God-fearing Scotch woman, and a good seamstress, John tells me, but can get no work. Times are dull here just now. Pity the country folks will pour into the cities. Mrs. M'Tavish has nothing but what the boy earns at his stand yonder."

The old gentleman made no reply; but the next day he went up to the boy's stand. John was looking pale and anxious. Some of his regular customers had refused to take their magazines, times being so hard. They would be a dead loss on his hands.

"Paper? magazines, sir?" he asked.

"No. A word with you, my lad. My name is Bohnn. I am the owner of the Bordale Nurseries, about thirty miles from here, and I want a young man to act as clerk and salesman on the grounds, at a salary of forty dollars a month, and a woman who will be strict and orderly, to oversee the girls who pack flower-seeds, at twenty-four dollars a month. I offer the positions to you and your mother, and I give you until to-morrow to think it over.

"But you—you—don't know me, sir!" gasped John.

"I know you very well. I generally know what I am about. To-morrow, be ready to give your answer. I will take you four weeks on trial; if I am satisfied the engagement will be renewed for a year."

All the rest of the day John felt like one in a dream. Everybody had heard of the Bordale Nurseries, and of good old Isaac Bohnn, their owner. But what had he done that this earthly paradise should be opened to him?

"You'll come, eh?" said Mr. Bohnn the next day. "Thought you would. When can you begin work?"

"At once, sir."

"Good! By the way, there's a vacant house on the grounds which your mother can have, rent free, if she remains with me. A mere box, but big enough—big enough. There's my team. Suppose you come out, M'Tavish, and look about you; you can come back at night."

John locked up the stand, sent a message to his mother and went with Mr. Bohnn. He had not yet told his mother of this change in their affairs.

He was very silent when he came home that evening, but oddly tender with his mother; and she noticed that he remained a long time on his knees at prayer that night.

They had only a little bread and milk for breakfast the next morning and John scarcely tasted it.

"You look as if you could not bear this much longer, mother," he said, coming up to her and putting his hands on her shoulder. "You need good, wholesome meals, and the fresh air, and the hills, and the trees, instead of *this*," looking out at the piled stacks of chimneys, belching forth the black smoke of an iron foundry.

"Don't talk of them, John, lad."

"Well, I won't," and he put on his hat and went out.

An hour later he came back.

"What is wrong? why have you left the stand?" his mother asked in alarm.

"We are going to have an outing, mother. Don't say a word. I can afford it."

She never had seen the boy so full of excitement. He hurried her to the station and soon they were gliding among beautiful rolling hills and across lovely meadows that were sweet with the odor of new-mown hay. At noon they came to stretches of rising ground, covered with nurseries of young trees of delicate green, and with vineyards, and field after field of roses, mignonette and all kinds of sweet-smelling flowers.

"Why, John, this is fairyland! What place is this?"

"The Bordale Nurseries. We will get off here, mother; I want to show you a house that"—

He trembled with agitation. His face was pale as he led her down to the side of the broad, glancing river, near which was nestled in the woods a cosy little cottage, covered by a red trumpet-creeper. There was a garden, a well and a paddock for a cow. Inside, the rooms were ready for furnishing. The river rippled drowsily against its pebbly shore; the birds darted through the blue, sunny air; the scent of roses came in upon the breeze.

"Mother," said John, "this, I hope will be your home now." And with that he began to laugh and caper about her like a boy; but the tears rolled down his thin cheeks.

John M'Tavish is now foreman of the Bordale Nurseries, and a man of high standing in the country. Not long ago he said to old Mr. Bohnn:

"I owe this all to the friend who said a good word for me that day in Pittsburgh."

"No, John," said the old man, "you owe it to the book with the missing pages. The chance came to you, as it comes to every boy, to be honest. Honesty and industry, John, are what did it, and I am inclined to think they never fail to command success in the end."—*Selected.*

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND THE "MORMONS."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is disappointing the office-seekers by not making a wholesale and sudden sweep of Republicans from office and appointing Democrats in their stead. It is twenty-four years since the Democrats were in power, and during that period they have grown awful hungry for office. Many of them think they are entitled to the places which are in the gift of the administration. They ask, "what was the use of fighting as we did, if the Republican office-holders are not to be turned out?" They look upon the offices as the fruits of the victory which they gained, and they will not be satisfied until they obtain them.

President Cleveland is not only bringing disappointment to them, he is taking such a moderate, conservative course in all the affairs of the government that the Republicans have no cause to find fault. It had been anticipated that a change such as has taken place—a Democratic administration succeeding a Republican administration—would be attended by consequences which would almost amount to a revolution. But Mr. Cleveland, thus far, has been very prudent. He has moved carefully and cautiously. It is well for him to do so; because it would be unfortunate to have any quarrel with the Senate, the majority of which is Republican. At the present time the disposition appears to be favorable to peaceful relations between the chief executive and the Senate.

The politicians find that President Cleveland has a mind of his own. The appointments which he has made have not all been such as to suit them. There is considerable dissatisfaction over them; but this does not appear upon the surface yet. Those who have this feeling are not prepared to quarrel with the administration. It will take time to have this show itself.

The question in which we are most interested is: How does President Cleveland view the affairs of Utah and how does he propose to deal with them?

I have seen and talked with him, and I am led to think that, if left to himself and to follow out the inclinations of his own heart, we would find in him a kindly-disposed, fair man, to whom we could appeal for our rights with a reasonable expectation of our appeals being listened to and acted upon. I do not believe that he has any but kind feelings in his heart to us to-day, or that he would do anything knowingly to injure us. This is the way he talks and appears to feel, and he impresses me as being honest in his expressions. He is a firm man, every feature gives indication of this, but he appears to be tender-hearted and sympathetic. Except that he is taller, his figure, and features, and general make-up remind me very much of Elder Brigham Young; there is a difference of three months in their ages, Brother Brigham being that much older. It will be interesting to witness the effect which the possession and exercise of power will have upon him. His rise has been very sudden—first a sheriff, then the mayor of the city of Buffalo, then the governor of the state of New York, and now the President of the United States, and all this in a very short period of time. Such a rapid elevation would be apt to spoil many men. But those who know him intimately think he will not be spoiled by prosperity. He has a most difficult task before him, and one that will require great wisdom to perform properly.

So far as Utah and the "Mormons" are concerned the proper policy to be pursued was very tersely expressed by an eminent statesman a few days ago, in four words: "Let the Mormons alone." There is a volume of good sense in this brief sentence. If Mr. Cleveland were to act upon such advice as this, he would earn a character for fairness and true statesmanship such as no President for many years past has gained. Instead of making our question a national one, and puzzling over it as though it were a problem most difficult to solve, let the people be treated as other citizens, that is, let them alone, and there would be no difficulty about Utah. The Republican party has howled over what they call polygamy; it has encouraged the churches to howl over it; newspapers have taken up the refrain, and the whole land has resounded with the cry against us, against our religion and particularly against our system of marriage. To listen to what has been said a stranger would conclude that our system of plural marriage was threatening the peace of the entire nation by its rapid spread in Utah and the adjacent territories. But what are the facts?

It is thirty-two years last September since the doctrine of plural marriage was publicly proclaimed as a doctrine of the Church. Before that time many had obeyed the command upon the subject; and yet, in Utah Territory to-day, it is very doubtful if there are three thousand men who have more wives than one. The commissioners placed the number of men and women who were disfranchised at twelve thousand. Now if there were three thousand men who had two wives apiece, they would make nine thousand of the twelve thousand; but there are many who have more than two wives, and a large number of persons, who were excluded by the rules of the commissioners from the polls, are not living in plural marriage—men whose wives have died or been separated from them, and women who are widows, or whose husbands have lived in plural marriage—and these three different classes would easily make up, I think, the number necessary to complete the twelve thousand. This is a small number in a nation of about sixty millions! One would think the preachers and politicians would be ashamed to raise such an outcry over a system of marriage which so few practice. They must

have great faith in our future growth, or else be guilty of telling great falsehoods, when they talk about our system of marriage menacing their civilization.

The truth is with our faith and in our situation, plural marriage cannot become very wide-spread. In the first place only a certain portion, even of the Latter-day Saints, are entitled to the privilege of entering into this order. It is a system that will not be universal among them, as the experience of the past thirty-two years has proved. Religious reasons will forbid it becoming such. But then the proportion of the sexes in Utah would not, at present, admit of an extensive practice of plural marriage. When the census was taken five years ago, there were 143,963 souls in Utah Territory, not counting untaxed Indians. In this number there was an excess of 5,055 males over females. This does not have the appearance of permitting an extensive practice of plural marriage, especially when we remember that no portion of our male population is inclined to remain unmarried.

In view of these facts how utterly senseless appears the outcry made against our system of plural marriage by the politicians and preachers! They have endeavored to make the nation believe that this is a great political issue, and have sought to stir up hatred and bloodthirstiness all over the land against a weak, unpopular and unoffending people. The new administration can treat us as it does the rest of our fellow-citizens. It can show the world that "Mormon" plural marriage is neither dangerous nor threatening; that it has been falsely magnified for party purposes. As there are laws upon the statute book against taking more wives than one, so long as they are looked upon as constitutional, it may be necessary in its view to enforce them; but if it does, it should not do so vindictively or in the spirit of persecution; and these laws should be enforced against all classes of citizens alike, and not against the "Mormons" alone. If the Edmunds law were to be enforced impartially in the Territories and the District of Columbia, there would soon be a nest of hornets around the ears of the officials who had the business of prosecution in hand. Congress itself might be left without a quorum to do business, and the "underground railway," of which we hear, would carry many passengers besides "Mormons." In fact, if it were enforced, it would be difficult in some places to find men enough who are innocent to fill the offices, and a cry would go up for its repeal.

What the exact course President Cleveland and his Cabinet will adopt towards Utah they, themselves, probably cannot tell at present. They doubtless mean to do right. Certainly the opportunities for creating peace and good will are very great. For about fifteen years past the chief business of the Federal officials in Utah has been to make war upon the "Mormons." They have done all in their power to sow the seeds of discord and hatred among the people and to array class against class. Not content with having the Saints excluded from office, the "ring" of Federal officials who have been here have made war upon every one of their own number who have been disposed to be fair and friendly towards them. Hatred of the Latter-day Saints has been a necessary qualification for a man seeking office in Utah, and removal from office has been made for no other cause than being friendly to them. During this period of which I speak when officials have been charged with wrong-doing the best defense they could offer to the administration has been that these charges were brought against them, not for actual wrong-doing, but because they had been so active in fighting the "Mormons." This has been considered in many instances a good

explanation and defense. Yet, at the same time, the charges were made by some of their own number without the aid or knowledge of any of our people and were sustained by abundant evidence.

There should be a change in this respect. It is an abominable condition of affairs. If we did not know by a lengthy experience that it has existed here, it would seem incredible that, in free America, officials conducting themselves in such a manner towards the people among whom they were sent to act, could retain office.

THE GIFT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOHN H. KELSON.

(Concluded from page 119.)

SOMETIMES the presence of the Holy Ghost has been attended by the manifestation of physical and tangible power.

We read in the Pearl of Great Price, page 17, "That Adam was caught away by the Spirit of the Lord, and was carried down into the water, and was laid under the water, and was brought forth out of the water."

On the day of Pentecost the visible and audible manifestation of the Holy Ghost was as the "Sound of a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house." And by the appearance of "cloven tongues" of living fire which rested upon, and blazed around the head of each of the apostles. John the Baptist saw the Holy Ghost descend in the form of a dove upon the Savior.

The scriptural and orthodox mode of giving the Holy Ghost is by the laying on of hands. This is the rule and practice observed by the church of Christ in every dispensation of the gospel; and the law given by divine authority to the church in this last dispensation.

Proofs, cogent and numerous, are found in the scriptures that the mode of conferring the gift of the Holy Ghost was by the laying on of hands. A plain and conclusive example is given in the case of the converts at Samaria. These people had been baptized by Philip, who did not hold the authority to confirm members by the laying on of hands. "But when the apostles, Peter and John, laid their hands upon them they received the Holy Ghost. And when Simon saw that through laying on of the apostles' hands the Holy Ghost was given, he offered them money, saying; 'Give me also this power, that on whosoever I lay my hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost.'" (*Acts viii. 17-18.*)

Coincident with the scriptural proofs that the mode of bestowing the Holy Ghost is by the laying on of hands is the natural harmony and appropriateness of the form with the purpose and virtue of the ordinance.

The hand is the symbol and agent of donation. We speak of "The hand of Providence;" "The hand of Charity;" "The bountiful hand," etc. In metaphorical language, as well as in actuality, all bestowments are made by the hand of the benefactor.

The Holy Ghost is a gift. It is not to be purchased by money. It cannot be claimed or demanded as the right and prerogative of the great, the learned and the illustrious. It is bestowed upon the meek, the humble, obedient followers of

Christ without respect to worldly condition or estate. Indeed, it is a consoling reflection that the poor and humble are the especial choice and favored recipients of the Holy Ghost.

Seeing, then, that the bestowal of the Holy Ghost is a free and beneficent gift, what form could be more beautiful and appropriate than the laying on of hands? The officiating minister, who is himself in possession of the sacred endowment, spreads forth his hands in the benevolent attitude of a donor; places them upon the head of the candidate, and by appropriate words confers upon him the heavenly gift.

Some Christian sects ignore this holy ordinance and teach that the Holy Ghost can be obtained and enjoyed without the ceremonial form; the following passages are supposed to favor this view. Luke says; "He (John the Baptist) shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb." (*Luke i. 15.*) In the 67th verse we read. "And his father, Zacharias was filled with the Holy Ghost." On one occasion Jesus breathed upon His disciples and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." (*John xx. 22.*)

These and some other examples are referred to by the opponents of the laying on of hands. But it should be carefully observed that in every instance where the Holy Ghost was given without the prescribed ordinance it was the Almighty Himself that bestowed it. All ordinances are for the observance of man. The Lord is over all, and acts as seemeth him good. He gives laws to man, and requires His servants to obey them, and administer in them for the salvation and benefit of His children. It is fearful presumption to despise the laws which the Lord has given to His creatures because He chooses to act independently of them Himself.

The Holy Ghost is the great teacher of the church of Christ, and the only witness to the believer of his acceptance and fellowship with God. It is the medium by which the Lord reveals His will unto man. But few mortals have been privileged to look upon the Almighty and to hear his personal voice. The prophets were wont to exclaim, "The Lord hath spoken," "Thus saith the Lord," "The Lord spake," etc., but in all these methods of communication the Holy Ghost was the agent. It is the voice of inspiration in prophets and seers. It speaks in shadowy dreams and unrolls the startling pictures of prophetic visions. It is the light that burns in the holy Urim and Thummin, and the still small voice that thrills the enrapt soul, and pierces like a two edged sword.

How can it be possible for sinful and fallible men to do the will of God and learn the way of eternal life without possessing the Holy Ghost, when it was essential that the Savior Himself should receive it? It was necessary that He should receive it, and "The Spirit was given without measure unto Him." By it He learned the will of His Father. By its power He wrought miracles; fulfilled His august mission to a fallen world, and triumphed over death and hell. By this power He ascended to His throne at the right hand of the Father, when He received a fullness of this power with added glory and then shed forth a goodly portion upon His servants whom He had left upon the earth.

By the potency of this glorious gift, the apostles took up the work of their Master; and preached the gospel with such effectiveness and demonstration of divine power that the old Pagan monsters of idolatry and superstition shrank back into their native darkness and a new era of light, truth and liberty dawned upon the world. Religion assumed a purer and loftier character and developed nobler and more beneficent functions. Its recipients acquired God-like attributes and became real benefactors of their race. Believers were

endowed with supernatural gifts and miraculous powers; the poor were comforted, the sick were healed, the dead were brought to life; and the blind and deaf, the lame and dumb were healed of their maladies, and relieved of their sorrows.

How utterly incomprehensible it is that any man is so blind as to ignore or depreciate the gift of the Holy Ghost.

BOYCOTTING.

BY W. J.

IN the public discourses of the servants of God, they sometimes refer to the liquor traffic of this part of the world. They speak of the numerous drinking saloons which exist, and which are sustained in our midst. They point out the results to those who patronize these institutions, and practice liquor drinking in violation of the counsels of God, and they utter their inspired warnings to all Israel in regard to this growing evil. In doing this they discharge their duty—they clear their skirts—as faithful watchmen in Zion; and the responsibility rests upon all who hear or read those instructions.

But the worst results are most likely to be felt by our sons and daughters, unless a remedy be applied. Many of those who have been addicted to the habit referred to, and who cannot, or will not, abandon it, will soon pass away, as they are elderly persons, many of them, but a clearer field should be left the young. If, when one passed away, there would be one less in Israel to sustain saloons, and to present the influence of examples to our youth, there would be good ground for hope that the time would come when there would not be one soul in Israel to sustain saloons and use the influence of example; but if the habit of drinking intoxicants is increasing, each habitual drinker who dies leaves more habitual tipplers behind him to carry on the business than he did who died next preceding him; therefore, our sons and daughters will be subject to a more drunken influence than were their fathers and mothers, and their sons and daughters will have to battle with a still greater degree of this same damning influence; and so on till the drunkard-making tide turns, and the necessary reform commences and continues with sufficient power to abate, and finally purge out this terrible curse. And the question is pertinent right here. What is the remedy?

At the head of this article may be found the word boycotting. Boycott is the name of a man who resided in Ireland a few years ago. The treatment he received at the hands of his enemies was termed boycotting, and, hence, the origin of the word; and boycotting means, according to the writer's recollection and understanding, to let a person severely alone. This principle has been tried in one place, at least, on those engaged in the liquor business, as shown in the following, published in the *Youth's Evangelist* a year or two ago:

"In Butlerville, Indiana, some time ago, a man got a license and opened a saloon. The people of the village met and resolved to have nothing to do with him. They would sell him nothing, they would not notice him on the street; in fact, they disregarded him in every way. When he went to a store the merchant would ask:

"'Are you the man that sells liquor in our town?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, then, sir, I cannot sell you any goods!'

"He could not get mail at the post office for anyone but for himself without a written order. He cursed and raved, but soon closed his saloon and went into something better than that of making drunkards, and is now an honored citizen.

"Another man opened a saloon there and the people treated him the same way. He soon closed, and we don't think there will ever be another attempt made to open a saloon in Butlerville, for, law or no law, no saloonatic can live under such pressure."

Now, it is not the object of this article to suggest or advocate unreasonably stringent or severe measures, as the remedy best adapted to suppress or entirely eradicate the monster evil of intemperance. Its object is not to propose a degree of severity as great even as that used by the Butlerville people. As long as the saloon keeper acts in a fair and honorable manner, in the general meaning of those terms as applied to business principles, let the merchant sell him his merchandise and treat him in a gentlemanly manner, and let all other business men and firms deal with him in a similar manner. Let the trafficker in soul-destroying beverages be free to manufacture and sell spirituous or vinous compounds, according to law, and style them exhilarating, health-promoting, life-preserving, and generally beneficial to the human family, as he may please. Let him establish his business in the most costly and magnificent saloons which wealth and art can rear. Let him advertise his pure liquors and fine wine as extensively as he desires. Let him use all the arts, and tricks, and stratagems peculiar to the business to attract people and induce them to buy, but can he force them to become buyers? Are they under any obligation to buy simply because he offers for sale? Is there any law of God, or man, or necessity, which requires his fellow-beings to sustain him in this particular business? Does it not take two parties—the buyer as well as the seller, to make this business successful? And can saloons exist and prosper without patronage?

There is no obligation to buy; and without buyers there would be no sellers nor saloons very long; therefore, the remedy lies in this: Cease to use intoxicants; buy no more of them; and thus, so far as the liquor traffic is concerned, let the manufacturer and dealer severely alone. If this remedy be applied saloons must close, for they cannot exist without support any more than the human body can exist without food. The manufacturers of drunkard-making materials, excepting, perhaps, one in a nation, who may be necessary to provide such articles for medical and mechanical purposes, would have to cease such business and invest their capital in something else, for they would be almost entirely without patrons. A very prolific source of wretched poverty, of untold misery, and of terrible crime, would thus be dried up; and the sobriety which would naturally follow would substitute competence for poverty, happiness for misery, righteousness for unrighteousness, order for disorder, prosperity for adversity, knowledge for ignorance, union for disunion, power for weakness, peace for war, and many other advantages would be obtained by hundreds of millions now living, and greater advantages would be secured for countless myriads yet unborn, and a mighty stride would be taken towards establishing the millennium of peace which will yet bless our now sin-burdened earth.

THERE is no kind of knowledge which, in the hands of the diligent and skillful, will not turn to account. Honey exudes from all flowers, the bitter not excepted; and the bee knows how to extract it.

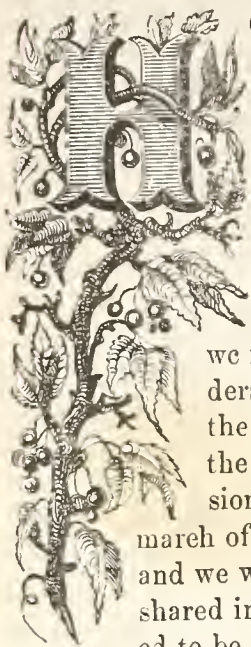
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



OW often has the remark been made by people young in years or in the Church, "Oh! I wish I could have been with the Saints when they passed through their trials and persecutions in early days!" The wish is uttered with the idea, apparently, that there are to be no trials and persecutions in the future like those of the past. We remember in our boyhood when we indulged in this wish. We heard the Elders relate their experience in the founding of the Church, the first preaching of the gospel, the mobbing they received in, and their expulsion from, Jackson County, Missouri, and the march of Zion's camp from Kirtland to Missouri, and we were filled with the desire that we could have shared in those scenes. But we have long ago learned to be content to take our part in the scenes which belong to our day and time and which have been allotted to us. We have learned that there are plenty of trials and difficulties for all, if they will live faithful, to have their full share, and all that are necessary to test them and their faith and integrity to the fullest extent. Each generation may not have to pass through exactly the same scenes. They are apt to vary as the circumstances which surround each vary; but they will, nevertheless, accomplish the desired end. There is one thing certain, every Latter-day Saint who is faithful to the truth and who lives to the ordinary age of man, will have all the opportunities of this kind he or she can desire to gain experience and to have his or her zeal, integrity, courage and devotion to the truth fully exhibited.

The violence of mobs was one of the chief difficulties the Saints had to meet in early days. This was a very painful and hard trial and involved great suffering and frequently death. But there are other trials which may test the faith equally as much as mobs. We have had some of them since the Church was led to these valleys. We shall continue to have them, and they will increase, and apparently look more and more threatening, as the Church increases in strength and experience. Just now we are passing through a trial which causes many to think and to wonder what the result will be, and there may be some, perhaps, who tremble and whose faith almost fails them. A violent and vicious attack is being made upon the doctrine and practice of patriarchal marriage. Those who have practiced this principle are assailed with a ferocity never before known. These who make the attack, perhaps hope to drive the people of God to renounce the doctrine and promise not to obey the revelation. Vain and delusive hope! Unless the Saints apostatize such an action on their part is impossible. By doing so, they would deliberately shut the door of the celestial glory in their own faces. They would say by that action: "We do not have the valor necessary to sustain us in striving for the celestial glory, and we therefore are content to enter a

terrestrial or telestial glory." To comply with the request of our enemies would be to give up all hope of ever entering into the glory of God, the Father, and Jesus Christ, the Son. This is the prize which the Saints are asked to give for the world to cease their attacks upon them! Is it not a costly bargain which they are asked to make? To barter off all hope of eternal felicity with wives and children in the celestial presence of God and the Lamb for the miserable favor of the world! So intimately interwoven is this precious doctrine with the exaltation of men and women in the great hereafter that it cannot be given up without giving up at the same time all hope of immortal glory. With as great consistency might the Sons of God, who are to be crowned heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus, at the auspicious moment of their coronation, be asked by Satan to give up the thrones upon which they were being seated or the glorious crowns with which their brows were being encircled, in order to please him.

"But," we hear it said, "we do not ask you to give up your belief in this doctrine; we merely ask you to suspend for the time being your practice of it. Are you not justified in doing this, in face of the determined opposition of the world against this practice at present? Perhaps, after a while, the times may become more favorable to your practice of this principle."

We ask ourself, if some such reasoning as this was not indulged in during the times following upon the crucifixion of the Savior and the martyrdom of some of His disciples? No doubt there were men then, and in the church too, who thought it an unwise policy to force the issues which then existed between the world and the church to their legitimate conclusion. And after all the valiant and true had perished their policy prevailed. Martyrdom did its work, and then apostasy came forward and prevailed; and the so-called church stood, not the church of Christ, but a foul, corrupt heathenish, apostate church, from which the gifts, and graces, and blessings of the pure gospel and priesthood had been withdrawn. The saints of that day had presented before them martyrdom or apostasy. They who were valiant, who were true, who looked beyond this life, did not hesitate. To die was glorious, it was great gain; to live and be apostate, was to rob life here of its charm and all its pleasure and honor, and made life hereafter a condition of existence to be shrunk from with dread and horror.

The Latter-day Saints have not forced any issue upon the world. It has forced, and is forcing, one upon us. We did not, in obeying the revelations of God, violate law. We were innocent of this. But that which was no crime—that which God had commanded us to do—has been arbitrarily declared to be a crime, and we are told we must not obey that command; for if we do, we shall be punished. The issue is in this way forced upon us, and the question presented before us is: Whom shall we obey? God gives us a command to obey: but man says we shall not obey it. To disobey God is to forfeit His favor and our eternal salvation. To disobey man is to expose ourselves to His punishment, and His vengeance may deprive us of mortal life.

Whom shall we obey? is the great question for the Latter-day Saints. We think we hear their answer from every habitation, from every hamlet, from every town, city and valley, throughout all these mountains, to which the Lord our God has led us, and where faithful Saints dwell—"We cannot disobey our Great Creator and God; to obey Him is our first and foremost duty; if men punish us for this, we must invoke His grace and strength to enable us to bear all they may bring upon us."

This is the only answer faithful Saints can give; and as they did in the beginning of the work in these last days, as they did in Missouri, as they did in Illinois, as they did in crossing the great plains to find a home in these mountains, and as they have done from that time to the present, so they must do again—put their trust in God, that God who has never forgotten them, to deliver them from the hands of their enemies. And He will do it. He will not forget His people, nor the promises He has made to them.

Now if there are any who wish that they could have lived in other times to share the trials of the Saints who then lived, let them be content. This is a day of trial, the qualities that were needed in former days to make Saints faithful to the truth are needed by you now, and you will have plenty of opportunities in the future to display them—fully as many as if you had lived in the Church fifty years ago.

SOWING WILD OATS.

BY J. I.

WE very frequently hear a reckless and perhaps vicious young person spoken of as engaged in sowing his wild oats; after he has sown them, it is hopefully asserted, he will come out of his foolishness and be a man. We have heard some Latter-day Saints argue that this process of sowing is necessarily associated with human nature. It is true that with the majority of young people of both sexes quite a number of evil habits are indulged in their youthful days, that have to be repented of in later years, but we cannot coincide with the theory that such evils are irresistible or unavoidable. The only reason for this so-called natural tendency to youthful depravity, that we can give, is that mankind have strayed from the ways of the Lord.

It is very much the same now as it was in the days of Noah. The imagination of men's hearts was continually evil. (*See Gen. vi. 5.*) "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth have been set on edge." The corruption and vice of ages have been entailed to a greater or lesser extent upon all the inhabitants of the earth in this generation. The earth itself is defiled under the inhabitants thereof, as the prophet said, because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinances, and broken the everlasting covenant.

The gospel of Jesus Christ has been restored with the especial object of saving men *from*, not *in*, their sins. By the adoption of its principles mankind will be made perfect. It will not do so as soon as its recipient has embraced the primary doctrines. It has the errors of ages to reform, errors born and bred in the man. In its first experience in this generation, it found people indulging in many things that are contrary to God's laws and unhealthful in their operations upon the human system. Many people who, though in low stations of life, were considered most respectable, thought it not wrong to use freely tea, coffee, tobacco, etc., and moderately use intoxicants. Indeed to this day such persons are considered respectable throughout the civilized world, other things being equal.

Previous to the introduction of the gospel, and since, the true relations of the sexes and the laws governing their associations, etc., were not properly understood by the masses of

mankind. As a consequence, many excesses have been indulged in and much licentiousness has abounded, and it would appear that had not the Lord in His mercy revealed Himself in this the nineteenth century, the world would have dwindled away entirely as a result of the very prevalent corruption which everywhere existed. But, as it was in the days of Noah, so it has been in these last days. When men have gone so far away from God, He has sent His gospel to bring them back, if they are willing to return.

We very often hear our elder brethren and sisters say how much they wish that the gospel had been taught them when they were young, they could have escaped so many evils. Some of them realize that they did "sow wild oats," and they are not slow to acknowledge that the crop is a very unprofitable one.

But what of the children of the Saints, who have been reared under the teachings of the servants of God? I am aware that the devil has great power to tempt them and some of them give way and sow quite a number of bad actions. I do not know that we have any assurance that this time is to be entirely free from such circumstances. But I am of the opinion that our children will not be nearly as excusable as those who may have sinned ignorantly.

We cannot too strongly impress upon the minds of our youth the proposition of the Apostle Paul: (*Galatians vi. 7.*) "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." It may be merciful to tell our children that God is willing to forgive their trespasses if they are penitent, I esteem it equally merciful to warn them that nature will demand a full recompense for the infraction of any of her laws.

Jeremiah, (*xxxi. 29, 30.*) predicted that the time would come when the children would no longer profit by the excuse that their fathers did wrong, etc., but every one would answer for his own iniquity. I think this applies fully to the sons and daughters of the Latter-day Saints. Many of our parents have worn themselves out in teaching us God's ways. We have the help of our primary associations, Sabbath schools, young people's associations, and many other aids to become conversant with the will of the Lord. All these benefits are said by our enemies to be burdens. The counsel of the Priesthood, they tell us, is tyranny. They would have us believe that it is better to go to any excess in crime, than be governed by God's servants. They prate of freedom, but know not its first principles. They are in the deepest bondage because they choose the service of sin. There is no freedom comparable with the consciousness of striving to do the will of God. Even if we were under the bondage of men, as our enemies erroneously assert, that would be much preferable to the tyranny of unrestrained licentiousness. Those who advocate such measures are foes to the children of the Latter-day Saints in particular, and to mankind generally. It is a dangerous delusion that we cannot be men and women without first "sowing wild oats."

LIFE has a prize for every one who will open his heart to receive it, though it may be a very different one from the spirit of his early dreams. "There is no greater mistake," says a thoughtful writer, "in contemplating the issues of life, than to suppose that baffled endeavors and disappointed hopes bear no fruits, because they do not bear those particular fruits which were sought and sighed for."

THE LITTLE RUNAWAYS.

EDDIE and Frank White were the petted and almost spoiled children of wealthy parents who lived in one of our large eastern cities. The older had only passed his tenth birthday, while Frank was two years younger. A still younger brother and sister had died of a fever, and this caused all the love of Mr. and Mrs. White to go out towards these two children

fied with looking at the beautiful articles but also wanted to handle them. This was forbidden them and the vases were carried to the parlor and placed on the mantle. Shortly afterwards the mother went out for a drive, and the wilful boys being left at home thought now was their time to get the vases and look at them. They accordingly got a chair and Eddie reached one vase and handed it to Frank; he then stretched out his hand for the other, but lo! just as he grasped



which were left them, and almost their every wish was gratified. In fact they had their own way so much that if things were not given them at the moment of asking they would become very cross and sulky.

One day Mrs. White received from a friend in Europe two elegant and costly glass vases as a present. She was, of course delighted with them and showed them with pleasure to her husband and children. The latter were not, however, satis-

it the chair tipped. Eddie dropped his prize and in trying to save himself from falling caught hold of the end of a large mirror which rested on the mantle. This came down with a crash knocking the vase from Frank's hand thus breaking it also in numberless pieces.

A moment only the boys viewed the wreck they had made and then dashed from the house and down the street as fast as they could. On, on they went until almost tired out when

they sat down on a bench by the roadside and talked of their misfortune.

"I am afraid to go home," said Eddie, "for Ma will whip and lock us up for breaking her things."

"So am I," replied Frank, "and I sha'n't go home either till she gets over being cross. But what shall we do Eddie?"

"I say for us to run away, like the boys we read about yesterday in our story book, and when Pa and Ma get frightened about us, we will come back. Then they won't whip us."

So it was finally agreed that what little pocket money they had should be spent in buying railroad tickets to a city near by, where they would start in the business of buying and selling matches and candy boxes for a living.

The runaways were soon on the cars and a little before dark reached their destination. But now the question was where to sleep and how to start in business. They would not go to a hotel for food and lodging, as that would soon use up all their money, but seeing a little "street merchant," such as they desired to become, they called him and promised to give him ten cents if he would let them go and sleep with him.

"Why I sleeps in boxes, back alleys and everywhere else, and you are too fine to go with me," said the little urchin.

"Oh, no we ain't," answered Eddie, "for we want you to help us get a start like you've got, and we'll give you some money if you'll do it."

"All right," said Bobby, for so his street companions had called him, "come along," and away the three boys went to find lodgings in some large dry goods box.

Hard days and nights of toil and suffering followed for poor Eddie and Frank who were entirely unaccustomed to street life. Their money was soon spent and they could not sell their wares as the other boys could who had been raised in the streets. They sold every article of clothing they could possibly spare for food, and were finally brought to the very verge of starvation.

In the meantime the White family were thrown into the greatest sorrow at the disappearance of the two boys. The loss of the property was as nothing compared with it. Whether they were killed, lost or had run away, no person knew. Days of sorrow and anxiety were those for the loving parents. Detectives were employed to hunt the missing children, but for a time it seemed that the search would be fruitless.

After some time a gentleman who had business dealings with Mr. White happened to meet him. The sorrowful father spoke of his grief and was made hopeful by being told that two children, answering to the description of the missing ones, had been seen on the train going to B——, some time previously. With all haste was this slight clue transmitted to the detectives, who thereby soon gained trace of the boys. It was found that they had alighted at B——, had mingled with the street boys, and had nearly starved after their money was spent; but now they were again gone. Two more days passed when Bobby was found by policeman Bryne, and on being questioned said he knew where "two boys not like us" were.

Through mud and rain and down dark alleys Bobby led the way followed by the policeman. Stopping finally by a large covered wagon in an open yard, Bobby said, "They be in here, but don't you hurt 'em, because they ain't well."

The wagon cover was pulled aside and as the policeman turned the light of his lantern toward the inside he saw at the farthest end, lying on cold, damp straw, two ragged, shoeless, hatless boys. Frightened at the sight of the officer, Eddie frankly told the whole truth, and begged to be allowed to go

home to his parents. The runaways were now taken to the station-house and given a good bed, and were restored the next day, after a six weeks' absence, to their grief-stricken father and mother. You may be sure they received no whipping or scolding from their now overjoyed parents who thought the punishment they had inflicted on themselves was sufficiently severe to make a lasting impression on their minds. And so it was, for ever afterwards they were as obedient as children could be, and were continually seeking to give pleasure to their kind parents by doing what was right.

Another lesson they learned by this short experience was to be kind to the poor, and to never turn a person seeking help away from the door unsatisfied if it was in their power to relieve him.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

THE provincial district of Auckland—the largest and, in many respects the most important division of the colony of New Zealand—occupies the northern portion of the north island. It extends from the 34th to the 39th parallel of latitude and has an area of 17,000,000 acres, thus containing within its confines about two-thirds of the North Island and more than one-fourth of the area of the whole colony. On the north, the east and the west the Pacific Ocean laves its limits, the southern boundary being along the course of the Mokau river from its mouth to the Rangitoto mountain thence southward along the Tuhua river to the 39th parallel of latitude from whence it follows that parallel to the east coast.

SOIL.

The isthmus on which Auckland stands is described by Dr. Hochstetter, the eminent geologist as "The most remarkable volcanic district in the world." In an area of twenty miles by twelve, there are sixty-three independent points of eruption—many perfect cones from 300 to 600 feet high, with well defined craters.

An examination of these isolated points of eruption, gives proof of repeated and different volcanic outbursts in one and the same locality, and with the beginning of the volcanic activity seems to have commenced, although very gradually, a rise of the whole isthmus.

The lava of all the Auckland volcanoes consists of porous basalt lava, rich in olivin, making an excellent building stone for the substantial edifices in Auckland, while the pretty scoria cones are being destroyed for the making of roads. That the Auckland volcanoes were, in the true sense of the word, "burning mountains," is proved not only by the lava streams, which are immense in comparison to the size of the cones, but also from the pear-shaped volcanic bombs which come from the mountains in a fluid state, and have received their shape from their rotary motion through the air. The fact that the ashes everywhere cover the surface, and the lava streams have taken the course of the existing valleys, are proofs that the eruptions have been of comparatively recent date.

Dr. Hector the government geologist thus describes the soil of Auckland:—"In the north of Auckland, including the lower portion of the Naikato valley, light volcanic soil prevails, interspersed with areas of clay marl, which in the natural state, is cold and uninviting to the agriculturist, but, nev-

ertheless, under proper training and cultivation may be brought to a high state of productiveness. The latter are, however, almost universally neglected at the present time by the settlers, who prefer the more easily worked and more rapidly remunerative soils derived from the volcanic rocks. In the central district of the North Island, from Taupo towards the bay of Plenty, the surface soil is derived from volcanic rocks, of a highly silicious character, and large areas are covered with little else than loose, friable pumice stone. Towards the coast, and in some limited areas near the large valleys, such as the Waikato and the Thames, and also where the volcanic rocks of a less arid description appear at the surface, great fertility prevails, and any deficiencies in the soil are amply compensated for by the magnificence of the climate in this part of New Zealand. On the eastern side of the slate range, which extends through the North Island, the surface of the country is generally formed of clay marl and calcareous rocks, the valleys being occupied by shingle deposits, derived from the slate and sandstone rocks of the back range, with occasional areas of fertile alluvium of considerable extent. It is only the latter portions of this district which can be considered as adapted for agriculture, while the remainder affords some of the finest pastoral land to be met with in any part of this colony.

"A large portion of the country in the Auckland district is broken by ranges, but none of them approach in height the Alps of the South Island. The highest eminence in the province is Pirongia, near Alexandra, in the Waikato, 2,820 feet. In the southern portion of the provincial district—west of Rotorna and north of Lake Taupo—there is a very extensive volcanic table-land over 2,000 feet high, covered with forests, and only partially explored. Rangitoto mountain on the north-east border of this plateau, a few miles south of the source of the river Waipa, is 2,600 feet high."

CLIMATE AND PRODUCTS.

By universal testimony the climate of Auckland has been pronounced one of the most delicious in the world. It is subject to no extremes of heat and cold. It is remarkably healthy. The summer heat is tempered with pleasant sea breezes, while the winters are very mild. An abundance of moisture makes vegetation wonderfully prolific. The only draw-back to the climate in the neighborhood of Auckland is the occurrence of moist, warm days in summer, which are very relaxing. After a heavy shower of rain the moisture is rapidly condensed by the heat of the sun, forming a vapor which renders the air close and oppressive, and very trying to persons accustomed to the bracing climate of America.

It is not, however, injurious to health. Metereological observations extending over a period of fifteen years give the following average results:—Mean barometer, 29, mean temperature in shade 59°; total rainfall, 44 inches; days on which rain fell, 187.

The indigenous vegetation is all evergreen and of dense growth; the undergrowth in the forests rich and often impenetrable. Neither wild beast nor reptile of any kind lurks in the secret coverts of the forests, except a harmless lizard. The ferns are unsurpassed in the world for beauty and variety, and a prepared book of specimens is one of the most graceful presents that a colonist or visitor can send to his friends abroad. Upwards of 130 different specimens have been classified, of which 42 are unknown in any other country. The provincial flora comprises 675 specimens of flowering plants, and includes nearly every New Zealand plant of proved economic value,

All the pines, beaches, and other timber, and fully two-thirds of the large, valuable and important families of grasses and sedges. The timber trade of Auckland is one of the staple industries of the colony.

A very large number of saw-mills afford employment for thousands of men and in addition to the growing requirements of the building trade in a fast increasing population, there is a rapidly developing export trade to the neighboring colonies and islands. Under these destructive operations accelerated by frequent bush fires, the most valuable timber is rapidly disappearing, and no adequate provision is being made to replace it. Reliable authorities estimate that thirty years hence the kauri pine will have disappeared with the moa.

Among the many useful timbers with which the northern forests abound none approach in general usefulness to the kauri, which combines the toughness of the Baltic red deal with the silkiness of the American red pine. The totard is unequalled for construction of wharfs, the kahikatea for building purposes, the puriri for posts and house blocks, the pohutakawa and other woods for ship-building; the rimu, especially esteemed for cabinet-making; and many which are valuable for tanning and astringent barks.

Fruits of all kinds grow in abundance, but the climate and soil are especially adapted for the peach and pine which flourish with wonderful luxuriance in the open air. Strawberries bear abundant fruit for five months in the year; oranges and lemons also grow well in the open air. Had the North Island been colonized by French or Italians, they would undoubtedly have made the vine, olive, orange and other sub-tropical fruits, the staple vegetable products of the country. In the northern parts of the Auckland districts the grape vine is often found running wild on the site of old native settlements. There is already a considerable market in the colony for green fruit and with the opening of the isolated districts by improved communication and cheap transport, there is every probability that the cultivation of the vine, olive, banana and orange will be developed on a very large scale.

The Auckland Acclimatization Society has displayed much enterprise and skill in stocking the rivers with salmon, trout and other fish and filling the woods with English songsters and other insectivorous birds. The following varieties have been distributed and are rapidly multiplying: the thrush, black-bird, red poll, house and hedge sparrow, yellow-hammer, sky lark, partridge, Chinese and silver pheasant, Australian, Tasmanian and California mountain quail, pointed-tailed grouse, green linnet, goldfinch, chaffinch, starling and rook. But the wisdom of some of these selections is a matter of keen dispute, many farmers and gardeners bewailing the destruction of fruit, seed and ripening grain, by the imported birds, while others contend for a more than counter-balancing advantage in the destruction of caterpillars and other insects.

Auckland has reason to be proud of her numerous and rapidly increasing manufactures and reproductive industries. The ship building industry is a highly important one. The yachts and pleasure boats turned out by Auckland builders are justly celebrated. The *Tanichea*, *Secrete* and others have sustained their reputation against the crack craft of Australasian colonies. The local boat factories have almost succeeded in driving out foreign goods. Auckland cabinet-makers are famous for artistic work; many of the staple articles of consumption are manufactured on the spot; and new industries are being daily established.

There are extensive deposits of coal at Kawakawa, Kamo, Whauwhau, Taupiri, Waikato and Miranda, supplying the

local demand for household and manufacturing purposes and the ocean steamers. Besides the rich auriferous deposits of the Thames gold fields, there is an abundance of silver, manganese, lead, copper, iron, chrome, antimony, zinc, cadmium, plumbago, limestone, sulphur and many other metallic and mineral substances of great commercial value. Petroleum oozes out from the surface of the ground in Poverty bay. One remarkable product found in no other part of the world, is the resinous substance known as Kauri gum, which I have mentioned before. It is used in the manufacture of varnish in England and America, the collection of which, forms an important industry.

Profitable gold-mining is carried on at the Thames, Cromandel, Te Aroha, and some other points, and affords employment to a large number of men. It is probable that the resources of the extensive auriferous area have not yet been fully developed at the lower depths, for want of the requisite capital and machinery, and that in the unexplored parts of the Cape Coleville peninsula hidden wealth will be discovered rivaling the famous Caledonian and Thames, which distributed half a million sterling in dividends in a few months.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ELDER HENRY H. KIRK.

BY J. W.

(Continued from page 115.)

ON another occasion, while in the town of Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, the Saints had arranged for a social tea party. A great many tickets were sold and it was noticed that quite a number were bought by non-Mormons. At the time appointed the tables were set and provision made according to the number of tickets sold; but when the time came to eat the cakes and drink the tea it was found that quite a number of tickets had not been returned. An explanation of this, however, was soon discovered; for no sooner were the tables cleared away than the missing ticket-holders came, all in a body, and took all the seats next to the stand, the idea with them seeming to be to control the meeting, or probably make a disturbance.

Among those present were Elders Kirk and Taylor (the father of Brother Joseph E. Taylor) and two or three others whose names I cannot recollect. A hasty council of the Elders present was called to consider the situation. It was then decided to give them all what Elder Kirk termed a good threshing. It was next decided to cast lots as to who should be spokesman on the occasion. It fell to Elder Kirk. After opening in due form Brother Kirk took the stand and spoke about as follows:

"My sectarian friends, I presume there are but few of you that have had the privilege as I have of being reared in the bosom of the old mother church—the mother of harlots and the mother of you all. Now, I was thinking that could, or should, the Apostle Peter of ancient fame arise from the dead and meet and ask me to conduct and introduce him to the church which he lived and died to establish, I imagine, my friends, a scene somewhat like that which I will now endeavor to portray would ensue. I will give it in the shape of a dialogue between the Apostle Peter and a guide:

"Guide.—To what church would you like to be introduced?

"Peter.—To the church of Christ, to be sure.

"G.—Yes, but what do you mean by the church of Christ? Do you mean the church of England, or the Calvinistic church, or the Baptist church, or the Quaker church, or the Methodist church?

"P.—Stop, stop! Did I not plainly tell you the church of Christ?

"G.—(Innocently.) Why, all of these claim to be the churches of Christ.

"P.—O! branches of the same church?

"G.—No; not branches, but independent churches.

"P.—My friend, here is some mistake. Christ established but one church, so to have more would be division; and the scriptures tell us that divisions spring from a carnal mind, and that the carnal mind is enmity against God. It is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can it be. But you can show me these that you call churches and then, perhaps we can better understand them.

"G.—Well, I will introduce you to them, as near as I know, in the order of their ages. We will first call on my friend, the arch-bishop of the church of England.

"P.—You said arch-bishop; is there, then, a bishop without the arch?

"G.—O, yes!

"P.—I do not remember more than one kind of bishop in the early church.

"(They are now shown into the presence of the arch-bishop, who is dressed in his robes and holds his mitre and crook.)

"P.—(Very excitedly, as soon as he sees the arch-bishop.) Take me away, take me away! That man is the very picture of the one who signed my death warrant! (They leave.) Let us try the next in hope of better success.

"(They next call upon a Calvinist minister.)

"P.—Are you a member of the church of Christ?

"Minister.—I hope and trust I am.

"P.—A minister of the gospel?

"M.—Through the grace of God, I am.

"P.—Then, what must I do to be saved?

"M.—Oh, the weakness of the human heart! What must you do? Why, my friend, even if raising your hand could save you, you could not even do so small a thing worthily. But you can repent of your sins, you can live a righteous life, you can become a member in the fold of God; and then, if in the wisdom and mercy of God you are one of those whom He foreknew and therefore did predestinate to be conformed into the image of His Son that he might be the firstborn among many brethren, then you will be saved.

"P.—But if it is as you say, if I am predestined would I not be saved whether I repent or not?

"M.—Well, yes; for the scriptures say, 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect; if God be for us, who then can be against us?'

"P.—Let us go; for according to this man if we are to be saved it will be without any effort of ours; and if we are not elected to be saved we cannot be, do what we will. And these you call the churches of Christ and the ordinances, even baptism, they do not seem to have.

"G.—O, as to baptism, I can take you to the Baptists, they believe in baptism and do baptize.

"P.—Well, it would seem a pleasure to find even one point right.

(To be Continued.)

FELICITY shows the ground where industry builds a fortune.

Lesson for the Little Ones.

PRIMARY EXERCISES.

THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

AT times when the people would gather around Jesus, to be blest and healed by His matchless power, He would teach them in sweet and gentle tones what they were to do to be saved and happy.

Once when His disciples were with Him, and a great multitude had gathered around, He went on a mount, where the people could hear and see Him, and here He taught them such grand and beautiful truths that all marveled who heard. In the New Testament, (*St. Matthew, fifth chapter*) you will see it is called "The Sermon on the Mount," and all you dear children should learn from the first to the seventeenth verse. The rest of the sermon needs some explanation to you who are young.

Jesus says we must not only love one another, but must love and pray for our enemies, you know God lets the sunshine and the rain descend on the good and the bad, and we must be like Him, do good to all when we can. He says, when we give alms, that is give to the poor or to any worthy cause, we must not say anything about it, but our Father in heaven who sees in secret, will reward us openly. When speaking of prayer, He tells us to find some secret place, a closet or bed-room, and shut the door and then we can pray to our Father in heaven, telling Him our desires and needs for He knows what we need even before we ask Him. We must not think we are heard for the many words we say, but for the faith that is in our hearts. It was here on the mount that Jesus taught us how to pray: "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

The Lord tells us to forgive each other, then He will forgive us, but we are often apt to forget this, And Jesus tells us when we fast to do so cheerfully, and not try to look hungry and show to everyone we are fasting, for God knows we are fasting and

He will reward us. He says we must not strive for riches, for riches can be destroyed, thieves can steal them, fire can burn, and moths and rust can consume them, but try to lay up treasures in heaven, that is to do good and try to keep all the commandments given us by God, for nothing can take the reward of good actions from us; these are treasures laid up in heaven.

You know how natural it is for us to think about what we are going to eat and wear, but Jesus tells us if we will serve God with all our hearts He will add all these things to us, for He knows we have need of all these things.

Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

If we could only remember this when we are tempted to speak evil of each other or wrong each other, we would be more careful. Then, He says, "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" Thou hypocrite! And how can we say to others, you should do better or you should not do so, when we ourselves are perhaps doing worse than they are. How unreasonable! We must first do right ourselves, set a good example, then we can say to our brother, "try to do better."

I will give you one more precept in Jesus' own language, "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you: for everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth and to him that knocketh; it shall be opened."

These are some of the great truths taught by Jesus to His disciples and the people who followed Him. They are just as true now as then and every girl and boy, man and women who is trying to do right must try and live as Jesus as taught them. We cannot live up to all these requirements unless we go to God and ask in the name of Jesus for power to do His holy will and if we do, He has promised us to hear and answer our prayers.

ZINA.

VANITY is the canker of religion: it gnaws like a worm at the root; and when we look for the harvest, the fruit is dust and bitterness. How anxiously should we therefore watch its inroads! How carefully should we draw the fence round our hearts! How, especially, should they, by whom it has been long indulged, guard against its revivals! For nothing is so dangerous as an old enemy under a new name; and religious vanity is both more offensive and insidious than any other.

LITTLE MARTIN CRAGHAN'S
SACRIFICE.

ABOUT six years ago, in one of the Pennsylvania mines, several chambers in the upper tier or vein were discovered to be on fire. It was feared that the flames, which were raging fiercely, would reach the shaft before they could be extinguished. Word was hastily sent to the men in the workings beneath to come up before all means of escape were cut off.

Martin Craghan, a boy of twelve years, had been promoted to the position of mule-driver the day before. He had just taken his mule to her dark stable, nine hundred feet under ground, when a comrade called to him and told him of their danger, urging him to hurry to the shaft, for all the men were gone.

With a sorrowful look at his mule, which he knew he could not save, Martin ran with his companion till they stood on a carriage waiting to be hoisted up. Then suddenly it flashed upon him that a number of men were working in a distant part of the mine and had not been warned of their peril.

"Oh, Johnny!" he exclaimed, "we must go and tell them 'ere men in No. 4 or they'll never get out."

"There isn't time. The shaft will be on fire in a minute and then all the smoke and gas will rush down here and suffocate us."

"But it will kill those men, too, and they've families to support. There's poor Bill Craghan, my cousin, with an old mother and seven little children. If we run fast we can get back before they hoist the elevator."

"You may go if yer sich a fool, but I'll not risk it," replied his companion.

Almost before he had finished speaking Martin had rushed away through the dark chambers and galleries of the mine till he reached the imperiled miners, and in frightened, breathless tones told his story. Then instantly turning he fled back to the shaft, hoping the elevator had not yet ascended. As Martin looked up he saw the glare of the fire and that the wire rope had melted, and he knew all hope of escape in that way was cut off.

With fleet steps he once more threaded the deserted tunnels, back to the men for whom he had risked so much. But they, taught by experience of the utter hopelessness of escape by that one imperiled shaft, had rapidly employed the time in building a barricade of rock and coal as a temporary protection from the noxious gasses and smoke that were already beginning to fill the mine.

By the time little Martin reached the barrier it was solidly constructed, for on that depended their only chance to live till the burning shaft was extinguished. Coming close to the wall he begged piteously for admission, but the men persistently refused him.

"Bill! Bill Craghan!" he cried, "won't you *make* them let me in? I would have been safe at home now, but for you! Tom Reese, your brother Johnny wouldn't come to tell you of the danger, and he was saved. Now, are you going to let me die out here?"

The men inside trembled as they listened to the poor boy's sobs, and many a rough, black hand was drawn across their eyes; and at last tender-hearted Bill rushed to the barricade to make an entrance for the little fellow.

But strong arms pulled him away, while in hoarse, broken voices they said, "No, no, man: he's but one; we are many.

To make a hole big enough to pull him through would be death to all."

"But he risked his life to save us! Will ye let him die but a step away from us?"

"Not if we could help it, you well know, Bill. But think of our wives and children at home. Would ye have us all perish?"

Martin heard this conversation and putting his lips close to the wall, said, quietly: "Never mind, Bill. I know you would all have saved me if you could. I ain't sorry I brought you the warning. I'm going back to poor old Rosa. If you get out safely, bid good-by for me to father and mother, and little Eddie."

Then, turning away, he went to the stable where his mule was peacefully feeding at her stall, unconscious of any danger. Martin's lamp was still burning and the smoke had not yet penetrated the wooden barriers between. At first he felt in hopes he would be safe there. But gradually the noxious vapors forced their entrance. As he saw that suffocation must soon come, he found a piece of board and wrote with chalk the names of those that were dear to him.

As he wrote, memory brought their presence before him—his tender mother, who had kissed him such a loving good-by in the morning, and had looked so proudly at him when he told of his promotion and the better wages he would be able to earn. Then little baby, Eddie, how he crowed and shouted whenever Martin appeared! Would his father ever know that he had sacrificed his life to save others? It was hard to die so young, so full of hope, all alone in the dark.

But creeping back to his dear old Rosa he lay down beside her, as he felt sick and faint with the stifling air; and God mercifully looked down on the little hero and soon ended his sufferings. The others escaped when the fire was extinguished. But there, close beside the dead animal, his body was found; and the memory of his noble deed is still cherished in those regions.

HARMONY OF THE HUMAN FRAME.—The admirable harmony established by the Creator between the various constituent parts of the animal frame, renders it impossible to pay regard to or infringe the conditions required for the health of any one, without all the rest participating in the benefit or injury. Thus, while cheerful exercise in the open air, and in the society of equals, is directly and eminently conducive to the well-being of the muscular system, the advantage does not stop there; the beneficent Creator having kindly so ordered it that the same exercise shall be scarcely less advantageous to the proper performance of the important function of respiration. Active exercise calls the lungs into play, favors their expansion, promotes the circulation of the blood through their substance and leads to their complete and healthy development. The same end is greatly facilitated by that free and vigorous exercise of the voice which so uniformly accompanies and enlivens the sports of the young, and which doubles the benefit derived from them considered as exercise. The excitement of the social and moral feelings among children engaged in play is another powerful tonic, the influence of which on the general health ought not to be overlooked; for the nervous influence is as indispensable to the right performance of respiration as it is to the action of the muscles, or to the digestion of food.

THE GOOD TIME NOW.

WORDS BY J. H. WARD.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.



Hu - man i ty, with a mighty hope, Is watching with anxious eyes, To see the light of a
What bet - ter time could be ev - er sought For vic - to - ries to be won Than this earn - est age with its
The sun is as bright that shines to-day As it will aye from highs sublime; And God has as weighty
This liv - ing present, this longed-for hour, Is the one to us the best, And the soul that us - es its
golden age On a waiting world a - rise. Though weary and long may seem that time, Who
noblest thought, And the work that should be done. Earth's heroes all toiled thro' long, dark years Ere they
words to say As to seers in ancient time: Bright visions still come to faith's clear eye, To
gift of power Shall ev - er - more be blest. Great souls by e - ter - nal truth set free, No
un - der life's burden bow. Yet progress is marching with steps sublime— 'Tis ev - en a good time now.
saw life's fruited bough, And the seeds of the harvest of fu - ture years Must be sown in the active now.
those who in meekness bow; The pure behold the tri - umph nigh By the light of the good time now.
longer in shackles bow: The midnight is past, the ju - bi - lee Has be - gun with the good time now.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 7 is STABLE. We have received correct solutions from John V. Bluth, Ogden; Annie M. Peterson, Mary L. Anderson, Helger Johnson, Huntsville; Charlotte S. Peard, Garden City; David H. Christenson, Ephraim, Conejos Co., Colorado; Orlando Funk, Washington; Marietta Martin, Scipio; Samuel Stark, Payson; Hyrum Monson, Richmond; Myra I. Allred, Garden City; E. Goodwin, Minersville; Fred. H. Ottley, Union; Chester Meservy, South Hooper; Avildia L. Page, South Bountiful; L. J. Holley, William I. Holley and Mrs. L. J. Holley, Springville; Hans Keller, Mantua; Inez and Ernest Fisher, Bountiful; Lizzie Brown, Harrisville; George F. Fewens, Annie Backman, Salt Lake City. The greatest number of words (fifty-four) were given by Annie Backman.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA

BY AMY H. DRAPER.

My first is in ——— who was slain by David's hand;
My second is in ———, who dwelt in Canaan's land;
My third is in ———, my Second's wife, we're told;
My fourth is in ———, a martyr slain of old;
My fifth is in ———, Isaac's own mother;

My sixth is in ———, the man who killed his brother;
My seventh is in ———, whom you all have read about;
Their names I now leave for you to find out;
My whole is the name of a faithful man of old;
See if you can guess it. My story now is told.

A MAN'S genius is always, in the beginning of life, as much unknown to himself as to others; and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to those undertakings in which those who have succeeded have fixed the admiration of mankind.

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GEORGE Q. CANNON, ———— EDITOR

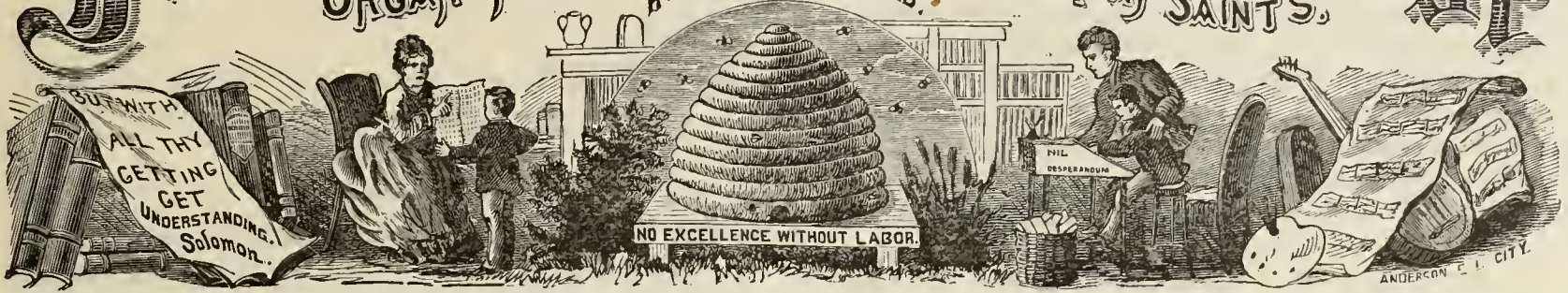
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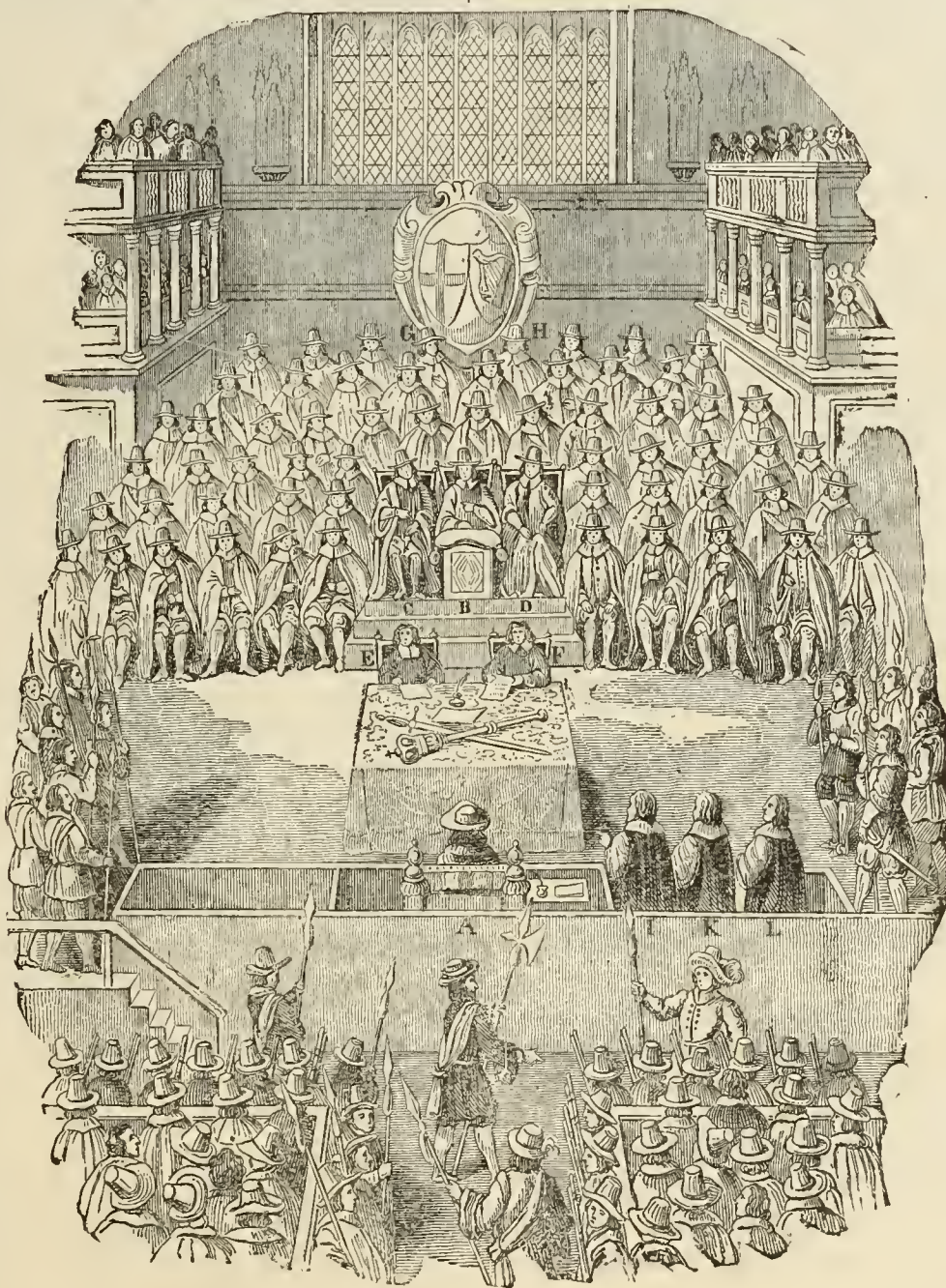
NO. 10.

TRIAL OF CHARLES I.

KING CHARLES I., of England, was the son of James I. and succeeded his father to the throne in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He was a self-willed, stubborn, unyielding, heartless and tyrannical prince. Like many others, both before and after him, who have fallen heir to more power than prudence, he had an idea that kingdoms were only for the use and pleasure of kings. He thought that his desires should be gratified, no matter how wicked, unwise or unreasonable they were. He did not consider that the people were entitled to any rights. Instead of being a servant to the people, seeking to carry out their wishes and working for their common good, as an unselfish and just ruler should do, he cared nothing for their welfare, and tried to make them subservient to his will. How different is this to the free government of this land, where the people select their own leaders, make their own laws, and have equal rights!

Of course, as you might readily imagine, this king was not very well liked by the people; for he caused them a great deal of annoyance and trouble. For the most trifling causes he would have men

imprisoned. He imposed heavy taxes and duties upon the people, and made himself very disagreeable in many ways.



We will not recount all that transpired during the reign of King Charles I., but will pass on to describe the incidents that led to his trial, which the picture is intended to represent, and his subsequent execution.

It appears that from the commencement of the reign of Charles I. the English parliament did not approve of the course taken by the king. They refused to carry out his wishes upon several occasions, and he, in return, dissolved or dismissed the parliament and usurped authority which rightfully belonged only to that body. For twelve years at one time he carried out (or endeavored to) his own plans, without the consent of the parliament, which had been dismissed.

At last the lords again met in parliament and made another struggle for their rights. Matters, however, grew worse and worse, and the condition of the country became very unsettled. Finally

the people resorted to arms and a civil war was carried on for four years between the king and his men, and the troops

raised by the members of parliament. It was a close and desperate struggle as the people were nearly equally divided. The Catholics mostly sided with the king, because the queen was of their persuasion.

During this war the king tried several plans to get help from other powers. He sent to Ireland for an army of ten thousand men, promising, if the troops were raised, to bestow great favors upon the Catholic religion, as this was the prevailing power in Ireland. His intention was made known and the person whom he sent to make the treaty with Ireland was charged with high treason. The king deserted his friend at this perilous moment and denied having anything to do with the affair. We cannot wonder at such a man being hated by the people. He could not be trusted for a moment. He was a traitor to his own country—a most detestable potentate.

After this civil war the parliament got the king into their hands. No sooner had they accomplished this than they became desirous of disbanding their army, which they, no doubt, had reasons to fear. Oliver Cromwell had gained considerable power with the soldiers, and he seemed to be somewhat friendly to the king, at least, the king thought so.

The army refused to be broken up only on their own conditions. They went to the king's house and told him that they were going to take him. He was quite willing to go with them, and on being asked where he would like to live, designated the place. He received better treatment from the army than he had from the parliament. Cromwell did indeed befriend him, and the king promised to give him an honorable position if he would help him to regain his lost power. At the same time he wrote to the queen that he intended to hang Cromwell.

The king, at every opportunity, was plotting against the parliament and endeavoring to regain his lost power by getting aid from other countries.

The army became more and more defiant: they marched to London and took several members of the parliament and made prisoners of them. The house of commons was soon reduced to about fifty members and the house of lords to sixteen. At this crisis the house of commons declared by vote that the king was guilty of high treason in making war against his parliament and people. An ordinance was accordingly sent to the house of lords to have the king tried. This was rejected by the latter body, so the house of commons declared that they were the supreme rulers of the land and would bring the king to trial.

Saturday, January 20, 1649, was set for the trial of the king. It was arranged that the court should consist of one hundred and thirty-five persons. A president was appointed, who occupied the upper end of the hall. The remainder of the court sat on either side, all with their hats on, as represented in the picture. The king's seat was just opposite that of the court.

On entering the room the king looked around steadily, then sat down. In a few moments he arose and looked about again. The indictment, charging him with high treason, was read, whereupon he smiled and denied the court's authority to try him, as there could be no parliament without a house of lords, and that the king should preside. The president replied that the court was satisfied with his authority. The court was then adjourned to the next Monday, upon which day it was resumed and continued through the week.

The king was sentenced to be beheaded. Before his execution he requested the privilege of visiting his children, which

was granted. He was afterwards led to the scaffold and beheaded, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Thus England was freed from one of her royal pests; but several others rose afterwards, and it was a long time before the country was rescued from tyranny and oppression to enjoy the degree of freedom which it now has. E. F. P.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

THE flora of New Zealand is wonderful in its variety, beauty and luxuriance. The traveler, from whatever country, finds himself surrounded by vegetation almost wholly new to him. The forests are filled with noble trees of gigantic growth, clothed not only with their own natural ever-green foliage, but with innumerable parasitical plants, ferns, mosses and orchids climbing up to their very summits, presenting scenes of luxuriant vegetation not to be surpassed in the tropics. Beneath the upper canopy of forest trees, such as the rimu, pine, kahikatea, totara rata and many others of enormous growth, all affording excellent timber and ornamental woods, there is an undergrowth in this dim and windless solitude composed of the nikau palm and the beautiful tree fern, the glory of the New Zealand forest, the king of ferns. The valleys are intersected by gurgling streams, the banks clothed with one living mass of verdure. Some of the mosses are extremely beautiful. A scarlet fungus enlivens the decaying trees.

Sometimes a delicious fragrance, like that of mingled hyacinth and jessamine, fills the warm, still air with perfume. It arises from the petals of a struggling shrub with bright green, shining leaves resembling those of the nutmeg tree. A profusion of rich and delicate blossoms, like artistic work, hangs in clusters of trumpet-shaped bells in every shade of color from pinkish white to the deepest crimson. The woods are often splendid with an undergrowth of beautiful fuschias in full bloom, with two sets of flowers, green and purple, and purple and red. There is such an exuberance of vegetation in these dense, dim woods that it is difficult to find space, however small, even on the trunks of the trees, upon which some plant or lichen does not flourish. Creepers cover the ground as with a natural network, curling round every stem, running up limbs, gliding from tree to tree and entwining the topmost branches in Gordian knots. Quiet and modest, like a recluse of the forest, blooms the tender blue rimuroa, the only bell flower of New Zealand, and the tupapa, the daisy of Maoriland. On the margin of the swamps a small, white violet, slightly scented, grows in great abundance. The huge bulk of some of the vegetable giants of the New Zealand forests and the clean, symmetrical trunks of others, towering aloft in silent grandeur, cannot fail to strike the beholder with astonishment and awe.

Stateliest of all the forest giants stands the majestic, sea-side-loving kauri, with its imperceptibly-lessening pillar, unencumbered by branches or parasitical plants, surmounted by its imposing crown of powerful branches twined into a dense, dark, green roof through which, like golden stars on the roof of a vault, the light of day peers into the dusk of the woods. This king of the forest attains a height of from 140 to 150 and even 200 feet. One spar, cut at Hokianga, in 1839, measured

106 feet without a knot, and two feet square at the smaller end. This noble denizen of the forest perishes when exposed to the sun and wind, as the people who dwell under its shade die before the light of civilization.

The kahikatea, another useful timber tree, is very beautiful when standing alone. The graceful rimu is distinguished by its fine pendant branches and drooping leaves of a light green. Shooting athwart one another with all the picturesqueness of the old English oak are the branches of the mighty totara, rising to a height of 120 feet, from whose stem the Maoris make their largest canoes. The beautiful matai is found in every forest. The miro and the pukata with its bright green foliage, pale green bark and deep parietal buttresses, are also conspicuous ornaments of the forests. From the bark of the kanekaha, an ornamental tree of regular growth and with celery-shaped leaves, the natives obtain the red dye for their kaitaka mats. The puriri, with its charming, rich green foliage, pendant pink blossoms and cherry-like fruit, is equal to the English oak in strength and toughness. Growing in abundance in the middle island are the tawai-rau-nui, or black and red birches, attaining in the higher mountain forests a height of 80 to 100 feet. Overhanging the rocky headlands and cliffs of the sheltered harbors and bays is the beautiful and picturesque pohutakawa, with deep crimson blossoms, spreading its gnarled branches like the rugged oak.

The rata may be known by its twisted trunk and enormous branches growing up in a cluster, not much unlike the oak in general appearance but much larger, its branches bearing very small leaves and covered at the time of flowering with bright myrtle blossoms. The peculiar characteristic of this tree is that it commences its growth as a climbing plant, embracing some tree, but growing at length to a majestic denizen of the forest and standing alone in perfect vigor long after the one which gave it support has gone to decay. To the Maoris it is the symbol of ingratitude. The tall, slender kowhai is in the Spring one mass of golden loveliness. Besides these are the hinau, from which the Maoris obtain a black dye; the umbragious tawa, with pale green branches and a plum-like fruit; the elegant poplar-like rewarewa; the mairi, closely allied to the European olive; the soft-foliaged titoki; the ribbon woods of the Middle Island, with their masses of small, white, fragrant blossoms; the maple, with shining, silvery leaves and large, pale yellow flowers, formerly used by the natives as a perfume; the towai, tawhero, tangeas, or mangeao, and many other species and varieties, the bare mention of which would occupy pages. The tree fern grows to a height of 12 to 15 feet and is remarkable for the whiteness of the under part of its beautiful leaves.

Among other handsome trees are the pikau, with its broad, pinnated leaves, the tender parts of which are often boiled for food; and the tipau, or arborescent fern, resembling a palm in its appearance. The swamps and low-lying flats produce a luxuriant growth of tall flax with drooping, flag-like, sword-shaped leaves and pink flowers. Intermingled with the long toe toe grass it forms a complete jungle. Indigenous shrubs, many of them very symmetrical and handsome, flourish in great abundance.

The broad plains of the Middle Island are covered with natural stock-feeding grasses. Above the conifers, laurels and myrtles flourish forests of evergreen beaches, the mountain blasts and hardy lichens. Mounting yet higher on the snow summits, short, dense alpine grass and gay blossoms in rich profusion, white-flowered gentian; crespedia, with its belt of white flowers on a slender stem; the silvery petals of the

raoulia studded like stars over the surface; many varieties of celmesia with their spike-like daisy flowers; hoheria, with its petals of conspicuous, drooping, white flowers; the yellow-flowered dwarf carmichaelias and ozothamus, bearing perennial, yellow flowers; the beautiful, bright dwarf veronicas, symmetrical in the extreme; and the deliciously-fragrant thalapsi.

Besides the trees and plants already mentioned the following are readily acclimatized: English and German oak, Norfolk Island pine, weeping willow, locust, orange, lemon, banana of India, date tree of north Africa, granite, myrtle, fig, cochineal, cactus, tobacco, coffee, tea, jessamine, legonia, heliotropes, roses, coronells, camelias, dahlias, fuchsias, geraniums, etc., flourishing in the open air.

MR. GLADSTONE'S ORATORY.

EVERY orator is marked by some peculiarity of manner or trick of speech. An American who recently heard Mr. Gladstone was impressed by his mannerisms as well as by his eloquence. He was never, remarks the observer, on good terms with his shirt-collar and necktie, and for a good reason.

The necktie was ill-adjusted, and from time to time made its way over the upper edge of the collar, and threatened to interfere with the free circulation of the arteries and veins. Then it had to be rearranged, and the repetition of this process was annoying to the orator and the audience.

He has an odd trick of touching the top of his head, just where a wisp of gray hair lies loosely across, with the end of the bent thumb of his right hand. This he did not once, but often; perhaps twenty times while he was speaking.

At times you notice an uneasy movement of the hands. The fingerless first joint of the left hand, which has a narrow bandage of black silk about it, is rubbed hard against the right palm. It is a kind of kneading process, often repeated.

But whatever Mr. Gladstone's defects may be, they are forgotten when he begins to speak. He is plainly statesman and orator as the first sound is heard of that wonderful voice. It would be impressive if it uttered nothing but nonsense.

It is deep and musical, with much variety of tone, and with a strength so great that its beauty was hardly impaired, or its volume diminished, at the end of a two hours' speech.

The orator stands almost erect, leaning very slightly against the rail. When he turned half round to the chairman, the light fell full on the broad forehead, the sunken and glowing eyes, the hard, strong lines about the mouth, and the powerful jaw.

Few men ever surpassed Mr. Gladstone in copiousness and mere fluency of phrase. Yet with it all, his oratory is not free from an impression of toil and labor. It is not quite spontaneous.

If the effort is not mental, it is muscular; an effect due, perhaps, to a certain ungainliness and violence of gesture, from which he is not quite exempt.

It may be said of him that no living Englishman who has spoken so much on such a variety of subjects, in themselves so difficult and so alien from the highest art, has spoken so well.—*Selected.*

THAT life is long which answers life's great end.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ELDER HENRY H. KIRK.

BY J. W.

(Continued from page 141.)

"(They next call on a Baptist minister.)

"P.—(To the minister.) Are you a member of Christ's church and a preacher of His gospel?

"Minister.—Rejoicing always in the truth, I am.

"P.—I am glad to hear it. Now, answer this question, What must I do to be saved?

"M.—Well, you must seek the Lord until you find Him, you must repent of all your sins, you must pray fervently, you must be enrolled as on trial, and if after a proper time you stand approved before God and His people, we will baptize you and thus initiate you into the church of Christ, as did the apostles of old.

"P.—But did not the apostles of old baptize for the remission of sins and then promise the Holy Ghost? But it seems to me that you want me to get rid of my sins and become good before you will baptize me at all.

"M.—The Holy Ghost, doubtless, was necessary to establish the church when its ministers were poor and unlearned; but since the church has become established and its ministers learned and improved there has been no need of the Holy Ghost.

"P.—Then you believe your learning to be of more value than the gifts of God?

"M.—Undoubtedly the apostles would have got along better and had more influence in the world if they had been learned.

"P.—(To guide.) Come along; I would not risk my salvation with such a one as he. And now, what more have you to show me of those who profess to be the followers of Christ, but who keep not His laws?

"G.—There are plenty yet. Suppose we try the Quakers, as they are generally admitted to be both honest and sincere.

"P.—Honesty and sincerity are found everywhere.

"(They visit a leading Quaker.)

"P.—(To Quaker.) Are you a member of Christ's church?

"Quaker.—Yea, my friend.

"P.—A minister?

"Q.—If thou meanest what the world calls ordained, I am not; as no man in priestly robes or priestly authority can come between me and my God or Savior; but if thou meanest would I point an erring soul to the way of salvation, I say, yea, my friend, with pleasure.

"P.—Well, then, I will ask of you the question I have already asked of many others: What must I do to be saved?

"Q.—Thou must listen to the whisperings of that spirit which is given to every man, and which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. Thou must follow its dictates, and encourage its voice, and it will lead thee away from the world and nearer to thy God.

"P.—But do you have no ordinances whereby a man can show his willingness to obey by keeping the commandments, and through obedience and faith obtain the promises and thereby prove that God is true? And are not the gifts of the Holy Ghost manifested among you, by which a man may know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or of man?

"Q.—As to the ordinances, they are put away with the follies of the past; and as far as the gifts are concerned, they

belonged to those glorious days when the apostles of our Lord walked the earth and seemed to have ended with them.

"P.—Yes; if the ordinances the apostles established are put away I do not see how the gifts could remain. But I see no hope of salvation with you. (To guide.) Come, let us go; I am getting tired of this, and if you cannot show me the church of Christ soon I shall have to conclude you have not got it at all.

"G.—You must not so conclude until I have shown you the Methodists; they are among the last born and claim to have profited by the errors of all that have preceded them. Besides they are both fashionable and numerous.

"P.—If matters are now as they were in my day both fashion and numbers would be against their being the church of Christ. The devil has always monopolized the leadership of fashion; and as to numbers, not many rich or mighty are called. But you lead on.

"(They are introduced to a Methodist minister.)

"P.—(To minister.) Are you a member of the church of Christ?

"Minister.—Glory be to God! Yes!

"P.—And a minister of the gospel?

"M.—Praised be God! I am!

"P.—Then you can answer me this question, What must I do to be saved?

"M.—Hallelujah to God and the Lamb! Nothing more easy! Believe!—

"Believe, and all your sin's forgiven;
Only believe and yours is heaven."

"P.—What! Do you neither have baptism nor the Holy Ghost; but just belief?

"M.—Praise God, no! Did not the apostle tell the jailor, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved?' And as to the thief on the cross, there can be no doubt, first, of his salvation, and second, that he was not baptized.

"P.—I seriously doubt both, if you refer to him at the time of his death; and as you seem to have nothing better to offer we will go. (To guide.) I asked you to show me the church of Christ and here you have been leading me around all this time and showing me these heathen and man-made systems. Now, can you not take me to what I am seeking?

"G.—I can take you to plenty more, all more or less like the ones we have visited; but I am afraid they would suit you no better.

"(At this point they see a boy, almost out of breath, running up the street with a letter in his hand.)

"G.—Hello! What is the matter that you are in such haste?

"Boy.—Have you not heard the news? Why, the Mormons have come!

"G.—Mormons; who are they?

"B.—Why, some call them Latter-day Saints.

"P.—Saints! Where are they? Thank God there is one thing right at last, if it be only the name.

"B.—O, do not go near them, sir, or you will be deluded!

"P.—Ah, how natural the cry of delusion seems to me! I recollect, when on earth, how often the cry of 'delusion' and 'deluders' was raised after us by the worshipers of Diana of Ephesus and other gods and goddesses.

"B.—Ah, sir! but nobody goes but poor, ignorant folks. None of our nice, fashionable folks would think of going.

"P.—Well, I am beginning to think we will find the church of Christ at last; for all these are characteristics that always attend the gospel even when our Savior was on earth. The

wise and learned would not associate with Him, and His chief associates were fishermen, publicans and sinners.

"B.—Yes, sir; but they have no nice chapels or churches, but have to meet in a poor room in a dirty back street.

"P.—Quite likely. I recollect of often having to meet and speak in such places, when grand heathen temples were plentiful.

"G.—(To boy.) What are you hurrying so with that letter for?

"B.—O, I'll tell you: It is about these Mormons. Our ministers have just held a meeting; I was there and so got to take the letter to post it. You see, these Mormons are great to argue from the Bible. All of our ministers have tried to argue with them and to put them down; but they have all been beaten. So they have agreed to send for old Theoball and ask him to come, because he is the biggest bully we know of; and as to arguing, you should hear him. Why, no matter how bad he is beaten he can keep right along and argue still.

"P.—Come along, I am anxious to see these people that are not fashionable and whom everyone desires to put down.

"B.—Well, if you *will go* you can keep right along down this street, then turn to the right and afterwards to the left. Then you go up some stairs over a livery stable and there you will find them.

"They go and find the place. The congregation are singing the second hymn of the service:

"Jesus, mighty king in Zion,
Thou alone our guide shall be;
Thy commission we rely on,
We will follow none but Thee."

"It is a testimony meeting. A brother testifies that he has obeyed the gospel and has received a witness through the Holy Ghost that what he has embraced is the truth, and that the gospel has been restored to the earth through Joseph Smith, the Prophet of the latter days, and that it is the same gospel as was taught by the ancient apostles, Peter, James and John, and that it includes all the ancient ordinances, gifts and blessings.

"Another arises and says that he also can testify to the truth of the gospel as revealed through Joseph Smith; and further, that the angel had come with the proclamation, 'Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, nor receive of her plagues; for her sins have reached to heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities.' He could also testify that a gathering place was established on the earth for the Saints of God. Here the brother broke out in a gift of tongues, which Peter interpreted as follows:

"Our Father in heaven desires every Saint
To gird up his loins and never to faint;
To walk in His garden and there he will find
A comfort prepared for both body and mind.

"All doubting and fearing put under your feet,
Remember you're my field of white, chosen wheat;
I'll weed you, and water you, and cause you to grow,
And your minds become pure as the white, driven snow."

[The foregoing lines are an interpretation of an actual gift of tongues given through a brother named George Williams, of the Rotherham Branch, North Sheffield, England, 1850, and recollected by me and perhaps others.]

"Many others testified as the ones already spoken of had done; and all rejoiced together, and Peter with them, that after so long a search through the systems of men they had at last found the Church and people of God."

The congregation listened with great attention to the foregoing curious sermon, and when meeting was dismissed they went quietly away without making the least disturbance.

TWO BRAVE BOYS.

THAT courage is a natural inheritance, and not an acquirement, was never more strikingly exemplified than in the case of Admiral Farragut. When nine or ten years old he was an assistant cabin-boy on board the ship-of-war *Essex*, commanded by Capt. Porter.

Notwithstanding the vigorous discipline which prevailed on such vessels, and the immeasurable social distance between the officers and crew, young Farragut, by his courage, vigilance and unusual ability, soon crossed the boundary-line and became popular with the officers.

A midshipman by the name of Cary, a fine young fellow, who had passed an excellent examination, fell into disgrace one day by his inability to go aloft.

Capt. Porter had no patience with this weakness, and after a while hit upon a plan which he believed would shame the midshipman into the necessary courage.

He ordered the young man to remove his uniform, and in its stead to put on a mongrel suit of blue and black.

Then he sent for the boy Farragut, and ordered him to take the discarded clothes to the maintop and secure them.

"Cary," said the captain, "I want to show you what a plucky boy can do. Now when you want your uniform, all you have got to do is to go up there and get it."

Little Farragut made a bundle of the clothes, secured them to his neck, and then sprang like a monkey to the desired height.

Here he fastened them, and then returned to the deck, amid the enthusiastic exclamations of officers and the cheers of the crew, poor Cary included.

Several times a day after this the midshipman started for his uniform. Once he got as far as the mainmast, but returned to the deck so pale and exhausted that it was some moments before he could recover himself.

A week after this a sharp naval engagement—this was the war of 1812—proved that Cary's courage was equal to the emergency. Not once during the hot fight did he blanch or tremble, but on the contrary was dangerously cool, courageous and reliable.

The next morning Cary found himself the hero of the day.

"For goodness' sake, Cary," said the captain, "do go aloft and get your rig! It's an outrageous shame for a brave fellow like you to go about in this way!"

"It is impossible, captain," said Cary, with a respectful salute. "I have done my best."

Young Farragut stood near when this conversation was going on, and as the midshipman finished, he said, with his inimitable dauntless air—

"Let me get it, captain. Cary's heart is as big as an ox's, and everybody knows it, and his arm is as strong as a sledge-hammer, and he could lick a thousand men of his size, and everybody knows that; but his head swims, captain, and he can't help it. May I go up, sir?"

"Go on, Farragut!" said the captain; and on the boy went.

When he returned to the deck and presented the midshipman his uniform, Cary's eyes were full of tears, and Captain Porter without a word walked away to the cabin. E. K.

HANNAH, AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

CHAPTER VII.

IN this crisis of Hannah's life old Si Whopscott developed a most wonderful tenderness. Rough and uncouth as he was to everybody else, he was tenderness itself to the stricken mother and wife. The girl herself found in his compassionate love a balm to her wounded feelings and grew to appreciate him as she never had done before.

She had turned with intense longing and desire toward the prison walls which immured her husband, but all in vain. Even in the time of her utmost desolation she was not permitted to see him, nor hold any communication with him. The prison officials were still at a loss to know how she had effected his escape; and they did not care to take any more risks. For a long time his fate was not decided. He had incurred the liability to a severe punishment for his escape, and was in danger of a longer sentence for his offense. Even Hannah herself was liable to punishment if it could be proven that she had effected her husband's escape from prison.

Fortunately Rupert's previous conduct in jail had been admirable; and the news of the loss of his child had reached the prison officials, though the word had been withheld from him; and this softened the hearts of his jailers so that they did not immediately take harsh steps against him. And finally, through kindness of heart and through respect for the sorrows of Hannah and her imprisoned husband the officers of the law allowed the offense to lapse without notice.

Time is the great healer of wounds of the heart, and as the weeks slipped by into months Hannah found herself looking with less regret upon her woes than with longing for the day when her husband should again be free. Sorrow had developed in this girl a wonderful capacity for patient endurance and a loving sense of the duties which she had assumed, that not even the crime of her husband could nullify. Her father worked assiduously to preserve her from want and he achieved his desires. After a few months had gone by Hannah succeeded under a solemn promise of good conduct in visiting her husband occasionally and of holding constant communication with him by letter. Her success was very opportune. Deprived of all knowledge of his domestic affairs Rupert had become disheartened, and with some of the more desperate inmates of the jail had projected an escape. The plan was to have been consummated within a week of Hannah's first visit, but her appearance and the sad news which she brought revolutionized Rupert's feelings.

It was one Sunday morning that Hannah was first shown into the receiving room of the prison, and Rupert was soon brought to the door. He greeted her almost harshly, for her absence had not been explained to him. But when he saw her form, wasted by sorrow and her face, changed with pain, and the hungry look in her loving eyes, his heart smote him with a mighty indignation against himself, and he cried with passionate tenderness:

"Oh, Hannah, my wife! Forgive me for all the wrong I have done you."

He held out his arms and Hannah rushed to his embrace and rested her head upon his shoulder with no thought of shame.

He was clad in the striped garb of the convict, but she saw him through the eyes of affection and he was to her what he always had been, and would be until death, her joy and love. The tears started to Rupert's eyes, and with a mighty effort he forced them back, and with a fond caress he stopped the weeping of his wife.

"And our baby, Hannah, how is she? She must be a great comfort to you. I know she has comforted you in your loneliness, and that she grows brighter and prettier every day. I hope she will be like her mother."

Hannah gave a great gasp and fainted upon her husband's bosom.

Rupert seized a cup of water and dashed the contents in her face. She recovered from her swoon and in a passion of tearful woe she told her husband of their loss.

Rupert's fate had not done much to soften him, and his good conduct in prison had been only the result of a meditated desire to stand well with the officers of the law. Any real change of heart which had come to him had resulted from the devotion of Hannah. And now that he learned of the death of their child and recalled the desolation which had come into Hannah's life, a great flood of feeling swept over him. In that one second a revulsion took place within his heart and mind which years of ordinary life could not have accomplished.

Rupert had not been essentially criminal by instinct. His wrong-doing arose from the selfish necessity which he felt to have money with which to follow a life of ease. In the beginning he had certainly meditated a wrong against Hannah. Because he had but little true regard for her and his eye was fixed mainly upon the material benefits which would accrue to him from such a marriage. Occasionally during the time of their life together he had been touched by her truth and devotion, and although her oddities of training would repulse him occasionally still he was compelled to acknowledge to himself that she was worthy of much more fidelity and affection than he could bestow.

Not susceptible of self-sacrifice when surrounded by favorable circumstances, Rupert was overwhelmed and conscience-stricken by the accumulation of woes which had followed his wrong-doing. He felt less charity for himself than ever before in his life. And almost to his own astonishment he experienced less sorrow for himself than shame and regret in the presence of his wronged yet faithful wife.

In this mellow state, the thought occurred to him that he was pledged to a plan for the escape of himself and some of the worst of his fellow-prisoners. This project, so far as he was concerned had originally contemplated a flight from the country, and this would practically be a desertion of Hannah.

Holding his bereaved and devoted wife in his arms the full enormity of his baseness was apparent to him. In a burst of indignation at himself he revealed the entire plan to Hannah. And with much humility he besought her forgiveness. Despite all the love which Hannah bore him he might have pleaded in vain—for cowardice and treachery were worse in Hannah's eyes than any other offenses of which he could possibly be guilty—but with a kind of honest artfulness he told her how his desperation had largely arisen from his failure to hear from her and from his desolation in being deprived of the solace of her presence. Hannah's anger and sorrow were quickly smothered. She was not proof against her husband's caresses and these most loving words which he had ever spoken to her. "Besides," she thought, "is not the very freedom with which he has spoken to me the highest proof of his truth and

confidence? Could I ask greater evidence of his repentance and constancy?"

The time soon came for their separation. The guard appeared, and with a gentleness quite unusual to a western penitentiary attendant, told the weeping wife that she must take her departure.

Rupert strained Hannah to his bosom with an intensity of feeling which left no doubt of his sincerity. Then he whispered; "Oh, my love! I am conquered by your faith and by the knowledge of your patient sufferings. Trust me when I say I will be manly and that I will be true to you. Good by, my Hannah, I must leave you to your father's care."

Then in a still lower tone he murmured, "Have no fear, I will not attempt to escape."

Mrs. Thorndyke was led away by the kind-hearted jailer, yet notwithstanding the woes which surrounded her, Hannah felt a strange sense of exultation. Was not Rupert true to her? She was now relieved for the first time since her marriage of a dread that Rupert was not entirely frank and open with her. This had been a haunting fear with her.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

BY I. H.

FIRST let me ask, for what has God created you here on earth? Was it to spend your time loitering about the streets in idleness or debauchery? I think not; but to the contrary He says that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. We read that God created man after His own image, and after His own likeness, and He never designed that the earthly tabernacle which He had given you should be defiled by living in idleness, for idleness gives room to dissipation. No, no, young man, that is not right, every moment should be improved to some noble end.

I often wonder of what some young men are thinking when I see them loitering about the streets seemingly intent on nothing but to while away their most valuable time; time too precious by far to be spent in this manner. Methinks I hear some young man say, "Oh well! we do not always have work and we might as well stand around to see what is to be seen." This is a mistake young man, if you have no manual labor, then study to improve the mental talents with which you may be endowed. It is a great sin to let our talents lie dormant from neglect. What a disgrace it is to manhood to see a young man loitering about the streets with a cigar, or perhaps a dirty-looking pipe in his mouth, swaggering along with his hat on one side and he perhaps a little the worse for drink, yet acts as though unless he did so he could not be called a man! This is what we may call a pretense of a man. When I see one of this class it reminds me of the poet's words,

"Oh! that man once more were manly,
Woman's pride and not her scorn,
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast, "A man is born!"

How easily we can discern the real man! When we see a young man walking along the street with a quick, firm tread, head erect, hat on straight, mouth free from tobacco, a kindly look beaming from his eye, a kind word for all his acquaintances with no affected drawl in his voice: such is a real man.

But we want to see more of these real men; not young men that live only for parade and show, and amusements, be they

good or bad, but young men who are good Latter-day Saints. To be one of this latter class one must live a pure and upright life and persevere in improvement.

It seems to be a habit of some young men, to-day, if they receive counsel or advice from their parents, or those placed to instruct them, and this advice does not happen to correspond with their ideas, they will rebel, and say, "I do not believe that is right and I will not accept the teaching." Young men, beware that you do not incur God's displeasure. Many a young man has commenced his downward course in just the same way. The best way, I have found, from observation as well as experience, is to obey the authorities of the Church and all those who are placed to counsel and advise us. We may not be able to see at once what good is to be derived from such a course, but it will be made plain to us at a future time.

Young men, read this and reflect before proceeding in an unrighteous course, and, unless you choose to number yourselves with those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, you will lay aside your follies and seek to do God's will on earth.

MANUFACTURED MINISTERS.

BY J. H. VAN NATTA.

IN reflecting upon existing affairs in this Territory, my mind reverts back to fifty years ago, when I first learned how preachers of the various so-called Christian denominations were manufactured.

On visiting one of those seminaries of learning, I found upwards of seventy students, who were being taught in the faithless forms and powerless systems of religious worship. They were composed of persons of four different denominations. Their instructor was employed on the co-operative principle, and was paid to instruct each one of the pupils in his favorite doctrine. While conversing with him one day, I asked him which was his favorite doctrine. He replied with a smile that he was a skeptic himself in regard to the doctrines he taught, and the more he associated with those he had to instruct in the art of converting sinners, the greater his doubts as to their sincerity. He further said that the parents of the majority of the pupils were rich and their sons being favorites, were urged to seek popularity by studying for the ministry. After learning what I did as to how preachers were manufactured, I would of necessity had my credulity stretched to a wonderful extent to have been a convert to their exercises.

Taking the above as a sample, it is no wonder that the hireling clergy has been first and foremost in circulating falsehoods about the Latter-day Saints, in heading mobs to murder and drive the Saints from their homes; and in the last fifteen years have made a grand rally, all sects uniting with the most wicked beings on this earth, to deprive us as a people of all constitutional rights, by petitions to representatives of our national government for the most stringent and oppressive laws until the chief executive of the nation has been forced to admit what the consciences of the people require. One object sought is the suppression of that principle of marriage that was ingrafted in the great plan of human redemption: To unite husband and wife for time and eternity by bonds which will endure while eternal ages roll. But all efforts to this end will fail as God will not be thwarted in His purposes.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

ONE would naturally think that the news of General Grant's terrible affliction would have the effect to check the habit of smoking which has become so widespread. General Grant was noted as a smoker. Newspapers mentioned, as an item of news, how many cigars he consumed during the day. We saw it mentioned at one time that he had cigars of a certain quality and strength made for him, because he could not be suited with the ordinary kind. His example had the effect, without doubt, to encourage the practice of smoking. Those who had not learned thought it no harm to learn if so great a man as General Grant could smoke so constantly. Those who smoked moderately thought they might indulge to a greater extent without injury, because they heard how many cigars General Grant smoked and he was a strong and an able man. But now he can smoke no longer. Cancer on the tongue and its roots forbid the indulgence. He is dying from cancer. This disease is said to be due to his habit of smoking.

Will those who justified themselves in smoking, because he smoked, now stop, when they see him dying from the dreadful disease which smoking has brought out? Why not take warning by his fate? If his example was followed when, perhaps, it was not known to be bad, why should his dreadful and painful sickness not prove in like manner, a warning to smokers to shun the vile habit?

We see it is stated by a dealer in cigars that it has had no effect on the trade. Neither does he expect his sales to fall off on this account. The news may scare some timid men to leave off smoking for a little while; but they will soon forget their fright and fall into the habit again. A man who once acquires the tobacco habit, becomes to a great extent a slave. He may make many resolves, and may even lay aside the habit; but it is not often that a man forgets the taste for it, or entirely overcomes the inclination so that it ceases to be a temptation to use it.

It is on this account that we have so often urged our young readers to never use it in any form. Never make slaves of yourselves, by acquiring a habit that cannot in any way do you the least good. If you do not learn to use it, the smell or the taste of it will be no temptation to you. You can pass through a warehouse full of it, in all its variously prepared forms, and the smell will have the effect rather to repel than invite its taste.

The habit once acquired, and with the most of people it is seemingly impossible to throw it off. The death of General Grant from smoking, or any number of men from the same causes, if it should have any effect at all, would merely cause smokers in the most of instances to stop for a little while.

IF the Latter-day Saints did not have so many children perhaps our enemies would not be so much afraid of us, or so eager to destroy us. We have nearly 50,000 in our Sunday schools, and they are increasing. If these boys and girls would grow up pure and full of faith and devoted to their religion and its principles, what a power they would be in the earth! But it is sad to think that they will not all do this. Satan is watching them. He leads off one and another. He persuades them to listen to him. He spreads temptation before them. He appeals to their appetites and passions. Some are deceived by him. They fall into his snares and are led to destruction. By laboring with children and teaching them they may be taught to resist and avoid him. For this Sunday schools are organized, and the Elders of the Church labor constantly to show men and women and boys and girls the road to happiness.

But though some will listen to Satan, there are many who will obey their Heavenly Father. They will add strength to Zion, and Zion will spread abroad. This is the feature in our Church which our enemies dislike. Everywhere in our settlements children are numerous. This is not the case in some places. For instance, we see it stated that in France children are so few as to cause some concern to scientific men. Two hundred years ago the population of France was so numerous that it amounted to one-third of that of the whole of Europe. Now, it is only one-tenth of that of Europe. Let it keep on decreasing as at present, and it will not be long until the birth rate there will only be equal to the death rate, and France will have lost its place as one of the great powers of Europe. Now, it is said of France, that the number of infants in proportion to grown people is less than in any other nation of Europe. This speaks badly for the virtue of that nation. In many places in the United States this would be the case also if it were not for the emigrants who come in from foreign lands. But not so in our valleys. Children abound. There is scarcely a house without them. They make themselves felt everywhere. The meeting houses are not large enough to hold them. It keeps masons and carpenters busy to erect school houses to accommodate them.

King David, the psalmist, says: "Children are a heritage of the Lord * * * Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed; but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate."

The greatest blessing which the Lord most frequently promises to the righteous is, that they shall have numerous children. "He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly."

Speaking of every one that feareth the Lord, it is said: "Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house; thy children like olive plants around thy table."

The blessing of fruitfulness is promised to the righteous in their families, in their lands, in their flocks and herds and in all that they possess.

But the curse upon the wicked is, that they shall perish and their names be blotted out; their posterity shall fail. Barrenness falls upon them, their lands, their flocks and herds and upon all they possess.

Wicked men and wicked nations may have a seeming prosperity. But it does not endure. Sooner or later they go down and perish. Their names are not perpetuated in their children.

MAN feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

MARK DENTON was a man of brilliant endowments, and one whose actions, when performed in sober moments, towards his family and friends were kindness itself. In general intelligence he had few superiors for one of his age. He held a position of honor and trust in the city where he resided, which afforded sufficient remuneration to more than keep himself and family in comfortable circumstances. His family connections, too, were most respectable, and his wife, a loving and

promises of reform which at the most favorable opportunity were broken.

Thus matters continued for several years. Mr. Denton's financial condition gradually became worse. Those of his friends who had hoped with every promise that his release from the bondage of drink would soon be effected, lost faith in his vows and he also began to lose all confidence in himself and his power of self-control. His wife, who through all trials and misfortunes had faithfully stood by his side, and had cheered him in his efforts to overcome this ruling passion, but



faithful woman, had been blessed with two little girls. But notwithstanding all these favorable circumstances, these great blessings, the demon drink, which from his youth had gradually but surely been weaving its terrible web about him, would frequently gain complete mastery over him. At such times, home, family, friends, position and everything were forgotten or, at least, laid aside, until reason again began to assert its sway; then the folly and wickedness of his course would be made apparent to him, and in his remorse he would make

had never uttered one word of reproach even when he failed, now became sick and after several months of suffering, died. Quickly following her demise was the sickness of the youngest child, which was soon laid by its mother's side in the grave.

This sad misfortune nearly crazed Mark Denton for a time. He wandered about for days as if bereft of reason. Gradually, however, he began to realize his position; and as if to try and drown his sorrow he indulged in his old habits, drinking deeper and more often than ever before. As a result of his

folly, poverty followed in Mark's footsteps. From a pleasant home he and his remaining child, a lovely daughter of ten years, were forced to move to a garret and live almost upon the verge of starvation.

Mary, for this was the child's name, labored unceasingly, but apparently in vain, to release her father from the slavery into which he had fallen. She plead and exhorted him by the love which he bore for her mother, to refrain from drink; but she saw no change. She suffered from hunger and cold, but these were as nought compared with the anguish she felt at seeing the downward course her beloved parent was treading. This sight was worse than all else to her, and unless relief should come, she felt unable to endure life much longer.

One cold December night Mary sat by the smoldering fire, which afforded her but little warmth, waiting for her father. Since morning she had not seen him, when he went out to obtain, as he said, food for her to eat. Where he was she readily guessed—in the saloon, while she was shivering with cold and suffering for food. With hot tears coursing down her cheeks she reflected upon her lonely condition. She realized that there was no person upon earth who could afford her the comfort and support she desired, and therefore with hopeful heart she kneeled by her bedside to pray to that Being who can give peace to all who seek Him.

Here she poured out the inmost thoughts and desires of her soul. She implored God to give her father strength to overcome the temptations which beset him, that he might not fill a drunkard's grave. How earnestly did she plead for her wayward parent! Little did she know that other ears besides those of the Creator heard her fervent petitions. But so it was. Mr. Denton had entered the door unobserved by his prostrate child, and with indescribable emotions had listened to the pleadings of his beloved though neglected daughter. His heart was softened; his eyes were opened, and a resolution such as had never before been made passed his lips. He caught his daughter in his arms, and calling her his deliverer, promised that henceforth he would be a MAN.

The rest of the incident is soon told. Mark moved out of the city on a farm, which he was enabled to rent, that he might be free from temptation for a time until he could gain strength to resist evil. Mary kept house for him until he succeeded in gaining the love of another good woman who became his wife. He steadily progressed, but it required years of labor and care before those who had known him in his days of sin could again trust him. He is, however, thankful that he has regained so much, and often says that the thing which saved him from ruin and disgrace was his child's prayer.

BAD COMPANY.

BY W. J.

IT is pleasant to reflect upon the fact that many of our sons and daughters are members of mutual improvement associations, and, being such, place themselves in a position to enjoy good company, and to be instructed in the path of virtue and endless life. They are workers in the associations and in our Sunday schools; they are fortifying themselves against temptations; they are increasing their store of useful knowledge; they are learning the gospel of present and eternal salvation and exaltation, and growing better every day; and, although there is still plenty of room for improvement, they

are benefiting themselves and others very materially, and the evidence of this is distinctly perceivable in the society in which they move. This is praise-worthy. Let praise and encouragement be given them without stint. And may they continue steadfastly in the road to perfection! But while it is a pleasure to note the improvement in some, there lies cause for regret in the fact that there are too many who are more or less indifferent as to their intellectual, moral and religious culture and advancement.

Some may be effected with shyness and diffidence to a great degree, and do not like to mingle in society; yet these should be overcome to an extent not bordering on impropriety, for they are blocks to essential progress; but the greatest obstacles in the path of the young are the evil influences now so prevalent and powerful, and which operate so effectually in bad company. These influences operate in almost an endless variety of ways, a few only of which can be pointed out in this short article.

There is one underlying principle of evil, which its author implants in the hearts of the generations of men as they successively come upon the earth, and which he knows by experience in the rebellion in heaven is powerful in the accomplishment of his wicked purposes, and that is, a disposition not to yield to the restraints of rule, order and law. This disposition is abundantly manifested throughout the earth to-day, and it is on the increase, and its results are fearful to contemplate. It crops out in the young, and that, too, while some are very young, and it needs watching and handling very carefully and wisely or, in the disregard of paternal authority and restraint, the foundation will be laid for a reckless and lawless manhood, an untimely death, and a dreadful hereafter in the prison-house of the damned.

When parents send their boy to school, desiring him to be in time, and to be a good, obedient, studious boy, some hoodlum, disobedient boys meet him on the street with the hook of temptation well baited—"we are going to have lots of fun at such a place"—"we are going to see some splendid sights, boys," and so on; and, if such baits as these are not greedily nibbled at and swallowed, then comes the taunt: "you don't want to go and be a jolly fellow like the rest of us, because you're afraid your dad will give you a whipping;" and, should this taunt fail in its effect, then comes the counsel of the evil one: "Don't you go to school. I wouldn't. I'd go where I please, and do as I like. I wouldn't be tied down and tyrannized over by my parents, nor by anybody else—I'd do as I'd please for all of them; and you're a fool and a coward if you don't do so too." Girls are influenced, more or less, with the spirit of "do as you please," and thus disregard their parents, and this is what bad company does for both boys and girls.

Parents teach their children to "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," and start them for the Sunday school, but the spirit of evil is particularly interested and engaged on this "day of rest." It does not want the "Sabbath day kept holy" unto the Lord, nor the Lord of the Sabbath worshiped on that day, hence, bad Sabbath-breaking company is ready for service on the streets, and is posted for special duty in the immediate vicinity of the Sunday school, so as to prevent attendance as much as possible, and to disturb and influence those who are gathered within its walls and induce them to leave and join the hoodlums in breaking the Sabbath.

Bad habits are introduced by bad company. Smoking is among them. And what a wonderful accomplishment it is, to be able to draw smoke into the mouth and puff it out again or to force a little of it through the nostrils! The young man

who can do this, performs a wonderful feat! And what good can it do the operator to simply draw in his breath, thus forming a vacuum into which the smoke can pass by the pressure of the atmosphere, and puffing it out again? No good whatever. But, does it do him any harm? Yes; it poisons his blood and super-induces disease. The disease in General Grant's tongue has been attributed to the pernicious habit of smoking. The writer has been recently informed that a well-known physician in this Territory told one of his patients a short time ago that if he did not quit smoking it would kill him. And the testimony of smokers and scientists proves that tobacco, whether smoked or chewed, injures the human system. Yet smoking and chewing tobacco are two of the things which the tempter prompts bad company to induce the Sunday school scholar to practice.

Drunkenness is another fearful evil—fearful and terrible in its results—which is introduced by bad company. Lying, stealing and unvirtuous conduct, are other evils of great magnitude and which are also introduced by bad company. But space forbids enumeration—the catalogue of sins against God, of which this generation is guilty, is too long.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners." "Shun the appearance of evil." Be not caught in bad company. Remember poor dog Tray. The same principle is illustrated in Æsop's fable of the husbandman and the stork, as follows: "A husbandman fixed a net in his field to catch the cranes that came to feed on his new-sown corn. When he went to examine the net, and to see what cranes he had taken, a stork was found among the number. 'Spare me, cried the stork, and let me go. I am no crane. I have eaten none of your corn. I am a poor innocent stork, as you may see—the most pious and dutiful of birds. I honor and succor my father and mother. I'—But the husbandman cut him short. 'All this may be true enough, I dare say, but this I know, I have caught you with those who were destroying my crops, and you must suffer in the company in which you are taken.'"

Be wise, therefore. Shun bad company. It is not an easy matter to handle charcoal without getting soiled hands. Young folks are known by the company with which they prefer to associate. Better be alone, as a rule, than in bad company. If you seek bad company, do so, not to descend to their level, but to raise them to yours. But do not venture upon this until you can overcome evil with good. Rather seek good company. Associate with those who are better than yourself, whenever you have an opportunity to do so. Get all the benefit you can from their superior intelligence, their higher morality, and their purer influence, and thus continue to climb the ladder of intelligence, of moral purity, and of goodness in the sight of the heavens, until you can feel at home in the presence of the angels of God.

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY.

BY L. K. YOUNG.

Fred.—Tilly here comes James and Rose Thorn. Let us wait for them, and see if they are going to Sunday school.

Tilly.—I wonder if they are? They have not been for a long time. (*Enter James and Rose.*)

F.—Good morning James and Rose. We saw you coming and so we waited for you.

Rose.—Where are you going?

T.—To Sunday school. Are not you going?

James.—No We are going to Aunt Jane's. It is Cousin Charley's birthday and we are going to have a good time. Uncle has three nice riding ponies and we will have a ride on them.

F.—What! on Sunday?

J.—Yes. "The better the day the better the deed."

T.—I would not miss Sunday school for two or three rides.

R.—I don't care whether I go or not. I would rather have the ride, and go to school next Sunday.

J.—I don't see any use of going every Sunday. We want a little time for play, and when we go to school all week I think we ought to have Sunday for ourselves.

F.—But if we play and ride horses on Sunday, we will not be keeping the Sabbath day holy.

J.—It is no harm for children to break the Sabbath in that way. We can't sit in the house all day and put on a long face, we have to play a little.

R.—I have heard mother say, you cannot put old heads on young shoulders, and I think that means that we can play and have all the fun we want.

T.—We can learn to do right, and have all the amusement that is for our good and still not have old heads on our shoulders. And I have heard my mother say, "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

J.—What does she mean by that?

F.—She means, that the habits we form while we are children will remain with us, to quite an extent at least. If we are Sabbath breakers while we are children, we will be when we are men and women, and the same with other habits, either good or bad.

S.—Well I do not want to do wrong. I am sure I did not think of doing what I ought not to do by going to uncle's to play and ride.

J.—Come on Rose, let's go, or we will not get there in time to have a ride before dinner. (*Starts off.*)

F.—Wait a moment. Have you read the sermon that was published a short time ago in regard to the Sabbath?

J.—Sermon! No. I never did such a thing in my life. The idea of me reading a sermon! Why, they are only for old folks to read.

T.—You are mistaken; they are for the young folks as much as for the old. Fred and I always read them.

R.—Well what about the sermon?

F.—The speaker, Bro. Cannon, said that those who break the Sabbath, and would not cease to do so, should be cut off from the Church.

J.—He did not mean children.

F.—Yes, but he did. He said men, women and children.

R.—James, let us not go to uncle's to-day.

T.—Come, go to Sunday school now, and go there some other day.

J.—There will be no school to-morrow, and perhaps ma will let us go then.

F.—And Tilly and I will go with you, for Charles has asked us to spend a day with him as soon as we can.

R.—I did not think it necessary for children to live so strict.

T.—Children must learn to do right or they will not know what right is when they are older.

J.—Well, Rose, we will go to Sunday school, and run the risk of going to Charley's to-morrow; but I do hate to give up the ride on the pony to-day.

F.—You will enjoy it better to-morrow.

All—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

PREDICTIONS without number have been made to the Latter-day Saints respecting the trials they would have to meet to test their faith in the gospel. The Saints ought to be prepared for persecution and difficulty if they believed the testimony of the prophets, Apostles and Elders. These men would be false prophets unless severe trials did come. The Church has been constantly told that it must be prepared for every kind of tribulation and affliction, and that its members must be willing, if they expected to attain unto celestial glory, to lay down their lives for the truth.

Now that trials are upon us, and persecution against the law of patriarchal marriage is raging, it is a consolation for the leading officers of the Church to know that these have not come upon the people unexpectedly and without warning. No member of the Church can truthfully say that he or she has been deceived, or lulled into a false security, or been urged to obey any principle of the gospel without being told the consequences that would be likely to follow such obedience.

These are interesting, and, it may be said, exciting times. But they are times in which Latter-day Saints should rejoice; for this is the command of the Great Head of the Church, the Savior Himself. He says:

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

This is precisely the position we are in, and we should rejoice that we are in such honorable company as that of the holy prophets, including our Redeemer Himself.

Such scenes as these are necessary for the people to pass through to prove and test them and to cause them to exhibit their true feelings. Honest, faithful people, who have the true courage of the gospel, will appear, at such times, to advantage. These qualities will be brought to the surface. They will be strong, full of courage, nerve and faith.

The unfaithful and the hypocrite, on the contrary, will be looking around for some way to escape the trial. They will be fearful, full of apprehensions and be ready to yield or to run and abandon their faith. I have already heard that some of this class talk of compromise. What they mean by compromise, I suppose, is to give up some principle of the gospel and promise not to obey or practice it. As the principle of patriarchal marriage is the one now so savagely attacked, this is the one such persons are preparing themselves to yield. I view such men as apostates already at heart. They are more dangerous than our open enemies. Our open enemies we are prepared to resist. We look for nothing from them but opposition. But not so with those who have a standing in the Church. They are among us, are called Saints and are inside our citadel. They can betray us because of these advantages. Judas, as one of the twelve apostles, could do more towards betraying his Lord than would have been possible had he only been a Pharisee, or an open enemy of Jesus. Benedict Arnold, as a trusted general in the Revolutionary army, could do far more towards betraying the cause of liberty and General Washington than any Tory on the continent. William Law, as the counselor of the Prophet Joseph Smith, had advantages as a hypocrite and traitor, in secretly plotting against the life of

the Lord's anointed, that no anti-Mormon confederate of his possessed.

Hence it is, that in all ages and among all people, traitors of this character have been execrated as the lowest and meanest of mankind. The very persons for whom they sell their souls, and whose infamous tools they become, despise them. They only use them for the purpose of betrayal, and even then are distrustful of them, and throw them aside with contempt and scorn. Of what use was Judas after his act of perfidy? The men who had purchased him scorned him, as is apparent from their reply to him when he told them he had betrayed innocent blood: "What is that to us? See thou to that."

Benedict Arnold, who was a brave and very daring man, and had distinguished himself by brilliant deeds in the service of the colonies, lost even the admiration which such conduct evokes, when he became a traitor. His services for his country were overclouded by the baseness of his treason. He obtained high rank in the British army as the price of his attempt to betray the cause of liberty; but he never enjoyed the respect of any honorable Briton. He was looked upon and shunned as a traitor, and led an unhappy and miserable life.

Thus it has been and thus it ever will be with people of this class.

There are men who say: "Yield this practice for the present; perhaps public opinion may soften and then this principle may be taught and practiced."

I look upon such a suggestion as from the devil. It would be quite as proper to propose apostasy for a short season until public opinion would become more favorable to us. If there are any in the Church who cannot stand the pressure, instead of talking compromise, let them withdraw quietly from the Church. If they can see nothing in the principle of celestial marriage worth contending for, leave those who do see and appreciate its value to fight the battle alone. The latter will then neither be weakened nor betrayed by the association of those who, in their hearts, stand ready to yield. If there are men in the Church who love the world and its favor better than they do God and truth, or if they fear man's displeasure and punishment more than they love eternal exaltation, now is a good time for them to exhibit the feeling. But if they have any regard left for those who have been their friends and brethren, they ought not, while professing to be members of the Church, be consorting with those who are its deadly enemies and assenting to their plans for the destruction of a vital principle of exaltation. They should have so much self-respect that, while professing to worship Jehovah, they will not prostrate themselves before the image of Baal.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the Deseret Sunday School Union convened in the tabernacle at Logan, on Monday evening, the sixth of April.

On the stand were Apostles F. M. Lyman, J. H. Smith, H. J. Grant and J. W. Taylor; Prest. C. O. Card, Asst. Gen. Supt. Geo. Goddard and other Stake and Sunday school authorities.

The Logan Choir, with Bro. Alexander Lewis, conductor, and Hyrum Wahlstrom, organist, rendered several choice pieces in beautiful style during the evening.

The meeting was called to order by Supt. Goddard. After singing by the choir and prayer by Elder L. W. Richards, the roll of Stakes was called by the secretary.

Asst. Stake Supts. Alma H. Hale of Tooele, George Lewis of Maricopa, Fred. Turner, of Cache, and Sunday School Missionary Stowell of Weber, gave brief reports of the Sunday school work in their respective Stakes. Their reports indicated that this work was prospering and increasing in general interest.

Singing by the choir.

Asst. Gen. Supt. Goddard was pleased with the reports given and would have been glad if the General Superintendent could have been present. From the general annual report of the Union for the past year he learned that there are about 40,000 pupils enrolled in our Sunday schools. Upon the youth of Zion would soon rest the responsibilities of this kingdom. Our religion is a practical one. Its practical character should be carefully impressed upon the minds of our children. What great good would result if all were to observe the important principles of tithing and the word of wisdom! Recommended the grading of classes in our Sunday schools. This, according to the reports given, is done in several of the Stakes. Also spoke of the importance of punctuality; of congregational singing; of the choice of competent secretaries who would render correct, neat and prompt reports and keep good minutes. Each Stake and school superintendent should examine his statistical report and see that it is all right before it is sent in. One large Stake (Weber), in their report, stated the very gratifying fact that all the members of the Church from six to twenty years of age, except about 150, are enrolled in their Sunday schools. He dwelt on the great responsibilities depending upon Sunday school officers and teachers and the necessity of their teaching by example as well as precept.

Apostle F. M. Lyman felt that they were greatly indebted to the choir and their leader for their excellent music during the conference and at this meeting. This Sunday school work is under the immediate supervision of the first counselor to the president of the Church, and the fact that Bishops and others attend these Sunday schools shows the interest that is and should be felt in them. Teachers should be exemplary in all their lives and manifest a kind interest in their pupils in and out of school. They should teach them the very important principle of prayer. There is no more important labor nor a finer field for doing good than in our Sunday schools. Instead of reading a great deal the children should be made to read carefully and no word should be passed without their knowing its meaning and pronunciation. This is a very important matter. Each teacher should have a good pocket dictionary at hand; and it is also advisable to have an unabridged dictionary convenient for reference in the school. Great care should be bestowed on our Sunday schools; the best and most qualified of the brethren and sisters should be chosen by the Bishops to act as teachers. The very important doctrine of the Lord's supper should be taught not only by the superintendent, but by every teacher, until it is clearly understood and impressed upon the minds of the scholars. And all the members of the school should be careful to partake of the emblems in the proper spirit and manner. Children should be prepared by proper instruction and do this aright; and to do so they should *eat, remembering the body, and drink, remembering the blood of our Savior*, who was sacrificed for the sins of the world. Of all the principles which should be inculcated on the youth there is none of more

importance than this of the holy sacrament. He closed by supplicating blessings to rest on all engaged in this good work.

After singing by the choir, meeting closed with benediction by Prest. C. O. Card.

CURIOSITIES.

BY J. C.

THERE are many curiosities that naturally come within the range of our comprehension, and, as we all know, some of them are not very easily accounted for. This world of ours is so wide, and there is such a diversity of men and things in it, that it would be strange, indeed, if we did not meet many anomalies to excite our curiosity and wonder. We purpose here to pen a few sentences on intellectual oddities.

There are some seemingly intelligent persons so peculiarly constituted, that whether they speak or write, they naturally incline to do so, in a merry, sensational strain, and seem to lack the power to apply manner to befit matter. And, although it is generally conceded that seriousness and gravity of expression are best suited to subjects where awe and reverence are inculcated, some seem to act as if it were a sin to express their ideas in anything but language light, gay and sensational, which, when the subject is purely emotional, is very rude, distasteful, and disagreeable indeed to natures of delicacy, refinement and sensibility.

It is a fact, too well demonstrated to need comment, that the more closely the manner can be applied to the matter to be enunciated, the greater will be the effect, for good, on the minds of those who read or hear a production, for, no matter how much truth or intelligence a subject may contain, it will lose much of its efficacy and effect if it be not circumscribed or modified by the foregoing observations.

There is a right and a wrong way of doing everything, and a proper season in which to do all things; and everybody knows that a comic song sung by the bedside of the dying or at a funeral service, would be rude and inappropriate, and everyone understands that jollity and merriment in the house of the Lord or at the bench where the condemned criminal stands trembling and in tears awaiting his death sentence, would be in very bad keeping with the gravity of such occasions.

He would be regarded as a musical block-head who would arrange some laughter-provoking stanzas to the music of some mournful, touching notes in some very delicate minor key and equally absurd it would appear to have some fine pathetic song twisted and distorted with the uneuphonical, discordant strains of some hop, step and leap measure of amateur manipulation, professing to be a tune.

Nor would it be favorable to the health or reputation of anyone to prefer to dress in the lightest fabrics obtainable, in the cold, chilly weather of the winter months or to pride one's self in wearing a heavy overcoat closely buttoned up to his throat, under the scorching rays of a July sun.

Yet, ridiculous as these would appear, we have known some men, who reckoned themselves rather intelligent, digress as widely from the manner properly befitting the matter of their subjects, as these garments, were they worn under the circumstances described, would be out of season.

Lesson for the Little Ones.

PRIMARY EXERCISES.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

ONCE, when Jesus was followed by many people down to the sea-shore, He went into a ship and sat down where the people could see and hear Him. They stood on the shore listening to His teachings.

He here taught them the parable of the sower: Behold, a sower went forth to sow; and when he sowed, some seed fell by the wayside, and the birds and fowls came and devoured them up. Some fell upon stony places, where there was not much earth, and the seed came up soon; but because there was no deepness to the earth they had no root; and when the sun was up, they were scorched and soon withered away. And some seed fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up and choked the good seed out. But other seed fell upon good ground, and brought forth fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixtyfold and some thirtyfold.

Then Jesus said, Who hath ears to hear, let him hear. His disciples came to Him, asking why he taught the people in parables. He answered, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; but to them it is not given, for their hearts are not as yours, and they do not want to understand for fear they should be made to believe. They are dull to hear, and close their eyes so they cannot see; but blessed are you, for you hear and see, and your hearts understand.

Jesus then explained to His disciples the parable of the sower: There are many who hear the word of God, but understand it not; and the evil one comes along and catches away the good seed of truth that might find place in their hearts. This is he that received the seed by the wayside. But he that received the seed in stony places is he that accepted the truth with joy, and seemed so true at first; but when trials came he was found weak, and was offended, and so fell away from the truth. And he that receives the seed among thorns is he that believes, but lets the cares of the world and the love of riches choke the love of the truth from his heart. Such a one neglects his prayers, goes out for pleasure on the Sabbath day, does not attend meeting and gets too stingy to pay his tith-

ing. But he that receives the seed in good ground is he that hears the truth and understands and loves it, proving by his good actions that the seed fell on good ground and is bearing fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixty and some thirty, according to his faithfulness.

Can you not think of those who refuse the truth; how they let the evil one prompt them to abuse our Elders, and persecute those who would be glad to do them good? Then we can think of those who believe the gospel and come from other countries for the truth; some will be valiant for a time; but if they are not made comfortable, and do not have things as they want them, they get angry and will turn from the truth, and the good seed withers up in their hearts; while others who know the gospel is true will be so anxious to get rich, and love the things of this world so much more than the kingdom of God, that the thorns choke the good seed out.

Jesus Christ is he who sows the good seed and the Latter-day Saints are those who have received it in good ground. Now, all the dear children who are born here in Zion should try to be among those who prove by their goodness and purity that they will bear fruit a hundredfold; for the gospel is the same to-day as it was in the day when Jesus sat in the ship and taught the people who were standing on the shore the truths of heaven by parables. There are many things He taught in this way; for He wanted all to understand, to believe and be saved.

QUESTIONS.

1. How did Jesus teach the people when He sat in the ship?
2. What was the parable called?
3. What did he mean by the seed falling by the wayside and the fowls eating it up?
4. What was meant by the seed falling on stony places?
5. What was meant by the seed being choked by thorns?
6. What became of the seed that fell on good ground?
7. Why did Jesus teach the people in parables?
8. What was the difference between His disciples and the people?
9. Who is the sower of the good seed?
10. Who has received the good seed?
11. How should the children of the Saints prove themselves?

ZINA.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER VII.

THE governor, being satisfied by the movements of the enemy of their approach, ordered the batteries manned and every necessary arrangement made for their reception. The admiral, in a two-decker, moored about 900 yards from the batteries, the others taking their stations north and south of the flag-ship in a masterly manner, the most distant from the batteries being 1,100 or 1,200 yards. Every preparation was made without molestation until the first anchor dropped, when the artillery commenced firing. This was about ten o'clock, a. m. The cannonading was tremendous from sea and land. Pen cannot describe the scene. Upwards of 400 of the heaviest artillery were in play at the same moment. Incessant showers of hot shot, can cases and shell of every species flew from all quarters. The masts and rigging of the ships presented a distressed spectacle. Artillery-men in the garrison, dead, mangled and wounded, were strewn in great numbers along the batteries.

About two o'clock, p. m. the admiral's ship was on fire and others were smoking. Confusion was manifested among the fleet, which gave fresh impetus to the garrison. About seven o'clock, p. m. the firing abated, and at midnight several ships, among which were six battering ships, were on fire. So brilliant was the conflagration that, with the flashing of cannon, the whole rock was highly illuminated, forming a scene of sublimity and terror. Soon after several ships blew up with terrible loss to life and with terrific report. Some other ships were burned to the water's edge, the magazines being too wet to explode.

The garrison relieved many of the distressed enemy with their boats, and succeeded in taking many prisoners. About 2,000 of the enemy were killed and wounded, the garrison sustaining a loss of 84 in killed and wounded. 5,260 men were engaged by sea alone, and had in use 328 guns. The garrison had only 80 cannon, 7 mortars and 9 howitzers. The number of prisoners taken by the English were 357, many of whom were dreadfully wounded, but were conveyed to hospitals and kindly treated. Many valuables were found that had been washed ashore from the destroyed vessels. A Spanish officer was found on the beach, who had a purse of money and a gold watch in his pocket. He was buried with due respect. The next day a flag of truce was hoisted by the enemy.

The Spanish and French ships were bomb-proofed, so as to resist the action of fire; and it is said to be at the suggestion of an artillery-man to use red-hot shot, that such a signal victory was gained over the ships.

A heavy gale from the west loosened several ships from their anchorage and some were driven ashore, one or two were lost, and the *St. Michael*, a two-decker, coming under the garrison batteries, was so disabled as to be forced to surrender. 534 men were made prisoners from her. She was considered one of the fastest ships in the Spanish navy—a new and splendid vessel.

Some firing was continued by the enemy, although the poor soldiers began to be much discouraged from their bad success and long siege. In a short time the navy began to break up, although a sufficient number remained to keep up a continual annoyance with their gun-boats. On the land side the enemy advanced under cover of the rock and were preparing an extensive mine, hoping to accomplish something by having an explosion. The mine was not sprung, however, as on Feb.

2nd the enemy forwarded letters to the governor, informing him of the preliminaries of a general peace, a treaty having been signed by Great Britain, France and Spain. When the boats met, the Spaniards rose up and shouted with joy, "We are all friends!" and then delivered the letters with the greatest apparent satisfaction. Just previous to the delivery of these messages a general volley was discharged, but none after.

On the 5th, Duc de Crillon, of the enemy, informed the governor that the blockade by sea was discontinued, in consequence of which a placard was published in the fortress, signifying that the port of Gibraltar was again open. About noon an elevated gun was wantonly fired over their works, which was the last shot fired in the siege. Joy and tranquility reigned supreme, and as ships arrived loaded with provisions there was great rejoicing.

According to the treaty signed at Paris, Gibraltar was to remain in the possession of England. This remarkable siege lasted three years, seven months and twelve days. At its close a schooner from Barbary, Africa, brought a letter and a present of bullocks to the governor, requesting a renewal of peace. A duke sent from Spain, as a present to the governor, a magnificent gray horse. The governor soon dined with the duke at San Roque, a neighboring town in Spain. Soon afterwards, in return, the duke was received into the fortress and dined with the governor. While viewing the works and batteries, he said: "Gentlemen, I would rather see you here as friends than on your batteries as enemies, where you never spared me." After viewing the place he returned through the gates, where he was saluted with nineteen cannon.

The governor received from his government the most honorable Order of the Bath as a mark of approbation for his defense of Gibraltar; and also received a pension for life. A colonade was erected where the victory was gained, and both officers and men were highly commended by the parent government for their grand defense.

The amount of shot, shell, etc., expended by the enemy was 258 387; and by the garrison, 205,328, and about 8,000 barrels of powder.

The following list will give an idea of what it cost to live at Gibraltar during the blockade: A calf's head and feet, \$9.00; a calf's pluck, \$3 65; hind quarters of a sheep, with head, \$37 50; head and feet of a sheep, \$3 65, a bullock's head and feet, \$5 85; a bullock's heart, \$2.43, a goat's head, \$2 25; onions, 60 cents per pound; a cabbage, 43 cents. An ordinary cow sold for \$250.00, with a reserve of one pint of milk each day.

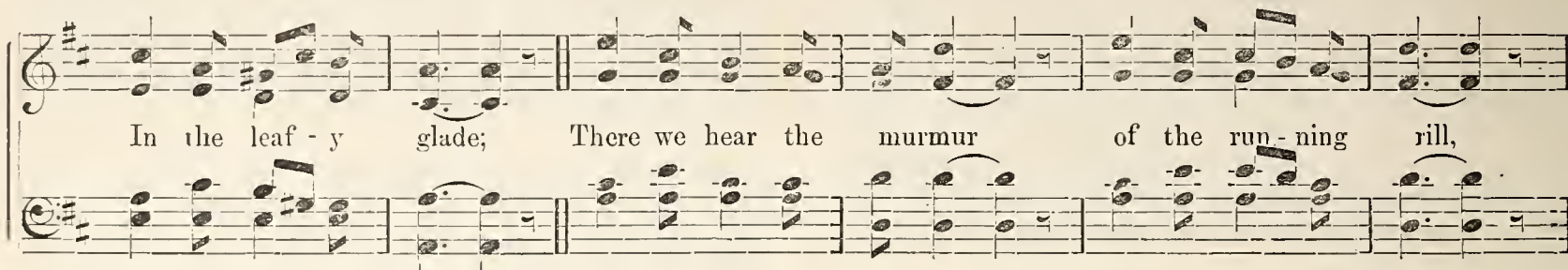
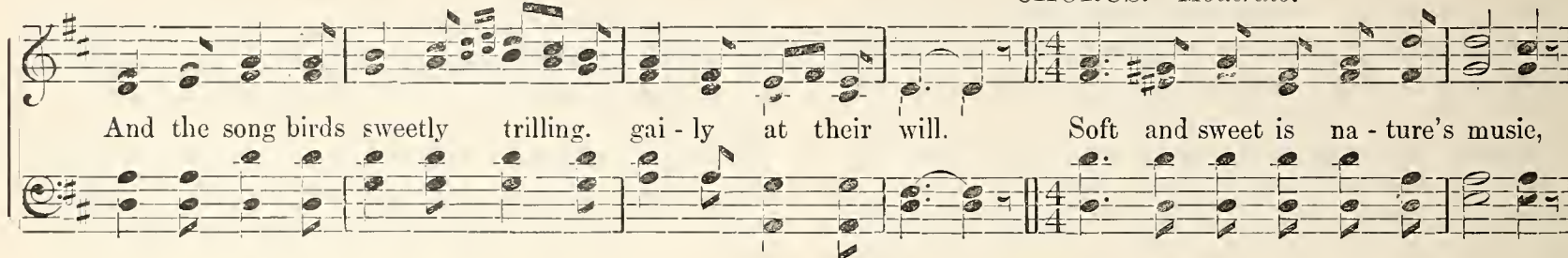
This letter concludes the last and greatest of fourteen sieges which the garrison has withstood, the first being in the year 1308, between the Castilians and Moors. The Moors held the place, altogether, 726 years. It was taken by the English in 1704 and has been retained by them ever since. It is the key to the Mediterranean and is of great importance in the defense of England against foreign powers.

THE VALUE OF LIFE.—Those who know the value of human life know the importance of a year, a day, and even an hour; and these when spent amid the full enjoyment of the vital functions, of how much importance to our whole existence! It is therefore an eternal and irreparable loss, when time is not enjoyed as it ought.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

WORDS BY WM. POWELL.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

We may learn this lesson from the busy bee,
Gathering sweetest honey from each flower and tree:
Never waste the momen's, time is fleeting by,
We can lay up golden treasures if we really try.

As we rise each morn'ng, lo! the sun so bright
Cheers the humblest homestead with her radiant light,
We should never waver whate'er comes to try;
This we always should remember, rest comes by and by.

PRIZE PUZZLES.

SOME time ago we offered prizes for the best original puzzles, enigmas or charades. The first prize offered was a work entitled, "Adventures Round the World;" the second was a "Popular History of the United States." Quite a number of our young friends competed for these prizes, and after examining all the contributions received we have decided that F. H. Smyth of Fountain Green is entitled to receiving the first prize, for a charade, which we consider the most meritorious of what we have received. The next in point of merit is a square word puzzle by J. M. Fisher, Jr., of East Mill Creek, to whom we have awarded the second prize. One or both of these puzzles will appear in our next number, and the others that are worthy of publication will follow, so that our readers may see them and judge for themselves as to their merits, and also have the privilege of solving them.

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NO. 11.

INDIA RUBBER.

ALL of our readers doubtless know what india rubber is for it is found in one shape or another in almost every house; but few, perhaps, of our younger readers know whence it comes or how it is obtained. This valuable article is also called gum elastic and caoutchouc, and is obtained from plants which grow in temperate climates. But it is only in tropical or sub-tropical climates that the trees yield a sufficient quantity for gathering and exportation. The greatest quantity of india rubber is obtained from South America, although a considerable amount also comes from British India, the west coast of Africa and the Indian Archipelago.

The process of collecting the gum which exists in the milky juice of plants continues from July to January is as follows: A gash is made in the bark of the tree with a very narrow hatchet into which a wedge of wood and a tube are inserted. Below these are placed basins made of large leaves or clay which catch the liquid as it oozes from the tree. In four or five hours each gash or orifice will have yielded from three to five table-spoonfuls when it will cease and new incisions must be made. The milk is then poured from the basins into a large earthen vessel when the process of smoking and shaping it is begun, before the milk coagulates.

A fire being kindled a bottomless earthen pot is placed mouth down over it, so that the smoke can ascend through the top. The person who is to perform this labor then takes his

mould, and pours the milk over it with a cup, and passes it slowly to and fro through the smoke until it is thoroughly dry. He then pours on another coat which he smokes and dries in a similar manner, and so continues until the required thickness has been obtained, when the moulds which are made of wood or clay are either cut or washed out of the india rubber. The

article is then ready for exportation to the various countries where it is manufactured into balls, erasers, bands and many other articles too numerous to mention.

When the crude material arrives from abroad it is cut into small shreds and thoroughly washed by powerful machinery, after which it is placed in a heated room to dry. From here it is taken to a room where it passes between very heavy rollers until it becomes a solid mass of rubber entirely free from air holes. This mass is then cut under water by powerful knives or shears into sheets which are sold to stationers to be cut to any desired size or are supplied to manufacturers of rubber goods.

Our engraving represents some of the natives of South America who live near the Amazon river in the act of gathering the milk of the india rubber tree. By some the tree is hewed down before the sap is extracted, but this method is not considered to be as good as to draw from the tree while standing, for the gum does not flow as readily when the trunk is detached from the roots. Besides, when cut down it will not gather another yield of gum.



ADVICE TO YOUNG GIRLS.

GIRLS, now is the time to improve yourselves. Do not disgrace your bright young minds by giving place to low, trivial thoughts, for the mind is too precious a jewel to be thus degraded. Try to ennoble yourselves in every way. Keep good company. You may be assured that if you once mingle in bad society the taint which you receive by coming in contact with it will not be very likely to leave you, no matter how much you may try to reform. Some one will be sure to point at you and say: "She cannot be very much, for she associates with such a one, who bears no good character."

Again, use good language, for slang phrases tend to lower and deform the mind. To be ladies in every sense of the word, act natural. Do not keep late hours at night; obey your parents in all things; never give them an unkind word, for if you do you will one day regret it. Lessen their burdens all you can, and by so doing you will call down blessings from above upon you. Take heed of every good counsel they may give you; for every time you disobey your parents, every new care-worn look you cause to appear upon their faces, after you have reached the age of understanding, will only heap coals of fire upon your own head.

Do not be offended, dear sisters, if I speak plain, for, in the language of the Bible, "open rebuke is better than secret love," and "faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." Some of my young sisters seem to mock at religion and make light of it. Now, girls, ask yourselves, "Is this right?" Question your hearts; see if there is not hidden away down deep in some of their recesses some good Spirit that has been trying to make itself manifest, but which you have been crushing down all the time. Why is it that some of my young sisters are so afraid of being pointed out as too religious? Shall I tell you? It is fashion, pride and folly.

I would advise all, however, to heed the Bible injunction: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when I shall say I have no pleasure in them." Be not ashamed to worship God; has Jesus not said, "He that is afraid to own me before man, him shall I be afraid to own before our Father, who art in heaven?"

As I said before, do not keep late hours at night, for it is injurious to your health, and ever so much so to what we ought to prize above anything else, and that is a good name. If you have gentleman company on an evening, give them to understand they can never stay later than ten o'clock; that is late enough for any young lady to be up. Remember that "the excesses of youth are draughts upon old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date."

There are many of our young sisters, I am sorry to say, who disfigure their faces with what is called face powder; and I am afraid not a few of the older sisters follow this obnoxious habit. It is a shame that any of us should indulge this frivolous fashion. I can never associate, within my mind, a true, noble, religious character with one pursuing such a course. Take my advice, dear sisters, and that of many more honest-hearted Saints, and cast this bad habit aside.

In this great hour of trouble, when our people are undergoing so much injustice, when good, noble men are sent to prisons for a holy cause, when wives and children are almost worse than husbandless and fatherless (when they reflect on the sufferings of their loved ones), when cruel men are robbing us of our rights as a free people, then can we as sisters not find something more noble, more worthy of our girlhood or woman-

hood, than to give ourselves up to foolish pastimes and fashions? Let us aim to be noble, self-sacrificing women; women that dare do what is right regardless of any temptations placed in our paths. Let us prepare ourselves to become good wives and mothers, and also to be women able to combat with and overcome the wickedness of the world. If we labor to do good in this way God will assist and abundantly bless us. IDA.

STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

MY dear children, I am going to tell you a true story to-day and by it you can learn something about the way in which God deals with His people, and the manner in which He sometimes provides for the wants of those who have faith in His promises and rely upon Him for aid and protection.

A great many years ago, before you were born, when Utah was inhabited only by Latter-day Saints and Indians, the Lord permitted an army of grasshoppers to come and eat up the people's grain and in consequence of this, a great many families suffered for bread. I do not know why the Lord suffered the crops of His people to be destroyed, unless it was that they and the world might learn that He was able and willing to take care of His faithful Saints under all circumstances and to teach them to rely upon Him more fervently than ever before.

I knew one good man at this time who had always endeavored to serve the Lord and had great faith in the promises made by Him to protect His people.

Many months before the harvest came in, in the year following that of the grasshopper siege, the flour in this good man's house had become nearly exhausted and he knew not where another pound was to be bought for his little family of seven.

It was at this time that two men, neighbors, came one morning with empty sacks to this man to borrow a few pounds of flour to feed their little ones at home. The good man of the house looked at his scanty supply, scarcely thirty pounds and decided to give them each five pounds; as he weighed it out to them and they turned to leave, his good and benovolent spirit prompted him to say to them, "Brethren, your families are each as large as mine, your children are as capable of suffering and can cry as hard as mine for bread; we will divide this sack of flour equally between us and when it is gone the Lord who has cared for and protected us since the days of Nauvoo will care for us still; I am not afraid of starvation while He has a care over us."

The men departed with feelings of gratitude and left their blessings and invoked the blessing of God upon their generous neighbor. It was remarkable the length of time that ten pounds of flour lasted that good man's family, the small cake that was baked from it every morning for their sustenance seemed to scarcely lessen the quantity. Yet after many days the last dust was shaken from the sack and their cupboard was left bare. With a prayer of devotion, the good man commended his family to the care of heaven and went to his work in the field without his breakfast. When he returned in the evening his wife, who had been also absent during the day, met him at the door with an overjoyed countenance saying, "Who brought the sack of flour to us?"

The good man entered his dwelling and there stood the sack which had been emptied that morning filled, with flour. He said, "I know not how the flour came to be here and we will not enquire, but let us give thanks to God that it is here." And on their bended knees they poured forth their gratitude to

God for the timely aid and assistance which He had given them.

After this instead of one cake of flour per day their children received three cakes. A poor widow woman having four children clinging to her for support, who lived near by, received for her little flock each day an equal portion from it and all of both families had enough to eat and not until the grain in the fields was ripe enough to be threshed from its husks between the palms of the little children's hands was the last dust shaken from this wonderful flour sack. Me.

HANNAH, AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Hannah reached the ante-room of the prison she saw the warden waiting there. He was a bluff, hearty man, of whom she had been in considerable awe. But on this day there was so much of kindness in his manner that the sorrowing girl was tempted to stop and speak to him. His manner expressed a kind of sympathy which was peculiarly grateful to Hannah. He said: "My girl, if your husband does his duty faithfully here you may rest assured that he will not be forgotten by me and the other officials of the penitentiary. It may be that we have not much affection for Mr. Thorndyke; but we have the highest admiration for his plucky little wife. His escape did him a great injury. In fact, any effort of the kind militates seriously against a prisoner. Your husband was in a fair way to receive a pardon from the governor when that misfortune happened to you. As a man and a father I cannot blame him for breaking jail and going to find you under the circumstances. But he must now be very careful. There is an effort to secure a mitigation of his sentence, and I would not like to have his chances destroyed by any indiscretion on his own part."

Hannah's face flushed and paled alternately during this friendly address. A great wave of hopeful joy swept over her at the thought that Rupert might soon be released. But when she remembered the desperate project for escape which was on foot, and recalled the part which Rupert had confessedly taken in the plan, her heart sunk within her, and her complexion changed from scarlet to snow. She gasped and trembled—she would have fallen had not the warden quickly placed a chair to receive her sinking form. A glass of water, for which the jailor called loudly and soon received, speedily removed her fainting feeling; but the woe of her heart was not stilled. The full danger in which her husband now stood was apparent to her mind. Not only was he likely to lose by this second effort to escape, all the benefit which would result to him because of the sympathy felt for Hannah, but worse, far worse, he would be quite as certain to be called to account for his former break from the prison. This would entail a sentence to an additional term of service. The prospect seemed appalling to Mrs. Thorndyke. Before her there stretched an indefinite time of loneliness. And what made the pain of her heart more poignant, she felt with bitter fear that Rupert's love could scarcely survive the ordeal of an imprisonment for a term of several years. She dreaded, too, the effect upon his wayward nature of the association with the lawless spirits of that place. His present offense did not rank as one of a very serious nature. But

he would become tutored in the blackest thoughts of crime. When he should emerge—either through a successful attempt at escape, or by the lapse of his sentence—he would be ready for almost any deed, for the sake of revenge or plunder.

All these thoughts passed through the agonized mind of the young wife with the speed of lightning and the terror of death. Over her poor head hung the ruin of her life. How could her weak hands avert its fall!

The warden stood idly by, watching her as one might gaze upon an actor in some mild drama. His interest in her was undoubtedly great in comparison to that which he usually betrayed in such cases. But it was not strong enough to give him any insight into the intense suffering of this bruised soul. At last he roused, when he thought she had sufficiently recovered from her swoon, and said:

"Come, young woman, for your own sake and that of your husband, you must not give way to unnecessary grief. Keep your wits about you, my girl; and now you must go. Next week, when you come, I may have good news for you."

He was about to turn away, as he motioned her to the door. But a sudden inspiration had come to Hannah. She seized his hand convulsively; and cried in piteous tones:

"Mr. Butler, oh, sir! You must save my husband from this awful place! Association with these dreadful men will complete his ruin. What if I can tell you of a murderous plot to escape—which he has revealed, will its discovery help him? If I can learn from him the particulars of the project and the names of the ringleaders, will you promise me upon your honor that he shall be rewarded with his liberty?"

The anxious young woman was about to betray the truth that her husband himself was one of the inciters of the movement. For indeed it had been his fertile brain which first suggested the desperate plan, although it had been the courage of his confederates which had carried it to its present promising stage and which had prevented Rupert's withdrawal from the scheme. But she reflected that this might entirely end his chances for a pardon or a commutation of his sentence; and that, coupled with his former lapse, it might and probably would precipitate the very fate which she was seeking to avert. On the other hand she was suddenly assailed by the fear that this betrayal of his comrades might bring their vengeance upon his head. On the one hand, she wanted the warden to believe that Rupert's connection with the plot was not complete; and that he was willing to use his knowledge to protect the prison officials and the discipline of the place. And on the other hand, she was no less desirous that the source of the information should never become known to her husband and his fellow-prisoners. Between these two anxieties, she was in a most piteous state. While these thoughts were passing with lightning speed through her mind the astonished warden was seeking to recover from his amazement. And at length he spoke:

"What do you mean? If you know of any plots or plans why don't you speak? If your husband has not meddled with these things he has no cause for alarm, but I am mightily of the opinion that if there is any escape on the way, he has got a hand in it."

These words at first fell upon Hannah with the chill of death. But she quickly roused, and though she was dreadfully frightened, she realized that she must be cool for Rupert's sake. The girl had a good deal of native resolution, which had been largely increased by the circumstances of her unfortunate training under the eyes of Samantha Whopscott, and by the woes of her married life. It all came to her aid at this critical moment.

(To be continued.)

Lesson for the Little Ones.

PRIMARY EXERCISES.

THE LAST SUPPER OF JESUS.

THE gospel had been preached by Jesus and His disciples for three years. You know, dear children, how He taught the people on the mount and in parables, and how many miracles He did to prove that He was the true Christ, and to bless the people. Yet, for all this, there were many who would not believe, and who sought to find something against Jesus that they might cast Him into prison or kill Him.

Jesus and His disciples came to Jerusalem to the great feast called the passover, which is celebrated by the Jews to this day. It is in remembrance of the time when the children of Israel were in bondage, many hundred years before Christ was born, and were delivered by God in a most wonderful way. The disciples came to Jesus to know where they should prepare the feast for Him. He told them to go to such a man in the city and say: The Master saith, My time is at hand; I will keep the passover at thy house with my disciples. So they did as He told them and found the man, who had an upper room already prepared. Here they all sat at the table in the evening, when Jesus said to them, One of you shall betray me, and they all felt sorrowful and asked, Is it I, Lord? Jesus could read the hearts of all and He answered: He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish. Then Judas, who had already arranged to betray Jesus to His enemies, said: Lord, is it I? and Jesus answered, Thou hast said.

While they were eating, Jesus took bread and blessed and brake it and gave to His disciples to eat, saying: Take, eat; for this is my body. Then he took the cup of wine and gave thanks, saying: Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for you for the remission of sins.

And when they had all partaken of the sacrament Jesus told them He would not partake of the fruit of the vine until He drank it new with them in His Father's kingdom. Then they sang a hymn and went out with Jesus to the Mount of Olives.

When you, dear children, partake of the sacrament you must remember how Jesus sat with His

disciples and taught them what to do to witness they would remember Him, and how He knew one of His disciples would betray Him; yet He treated them all with kindness. He afterwards took water and washed the feet of His disciples, setting them an example of affection and showing them how they were to minister to each other after He was crucified. You must always eat and drink the Lord's supper with a prayerful heart and then you are blessed by it.

QUESTIONS.

- 1.—How many years did Jesus travel and preach to the people?
- 2.—What was the feast called that Jesus and His disciples came to Jerusalem to celebrate?
- 3.—What did Jesus tell His disciples to do to prepare the feast of the passover?
- 4.—What did Jesus say one of His disciples would do?
- 5.—What did His disciples say when He said one would betray Him?
- 6.—What did Jesus do with the bread?
- 7.—What did He say the water represented?
- 8.—What do we call the partaking of the bread and water?
- 8.—Where and when do the Latter-day Saints partake of the sacrament?
- 10.—Why do we eat the Lord's supper on the Sabbath day?
- 11.—How should we feel when we partake of the sacrament?
- 12.—How are we benefited by this ordinance?

AN INCIDENT OF EARLY DAYS.

YEARS ago, when the Saints first came to these valleys, there was a good sister who was very poor, just as all the people were. She had two little children and her heart ached many times because she had no bread to give them. One day they were very hungry and their mother said to them: "Go into the loft, children, and ask God to bless us and send us some bread."

Up the ladder they climbed and the little girl, being the oldest, prayed first, telling her little brother that he must pray when she said "Amen." After an earnest prayer from the dear child she paused, and the little brother said, in a solemn voice:

"O, Lord; we are hungry, and ma's hungry! Please send us some bread—and some sweet-cake, too—for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then they went down to their mother, who sat at the foot of the ladder with tearful eyes, but a heart full of faith that the prayers of her innocent little ones would be answered.

In an hour after, a neighbor entered with two loaves of bread and a big cake baked in a pan. It was only a molasses cake, but, oh, how good it tasted to those hungry souls! Thus, you see, God heard and answered their prayers.

ZINA.

ALMOST A CRIME.

I HAD spent all my allowance, and there lay Sam Dent's letter before me, full of interest, from the first line till "Yours till death," at the bottom of the fourth page. Sam was my cousin.

"What a shame it don't go through Danville; [it was the circus, and Sam was telling me about it] such a show you never saw in all your life! Seven elephants, all dressed in cloth of gold! Tigers, lions, camels, spotted zebras, and all that sort of thing,—chariot races, processions a mile long. Try for a holiday, Tom, and come over. I'll meet you any time next week, and Uncle John won't care. Tell him it's not a common circus, but a hippodrome. You always have a little money on hand. Your fare will only be two dollars. If you don't happen to have more than that, I'll pay your way in.

"I tell you it's a sight in a lifetime. You may never see it again. Why, the tent takes acres, and the music is just splendid! And then the horses, and little Master Antoine, only eight years old, just as quick and funny as a monkey! And the elephants do all sort of tricks.

"I wish you lived in the city. You'd have no end of fun. How do you manage to exist in that sandy little town? I don't see."

I arose from the reading of that letter with my imagination on fire. Go I must to Burnett, go I would! But how should I do it? I had a week in which to consider, but by the end of that week it would be gone, "the most splendid show in the world!"

I turned my pockets inside out. Not a penny was to be found there. It was no use to apply to my father or mother. They gave me all they could afford every month—it had been the rule of their lives—and I was never to apply to them for a penny.

Now what was to be done? With my imagination inflamed, I sat down to consider. Money must be had, even if I sold something of value to obtain it. But I could think of nothing I could do or sell.

Mother was busy with her Saturday's baking, I went up stairs to her room and examined every place where it was likely there might be money. At last I found in one of the old chest-drawers—ah, that old mahogany chest with brass handles, shall I ever forget it?—a little red porte-monnaie. I opened it. There lay five one-dollar notes. For some time I stood looking at them. "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL!" It seemed as if a voice sounded these words through my heart.

All my life seemed to pass before me as I stood there, my eyes fixed, as if fascinated, upon the porte-monnaie,—my

mother's teachings, my father's warnings; and yet, strangely enough, I kept the porte monnaie in my hand.

It would take two dollars to go to the city, two to return, and one dollar might be sufficient to pay my way into the circus. I could not bear the idea of having my cousin pay for me, for I was proud enough to respect appearances, though it seems I was not proud enough to do right.

It ended in my taking the money and putting back the porte-monnaie. Contrary to my expectations, I felt much more easy in my mind than I had dreaded.

The deed done I felt in a measure relieved. I believe for a time rather exulted in it. I looked upon the act as a smart business transaction—as borrowed money, in fact, which after a time I could replace—a feeling which has cost many a man both his character and his life.

My mother seldom used money. The bills had probably been there for a long time. It might be weeks before she would miss them.

I went down stairs and found some hot cookies on a plate, put aside for my special eating. Mother was still busy and very heated. Betty, the old servant, was setting the table.

"You better take Bob and go down to the depot for your father," said my mother; "he said he should be home by the six-forty train, and it's just fifteen minutes of seven."

"Why, I didn't know father had gone to the city!" I said.

"He went to pay a note, while you were up in the ten-acre lot. He didn't care about going. I don't know," she added, her face taking on a look of perplexity, "but we shall have to sell some land. There's a little trouble about a mortgage."

"I wish we could sell it all and go and live in the city." I said.

Then I went out and harnessed Bob, and drove down to the depot. All this time I had not experienced any particular uneasiness on account of the money I had taken.

Whether I had an intuitive feeling that I had not yet appropriated it—that I could still at any moment replace it in the porte-monnaie; or whether I was deficient in my moral perceptions, I did not stop to inquire. I met my father, who was very busy talking to an old friend.

"Ah, Tom," he said: "I was wishing you would meet me;" and he invited our neighbor to get into the wagon beside him.

When we were just setting down to tea, mother spied somebody coming up the yard.

"There!" she said, "I'm so glad I asked you this morning, husband, for that five dollars, for I don't suppose you brought any money home?"

"Not a cent," said father, sitting down.

"The poor man needs it," mother went on, pouring out the tea, "and Betty says he finds it hard work getting along with a sick wife to support. But dear me, I'm so tired, I don't feel like going up stairs."

"Where is it, mother?" I asked, looking up, and realizing that my face was getting very red. "Let me get it for you."

I waited to hear her answer, the five bills lying snugly meanwhile in a pocket-book pretty near my heart.

"In my porte-monnaie, Tom, in the second drawer of grandmother's chest. I put them there this morning."

Leaving the table, I went to the door, where old Tony, lame Tony, we called him, stood waiting.

"I'll bring you the money," I said, as I turned away, and all the time I was saying, "Shall I?"

I went slowly up stairs debating the matter in my mind. Should I say the money was gone, and leave my mother to think that old Betty had taken it when she made the beds?

I stood on top of the stair, with the money in my hand, at least five minutes, calmly considering what I should do. Then I slowly wheeled about and went as calmly down stairs. Mother stood at the door looking up.

"I began to be afraid you could'nt find it, Tom," she said, a little anxiously. Not till that moment did I make up my mind.

"Oh yes," I said, as carelessly as I could, and held out the bills. As I handed them to her our eyes met, and for one awful moment I felt as if she had read my intention, and knew what had been going on in my heart.

Then I knew the meaning of the word remorse, and I went in to supper the guiltiest wretch in Christendom, for I felt I had been saved from committing myself by the merest accident.

It seemed so strange to me that before I had restored the money, I had felt so careless of consequences, and that now I should be so overwhelmed when I only thought of my intention.

Mother paid the man, and came in. She began talking about him, his gratitude, how he had to pay for medicines, and found it terribly up-hill work to support his helpless family; and still I did not dare to look at her, so singularly was I impressed with the feeling that she knew all about my temptation.

"I went over to my old friend Anderson's," said my father, "and found that Joe had gone into a new speculation." Joe was Anderson's brother.

"What's that?" asked mother.

"He's gone into the circus business, only he calls it by the more elegant name of hippodrome, and as the show is something different from anything of the kind that has ever been seen before, it is drawing great crowds. Anderson gave me a couple of tickets, and as I must go to Burnett next week to finish my business, I think I'll take Tom and give him a treat for once. What say you, Tom?"

I wanted to speak, but something made me feel so choked that it was impossible. However, father kept on—

"Tom has been a pretty good boy this Fall, and it's hard to be tied to a country town, when one is just the age to wish to see all sorts of nice things."

By this time my participation in the crime I had meditated not so very long ago, seemed to me simply horrible. I felt the veriest guiltiest wretch that had ever been blessed by so kind a father.

If my mother had not called for that money, and I had gone through that same experience at the supper-table with the bills in my pocket, I hardly know what would have happened, I should have felt so unutterably mean.

Well, I went to the hippodrome and enjoyed it, but it was months before I recovered from the feeling that my mother knew all about it. And I never could bring myself to confess until now.—*Selected.*

THE education of the human mind commences in the cradle; and the impressions received there frequently exert their influence through the whole of life. Principles which take the deepest root are those implanted during the seasons of infancy, childhood and youth. The young pupil takes early lessons from everything around him; his character and habits are forming before he has any consciousness of his reasoning power.

MY FRIEND JASPER.

JASPER MONROE'S home was just across the street, opposite mine.

Jasper and I were born on the same day. We grew up as like in size as we were in age, and no two boys were ever more closely united in heart than we. There was hardly any sacrifice we would not have made for each other. One of our favorite play-places was a pile of rocks about half a mile from home, known as "Sharp Nose Crag." The "Crag" was high, and overhung the bank of a river.

One day Jasper and I had climbed to the top of these rocks. Stepping too near the edge, he fell with a cry, into the swift-running water below.

For a moment I stood terrified. I had learned to swim. He had not, having somehow a natural timidity in the water that he could not overcome. I realized his danger, but, doubting my own strength to save, I shouted for help as loudly as I could. But there was no one in sight. I was in agony. Just then Jasper rose to the surface, striking out wildly with his arms, the stream rapidly bearing him away. Obeying a resistless impulse, I leaped in after him.

It was a desperate struggle—in the strong current, and in the frightened clutch of a drowning boy. How I came out alive is a mystery to this day. But a good Providence aided me, and my frantic efforts kept us both above water till we had drifted some distance below, where the river grew broader and shallower, and I could touch the bottom with my feet.

But here the water ran even swifter than before, for we were just at the entrance of "the rapids" under the cliff. Sunk to our necks as we were, it was impossible either to wade or swim. Jasper was nearly exhausted. I clung to him, and screamed again for assistance.

Fortunately, my first outcry had been heard, and now two men ran down the bank to our rescue. By the time I reached dry land again, I was as helpless as Jasper.

The men carried us home; and we had not fully recovered from our perilous adventure before the story had gone through the town that Jasper Monroe had fallen into the river, and Royal Hooper had saved him from drowning at the risk of his own life. Everybody praised me for what I had done, and I found myself exalted into a hero.

Jasper's gratitude was deep and sincere. "I should not be alive now but for you. I shall never forget it as long as I live."

When we appeared at school again, he could not refrain from lionizing me among my mates, and pointing me out as his benefactor. "Boys," said he, "here's the boy that never forsakes a friend! He staked his life for mine, and won by his pluck. Three cheers for Royal Hooper, the bravest and best fellow among us!"

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" responded every throat on the play-ground; and the weight of honor from the school-boy ovation that I received quite staggered me.

As might be supposed, after all this, Jasper and I were drawn even closer to each other than before, and it seemed that nothing could disturb the strong friendship that existed between us. For months we were inseparable:—

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

It was my own folly that provoked the first discord. One day we were returning from school. I had just taken the prize for declamation, and was feeling uncommonly merry, perhaps a little self-important. As we stopped a moment under the shade of a big oak tree by the roadside, I said jokingly—

"Jasp, take off your hat. You should uncover your head before your superiors. You forget that I'm the prize man."

He laughed, and, prompted by a spirit of perverse fun, I pulled his hat from his head, and tossed it over the fence.

He went after it, still laughing, though slightly irritated; but as soon as he had put it on, I pulled it off again, and threw it up into the tree, where it lodged in the high branches, far out of reach. He climbed after it with difficulty, and as I stood watching him, I said, in a teasing tone, "*You'll never make your mark as a gymnast, Jasp. You're clumsy as an elephant.*"

I continued to laugh at him till he came down, and by that time his face was flushed with anger. As soon as he reached the ground, he walked straight up to me, seized my hat, and, doubling it together, hurled it, with all his might, over a clump of alder bushes. It fell into a little brook just beyond, and was soon soaked with water.

I had to wade into the stream for my cap, and returned furious with anger. The quarrel was now fairly kindled, and I did not stop to reflect that I was entirely to blame.

"You've spoiled my hat!" I cried. "It was contemptibly mean in you to throw it into the water."

"You began it. You tossed mine into the tree. It's fair play, and you've got as good as you gave."

"No, it isn't fair play. If a plunge bath is good for *my* hat, it's just as good for *yours*;" and, with spiteful quickness, I snatched his hat again, and ran and threw it into the brook. Jasper saw it float down the stream, but made no effort to get it.

"I'm not going on a fool's errand," he said, as I came back.

"Then leave it there if you want to," I replied.

"Yes, I'll leave it there; and take that for your meanness!" cried Jasper, striking me a blow on the cheek.

This roused me to fury, and I dealt him a heavy blow in return. "I won't bear a blow from you, nor fifty like you!" I shouted.

He was not slow to retaliate, and in another minute we were fighting like two maniacs. We struck and pounded; aimed at each other's eyes and noses, and in our rage tried, of course, to make every blow hurt as much as possible. Sometimes it was I who got the worst of it, and sometimes Jasper. We were so evenly matched that the combat promised to be a long one.

"If you'll stop, I'll stop!" yelled Jasper at last.

"Never! I'll lick you till you beg!" I cried in return.

The words were hardly spoken, when I stepped on a rolling stone and fell violently to the ground, with my right arm twisted under me. I felt a sharp pain, and lay faint and helpless. My fighting was over.

"I give up!" was all I could say. Then I grew dizzy. Objects began to swim and darken before my eyes. I knew that I was becoming unconscious, and thought I was going to die.

What happened during my unconscious moments, I do not know, but when I revived from the swoon into which the severe pain had thrown me, Jasper's frightened voice was calling my name.

Poor Jasper! His fierce anger was all gone, and distress and tenderness had taken its place.

"I thought you were dead," he gasped. "I thought I had killed you. O dear, I am so sorry! What shall I do?"

"Take me home. Oh, my arm! It is broken!"

Jasper half-supported, half-carried me to my father's house, and I was laid on the bed in my own room. My parents were greatly alarmed to see me so white and faint, and a messenger was at once sent for the doctor.

The operation of setting my broken bone was terribly painful, and I swooned again before it was over. Jasper remained in the house, but was unable to witness my suffering. After

my arm had been splintered and bandaged, and I had recovered consciousness, I asked for him.

My father called him. He came to my bed-side and burst into tears.

"O Roy, this is dreadful! You saved my life, and I have been fighting you—and broke your arm!"

"Never mind, Jasper, I'm to blame. I began the quarrel."

"And I got mad and struck you in the face. I shall never forgive myself!"

"What's done can't be undone," I replied, in as cheerful a tone as I could. "But we won't fight again, will we?"

"Ah, boys," said my father, seriously, "you have had a sore lesson, both of you. Royal sees now, to his sorrow, what thoughtless teasing may lead to. Remember that 'anger rests in the bosom of fools,' and take care neither to indulge it nor provoke it."

Great was the astonishment of our school friends when the news went abroad that Jasper and I had been fighting, and that I was seriously hurt.

"It beats all creation!" exclaimed Joseph Harrington.

"Hot love is soon cooled. When I saw Jasp and Roy such thick friends, I knew 'twouldn't last," said Philip Montague.

In a few months my arm was strong as ever, and I was in my old place again in the same seat with my friend at school. In time we entered college together in the same class, and occupied the same room. After graduation, we travelled together through Europe; and on our return, began business under the sign of Hooper & Monroe.

The lesson of our childhood has remained with us; and even could it be forgotten, we are too thoroughly united in interests to have any falling out now.

Boys, remember that "fast and loose" frolic may end in a fight, and fun that hurts will often divide the best friends.

—
LOVE OF HOME.—Love of home is planted deep in the nature of man. The finger of God points to home, and says to us all, there is the place to find your earthly joy. Shall we appeal to the testimony of those who have sought joy elsewhere, or have tried to find happiness in the world? We have but one answer from them all—that the search has been vain.

Who aspires to a loftier elevation of honor than that attained by Burke? And yet he says he would not give one peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame in this world.

What is the declaration of Byron, after having drained the cup of earthly pleasure to its dregs? It is, that his life has been passed in wretchedness and that he longs to rush into the thickest of the battle, that he may terminate his miserable existence by a sudden death.

And Chesterfield, with rank, wealth, talent, polish and power, after having stood for half a century the brightest luminary in all the European circles of elegance and fashion, has left his most decisive testimony of the heartlessness and emptiness of all those joys he has so eagerly pursued.

As we go through this world of trial and of change, we can find our only joy in a life of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and domestic peace. Our firesides must be our sanctuaries, our refuge from misfortunes, our choice retreat from the world. It is not essential to the happy home that there should be the luxury of the carpeted floor, the richly cushioned sofa, the soft shade of the astral lamp. It is neatness, order, piety and a cheerful heart which make home that sweet paradise it is so often found to be. There is joy as real, as heartfelt, by the cottage fireside, as in the most splendid saloons of wealth and refinement.

Goldsmith.

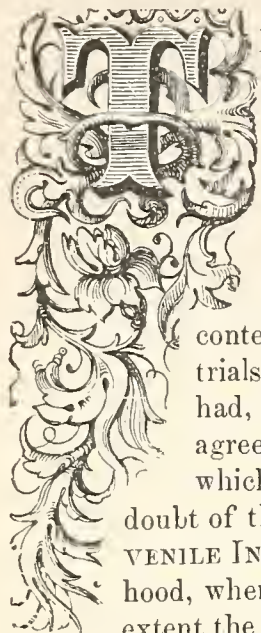
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



ALTHOUGH it is right that Latter-day Saints should be prepared for trials, persecutions and afflictions, it is a remarkable fact that, as a rule, the Saints have been as happy and prosperous a people as any upon the face of the earth. It was often remarked by President Young that, notwithstanding we had the hatred of the world to contend with, the Latter-day Saints had not the trials, difficulties and evils which the wicked had, their troubles were nothing like so disagreeable; or so serious and trying, as those which the wicked had to meet. There is no doubt of the truth of this. The editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR looks back to the days of his boyhood, when he was old enough to comprehend to some extent the nature of the work in which his parents had engaged, and he remembers the thoughts he then had respecting the future. He expected to meet with great persecutions, many difficulties, and, perhaps, like many of the Saints in ancient days, might even have to meet death itself, because of his religion. But to-day, in reflecting upon the intervening years and the scenes through which he has passed, during which he has endeavored to always keep the path of duty, he can truthfully say that his life has been crowded with benefits, and has been in every respect a most happy one. There have been nothing like as many afflictions to be endured nor difficulties to be contended with as he thought there would be in the early days to which he refers.

My dear children, ask your parents who have been faithful to the Church, who have sought diligently to keep the commandments of God, who have enjoyed the fruits of their religion, if their experience is not the same. Have they not had happier lives, filled with greater enjoyment, more free from trouble and persecution, than they imagined they would have when they first became acquainted with the work? Surely this is the experience of the Latter day Saints as a people. There is one blessing which we have enjoyed for which we cannot be sufficiently thankful, and that is peace. Though the storms have raged around us and the enemies of the kingdom of God have indulged in the most hostile manifestations and threats against the people, and though everything may have looked dark from a human standpoint, yet there has been a peace which God has given, that has rested down upon the faithful Saint, that has caused his or her life to be exceedingly happy. This is a blessing which comes from God, and from Him alone. The world cannot give it, the world cannot take it away.

To-day, in Utah Territory, though we have been attacked in the most vindictive manner, and it has seemed as though nothing would satisfy our enemies but our utter destruction, there

has reigned a peace in the hearts and habitations of the faithful Saints that has made their lives very delightful to them. So it will be in the future. We shall have our trials; but the judgments and calamities that will fall upon the wicked will make everything that we have to pass through of this character appear of a very trifling nature. The Lord has said that He will pour out His judgments upon the nations. Already they have increased to a very remarkable extent. Fear and perplexity are increasing in men's hearts. They view the future with grave apprehension. Their hearts fail them in looking forward to the things that are coming upon the earth. Unlike the Saints, they do not know of His purposes concerning the earth and its inhabitants. They are completely at a loss to know what the future will bring forth. But not so with the Latter-day Saints. No event takes place for which they are unprepared. No prospect before them causes them to fear. If war should take place they know why it is so. So with pestilence; so with political troubles; so with the various afflictions and calamities that fall upon humanity. They are prepared for these, for God has warned them concerning them, and they know that His word will be fulfilled; therefore they do not create fear.

It has produced a most heavenly feeling of confidence to know that God is on our side. When we are in trouble and threatened, and everything looks dark around us, we can go to Him and receive that relief and comfort which dissipate all gloom and fill the soul with glorious hope. Herein the Saints have advantages over every other people upon the face of the earth. The world do not understand why they should feel so happy and joyous. They cannot understand why the Latter-day Saints should not be filled with fear and trembling; why they should not desert their principles and accept the terms which they offer them. But we understand it, and we can rejoice in it, and thank God that He has revealed Himself for our salvation.

THERE have been times in the history of the Church when the future looked exceedingly dark and gloomy. Then it required great faith in God to believe that there would be deliverance. It was so in Kirtland. A number of the Twelve Apostles and other leading men apostatized, and others wavered; but few stood by the Prophet Joseph without flinching. Those were dark hours. The powers of darkness rejoiced, and the weak and faithless thought the downfall of the Church was sure.

It was so in Missouri. Driven from Jackson County, the Saints fled to Clay county. Driven from Clay county they fled to Caldwell, Daviess and Ray counties. Finally, driven from the State by the edict of the governor and by a mob organized as the militia of the State, with the most cruel and inhuman violence, they once more fled and found refuge in the State of Illinois. That was a time to try the faith of the people. The Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, and other leading men in prison, in the hands of men who thirsted for their blood, and the Saints without homes, without a gathering place, in the midst of distress and poverty and suffering from the inclemency of the Winter, their condition was trying in the extreme. How gloomy the prospect for the Church! How its enemies rejoiced! They said then, as some say now,

"Where is the Mormons' God? They have said they are God's people; but if this were so, why does He not save them?"

Then came the settlement at Nauvoo, the privations, trials and apostacies which the Saints had to contend with there; and, most trying and cruel of all, the martyrdom of the beloved Prophet and Patriarch. This was followed by the expulsion of the Saints from their homes and city—compelled to leave their sacred temple and their hard-earned possessions and to push out into the wilderness.

Who could pass through these scenes without faith? To the faithless and unbelieving the future, at these different times, must have looked frightfully sombre. Destruction must have seemed certain. But not so with the faithful Saints. The clouds might appear dark and threatening; but with the eye of faith they could perceive the glorious rainbow of promise. In all these afflictions they had hope and peace. They were sustained of the Lord. They had a source of strength and comfort of which the world knew nothing. In the midst of their deep afflictions they were happy.

This the world cannot comprehend. It is a mystery to them how people can be free from dread and be happy under such circumstances. They know that they would not be. But they know not the Lord nor His power. They have not had the gift of the Holy Ghost. When men lose that gift and apostatize they also become filled with fear. The future of the Saints appears dark and forbidding to them. Fear takes possession of them, and they seek for safety with the world.

It is proper, so the Lord appears to think, that we should have these dark and threatening seasons. They test the Saints. They show them the source from whence they must look for strength. They have the effect to bring the hypocrites and the unbelievers to light. They have the effect to remove them from the Church; they also stir up the true Saints to greater diligence and faithfulness.

We are passing through one of these seasons of trial at the present time. Those who put their trust in God are confident and happy; they know all will be right. Those who have been careless and have not lived so as to have the Spirit of the Lord are uneasy; they are fearful of the future.

Readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR: profit by this experience. In times of peace and prosperity live so that you will store up faith and strength and the favor of God for the time of darkness and trial.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

BY the late decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of Rudger Clawson, appealed from the courts of this Territory, another deadly blow has been struck at religious freedom and a fatal thrust been made at the vitals of the Constitution. I learn by the dispatches that the judgment of the lower court is affirmed. This virtually leaves the Latter-day Saints in this Territory at the mercy of the United States officials here. They can contrive, by a little management, to exclude every "Mormon," or friend to the "Mormons," from the juries, and by that means exhaust the list, and then, by giving the marshal an open venire to select whom he pleases, pack the jury to their hearts' content. Under this decision, too, they can pursue the practice which now prevails, and has prevailed, of excluding every Latter-day Saint from the grand jury who will not disavow his belief in the doctrines of his

Church. In this way the grand jury can be packed and indictments be found against anyone whom the prosecuting attorney may choose to select as the object of his hate. That the present officer can exhibit malice against those who dare speak out against his tyrannical measures is apparent in the indictment of Brother C. W. Penrose and in the arrest of Brother John Nicholson, editors of the *Deseret News*, and in the indictment and arrest of Brother Angus M. Cannon, president of the Salt Lake Stake, and several others who might be mentioned, who, by their boldness or prominence, have given this official offense. If I am correctly informed it has required but little evidence to find these indictments or make these arrests. There has been a presumption of guilt and but little, if anything, more.

As if there was a special providence in the arrangement, on the same day that the decision in the Rudger Clawson case was given, a decision was also given in the Hopt case, appealed also from this Territory. My adult readers must be familiar with this case. Hopt is the murderer of an estimable young man, a son of Sheriff Turner of Utah County. It was an atrocious deed and his guilt has been clearly established before three juries, each of whom brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree; and at each trial the judge sentenced him to death. For the third time his appeal to the United States Supreme Court has been successful. A new trial has been ordered because of an informality in the charge of the judge to the jury.

Contrast this, if it please you, with the other decision. Three times has this murderer escaped the gallows by the action of the United States Supreme Court. Cruel, blood-stained and convicted as he is, he can have a fourth trial, because, forsooth, there was an informality in the charge of the judge to the jury! But he only murdered a "Mormon." Who says this is a very serious offense? But Rudger Clawson is a "Mormon." Guilty, if guilty at all, of doing no more than that which he has the example of the most favored servants of God in doing—marrying two wives under a holy covenant and surrounded by the sacred forms of religion—his was a terrible crime! No mercy for him. But why should he complain? Was not Barabbas released and Christ crucified? Is Rudger Clawson any better than his Master?

But what of the court who can give the thrice-condemned murderer a new trial because of an informality in the charge to the jury; and refuse the same boon to one who was tried before a jury—packed shall I say?—from which every one not avowedly hostile to the accused's religious views was carefully excluded? To plain people like those who live in these mountains such action seems monstrous. No amount of legal sophistry or learned casuistry can make it appear right. Deeply implanted in every true man and woman's heart by the Creator Himself is a clear conception of justice. Such persons need no edict of governors or ruling of courts to make plain to them the distinction between justice and injustice, and freedom and tyranny. They understand this instinctively. A thousand supreme courts, respected and venerated as that tribunal has been, could not convince the people of these mountains that the grand and petit juries impaneled in this district for the trial of offenses against the Edmunds law have been or are fair juries.

INGRATITUDE is a monster to be strangled in the birth, not to be cherished.

GREEDY TOMMY.

THE little fellow pictured in the engraving is not the hero of our story, although he wears a feather in his hat and has probably been playing the part of a captain or leader of a regiment of boy-soldiers which he has mustered up in the

conduct at home would lead one to an opposite conclusion.

Tommy is not a boy whom we would point to as a model for our little readers to pattern after, and we do not take this opportunity of speaking about him for any great or praiseworthy act that he has performed. Our only object in referring to him is to show the folly of such a course as he has



neighborhood for the purpose of engaging in a sham battle, with sticks of wood for guns. But whatever ability he has as a leader among his playmates, or however daring he is in their midst, he is by no means a hero in our estimation, like others who are much older, he may, among his associates, be credited with considerable gallantry and politeness; but his

taken, that other youths may have warning and avoid imitating his actions.

The greatest fault in Tommy's disposition is his greedy and selfish habits. Of course he is very young and may be excused to a great extent for his voracity. Some may say that he is naturally greedy, and that he cannot overcome his disagreeable

propensity. Although greediness may be an element of his nature a boy of his age could easily rid himself of any such defect that may be inherent with him, provided the fault is pointed out to him and he realizes what is distasteful in his character.

Tommy, however, has been often reminded of his selfishness, and his parents have resorted to several mild plans to free him from his displeasing inclinations. But instead of trying to overcome he rather cherishes his greedy habits; and he strengthens them by giving way to them.

It is quite amusing to observe the peculiarities of this little fellow, and his brothers and sisters often take delight in teasing him. Though he is considered very greedy and stingy, he possesses one trait that is quite commendable in a little boy. He is very careful with his toys or whatever he possesses. But this is mostly due to the fact that he very seldom plays with any of his toys, and he never lends them to anyone else. He has a box in which to place his trinkets, and he seems to take great pleasure in keeping everything he owns neatly laid away in this box. Sometimes his little brothers or sisters will playfully take some toy out of the box and use it in an apparently careless manner. As soon as he discovers what is being done his indignation is aroused and he immediately starts for the one who has the impudence to meddle with his toys. Then there is a racing about the house and garden, Tommy in hot pursuit of the audacious offender. But the moment he is about to overtake the one he is after, another will seize the toy and hold it up to him, upon which Tommy gives up the first object of his chase and starts towards the second offender. And so it goes on until soon poor Tommy is exhausted and abandons the idea of catching either one of his tormenters. He picks up his toy, examines it carefully and then places it back in the box and the affair is soon forgotten.

Occasionally he will receive a small piece of money. This he also lays aside very carefully, saving it until he has a considerable sum. Every day he counts it over to see if it is all there. When any of his brothers or sisters get a nickel or a dime they spend it immediately for candy or nuts, or something of the kind. But not so with Tommy. Although he is as fond of such things as the rest of the children he will not consent to help pay for them. He will beg his brothers and sisters to share with him, while at the same time he has plenty of money to get all he would want. But his nature will not allow him to indulge in such luxuries at his own expense. If someone else will bear the cost of a treat he is exceedingly willing to help dispose of it; but should he be asked to help meet the expenses he will grunt out in reply: "Hu-hu-guh, I don't want to." When one would inquire of him why he did not want to pay his share he would only give "cause" for a reason.

One day, after he had accumulated about half a dollar in cash, he prevailed upon himself to spend it for oranges; this, though, was only to satisfy his greedy appetite. It was some time since he had tasted any such luxuries. He knew he was the only one of the children who had any money, and he saw no prospect of being treated by any of them. Before purchasing the oranges he had concluded in his own mind not to share with anyone, but to eat them all himself. So he went quietly to where his money was kept, took the whole amount and proceeded to the store to get the oranges. After returning he placed all except those he intended to eat that day in his box along with his toys. Then he concealed them in a safe place out of the reach of anyone else. This done, he went in search of his brothers and sisters, with his pockets filled with the

golden fruit. All thought he was going to be liberal and share with them. This, however, was not his intent. After tantalizing them with the sight of the delicious fruit he went off to a secluded spot and gulped them all down. This act almost brought his parents to the conclusion that his greediness could not be checked. Strange as it may seem, this very deed was the means of effecting a thorough change in his disposition. After eating all the oranges he had in his pockets he did not feel very easy at the stomach, and he concluded that he would eat no more of them for several days. He did not even want to see an orange for almost a whole week. At last, when he thought of indulging in another feast, he opened the box in which his oranges were kept, and behold, they were all turning rotten and were covered with mould. He then sat down to reflect, for the first time, upon his greedy propensity. The consequences of this act of gluttony taught him a valuable lesson. From this time he determined to be more liberal and to share of his substance with his brothers, sisters and playmates. To his credit it may be said he carried out his resolution, and he is no longer called "Greedy Tommy." E. F. P.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

THE fauna of New Zealand, is not abundant. There are two distinct genera of bat, the smaller indigenous rat, which disappeared before the larger European species and the native dog, a lurcher-like animal, black, red or dirty yellow, and in look, gait and general appearance, vulpine. Serpents are unknown in the country and there are no tortoises or batrachians, except the frog and a very harmless lizard, that of a green color being superstitiously dreaded by the natives. The bays and coasts teem with fish, and the lakes and swamps with enormous eels one of which caught at Nelson weighed fifty pounds.

The country was formerly the abode of the gigantic moa, of which Professor Owen identified from twelve to fourteen different species. Bones and remains of eggs of these birds have been found in both islands. The moa could neither fly nor swim and subsisted principally on vegetation. To assist the process of digestion, they swallowed small stones and pebbles. According to native tradition they were decked with gay plumage like the cochin china fowl. They were stupid, clumsy birds, not swift runners like the ostrich. The Maoris ate the flesh, used the feathers for ornaments, the skulls for holding tattooing powder, the bones for fish hooks and buried the colossal eggs with the dead as a provision for the journey to Te Reinga. It is not absolutely certain that the moa is altogether extinct, as there have been reports of its having been seen in the mountainous recesses of the west coast.

Of the kiwi three or four species exist. The first specimen was sent to England in 1812, and passed into the possession of Lord Derby. Some of the skin of the bird was afterwards sold in Europe at a very high price, as it was believed the species was extinct; but it is still found in primitive forests of the mountainous regions. The kiwi is a night bird hiding by day under the roots and coverts of trees and at night seeking its food—insects, grubs, worms and seeds. Kiwis live in pairs, and the natives say they sit alternately on the nests. The Maoris caught them by imitating their calls. The kiwi does

not fly but is swift on foot, making wide strides when running, and carrying the body in an oblique position with the neck stretched to its fullest extent and inclined forward. When provoked it erects the body and raising the foot to the breast strikes downward with considerable force and rapidity, thus using its sharp claws as weapons of defense.

Among other birds is the tui or parson bird which sports among the yellow blossoms of the kowhal. It is larger than the English black bird, has two bunches of white feathers like clerical bands under the neck which contrast with the glossy black irradiated with green hues and pencilled with silver grey of the rest of its plumage. Its notes are few and simple but very melodious, like the tinkling of a small bell which harmonize together as they are delivered. It is the mocking bird of New Zealand and readily imitates cocks, cats and will learn to articulate words and whistle bars of music. Although of very delicate constitution, it has been known to live in confinement for upwards of ten years, but more frequently it succumbs after the first year to convulsive fits.

The tui as well as the New Zealand pigeon are eaten by the Maoris with great relish, they being very fat in the months of May, June and July. In times past these birds were snared but since the advent of civilization, they are procured by means of the shot-gun. In cleaning them the natives are not so particular as some Europeans would be. The principal feathers are removed while the head and feet are not taken off. The entrails also are untouched. Being thus prepared they are cooked in what is called the copper Maori, which is simply a hole dug in the ground with wood and stones placed therein. The wood is lighted and burns until the rocks are hot. On these hot stones the food is placed. A small portion of water is poured upon the stones, thus a steam is created after which the whole thing is immediately enclosed confining the steam which does the cooking. After the bird is cooked—which usually requires one hour—it is taken out in small baskets, made of native flax. The Maoris devour with relish everything of the bird with the exception of the largest bones which it is impossible for them to crack with their teeth.

There are also brilliant parrots of a greenish, metallic hue with red, and wings of yellow and blue; the kara kariki is brilliant in green, blue and red; the kakapo, only found in the remotest valleys of the south island; the thievish weka or woodhen, greedy for anything that glistens and fond of carrying off spoons, forks and eggs; herons in the rivers and estuaries; the beautiful pukeho, wild ducks, hawks preying on birds, rats, mice and lizards. Every New Zealand colonist is familiar with the little owl called the moepork, a nocturnal species which derives its name from its peculiar cry. The notes of the bell bird or mocker, resemble the tolling of a distant bell and its ordinary song is not unlike that of the tui. Its notes though simple are varied and sweetly chimed, and the bird is of social habits. The morning anthem, which scores of these sylvan choristers perform together is a concert of eccentric parts producing a wild but pleasing melody. The Maoris snare these birds by means of a tuki stiek baited with crimson flowers. The birds alight on the treacherous perch to sip the flowers and a sudden jerk of the running noose secures it firmly by the leg.

There are also many varieties of cormorants, penguins, albatrosses, storm-petrels, sea-gulls, sea-swallows and others too numerous to mention.

No wild beasts lurk in the thicket and sheep are unmolested by wolves, etc.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY FRIENDS.

BY J. W.

A SERMON PREACHED IN PROVO, BY PRESIDENT GEORGE A. SMITH, IN THE SPRING OF 1853.

I ARRIVED in Salt Lake City in September, 1852. After remaining a short time I took up my line of march for Provo, which, at that time, was considered a rival in importance to Salt Lake City; for when some of the residents of Provo of that date had occasion to refer to Salt Lake City they often designated it as "the other city"—recognizing but two cities in Utah at that time. My object in going to Provo was to work for the sugar company then in existence. But Winter came on early and put a stop to out-door work.

The citizens of the Provo of to-day must allow considerable for the Provo of 1852. We read the city was incorporated in 1851; but the houses were not built for some time afterwards.

But my present article has more to do with the meeting-house of that date. I will try to describe it: Its walls were built of hewed cottonwood logs. The size, as near as I can now recollect, was about twenty by forty feet, with a kind of vestry attachment in the middle of one side. Opposite the door sat the presiding authorities, and the speakers stood in this vestry—the stand was not then built. We had not got the floor laid before the saw-mill froze up; and so no dancing could be indulged in. A thin coat of straw on the ground, which did duty as a carpet, would also have interfered with that amusement. Then, again, the removal of the benches would have been inconvenient, as most of them were simply hewed logs—I presume some that were left over after the house was built—and for supports, a short piece of log was cut off and placed under each end, which answered the purpose and was certainly substantial. So much for the house.

In the absence of dances our principal amusement, as Spring opened, was ball playing. The supervisor of streets was not then abroad in the land; and as the best of soil, for gardens, does not make the best of roads, the streets of Provo were rather bad. But there was one spot opposite the Bullock Hotel which was, for some cause, dryer than the average.

This spot was used as the ball-ground, and it was well occupied from early morn until darkness put an end to the games. This had continued for some time, when one day we were gladdened by the arrival of Prest. Geo. A. Smith, who came from Spanish Fork. He passed the play-ground about two o'clock p. m. and announced that he would hold meeting forthwith.

The bats were immediately thrown down and the balls pocketed, and all hands repaired to the meeting-house. When I say "all hands" I do not confine this to the ball players only; but I mean nearly all the citizens of Provo, as it did not take long to spread a notice at that time. It was but a short time from the arrival of Bro. Smith until the congregation was called to order. After the several opening exercises Bro. Smith arose and spoke about as follows:

Brethren, sisters and friends:—I feel extremely happy for the privilege of being with you in Provo to day; for I have traveled in all the settlements of the Saints north and south. I have traveled in the United States and in old England; but for its size and the number of its inhabitants, I would suppose Provo to be the richest town I have ever visited; for I have

never seen a town that could afford as many loafers to play ball from early morn until late at night, from Monday morning until Saturday night, as Provo can; and, as a matter of course, it is because you can afford it and have nothing else to do. This must be the case, seeing you have a good and well-finished meeting-house. [Here he cast his eyes all around the house and on the floor and benches.] Seeing your widows have all got good houses in which to dwell and doubtless [with irony] good piles of wood hauled and cut up, and all other works of a public and private nature done up. I thought to suggest a few ideas, just to hint at a few small jobs that you might be doing just to make you a little variety, along with the intelligent and exhilarating game of ball, until other jobs or other work turn up or develop themselves. First, and to begin with, you might improve your streets a little; at least, make them so that a man can get along without "doubling teams" when he is on foot. In their present state they might do for persons who are able always to have help with them; but all persons are not always able to have with them the necessary help for the successful navigation of your streets in their present state. Hence I would suggest that you improve them a little. England has very good roads and streets, but they have been working on them for the past two hundred years. Perhaps when we have worked on ours even one hundred years they may be better, but for the present, if you make them so a man can get along without help they might do very well.

Again, I see you have commenced to build bridges. Now, that is a very good thing and certainly very early in the history of the country for such a work. Why, it is only two hundred years since the English built their first bridge, and we read the country has been settled over a thousand years. But in your bridges I notice one defect—they are rather narrow—and I would suggest that you make them an inch or an inch and a half wider, or at least so that a man can get all four wheels of his wagon over at once. It is very disagreeable, *very disagreeable*, to a man to try to cross a bridge and only get two of the wheels over and have to turn back after the other two; besides, it is bad for the wagon.

Again, there are your water ditches. You might enlarge them a little so that, at least, one man at a time could water; and then, perhaps, there would be no need of a man dam(n)ing himself as well as the ditch.

For quite a time I could not understand the object of the Lord in bringing us to such a country as this, where so many water ditches are needed; especially when it would be so easy for Him to release us from all trouble from that source. If the Lord would just level down the mountains west of us it would let the clouds come in and rest against the mountains east of us, and then it might rain most all the time. And as the scriptures tell us the Lord weigheth the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance, and taketh up the islands as a very small thing, He could certainly do so small a thing as the leveling down of a range of mountains. But I now have learned better and can understand the will of the Lord in bringing us here. We read the Saints must be tried in all things; and I have learned that one very important item would have been wanting if, in our experiences, we had no water ditches. I have yet to learn what there is that will try either a man's faith or his temper as much as a water ditch. Then, seeing we need both the ditches and the trials, we had better make them large enough and thus get all the good out of them we can.

Then there is the swamp caused by the great sheet of water spreading out just north of your town. If someone would dig a ditch and collect that water instead of allowing it to spread as it now does, the land would make a good pasture and the water a good mill power.

The settlement of Provo at the time when it was made was a little like a child born out of due time, as Salt Lake Valley would have held the Saints for years to come. But you know it had been discovered that there were fish in Utah Lake, and so a number of the old Nauvoo fishermen wanted to come here and establish a fishery. It is true we did not need fish, any more than we could eat, and that quantity we could get just as well from the Jordan at Salt Lake City as to come to Provo after them. But still these old fishermen wanted to come and continued to tease the President for his sanction. He finally gave consent on condition that they would build a good and substantial fort to protect themselves and their wives and children from the Indians. They agreed to do so. They came here and built a something—I suppose they called it a fort; but as for myself I never could find a name adapted to it in either the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdoms. They lived in that nondescript a short time and then wanted to move out. First, the bishop wanted to move up the river, out into the brush, to build a mill, as he said. It is true a mill was needed; it is also true the bishop built something; and I suppose he called it a mill; but as for myself I always considered it one of the mysteries of the kingdom.

I am just returning from Spanish Fork, where I have been to assist in settling a difficulty between the bishop and president. They have both got an idea in their heads that there is a crack somewhere in the floor of the meeting-house which separates the bishop's ground from the president's. They call one side of the crack spiritual and the other temporal. The idea would not be so bad of itself; but one of them thinks the crack is there [Points.] and the other thinks it over there, making quite a piece of ground that both claim. Even that would not be so bad; but they both seem to want to occupy the same spot of ground at the same time; and that, you know, is rather difficult, and sometimes they tread on each other's toes. They both asked me to assist them in finding the crack, and to help me with the case each urged numerous reasons why the crack should be where he claimed it was. I told them my eyesight was poor and I was not good at seeing such things. But I could give them both good advice and that was, for the president to do all the good he could and for the bishop to do the same; and both being pretty good men I thought they would be able, between them, to cover all the ground. But this did not suit them. They still wanted to find the crack, and after finding it, to keep their own sides on account of their toes, which were tender. So I then counseled them to come to Provo and get enough of Brother Clark's pot-metal leather to make them a pair of boots each; and from the time they got the boots and wore them their toes would be safe.

President Young called on me to come to Provo and told me I could do more good here than elsewhere. It was a long time before I could understand this until I heard of the sugar works being located here in Provo, then it was perfectly clear to me.

I will tell you how I came to understand it: Now, you see, in the Eastern States, in the Spring of the year, the making of maple sugar is a great job. They have their troughs, and buckets, and their great iron kettles in which to boil the sap. These kettles have quite a tendency to boil over. In order to

prevent that we used to take a piece of fat meat, run a stick through it and lay it across the kettle. When the sap boiled up until it touched the fat meat it would go back and not boil over. As I am the fattest man in the quorum of the Twelve the President sent me here to Provo to keep the pot from boiling over, which, through the help of God, I hope to do. Amen.

Another attempt at singing and then the meeting was dismissed.

The effects of this sermon and the opening of Spring, together, stopped our ball playing and started us about our work, which was plenty at that time.

I often heard Brother George A. Smith preach after this; but none other of his sermons had the effect on my mind, or have been as well recollected, as the one given here.

I presume there are many yet living in Provo who will recollect it probably as well as myself.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

BY W. J.

THERE are times when the second advent of the Messiah is quite an interesting topic of conversation among the Latter-day Saints, and the general belief among them is, that the time of His coming to reign a thousand years among His Saints here on earth is drawing very near. But who can tell the day or the hour when this important event will take place?

That He will come is not a question with Bible believers; "But," Jesus Himself said when He was here in the flesh, "of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not even the angels of heaven, but my Father only." (*Matt. xxiv. 36.*) This was true then, and the exact day or hour may not now be known. But Paul tells the Thessalonians some eighteen hundred years ago, when it was not exactly necessary to prepare a people for His immediate coming: "The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night; * * but ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief." (*I. Thess. 5.*) And the prophet Amos says: "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret to His servants the prophets." Now, should the Latter-day Saints be in darkness, and be overtaken as a thief? And if God will do nothing without first making it known to His prophets, He certainly will not fail to make known the time nearly, if not the day or the hour, when such an important event as the coming of His Son in power and great glory is to take place, and this He has not failed to do.

Malachi says: "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me, and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple." This has reference to the Savior's second coming, as the context shows; and the messenger spoken of has been sent. Malachi says further, in the last two verses of his book, which are also the last two verses of the Old Testament: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord; and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." Now, has Elijah fulfilled this mission? Joseph Smith tells us in his history that he has. After Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery had bowed in solemn and silent prayer, in the Kirtland temple on

April 3, 1836, Jesus, Moses and Elias appeared unto them giving them instructions and keys; and Joseph says: "Another great and glorious vision burst upon us, for Elijah the prophet, who was taken to heaven without tasting death, stood before us, and said: 'Behold, the time has fully come, which was spoken of by the mouth of Malachi, testifying that he (Elijah) should be sent before the great and dreadful day of the Lord came, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse. Therefore the keys of this dispensation are committed into your hands, and by this ye may know that the great and dreadful day of the Lord is near, even at the door.'"

On the morning of the day on which the first Twelve were chosen in this dispensation, viz., February 14, 1835, President Joseph Smith called a meeting of those who had journeyed to Zion, or the members of Zion's camp, and some others. He seated those who had gone up to Zion the year before in a part of the house by themselves. He then informed them that they were called together by the command of God. He portrayed some of the trials and sufferings endured on the trip, and added, that God had not designed all this for nothing, but He had it in remembrance yet; and those who went to Zion with a determination to lay down their lives, if necessary, it was the will of God that they should be ordained to the ministry, and go forth to prune the vineyard for the last time, or the coming of the Lord, which was nigh—even fifty-six years should wind up the scene.

Joseph Smith says: "I was once praying very earnestly to know the time of the coming of the Son of Man, when I heard a voice repeat the following: 'Joseph, my son, if thou livest until thou art eighty-five years old, thou shalt see the face of the Son of Man; therefore, let this suffice, and trouble me no more on this matter.' I was left thus, without being able to decide whether this coming referred to the beginning of the millennium or to some previous appearing, or whether I should die and then see His face. I believe the coming of the Son of Man will not be any sooner than that time.'"

The following extract from the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of August 1, 1879, is appropriate here. "Joseph, in one of his sermons, which he delivered March 10, 1844, made a brief allusion to the coming of the Savior. He said: 'I have asked of the Lord concerning His coming; and while asking the Lord, He gave me a sign and said: 'In the days of Noah I set a bow in the heavens and as a sign and token that in any year that the bow should be seen the Lord would not come; but there should be seed time and harvest during that year; but whenever you see the bow withdrawn, it shall be a token that there shall be famine, pestilence and great distress among the nations, and that the coming of the Messiah is not far distant.' But I will take the responsibility upon myself to prophesy in the name of the Lord, that Christ will not come this year, as Father Miller has prophesied, for we have seen the bow; and I will also prophesy in the name of the Lord, that Christ will not come in forty years; and if God ever spoke by my mouth He will not come in that length of time. Brethren, when you go home write this down that it may be remembered.'"

Thus it will be seen that the time of the Savior's coming has been indicated, even if the day and hour have not been given, for Elijah declared, nearly fifty years ago, that "the great and dreadful day of the Lord is near, even at the door"—and he is reliable authority. Joseph Smith, speaking to the members of Zion's camp by the inspiration of the Holy

Ghost—and is not the third person in the trinity good authority?—told them “the coming of the Lord was nigh.” When the great Prophet Joseph Smith was “praying earnestly to know the time of the coming of the Son of Man,” he was told by a person who, it is reasonable to infer, was his Heavenly Father, for he addressed him as His son; “Joseph, my son, if thou livest until thou art eighty-five years old, thou shalt see the face of the Son of Man;” and, although Joseph was uncertain “whether this coming referred to the beginning of the millennium or to some previous appearing,” the statement is clearly made that if Joseph lived till December 23, A. D. 1890, the Savior would visit him for some purpose, and Joseph would see His face. Joseph’s prediction, in opposition to the Millerite assertion, uttered in 1844, “that Christ will not come in forty years,” has been fulfilled and proves him a true prophet in regard to this important event and shows Miller to be a false prophet. And the sign of the coming of the Lord, as given by the Lord Himself to the Prophet Joseph Smith, the great prophet of the dispensation of the fulness of times, is here repeated, for it may be relied on and watched for with the fullest confidence: “In the days of Noah I set a bow in the heavens as a sign and token that in any year that the bow should be seen the Lord would not come; but there should be seed time and harvest during that year; but whenever you see the bow withdrawn, it shall be a token that there shall be famine, pestilence, and great distress among the nations, and that the coming of the Messiah is not far distant.”

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER VIII.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

AT a special conference held in Salt Lake City, August 28, 1852, I was called to take a mission to Gibraltar in company with Elder N. T. Porter. It was at this conference that the revelation on celestial marriage was first made public, and was taken to the world by the greatest number of Elders that had ever been called on missions at any one time before.

It was agreed that the company going east should meet on the Weber River, forty-five miles from the city, and we would proceed from that point across the plains together. Daniel Spencer was elected captain of the company; Orson Spencer, chaplain; and Orson Pratt, preacher and general instructor. Our company consisted of eighty-four Elders, who had twenty carriages and eighty-eight horses and mules.

In crossing over the Little Mountain our carriage was broken down, and we left our baggage there, covered up with a buffalo robe, while we returned to the city to have the vehicle repaired. After getting the necessary repairs done we again started, but on account of storms were compelled to camp out at the mouth of Emigration Canyon. The next day we arrived at our camp outfit on the Little Mountain just in time to save it from a band of roving Indians. That night we camped all alone on the Big Mountain and were disturbed in our slumbers by the howling of the wolves. We slept very well, however, after having commended ourselves to the care of the Lord.

On the 20th of September, 1852, the whole company began to move and on the 1st of October we arrived at the Missouri River in the best of health and spirits. Our evenings on the journey had been spent around the camp fire discussing religious subjects and often being instructed by Apostle O. Pratt.

Our company now began to scatter to go to their various fields of labor. I joined a company and took steamer for St. Louis. We were kindly treated on board. A discussion took place in the cabin between Elder O. Pratt and Mr. Storon, president of the Missouri College, resulting in a Bible triumph in favor of Apostle Pratt.

In St. Louis, Elder Wm. Pitt found himself without sufficient money for his passage to his field of labor and was walking down the street with his head bowed down, wondering what he should do to obtain the necessary means. Suddenly he saw before him, on the walk, a ten-dollar bill, the exact amount required. He picked it up and after searching in vain for the owner, used it for procuring his passage to England. On November 11th, twenty-one of us, who had engaged passage to Liverpool on a sailing vessel of 1,800 tons burden, set sail, and arrived at our destination on January 5th, 1853. We buried one passenger, a Catholic, in the open sea. He was sewed up in a blanket and some weights were attached to the feet. Burial services, in the absence of one of their priests, were read by Elder Perigreen Sessions, and he was then slid off a plank into the blue waters of the ocean. The usual custom-house overlooking of our baggage took place at Liverpool. A French stranger was detected with a crust surrounding a quantity of tobacco, making it look like a loaf of bread. The experiment cost him \$250.00.

While in New York our whole company were provided with passage and provisions with the exception of one Elder, who did not have sufficient money to buy food. A stranger came along and passed several of us, enquiring concerning our missions. But when he came to the only one not yet provided with his outfit, he dropped five dollars into his hand. With a tear of gratitude the stranger was blessed and God praised.

After visiting Prest. S. W. Richards at 15 Wilton Street, Liverpool, and my friends in Leicester, London, Southampton and the Isle of Wight, myself and companion took passage from Southampton on her majesty’s steam packet, *Iberia*, on February 28th, 1853. We had enjoyed many excellent and profitable meetings with the many churches in England, holding before them the new revelation on the eternity of marriage.

On the morning of March 3rd we cast anchor in Vigo Bay, Spain, after sailing 663 miles over the rough Bay of Biscay. This is a lovely bay, abounding with a variety of fish. Its borders abound with oranges, figs, grapes and nuts. Sixty-eight miles more and we pass Oporto, on the coast of Portugal. The next city was Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. It lies two miles up the Tagus River, and is very strongly fortified. The queen’s palace and garden are worthy of attention; the remainder of the city is very filthy. On March 6th we left Lisbon and cast anchor in Cadiz Bay, Spain. We were now about 9,000 miles from our Utah home.

THE truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men used to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

Butler.

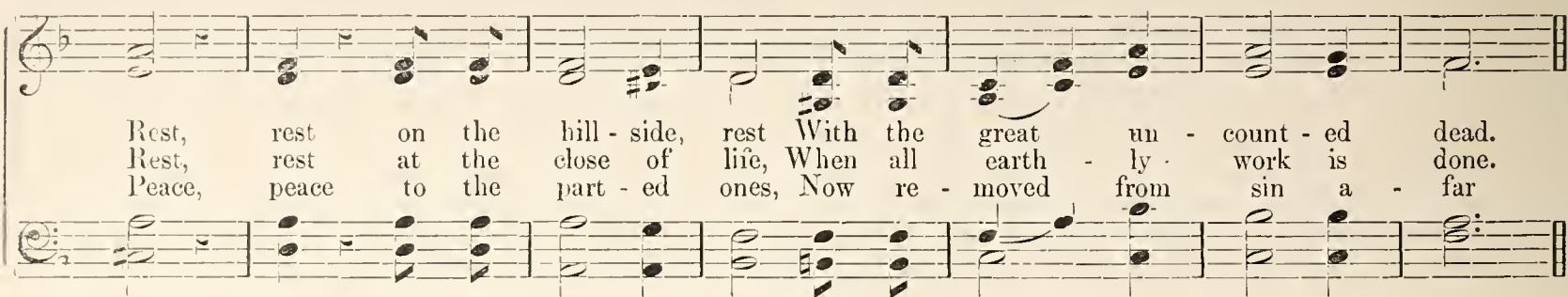
REPOSE.

WORDS BY H. W. NAISBITT.

MUSIC BY GEO. CARELESS.



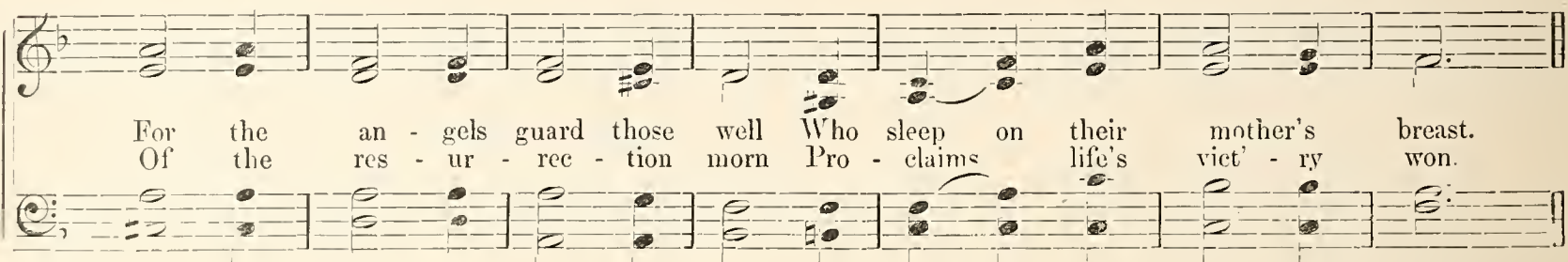
1 Rest, rest for the wea - ry soul, Rest, rest for the ach - ing head;
 2 Rest, rest for the bat - tle's o'er, Rest, rest for the race is run;
 3 Peace, peace, where no strife in - trudes, Peace, peace, where no quar - rels are,



Rest, rest on the hill - side, rest With the great un - count - ed dead.
 Rest, rest at the close of life, When all earth - ly work is done.
 Peace, peace to the part - ed ones, Now re - moved from sin a - far



4 Peace, peace, the op - press'd are free. Rest, rest, oh ye wea - ry, rest,
 5 Peace, peace, there is mu - sic's sound, Peace, peace, till the ris - ing sun



For the an - gels guard those well Who sleep on their mother's breast.
 Of the res - ur - rec - tion morn Pro - claims life's vict' - ry won.

SQUARE WORD PUZZLE.

BY J. M. FISHER, JR.

Awarded Second Prize.

My first and fourth are alike—a lady's name;
 My second and third are alike—a specified time.

The letters forming the square, if read from left to right,
 right to left or from top to bottom or from the bottom to the
 top will spell the two words above mentioned—a lady's name
 and a specified time.

THE answer to the Scripture Enigma published in No. 9 is
 ABRAHAM. The blanks should be filled with the following
 names: first, Goliath; second, Jacob; third, Rachel; fourth,
 Abel; fifth, Sarah; sixth, Cain; seventh, Moses. The Enigma
 has been correctly solved by B. S. Shurtliff, Sarah Harper,
 Payson, Enoch Jorgenson, Ephraim; Lauritz Peterson, Hunts-

ville; Charles H. Hart, Bloomington; Geo. B. Mattson, Jr.,
 Springville; Sarah McMurrin, Salt Lake City.

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GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR

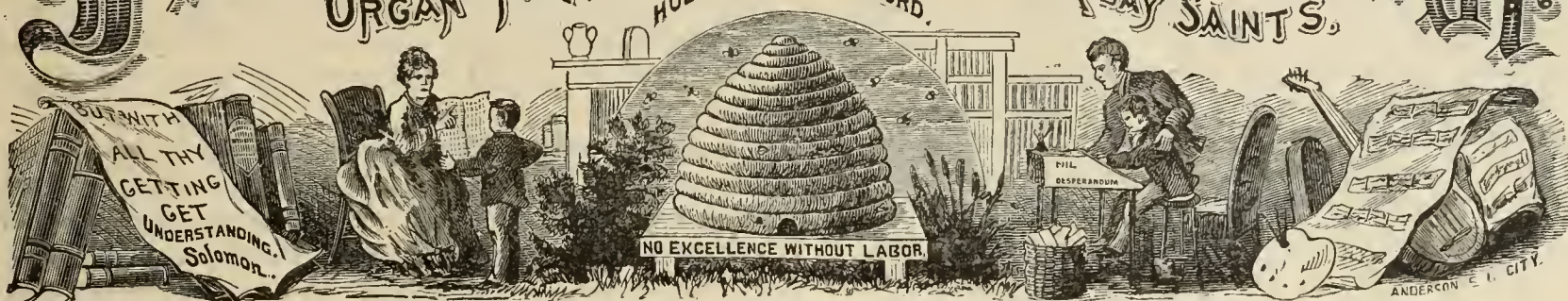
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THE Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XX.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1885.

NO. 12.

THE CITY OF YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

THE city of Yokohama has a world-wide reputation as the place where Commodore Perry of the American navy landed, in the year 1852; and succeeded through his remarkable tact and wisdom in opening to commerce and communication with the civilized world this interesting country and people, which had been unapproached and unapproachable nearly three hundred years, except by the Dutch, who sent two ships each year, and were required by the Japanese authorities to nail their Bibles in a box during the time they were there.

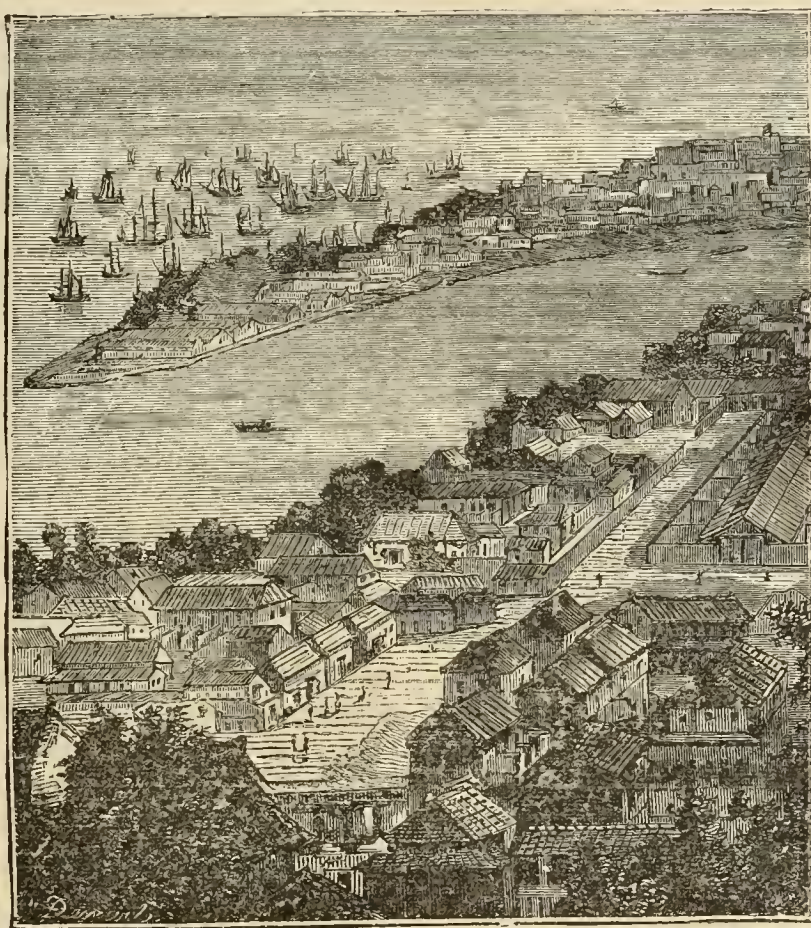
At the time of Perry's visit Yokohama was a small fishing village, but is now a large and important city, being the chief entrance to the empire, and containing many thousands of inhabitants, and from whence all the tea, silks and other valuable products of the country are shipped to all parts of the world.

Yokohama is the place of residence of the representatives of the different nations of the earth, who find it more convenient for business purposes than Tokio, the capital, which is twenty miles distant, inland, by railroad.

On landing, many strange sights and sounds meet the eye and ear; the streets are crowded with people from all the leading nations of the world, among whom conspicuously will be seen Japanese pilgrims and new comers from the country, staring in rapt astonishment at everything around; French Catholic, and Russian Greek priests in their Cassocks and black robes; English and French soldiers in their red and blue uniforms; besides natives of China and Corea, Malays and

Mahometans, with the clang of different languages mingled with the street cries of the vendors of many kinds of wares, provisions and eatables.

If you wish to ride, you can get accommodated with horse carriages, and with the native hand-cart, the *Jinrikeshaw* which is pulled about by men at a trifling cost—only about one dollar for a day's riding.



All the leading trades, callings and professions, and many more of native kind, are to be found here; not omitting auctions, photographic establishments and newspaper offices. Hanging all over the fronts of the stores are many colored and prominent signs, printed in Chinese characters, as well as in English and French.

The city is compactly built of low houses with tiled roofs, some one and some two storied. The foreign settlement occupies in part a level surface of land about a mile square; the Japanese part of the city spreads out about another mile to the right. Beyond the plain is a half-circle of hills called the "Bluff," which is dotted over with scores of handsome villas and dwellings of all sizes and varieties of architecture. Reaching along the edge of the city, and facing

ing the sea is a fine, wide, paved street called the "Band" having a strong low stone wall next the water.

The Japanese *Sai Bau Sho*, or court house, is larger and handsomer than the official buildings of the different foreign nations; but they are all surrounded with beautiful gardens and shrubbery.

The fine, wide, smooth streets are kept very neat and clean. They are curbed with stone, and have gutters at the sides to carry off the rainfall. Rows of iron gas lamps are placed at the edges of the sidewalks of all the principal streets and give at night all the light needed.

At all times you can get a good meal, well cooked, consisting of a dozen varieties of food, for fifty cents, and if you have no desire to sit down to a regular meal, you can get cakes, candy, fruit or any other eatables from men who travel through the streets having these things for sale very cheap.

As for toys, lacquer works, curiosities and jewelry for sale, these things meet you at every turn, and when you are either riding or walking, sometimes three or four men and boys will be offering you a great variety of goods to induce you to purchase.

Should you be willing, you can be amused on the streets by the little tumbling boys, who are satisfied if you give them a cent for their work. For a few cents you can hire a man as a guide, who can speak a little English, and who will conduct you to all the different places and things worth seeing.

Many of the natives wear nothing but the American style of dress; others will put on their native attire at one part of the day, and the foreign habiliments at another.

Schools are very numerous and well conducted, and books plentiful and cheap. The school teacher is held in the highest estimation.

All the people are very polite and respectful towards each other, and also to strangers, whom they salute with a bending of the body.

Although like the rest of the world, they have their vices, there is among the Japanese much that is worthy of imitation.

W.

HANNAH, AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

CHAPTER IX.

WITH wonderful self-command, Hannah replied to the warden:

"Oh, Mr. Butler, give us time! I cannot say that I yet know all the facts, or that they are all known to my husband; but if you preserve secrecy and give me the promise that I ask I will do all in my power to secure for you complete information upon the subject. I am so much afraid of the desperate men with whom my husband is confined that I cannot consent to take any part in an effort of this kind—to detect the plot of these miscreants—unless you will pledge your honor that Mr. Thorndyke shall be protected from their assaults and that only I shall be known to you as the informant in this matter."

If the warden had been at first amazed he was now almost stupefied with astonishment. From a tender, shrinking, weeping girl Hannah now stood before him a resolute woman, shrewdly bargaining for the welfare of her loved one. Mr. Butler had a contempt for Rupert, and this immediate situation tended to strengthen that feeling, for he knew very well that Thorndyke was more closely a participant in the project than his wife had admitted. His first impulse was to play a double part with Hannah and punish the man who had been cowardly enough to betray his associates. It was a severe struggle with him. But his face evinced nothing of the tem-

pest of thought within his mind; and Hannah does not know to this day how near the brink of ruin her hopes were when she stood facing the warden in the ante-room of the penitentiary. But finally softer feelings prevailed with Butler and he made up his mind that whatever promise he should make to Hannah should be rigidly fulfilled. It was then a question with him whether he should enter into such a bargain with her. He had learned to so completely distrust mankind, and especially the gentler portion of humanity, that he was doubtful if Hannah was not practicing some of the wiles of woman-kind.

But when the warden remembered what serious consequences might be visited upon the institution of which he was the guardian, and even upon himself, if he failed to embrace this opportunity to gain information, he determined to make an alliance with Mrs. Thorndyke. Actuated by this seeming necessity he made Hannah very joyous by giving to her the desired promise. He said:

"Mrs. Thorndyke, don't try to play any games on me; because if you do you will only injure your husband's cause. But if there is really such a plot as you intimate and you will give me all the facts in your possession, or which you can obtain, I promise never to betray your husband in the matter and to do all in my power to get a mitigation of his sentence. And I ask from you the same confidence which you exact. Excuse me if I speak plainly, but I have every reason to believe that your husband is as bad as his associates, and I don't want to be known as favoring any man of his stamp. For that reason you must never reveal the means which you used to gain my influence; nor must you ever tell that I have exerted myself in Thorndyke's behalf."

Favorable as this speech was it only half satisfied Hannah, who was now aroused and determined to make the best terms possible for Rupert. She therefore insisted upon receiving from Butler a definite promise of a complete pardon. And although the granting of such a pardon was not in the warden's power, she had such confidence in his blunt sincerity, as well as his official influence, that she felt quite certain she could rely implicitly upon any promise which he gave.

Butler was not anxious to give such specific pledges; but there seemed to be no other resource, so he finally yielded. The happy Hannah, now relieved of her most poignant anxiety, solicited the privilege of returning the following morning and spending the greater part of the day with Rupert. To this request also the warden felt compelled to accede, and Hannah departed from the penitentiary yard feeling more light-hearted than ever before since Rupert's incarceration. The parting words which Mr. Butler used to her were these:

"Young woman, I have learned to distrust human nature and in giving my confidence to you I am departing from a well-established rule of my life; but I believe that you are truthful and that your bargain is an honest one. For that reason I shall make no personal effort to secure information from any other source at present."

The next morning, when Hannah found herself in Rupert's arms and no listeners were by, with most tender caresses she besought his confidence. In the loneliness of her absence he had reproached himself for the partial betrayal of his comrades and he had determined to treat the whole thing as a joke on Hannah's reappearance. But her loving trust melted his unkind resolution in an instant, and little by little he revealed to her the full nature of the plans for escape.

Every evening at the supper hour the convicts were all brought together in a large paved court which was surrounded

on three sides by the penitentiary buildings and on the fourth by the outer wall. This wall overlooked a brawling river, from the waters of which huge rocks lifted their heads when the stream was low. But now the stream had risen from ten to twelve feet above its usual mark and the rocks were covered to a considerable depth. The height from the surface of the stream to the top of the wall was now less than thirty feet. The project of the prisoners for their escape were arranged as follows:

On some evening, to be decided by the circumstances of the occasion, when the eight turnkeys and waiters came in with the supper of the prisoners, they were to be simultaneously seized, gagged, bound, and, if necessary, murdered, to insure their silence. The keys were to be taken from them and access gained to an inner court where ladders and ropes were known to be stored. Enough of these were to be secured to make the scaling of the wall an easy matter. This plot was only known to the more desperate of the convicts, comprising about one-third of the prison inmates; but these hardened men had little fear of their less criminal and vigorous companions. They believed, and the suggestion of this idea had come from Rupert, that when the opportunity was offered for escape it would be embraced by all the prisoners with the exception of one or two whose terms were almost ended. A careful count had been made and the projectors knew almost to a certainty who would favor the plan at the last moment and who would need watching. Some of their strongest and most active members were selected to watch any of the other prisoners who would be likely to give an outcry; and these guards were instructed to keep their prey silent at any cost, even though the taking of life should be necessary. All these results accomplished it would be a speedy work to place ladders against the outer wall, to mount to its top, and by fastening the ropes there, to drop easily and silently into the stream below. All of the prisoners who contemplated this escape were swimmers, some of them quite proficient in the art. These could easily transport themselves to a place of safety. If there should prove to be others not sufficiently expert it was arranged to throw over the ladders and such other boards as could be secured to assist them in floating. Although the river was very turbulent it was now less boisterous and dangerous than when it was low and the rocks were near the surface. Communication had been gained with friends of the prisoners on the outside, and with them it was planned that at a certain point down the river, where the trees and underbrush crowded thick upon the bank, a number of suits of rough clothes, such as were used by miners, should be hidden. These were to be donned by the escaped convicts and their own striped suits sunk in the river with rocks. After this the men were to scatter in all directions; and as soon as possible they were either to get out of the country entirely or engage in the mining and lumbering regions at some distance.

Upon this latter point Rupert touched very lightly; and Hannah, with a feeling of sadness which she could not overcome, thought how unlikely it was that she would ever again have seen her husband if he had participated in this plan and it had been successfully carried out. But she said nothing of the pain in her heart and only pressed closer to him in her loving anxiety.

Rupert confessed to her finally that he was in doubt as to the course which he should pursue. Hannah had explained to him some of her hopes for his release at an early date; and, without revealing any of her conversation with Butler, she

contrived to impress upon his mind how fatal it would be to all his chances of honorable and speedy release if he were to be detected in any such plot. On the other hand, he told Hannah that to retreat now would be to invite the murderous vengeance of his fellow-conspirators.

Rupert fairly shook and turned pale when he fully realized the position in which he was placed. But it was here that his wife's brightness of thought and strength of character came most to their aid. She soothed and upheld him, and after much coaxing and encouragement she induced him to leave the management of the affair entirely in her hands. She told him to appear as usual with his comrades, take part in their councils and to keep himself fully informed of every step of the plot. By all means, she conjured him not to excite suspicion and to remember that she was working for his deliverance by more sure and less dangerous methods.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MISSION.

BY J. W.

MY youthful training was religious. I was early taught the blessings one might obtain by teaching others the way of life and salvation. As the scriptures tell us, "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways hath saved a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins; whilst they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." I was very young when I learned the hymn:

"I'll be a missionary; yes, I will labor,
The gospel of Christ I'll to sinners proclaim;
In far distant lands I will tell of a Savior,
Where error, and ignorance, and darkness reign."

When the latter-day message found me I had made arrangements to go to Algo Bay, South Africa, with a returning Methodist missionary. Of course, after obeying the gospel my destination was changed to the gathering place in the tops of the mountains. I had only been in the Church two weeks when I was ordained a priest and with others was sent into the neighboring towns and villages to preach the gospel we had received. I continued in this work as long as I remained in England and the labor seemed easy to me and I liked it.

I came to Utah in 1852, a time when workers were needed in this then new country much more than preachers, and my lot took me direct to what was at that time the newest and most remote of our settlements—Iron County.

I have assisted to make three new counties, five new cities in those counties, and have built about eight dwelling-houses and bought six others in these several cities and counties; so that I have had some experience as a pioneer. When I first came to Utah the reverse was done to what is done now—to turn preachers into workers. Now we have to turn workers into preachers. I think one is about as hard a job as the other. I have in my recollection about ten of my early-day acquaintances who were eloquent preachers, and who had labored long in the ministry, but their time to gather having come they rejoiced at the privilege. After arriving in Utah, however, and finding out that building and planting implied a deal of hard work, many of them got tired, apostatized and went to California, the destination of all apostates at that time.

Like the rest of the youth at that time my opportunities for study were few, as the chief instruction then given was about building, fencing, making ditches, herding, etc. And when the teachers called around it was often to enquire if the brother would be able to get his proportion of fence up in time and thus save his brother's crop from destruction, as such matters had much to do with the peace and good feelings in a settlement.

Twenty years of this experience had not developed preaching in me to a very great extent, hence, when I was called to go to England on a mission in 1874, I found myself situated similar to the majority of the other missionaries—almost totally unprepared for my labors. Still I immediately prepared to go, trusting in God for His aid. I was, however, considerably exercised in my mind as to how I would be able to acquit myself of the duties that would devolve upon me, and bear the responsibility of teaching the gospel in a proper manner to the people whom I might visit. With these thoughts, feelings and troubles on me I, along with my brother missionaries, arrived at my field of labor, being assigned to the Leeds Conference, Yorkshire, England. I arrived in time to meet my predecessor, and to learn from him all I could to aid me in the discharge of my duties.

I started out in due time for a trip around the conference, praying to my Heavenly Father to open the way before me that I might be able to do good. I traveled and visited the scattered branches and members of the Church. My first surprise was in finding the great change in the people since the time (twenty-two years before) when, as a native Priest, I had first preached the gospel there. Then there seemed to be an interest in religion and the people were anxious and would come to hear the gospel. But now this was changed and the people seemed to have lost all interest in holy things.

I traveled until I came to Hull, on the sea-shore, where there was a branch of the Church. We held several meetings of which one was a council meeting. In this the branch president said that as their new conference president had arrived it was a proper time to inform him that they had established, some time previously, an advertising fund. At the time this fund was started a brother remarked, "We have no preachers, why do we need a fund to advertise meetings?" The president answered, "Let us form the fund, and by the time we get the means perhaps the Lord may send us a preacher."

He now informed me that there was sufficient means on hand and if I wished to use it for that purpose I was welcome. This took me by surprise; but I realized that it was my duty to use every means in my power to lay the gospel before the people and therefore I did not refuse this offer.

An advertisement was accordingly inserted in the papers and the following Sunday the Odd Fellows Hall, which we had secured for meeting, was well filled with a respectable-looking congregation. I arose and took my text (*Luke xxi, 24*) and spoke quite freely upon the fulfillment of prophecy in regard to the Jews. After getting started the feeling of fear passed away and I did not seem to notice anything, until I had spoken an hour and a quarter, when I closed.

After meeting the branch president and Saints gathered around and congratulated me on my sermon. A non-member sitting near the door asked one of the brethren, "Is that man a missionary?" The brother answered, "Yes." He thereupon took out a shilling, saying, "Give him this," which was the first money I had given me on my mission.

I propose now to give you a brief account of some of the more humorous phases of a missionary's life, or, at least, of

mine. From my boyhood's days I had worked more or less at tailoring, and in Utah I had become expert in the use of the sewing machine. This knowledge I often found useful, both in making friends and also in enabling me often to do work in exchange for accommodations. One morning during my stay in Hull I went into a Saint's house where I expected to get my breakfast. Now, breakfast is generally the hardest meal for a missionary to find. He can generally get invited to tea, and often to dinner, but breakfast seems to be often left out. In fact I have talked with Elders who often left out the meal altogether. They would stay later in bed and then commence the day with dinner. But from habit I had to arise early and needed breakfast. On entering I found the sister sick and no signs of breakfast. The father had gone out to his work. There was a large family of small children and they were sitting around in their night clothes. The next to the smallest one climbed upon my knee, and being a family man, I commenced to dress it. But there were difficulties: buttons were off, button holes broken, shoulder straps loose, etc. I did not have a supply of pins to insert as we proceeded, but I had what was better—needles and thread. I took these out and made repairs as we went along. I also encouraged the larger children to dress themselves, assisting them with a stitch or two as needed. When we were nearly through the father came in to his breakfast and saw us at work. The mother was feeling better and able to move around, and in due course we had breakfast, conversing about sewing and sewing machines and their value to an over-worked wife, etc. After breakfast the father called me out and asked if a sewing machine would not be a great help to his wife, who had to do all the work for such a large family. I agreed with him that it would. He asked me to go with him and assist him in selecting a suitable one, he saying he would get one as soon as he could. We went, and while conversing with the dealer he noticed the brother's medal that bore his number as a coal dealer, remarking that he needed a chaldron of coal right now. The brother replied, "Well, if you will take a chaldron of coal of me I will take a sewing machine of you." That being agreeable all around, a trade was made; and while I was left to go home with the machine the brother went to get the coal. Just then an idea struck me, and turning to the dealer I said: "I am a sewing machine agent from the United States; I am in England on a visit. How do you do business here; do you employ agents or pay commissions?"

He stretched out his hand, saying: "My dear sir, I'm glad to see you; glad to see you! An agent over from the United States? Yes, we pay commissions, and we will be glad for you to do all the business you can during your visit; and we will pay you as much as we would anyone else." He went to the till and took out seven shillings and sixpence in English money and gave it to me, saying, "Here, sir, take this. As he pays a chaldron of coal down it is nearly as good as a cash sale."

That amount was more money than that branch of the Church ever gave me; and as it did not cost the brother a cent I took it as a providential favor, and it paid my way many miles in my travels. We took the machine home, I made their boy two shirts on it and did some other sewing, and gave the sister all necessary instructions in the use of the machine; and after some other interesting adventures, went on my way rejoicing.

FONDNESS of fame is avarice of air.

Lesson for the Little Ones.

PRIMARY EXERCISES.

THE BETRAYAL OF JESUS.

JUST before the feast of the passover, Judas Iscariot, being tempted of the evil one, went to the chief priests and judges and told them he would betray Jesus into their hands if they would give him money. They were only too glad to accept of this wicked man's offer, and gave him thirty pieces of silver for pay. This Judas was a greedy, wicked man, and was an apostate to the truth. Just as many men to-day turn from the gospel of Christ and betray their brethren into the hands of those who are opposed to the gospel. You remember that Jesus told His disciples at the last supper how one of them would betray Him, for He could read the hearts of all and He could see how those who desired to serve God would be tempted. Peter said to Him that he was willing to go to prison or even to die for Him, but Jesus told him how that very night he would deny Him three times before the cock would crow for morning. Jesus knew He must die for the sins of the world; yes, for the very ones who sought His life, He was going to have His body broken and His blood shed. He also knew how His disciples would be tried because of Him, yet the will of His Father He would do, no matter how much He might suffer.

After Jesus and His disciples had finished the sacrament and Jesus had spoken words of comfort and blessed them, they all went forth to the Mount of Olives. Jesus told the disciples to stay where they were while He went away and prayed. It was night and Jesus felt very sorrowful, and as He knelt He prayed, "Father if Thou be willing let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will but Thine be done." He returned to where the disciples were and found them sleeping. What, said He, can ye not watch with me one hour? You should watch and pray always lest ye enter into temptation. And He went away again and prayed the same. His agony was so great that He sweat great drops of blood, and an angel from heaven came and ministered to Him. Thus He prayed three times, and each time when He returned His disciples were sleeping. The last time

He said, Sleep on, take your rest for the hour is at hand when the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. While Jesus was yet speaking Judas Iscariot with a great multitude bearing staves and swords, with priests, and judges, and elders following him came and surrounded Jesus. Judas had told these wicked men that he would kiss the one they were to take, so he came up to Jesus saying, Hail master! and kissed Him. Jesus said to him, Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss? The crowd gathered around and took hold of Him, but He did not try to get away. He just stood and looked on them mildly, saying:

"Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and staves for to take me? I sat daily with you teaching in the temple, and ye laid no hold on me."

But they jeered and mocked Him, and took Him away to one of the priests' houses. All His disciples but Peter fled when they saw Him led away.

God permitted these wicked men to have power over Jesus that the plan of redemption might be fulfilled as spoken of by all the prophets.

Peter came into the hall where some of the people were sitting around a fire, a young girl came in, and looked at him very closely, then she said, Why this is one who was with Jesus; but Peter feared the people, and so he denied being with Jesus, saying he knew Him not; so two others who saw Peter, said this is one who was with Jesus, but each time he denied Jesus. Then Jesus turned and looked at Peter sorrowfully just as a cock crew for morning, then Peter went out and wept bitterly, for he realized, what he had done.

QUESTIONS.

- 1.—Which of Jesus' disciples was it that betrayed Him?
- 2.—How much money did Judas get for this fearful deed?
- 3.—Which disciple was it that said he would go to prison or die for Jesus?
- 4.—What did Jesus tell Peter?
- 5.—Where did Jesus go to pray?
- 6.—What did Jesus say when He prayed?
- 7.—How did Jesus find His disciples when He returned?
- 8.—What did He say to them?
- 9.—How was Jesus when the angel came and ministered to Him?
- 10.—What did Judas do when he met Jesus to betray Him?
- 11.—What did Jesus say to Judas when he kissed Him?

- 12.—Why were these wicked men permitted to do as they did?
 13.—What did Peter do when he was accused of being with Jesus?
 14.—When the cock crew what did Peter do?

ZINA.

OVER THE FENCE.

[In this recitation Conscience may be represented by a boy in an adjoining room.]

BOY.

Over the fence is a garden fair;
 How I would like to be master there!
 All that I lack is a mere pretense,
 For I could leap over that low, white fence,

CONSCIENCE.

That is the way all crimes commence,
 Coveting that which is over the fence.

BOY.

Over the fence I could toss my ball,
 Then go in for it, that is all.
 Picking an apple up under a tree
 Would not be a very great sin, you see.

CONSCIENCE.

That is false, a mere pretense;
 Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

BOY.

Where is this voice that speaks so plain?
 Twice have I heard it, and not in vain.
 Never again will I look that way,
 Lest I should do what I planned to-day.

CONSCIENCE.

A blessing on thee, noble boy!
 That is the way to life and joy;
 Turning away from sin's pretense,
 And leaving untouched what is over the fence.

EVERY man is a missionary now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends or designs it or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society; or he may be a blessing, spreading benediction over the length and breadth of the world: but a blank he cannot be. There are no moral blanks; there are no neutral characters. We are either the sower that sows and corrupts, or the light that splendidly illuminates, and the salt that silently operates; but being dead or alive, every man speaks.

GOD never made His work for man to mend.

AN INCIDENT.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, as many know, was a man bred in the simplest manner, had lived in such a manner all his life. When he became President of the United States he was, of course, brought into society by his official position, which was full of various observances of social etiquette of which he knew little or nothing. But however he had been situated he would probably never have paid so much attention to such observances as many others, so occupied was his mind always with entirely different interests. One evening, just after one of the Union victories during the war, there was a grand official reception of some kind, at which he was obliged to be present. He came alone and rather late, and found the party of gentlemen who had expected to accompany him, and whom he had forgotten, waiting for him in the ante-room. After greeting them in his pleasant genial fashion, he drew from his pocket a pair of *dark green gloves* and proceeded to put them on. While occupied in this way, he suddenly observed that every gentleman but himself wore either white or very light pearl or lavender-tinted gloves.

"Well," he began in rather a questioning tone, and looking dubiously at his hands, "I don't know as I'm right about these gloves. I see you've all got on white gloves, and I haven't any other than these green ones with me."

There was not even a moment of embarrassment for anybody, for as he concluded, Lord Lyons, who was then the minister from England to the United States, quietly drew off his own delicately tinted gloves with the remark, "There's no necessity for any of us to wear gloves, that I see."

Every other gentleman of the party followed this delicate hint, and in another moment every one of them stood gloveless. The face of Lincoln for a few minutes reflected his appreciation of this exquisite tact and warm hearted courtesy, for careless and untrained as he was in such social observances, he knew perfectly well when it was brought before him that his omission of the proper etiquette on even so apparently a small matter as the color of the gloves upon a grand occasion like this, would become a subject of criticism and unpleasant comment which for his friends' sake, if not for his own, it would be well to avoid. And he also knew perfectly well that Lord Lyons, out of that warm and kindly courtesy of feeling, had saved both him and his friends from this unkindly comment by his quick tact. What the elegantly-gloved diplomats and the rest of the fine company thought when the President and his party appeared before them ungloved on this high dress occasion, did not transpire. But what the Presidential party thought of Lord Lyons it is easy to perceive.

We hear so many stories latterly of the stiffness and coldness, the *unreadiness*, of Englishmen, and their rather supercilious manner with us, that it is specially pleasant to record this incident, which shows us what an English gentleman can be—not only a gentleman in his training, but of that fine fibre which assimilates all training and makes the dry form instinct with the life and beauty which springs from a gentle and noble nature.

THE slave of pleasure soon sinks into a kind of voluptuous dotage; intoxicated with present delights, and careless of everything else, his days and his nights glide away in luxury or vice, and he has no care but to keep thought away: for thought is troublesome to him, who lives without his own approbation.

APOSTLE F. D. RICHARDS'
NARRATIVE.

IN the Spring of 1836, Brothers Brigham and Joseph Young came to my father's house. They told us that the gospel had been again restored to the earth with all the gifts and blessings enjoyed by the ancient saints, and that the Lord was again revealing Himself from the heavens.

The news sent a thrill of joy through my whole being. I had studied the Bible and well understood that the Lord revealed Himself to man anciently, and I wondered why it could not be so now; why we could have nothing but an indefinite hope with regard to our salvation; why there was no surety about a subject of such vast importance to us.

With an interest begotten of doubt and anxiety I eagerly inquired of the Elders if these things were indeed as they represented. They repeated the assurance that the ancient gospel, with all its powers and blessings, was again restored to man.

They affirmed that the promise was to all that would repent, be baptized for the remission of their sins, and have hands laid on them for the reception of the Holy Ghost, that the Holy Ghost would show them the things of God and they should know for themselves that they had received the truth.

"Is it possible," I asked, "that I have lived to see the day when the Lord is revealing Himself as He did anciently?" The fact was too great, too good for me to realize at once. I pondered and prayed over it; I asked myself, and I asked the Elders, if it was not possible that there was some deception in the matter.

I raised all the objections I could think of, but they were met by statements so lucid and clear as to remove every shadow of reasonable doubt. They declared that these were as plainly matters of fact as the ordinary business transactions of life; that the Lord had promised His children, if they would fulfill certain conditions, they should know for themselves.

Finally the passage of scripture, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God," was brought with much force and power to my mind. I saw clearly that it was for me to choose. If I obeyed I would receive, but could not expect to do so without. I did not hesitate long, but went forth and was baptized.

I had a cousin who received the gospel about the same time. I expected he would accompany me into the waters of baptism, but he did not put in an appearance. Several days after my baptism, when in company with him, the idea flashed through my mind that he had been baptized privately, and I accused him of it. He acknowledged that it was so and said he had taken that course to avoid scorn and persecution until he could gather with the Saints.

He afterwards gathered with the Saints in Missouri, was ordained an Elder and preached the gospel. When persecution grew warm he sent his Elder's license to the Church authorities, left the Saints, and still remains outside.

I was baptized by my father, Phinehas Richards, on the 3rd of June, 1838. After being confirmed, I earnestly desired a testimony of the truth of the gospel I had obeyed; that is, I sought a strong and abiding testimony that would not leave a doubt of my having received the truth.

On a certain occasion, when reading the Book of Mormon I found the following: "Ye receive no witness until after the trial of your faith." How I obtained that witness will appear in the ensuing narrative.

During the month of October, following my baptism, with the cousin I have before mentioned, I started for Far West, Missouri. On the 30th of October we crossed the Alleghany mountains. I afterwards learned that it was the day on which the massacre at Haun's Mill took place.

When we arrived in St. Louis we had but little money with which to pursue our journey. We left our things with a friend, and started on foot for Far West, a distance of 275 or 300 miles.

I was only seventeen years old, had belonged to the Church about five months, and my knowledge of the world was very limited. The first day we called for our meals at proper times and paid for them. We began to realize that we would soon be out of money and among strangers. Some plan must be devised to continue our journey, without much further expense.

Missouri had been principally settled by people from the Southern States, and they prided themselves on their chivalry and hospitality. To such an extent did they carry this hospitality, that I believe they would have fed a man, if they intended to kill him the following night.

We adopted the plan of traveling in the morning, until after the people's usual breakfast time. We then called at some farm house and asked if they would oblige us with a cold lunch, as we were in too great a hurry to stop until a meal could be prepared. They would put the coffee pot on the table which usually contained an abundance of coffee left from their own breakfast; some corn-dodger which from the way it was made, was very solid; usually some fried bacon, and to these was generally added a bowl of honey, for at that time it was very abundant in the country. To this, in the spirit of hospitality, the people made us welcome and would not accept any remuneration.

We soon learned to get our dinners in a similar way, by calling at a farm-house between dinner and supper. From necessity we soon learned to do with these two meals a day. In St. Louis we first heard of the difficulties with the "Mormons," and the excitement about them, among the people, increased as we advanced into the country.

In that region of country was a large tract of public land, known as the Grand River purchase, which had just come into market. People from nearly all parts of the country, including the Eastern States, were traveling to that section, to make claims and get them homes.

Circumstances did not call for us to make ourselves known as "Mormons," and in our intercourse with the Missourians, the Grand River purchase was the objective point of our travels. At that time news traveled slowly to what it does in these days of railroads and telegraph lines. Whenever we fell into company we made enquiries about the Grand River purchase, and in return for the information received, we had our budget of eastern and St. Louis news with which to entertain others.

(To be Continued.)

As amber attracts a straw, so does beauty admiration, which only lasts while the warmth continues; but virtue, wisdom, goodness and real worth, like the lodestone, never lose their power. These are the true graces, which, as Homer feigns, are linked and tied hand in hand, because it is by their influence that human hearts are so firmly united to each other.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



FUTURE prospects for the youth of the Latter-day Saints are very bright. There will be room in the field which they will occupy for the exercise of the best culture of the highest talents. The change which has taken place within the short period that has passed since we left Illinois in the surroundings of the Elders and the attitude of the work of God has been very great. We have taken an enormous stride forward. The people that in former days were very insignificant and looked upon with great disfavor and as unworthy of the society of the better classes, have become now the objects of attention and universal interest. Our Elders now have access, when they go abroad, to circles of society which were entirely closed against them in the early days. The position of the people in these mountains has been such as to command attention and, in many instances, admiration. Already we see the prophecies which have been spoken concerning the future greatness and glory of Zion being fulfilled.

Our system attracts the attention of the thoughtful in all lands; and no statesman who pretends to keep pace with the world's progress can afford to allow our system to escape his attention. It excites thought. Many men of rank from other lands come here and are deeply interested in all that they see, and go away impressed with the character of the organization. A power like this, growing up in the midst of these mountains, that has withstood so many assaults, that possesses such wonderful vitality, that is not dependent upon a leader even of the acknowledged ability of our late Pre-ident or of our martyred Prophet, causes men to reflect, for they see something that is out of the common order. A people gathered together from various nations, of different languages, of different educations, and originally of different creeds, fused into one as we are in these valleys, governed so easily and bound together in such strong ties, cannot fail to excite wonder and to call forth comment.

Every year adds to our influence. Our leading Elders who visit foreign lands, if they are men of intelligence and cultivation, have no difficulty in gaining access to the upper classes of society. This will become more and more the case as time rolls on. Therefore, our youth should be fitted for the high destiny that awaits them. They will, if they prepare themselves as they should do, figure in scenes of which their parents knew but little or nothing. They will have a prominence and call forth a respect of which some of the Elders of the early days could scarcely conceive.

We ask ourselves how many of the juveniles are preparing themselves for the future that awaits the people? No doubt some are taking every advantage within their reach to qualify themselves to perform a high part in the great work of the last days. Others are careless and indifferent and have

no high standard of excellence to which they desire to attain. Very much depends upon the parents and the teachers of our youth. If they take interest in their children and in their pupils they will instil into their minds a love for excellence and a desire to qualify themselves for the positions which some of our people must occupy. In our Sunday schools pains should be taken to instil proper ideas into the minds of the children, not to have them filled with an improper ambition, but to set before their minds the glorious character of the work and the great opportunities for usefulness which it furnishes to every one who is willing to labor.

In the early days of the work the Prophet Joseph saw the field was already white unto harvest, and he was called of God who was ready and willing, to thrust in his sickle and reap. This is still the case. Opportunities for usefulness are without number. We do not overstate the fact when we say that no generation ever had finer opportunities, inviting them to action, than have the present generation of Latter-day Saints.

Boys and girls, do you understand this? You should do so, and you should do all in your power to qualify yourself for the future. Have a high standard. Aim to live by the highest laws which God has revealed. Let nothing short of this satisfy you. Cultivate good manners. Much fault can be found with our young people in this respect. There is a great lack in many places of good manners. A visitor sees it exhibited in the streets of our villages, towns and cities, in the rudeness of many of our young people and their neglect of many of the ordinary decencies of life. We have noticed this particularly in traveling through the settlements, in the manner in which boys act in entering places of worship. A properly trained man or woman will enter a building dedicated to the service of God with reverence. Such persons will be impressed with the character of the building and of the worship conducted there. A properly constituted mind views such places as sacred. Because they are built by human hands, and because we know the men who have built them, or perhaps have contributed ourselves to their erection, should not rob them of the sacred character which belongs to them. When they are built in a proper spirit and dedicated to the service of the Lord, they are His, and they should be entered reverently. A properly trained man will always take off his hat when he crosses the threshold of such a building, neither will he put it on, after the services are over, until he emerges from it. He will observe decorum when he is there and will not in any manner disturb other persons, either by his words or actions, in their worship.

This reverential feeling of which we speak, exhibits itself in other directions also. A properly trained man, or boy, or girl, will pay respect to the aged. In many places our youth need correction upon this point. There is not that respect shown to age which it deserves. Nothing is more beautiful than to see children, and youth, and young people paying proper respect to their parents or to other persons of age and experience. It is an admirable trait in the human character whenever it is exhibited. The Lord has spoken so much upon this point that there can be no doubt but that He blesses children who honor their parents and who honor age. We do not believe any child can honor God who does not honor his or her parents, and who does not treat with respect the aged with whom he may be brought in contact.

We hope our remarks upon these subjects will be taken to heart, and that all who have the youth in charge or who act towards them as teachers will impress upon them the importance of the subject.

PERSIAN ARCHITECTURE.

MUCH of the knowledge we have of the civilization and attainments of ancient nations is derived from the architectural remains of the cities and edifices they erected. Considerable information concerning peoples that have long since departed can be gained from their monumental inscriptions, and even from the character of the monuments themselves or the ruins of their palaces and dwellings.

The works that are left of those whose voices have been silenced in the tomb for ages tell us what and whom they were, and reveal to us many facts respecting their history and mode of life. Their story is told in unmistakable language: for as a tree is known by its fruit, so the condition and degree of advancement attained by individuals or communities can be ascertained from the result of their labors.

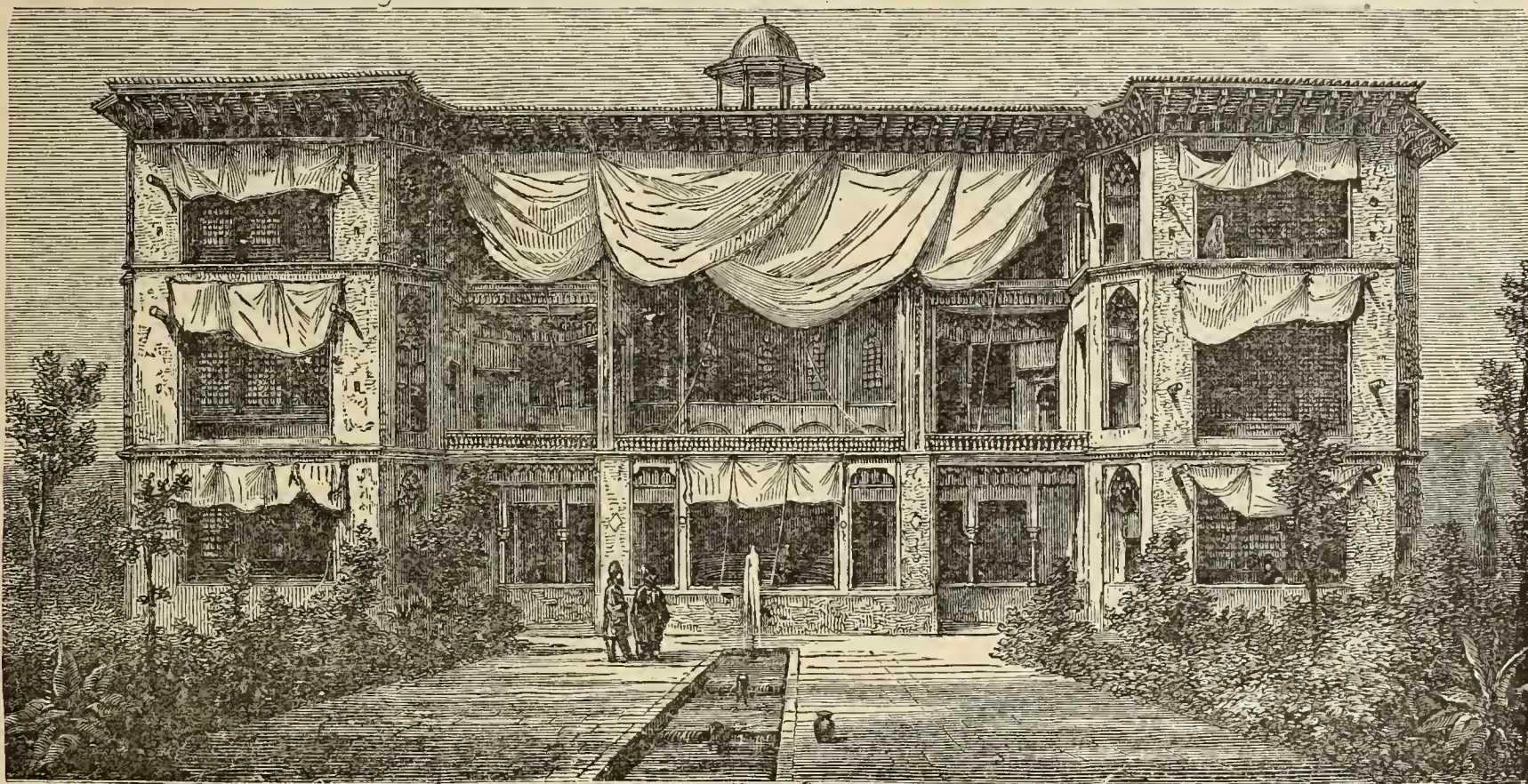
The architectural structures are the most substantial remains to be found by which we can identify those nations whose

of worship might be partially learned from the figures that may be traced upon the walls of edifices, or from hewn images that perchance are excavated from the accumulated heaps of dust and rubbish of old ruins.

These and many other facts pertaining to a people whose written history is not accessible may be gleaned from the silent and deserted ruins of their former dwelling places.

For the knowledge we possess of many ancient civilizations we are to a great extent indebted to modern explorers, who have labored assiduously, and under very unfavorable circumstances, in order to throw new light upon the history of the past. Concerning ancient Egypt, Assyria and other places but little is known except what has been brought to light through modern research.

Although the greater part of the history of ancient Persia that is to be had is learned from Greek writers, hopes are entertained that much more will yet be gained by exploring the ruins of its old palaces and temples.



written history is lost. And it is from such that the greatest amount of knowledge respecting their habits and achievements can be acquired. The beauty of design and taste exhibited in the construction of their buildings would show what advancement they made in architecture. A knowledge of this would serve as a guide by the aid of which their progress in other arts could be partially determined; for it would be reasonable to infer that where a people are highly skilled in one useful art they are at least moderately clever in many others. On the other hand, where one branch of study that is of importance to civilization is entirely unknown, it would be natural to conclude that others are understood only to a limited extent. All classes of true knowledge have a connection with each other and come from the same source; and where one is found others may be sought for.

Again, the massiveness of their buildings, the materials used in their construction and decoration, their admirable arrangement to suit the purpose for which they were intended, would all serve to show what ingenuity and mechanical skill were possessed by the designers and builders. Even their ideas

The architecture of ancient Persia is of much interest as it is found to be very similar to that of Assyria and Egypt. On this account it has been a great aid to students of ancient architecture in enabling them to get a more perfect conception of Egyptian and Assyrian styles of building which are the earliest forms of architecture known. The houses of Assyria were of perishable materials, while those of Persia were more lasting and substantial. What was wanting, therefore, in the former to complete the partially-conceived idea of its architecture was furnished by the latter; and with the knowledge gained from these two places modern explorers have been enabled to produce designs showing the pattern of their buildings.

The most magnificent building whose remains can be traced in Persia is what is known as the Hall of Xerxes, situated at Persepolis, the capital of the Median empire in the time of Darius and his son, Xerxes. This hall was three hundred and fifty feet long and three hundred feet wide. It had seventy-two ornamental columns or pillars of stone to support the roof, remains of which are still in existence. The style of these

pillars is similar to that of those used in Greek architecture, thus showing that nations, as they have sprung up, have obtained their ideas of architecture, as well as their knowledge of other arts, from those who preceded them. In this way many things known to the ancients have been handed down to the present time.

The building here represented is the palace of the present shah, or king, of Persia, situated at Teheran, the capital of the empire. It will give you an idea of the modern style of Persian architecture, which, probably, is the degenerated form of the ancient character.

HOW REUBEN WILLIAMS WAS SAVED.

MR. LINWOOD, an old merchant of Boston, carrying on a large importing, wholesale and retail dry-goods business, visited one day, some fifteen years ago, a brother merchant in a suburban town.

As he was passing through the merchant's store his eye fell upon a roll of foreign lace exposed for sale. He gave it a scrutinizing glance, paused, and for a moment appeared to be quite absent-minded. Then recovering himself he made some careless remark and passed on to the counting-room.

After transacting the business which had brought him there he said, as he rose to take leave:

"Mr. Ames, perhaps you noticed that I looked rather closely at a piece of lace on your middle counter as I came in. That is a very peculiar kind of lace. Are you aware of the fact?"

"I hadn't thought much about it," replied Mr. Ames, "I don't know so much about laces as you do."

"Perhaps I know as much about them as any other man, I ought to, for I have imported laces these twenty years; and besides, I have visited all the principal places in France and Belgium where they are made. Do you know where that lace comes from?"

"No, I do not. It is valenciennes, I believe."

"You are right. It was made at Courtrai. Show me any piece of valenciennes lace and I will tell you whether it was made at Courtrai, Bruges or Ghent, or any other of the half-dozen places where valenciennes is manufactured. Though all use the same materials and work them by the same process, each place produces its peculiar style, which an experienced person can always identify."

"This lace," added Mr. Linwood, gravely, after a moment's pause, "is peculiar even for Courtrai; and I wasn't aware, until I saw it on your middle counter, that it was for sale in any other store in America than my own."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Ames, interested. "I suppose you import it?"

"I not only import it," replied Mr. Linwood, as if it were a matter of serious importance, "but I import all that is made of it, and that is a small quantity. More than that, I do not wholesale it; I keep it for my retail customers. So the question is," he said, with a smile, "how came you by that lace?"

"I came honestly by it," laughed Mr. Ames. "But it is rather strange if, as you say, you import all of it. You must be mistaken in some way."

"Very likely. Yet I have supposed the agents with whom I contracted for it to be trustworthy. Anyhow, I should like to know who else imports that kind of lace."

"That can perhaps be ascertained," said Mr. Ames, turning to a memorandum book. "It was brought to me by a young man who travels and sells by samples. Here is his address."

"Wilkes—in chambers—Milk Street," murmured Mr. Linwood. "I have heard of him; but I did not know he dealt in such expensive goods. May I ask, not what you paid for the lace, but what you retail it for?"

"Certainly." And Mr. Ames named a price which caused the blood to rush into the face of the veteran importer.

"Dear man," said he, "the lace costs double that sum at the maker's prices! There is something wrong."

"Maybe it is an imitation," suggested Mr. Ames.

The old merchant shook his head. The lace was brought in and carefully examined.

"No imitation about that," Mr. Linwood declared. "Now, my friend, it might not be well for me to appear personally in this affair; but I ask, as a favor, that you will learn from this Wilkes through what channel he gets my valenciennes-Courtrai lace. Only do not tell him that I want to know. Be discreet and report to me and you will greatly oblige me."

Mr. Ames cordially promised, and the old merchant returned to the city.

A few days later Mr. Ames called upon him.

"I have a clew to your lace," said he when they were alone together.

"Well?"

"A clerk of yours is doing a little business of importing on his own account."

"Impossible!"

"So Wilkes says. Have you a clerk named Williams?"

Mr. Linwood had about fifty clerks in his service of whom there were two of that name.

"There is old John Williams, a man of nearly my age, and Reuben Williams, a boy of whom I can almost say that I have brought up. He began here as an errand-boy and has worked his way up to a fine position."

"Wilkes spoke of a very young man."

"Then it must be Reuben."

"He says he came to him with the lace and asked him to sell it for him on commission. He represented that he was in a way of doing a little importing, and gave Wilkes to understand that his goods were smuggled. For that reason he was able to sell them at a low figure, and for the same reason he wished to have his transactions kept secret. He was especially anxious that his present relations with you should not be disturbed, as they might be if you knew he was doing a rival business on a small scale."

This revelation was a great shock to the old merchant. For a moment he was silent and thoughtful. Then he said:

"How did you get this out of Wilkes?"

"I cornered him; then I said it was a very serious question and to avoid trouble he had better tell me all about the laces."

"But he may have lied to you."

"I don't think he did. It is a consistent story."

"Yes, it is," Mr. Linwood mused. "Friend Ames," he continued, "if you had failed in business to-day, owing me fifty thousand dollars, you couldn't have saddened me more than you have done in telling me this story. Reuben Williams is one of the most intelligent, affable, promising young men in my employ. I have had the most perfect confidence in him. I did not believe he would deceive or wrong me in any way. I am greatly obliged to you; and now I must ask, as a

still further favor, that you will not mention this matter outside. When did you talk with Wilkes?"

"I just came from him."

"Then Reuben must be dealt with at once before Wilkes has a chance to put him on his guard."

As soon as Mr. Ames had departed Mr. Linwood walked through the store. Reuben Williams was in his place, talking pleasantly with a wealthy customer, a well-known woman of fashion. The old merchant moved on, looking unusually thoughtful, and muttering to himself:

"There is good in him—much good. He must be saved!"

Returning to the end of the store, he said to his foreman:

"Wait till Mrs. Wall has left, then tell Reuben I wish to speak to him. As I shall retain him several minutes you had better let some one take his place."

In a few minutes Reuben, his face still beaming with smiles, hastened to his employer's private room, the room to which he had often been called to receive words of counsel and encouragement.

"You wished to see me, sir," he said, with a face so frank and winning that it was scarcely possible to believe it masked a deceitful heart.

"Yes, Reuben; sit down. Did I hear you just now praising some goods to Mrs. Wall, telling her she couldn't do better than to take them?"

"I said to her what I thought, but I was not urging her to purchase," said Reuben, disturbed by his employer's serious tone.

"I have told you as I have told all my clerks," Mr. Linwood continued, "never to praise goods to anybody and never to press a sale. I have built up my business on different principles and I have secured a class of customers—the very best class in the city and the only class I care to do business with—who know that they are sure of getting their money's worth at my counter. All my goods are genuine and they know it. If there are defects in goods, always point them out and state simply and plainly just what a piece of goods is; but stop there."

"I didn't suppose I was going beyond your instructions with Mrs. Wall," said Reuben, in a tone of admirable frankness; "for I know your principles of business and I"—

"Are you sure you know them?" asked Mr. Linwood with a searching glance. "What are they?"

"The foundation principle is honesty," replied Reuben. "I have heard you say that if a business prospect could not be built up on the corner-stones of integrity and good-will, you, for one, preferred to be poor all your days."

"Very good," said the old merchant, reaching forward and laying his large, warm hand, with a slight tremor in it, on Reuben's wrist. "And are you of the same way of thinking?"

"I—yes—substantially," said Reuben, blushing and slightly embarrassed.

"Reuben, look me in the eye," said the old man with earnest emotion. "Have I not been a friend to you?"

"You have always been a friend—a father to me," said Reuben, deeply moved.

"And do you believe that if you were in trouble and disgrace I would still be your friend?"

"I thoroughly believe it, sir."

"Then," said the old man, quietly, but with a look that went straight to the young man's soul, "tell me about those little speculations."

Reuben turned pale and the arm on which Mr. Linwood's hand still rested shook.

"What speculations?" stammered he.

"Don't—don't prevaricate!" entreated the old man in sorrowful tones. "I know all about it. You didn't import the lace and you didn't sell it to Mr. Wilkes for less than half its cost at the maker's because it was smuggled through the custom house! Reuben, you'd better tell me all. Let me still be your friend as I have always been. I cannot bear that you should be lost!"

The old merchant's gentle, entreating words and his grief which, gushing into tears, overcame him as he finished, touched the heart of Reuben. For a moment the wretched young man could not stammer a word. Pale and trembling he writhed in despair and terror. At length he gasped out:

"My mother—it would kill her to know!"

"Make a clean breast of it and perhaps your mother may never know it. It will not be through my telling her if she does. I do not believe that if a young man has fallen into temptation once in his life he should be blamed forever. No. But there is only one way out of this trouble, Reuben—perfect truthfulness with me now. It is necessary for your soul. You must begin a new life and on the right foundation."

Reuben's teeth chattered as if he had had an ague fit. He seemed to have shriveled in his chair. At last, with an effort, he said:

"I will tell you everything. It was too great a temptation for me to resist. I thought I could take the lace and sell it and nobody would ever know of it. It did not seem to be wronging you out of so very much, for you were rich enough without the lace or its value in money."

"O, Reuben; didn't you think you might be wronging yourself? Did you think money got in that way could bring you happiness?"

"Indeed, sir," sobbed Reuben, "I have been miserable in my mind ever since. I have taken only one piece of lace and once I took a piece of silk; that is all."

"But you might have gone on taking more, Reuben."

"I know I might—I think I should—if I hadn't been found out. Now, I know you will discharge me and I deserve it, but don't let my mother know that I stole from you."

"Reuben," said the old man, "I believe you are telling me the truth. I cannot tell you now what I will do, but we will both think over the matter until to-morrow, then we will have another talk. Now calm yourself. Come to me in the morning."

Poor Reuben passed a terrible night. For the first time the wrong he had done appeared in all its enormity.

The next morning he again met his employer and poured out his heart to him in confession and sorrow. It convinced the old merchant of his clerk's repentance.

"Reuben," said Mr. Linwood, with tears of joy, "it shall all be right. I think you will never forget this lesson. Go back to your place now and keep right on as if this thing had never happened."

"And you trust me still?"

"More than ever, Reuben."

"O, sir!" And clasping the good old man's hand Reuben sobbed out upon it his joy and thanks.

For a year longer he remained in Mr. Linwood's service. At its expiration he was offered a business position in a growing western town, which Mr. Linwood advised him to accept. They parted and for many years did not meet again.

One day last Summer Mr. Linwood, now a very old man, was crossing Lake George on a steamboat, when a gentleman, traveling with a young and interesting family, accosted him and drew him aside, saying:

"You do not know me, Mr. Linwood?"

"I have seen you somewhere, but I can't just now say where," replied the old man.

"I think you will remember me," said the stranger. "I was once in your employ. I committed a crime which you discovered. You might have ruined me. Many a man in your place would have crushed me in the dust. I might have been driven into a life of wrong-doing. Your kindness, your great goodness saved me. I am now a prosperous and happy man—yes, and an honest one! That lady is my wife and those are our children. I hold positions of honor and trust and, sir, I owe all to you. My name is Reuben Williams."

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY ELDER ARTHUR STAYNER
BEFORE THE DESERET S. S. UNION MEETING, IN
SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1ST, 1885.

BELoved BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—I have the honor to address this evening an audience composed, for the most part, of young members of this important and grand history-making community, the Latter-day Saints, the most world-hated and belied people known to history since the days of Jesus. You are the immediate successors of brave, noble-hearted sires who have, under the influence and command of the Almighty, brought this work of God from its initial point through many severe persecutions and purging trials to its present condition of interest and renown. Where your noble, faithful fathers and mothers leave it, there you succeed them; you enter the arena of conflict to battle for the principles your parents have spent their best days, and some their lives, to maintain. They have spent that portion of their lives in which ambition is the most rife, the passions are the most strong, the imagination most fervid, the matured powers most strongly enlisted and most readily applied, and the only portion of their lives when the full and mighty strength of their manhood and womanhood could be brought to bear upon the accomplishment of any purpose or design. And, thanks be to God, they have worked wonders! Raised in their early days in those ranks of life having little educational advantages, being poorly taught, surrounded by influences of the worst nature, with no noble examples immediately before them, without the sympathy and assistance of others of greater educational attainments than themselves, your parents, for the most part, have learned what they know of wisdom and justice, and have acquired all their fame and honorable position in society under the auspices of this work. Under the genial influence of the gospel the budding principles of true nobility in their nature have bloomed into flower and matured into fruit. They have withstood temptations insidious and bold, persecutions bitter and severe, defamation of character, loss of property, loss of friends, and their names have been cast out as evil; and now their obedience to one of the grandest, most exalting principles which have ever as yet been revealed to man has brought them face to face with the most disgracing punishment known to the law.

All through the teachings of the gospel as revealed to us through the Prophet Joseph and God's inspired servants there has been, first and prominent, a volume of instruction in behalf of sustaining the principles of virtue and condemning without reserve everything that encouraged or aided vice; and so strict have been the revelations and commandments concerning these two antagonistic principles that we have been taught that it were better to suffer death than defilement, and we have held the opinion that death was not too severe a punishment for the corruption of virtue. The worshiping and honoring of these principles of virtue and the abhorrence felt and the strong condemnation uttered against any encroachment upon them, perhaps more than anything else, have caused the heart-burning hatred of the sin-laden world against us. And the principle of plural marriage, offered as it is only to those who are supposed and held to be strictly pure and virtuous and have conquered in themselves the spirit of lust and unholy desire, forms the principal object of the cruel attack of conscience-stricken enemies.

The fact is, my young friends, that the all-absorbing and prevailing sin of the world is that at which this holy principle strikes the severest blow, and this is the cause of the howling and gnashing of teeth exhibited by the enemies of this people. The perpetrators and supporters of vice, finding themselves about to be overcome in this moral contest, have gathered their forces for a severe and death-dealing conflict, feeling, under the influence and specious inducements of the tainted morals of priestcraft, secure of an easy victory over what they claim, judging by their own views of morality, is the pretended virtue of the "Mormons." I repeat, judging by the standard of morals which has gained acceptance and acknowledgment by the people, and which has grown and gained strength notwithstanding the labors of ministers of the Church, the people of this nation have doubtless felt that an easy victory would be speedily reached; that to gratify an unholy desire the perpetrators would not pay the penalty attached to their law; that the fine and imprisonment provided would be too great a cost to pay for what they esteem as lechery. But they are brought face to face with an astonishing state of stern facts. Your parents present to their vicious attack a front and position which they never expected to meet. Here are arrayed principles of morality and virtue and a determination to defend them which cannot be attacked or assailed without signal defeat and loss of prestige to the aggressors. In the few sharp engagements which have already taken place virtue has invariably gained advantage, and the history and record of the proceedings and rulings of the courts predict clearly and solidly the future and complete triumph of correct principles in the contest now existing of the world's vice against "Mormon" virtue.

One of the principal successes our enemies hope to gain is the disgracement of your parents by their incarceration in the common jail, companioning with those unfortunates who are suffering punishment for base crimes; they think that the taint of the jail will always cling to them and to you, their children. To this particular point I wish to draw your attention. Here is an opportunity to show your enemies their weakness and delusion; they give you no credit for being actuated by principle; they have not yet risen to the belief that anything belonging to us is worthy of respect only our industry and thrift and consequent accumulation of property; they have not yet conceived the idea that divine principle actuates us, and they suppose that because your parents have been in prison they and you will always hang down your heads with

shame; they have not yet learned and realized that there is an honorable motive and a high-principled determination that will inspire persons to suffer the demeanment of prison, or even an ignominious death, rather than sacrifice a principle; and they fail to remember the noble examples which history gives of this. The Son of God they pretend to worship was imprisoned with malefactors and crucified between two thieves by some of the very creatures He came to bless, because He would not surrender a principle. Let your adversaries know by your visiting in numbers those who are thus incarcerated, or by any other demonstration you may see fit, that you honor their determination in the right, that you sustain them with your faith and countenance, and that the principle they suffer to establish you yourselves sustain in your hearts.

In all the contests between the power of evil and the power of good which have taken place in the world's history since the dawn of creation evil has overcome. It made the first born of Adam and Eve a murderer; it caused the destruction of the earth's inhabitants at the time of the flood; it caused the death of Jesus, and by killing His inspired followers drove the gospel from the earth; it has caused the death of the Prophet Joseph and it has now arrayed itself to overcome and destroy the little stone cut out of the mountain without hands; but here in this day God has set His hand to arrest its progress and has determined to bind its power for a thousand years.

When you look back over the world's history and witness the disastrous effects produced by this power of evil you can form some idea of what it will require to overcome and subdue it. This work has been committed to and undertaken by the Latter-day Saints, under the commandment and blessing of God. It is this work, my young friends, to which you have the privilege of succeeding. It may be that your children's children will be born and grown up before the grand consummation will be reached; but the links which you forge in the binding chain are just as efficacious, efficient and necessary as either the first or the last. It is committed to you to forge some, see to it that they are welded strong and firm and will not form a weak part of the chain.

(To be Continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN all my experience I have never seen a time so well adapted to test the faith of the Saints as the present. Those who have been carrying out the principles of their religion and making them a part of their daily lives, are now reaping the fruits thereof in the strength, and grace, and spirit necessary to sustain them. Those who have not been thus living, but have been careless and indifferent; who have neglected their duties and fallen into bad habits, find themselves in a weak position. They are destitute of the strength which is needed in the hour of trial. God has said that He will have a tried people. His word cannot fail. He will test our faith to the very uttermost; and I do not believe any man or woman will ever enter into the celestial kingdom and receive the glory thereof, without being tried in all things.

I received a letter the other day from a very prominent man at Washington. I had occasion to correspond with him on

some business, and in my letter I gave him some views of our situation. We had had frequent talks upon our question at Washington. He had urged upon me the necessity of our making some compromise respecting the doctrine and practice of plural marriage. He thought that this was only ordinary prudence; and, as my friend, he urged it upon me. He said I ought to use my influence with our people, to have something done looking to the discontinuance of the practice of plural marriage among us. In his letter to me received a few days ago, he says:

"I look upon the matter simply as a public man and lawyer; you regard it as a question of conscience, and that ends the discussion. I repeat to you that your people must abandon polygamy. I know the public sentiment of the country and the influences at work. When you answer me that your people are ready to suffer and die for your convictions, and that you believe polygamy a divine institution, that takes the question out of my jurisdiction."

This gentleman expresses the views of a large number of people who really feel friendly to us. They think our destruction is inevitable, unless we abandon that feature of our religion; and naturally speaking—looking at this whole question from man's standpoint, and leaving God out of the question, as they do—it would have that appearance. But there is a God. He has given commandments concerning His will. He has made promises to those who will do His will. So far these promises have been fulfilled. We can still trust Him; and herein comes the trial of faith. The man and woman who live so near to the Lord each day that they have their prayers answered, know that they can rely upon the Almighty, and that He will not desert them. Those who have neglected to seek unto Him; who are strangers to Him; who have no assurance, because of their carelessness and neglect, that He will hear and answer them, naturally feel doubtful and fearful. They think and perhaps speak about compromise. They are apt to think, like my Washington friend, that we must abandon a part of our religion to save ourselves.

The course taken by Judge Zane and the prosecution in the cases which have been tried of late, may be successful for a time; but the day will come when there will be a reversal of these decisions, or of this policy. We only need to exercise patience, forbearance, long suffering and fortitude, and the deliverance will come. The more rabid and violent these people are the sooner will their careers be ended. Many, doubtless, of the mature readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR remember how dark everything appeared in the winter of 1871-2, and for some months afterwards. A reign of judicial terror prevailed in this district. Judge McKean, and those whom he had to assist him, were guilty of the most high-handed outrages. Presuming upon the hostility which the people of the country entertained against "Mormons," they went to extraordinary lengths, thinking they would be sustained in their acts; but their well-built scheme was toppled over like a house of cards. The whole fabric which they had so carefully and cunningly erected fell about their ears, and their labor was lost. I remember having a conversation with Senator Oliver P. Morton of Indiana, when he visited Salt Lake City about those days. I described our position to him and he became very much interested, especially to know how we were going to escape. President Young was charged with murder, and it seemed to be the determination of Judge McKean to hang him if possible. He packed his juries and made them the creatures of his will, just as Judge Zane and his prosecuting officers have been doing here of late. Senator Morton

asked if it would not be possible for the President of the United States to pardon Governor Young. I told him, No; because the offense was not against the laws of the United States, but against the laws of the Territory. He thought the outlook very serious, as we all did. It seemed then as though we were in the position of the children of Israel when they found the Red sea in front of them and the army of Pharaoh behind them, and no chance of escape on either hand. But we all remember how signally the devices of our enemies were defeated at that time. It came about so naturally and so apparently easy that none but Latter-day Saints saw the hand of God in the deliverance. So it will be at the present time. We have only to watch for the salvation of our God. It will come. We shall be delivered. A few may be called upon to suffer, and this will be no loss, if they maintain their integrity, either to them or to the cause; but Zion will emerge from this ordeal stronger, purer and more glorious.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

HAVING written at some length upon the fauna and flora of New Zealand, I will now return to my missionary labors.

On March 22nd, I went by steamer to the Wellington district, about five hundred miles from Auckland down the east coast. Wellington was founded in 1840 by emigrants sent to New Zealand by the New Zealand company. We entered the harbor by a narrow strait, marked on either side by comparatively high hills.

The city is situated at the head of the harbor in the form of a crescent skirting the waters. It contains about 23,000 inhabitants, has many beautiful buildings, the principal of which are the house of the New Zealand parliament, the supposed largest wooden building in the world, the new post office, police station and other noted edifices. This city is styled the empire city of the colony, being the legislative seat and headquarters of the country. In Wellington the snow-capped range of Tararua with its mountain peaks glittering in the brilliant sunshine or wrapped in gloomy clouds forms a conspicuous feature in the landscape.

After remaining three days in Wellington and vicinity, I proceeded to Carterton, located sixty miles from Wellington. For some distance I travelled on a narrow gauge railroad, (which is the only kind used in that country), close to the waters of the ocean and through a narrow valley, whose surface is marked by a number of towns. As we proceeded we found ourselves surrounded by rolling hills, mantled by a sombre-hued forest and then made an ascent on one of the steepest grades on any known railroad in the world.

In traveling through these narrows and gullies, one is amazingly impressed with the idea of a railroad being built through such a rugged place and the amount of means and work expended in its erection, there being many heavy "cuts" and deep "fills," and tunnels made in almost solid rock. The view is greeted by a flat, open country, stretching away to the north, while a little to the south-east lay the tranquil silvery surface of the Wairarapa lakes. The Wairarapa valley is very well settled.

Its principle towns are Masterton, Carterton, Featherstone, and Greytown, and between these places there are many habi-

tations. There are also a number of Maori settlements, but their population is not worthy of mention, in comparison with what they once were.

The chief resources of obtaining a livelihood are grazing, timbering and some farming. New Zealand will compare favorably with most countries in the production of fine blooded horses, sheep and cattle.

In this immediate locality, there is a number of saw-mills, which afford employment to hundreds of men.

As the gospel had been presented to the Europeans of the Wellington district by many other Elders, I was counseled by President Bromley to direct the most of my efforts to the opening of the gospel to the Maoris—the aborigines. Accordingly most of my attention, and that of my collaborators was employed that way. My introduction to the Wairarapa natives was in this wise:

On April 3rd, in company with Elders Farr and Hansen, I attended a Maori gathering at Waitapu, thirty miles down the valley from Carterton. This gathering was for the purpose of opening a new church built by the Maoris.

Traveling until about 9 o'clock in the evening we reached Waitapu. After making some enquiries we found the quarters of chief Manihera Rangitakaiwaho, who received us cordially and invited us to bring our things into his place. He then ordered his wife to prepare supper for us and gave us the most comfortable seat at the large camp fire, which was greatly appreciated, the night being cold and damp. After supper we conversed with Manihera, who speaks English passably well, and the natives, on the gospel. This astute chief expressed his indignation at the manner in which the white people used the "Mormon" Elders, and acknowledged his approval of the gospel as advocated by the Latter-day Saints.

To enable you to form an idea of the natives of New Zealand, I give you the following description of this chief who is a fine specimen of the race: He is about sixty years of age, stands six feet two inches high; his hair is tinged with gray locks, and his whiskers are almost white; he weighs two hundred pounds, and has a large forehead and keen, black eyes; he is very witty and intelligent, well read in the Bible, and makes light of the so-called Christian denominations.

That evening we had the assurance that we would have an opportunity of preaching to the natives. We slept that night under a piece of canvas stretched to ward off the storm. Our meals were served out to us separately. They consisted of beef, potatoes, cels, cabbage, *puha* a native weed, all cooked together. In the absence of salt and pepper, the conglomerate mess was amply seasoned by the odor from the dried cels.

Arrangements having been made for a meeting on April 4th, a number of Maoris escorted us to a long, low building, constructed in the general Maori style. As we entered my eyes fell on one of the most peculiarly savage like spectacles I had ever viewed. The floor of the dark cavern was closely covered with dusky aborigines. As we entered and took our positions on a bunch of straw, every eye was turned on us. After the usual opening exercises, the gospel was preached to them, to which they responded *kaupai*, meaning "very good." On the following morning we preached to them again, and baptized one of the people. We returned to Carterton in a buggy furnished by the natives.

On April 22nd, Elder Farr, and a company of Saints, left this district *en route* to America. On the same day Elder Ira N. Hinekey, Jr., having been appointed to labor with me, arrived at Wellington. We visited and preached to the Maoris, especially those of the Papawai tribe, Manihera being chief,

and knowing that if he would embrace the truth it would be of great utility in opening our way to the natives. However, our task was arduous for some time, having some opposition to encounter in the form of white ministers, who exerted every effort against us. Notwithstanding the fact that the satanic influence was at work endeavoring to erect formidable barriers against the spread of truth among that tribe we did not become weary in well-doing, but embraced every opportunity of showing them the right road to salvation. Our efforts were marvelously blessed.

(To be Continued.)

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER IX.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

ON the morning of March 8th, 1853, we were anchored under Gibraltar and heard the morning gun fired as the signal for opening the gates of the fortress, raising the drawbridges, lowering rope ladders and opening up the garrison generally.

The picturesqueness of the rock and garrison from the waters of the bay, especially when illuminated, on a dark night was a grand scene. The houses of both the north and south towns are terraced one above the other on the rock.

Small crafts soon placed us and our luggage on the rock. The guard was ordered to allow no one to pass the portals without proper credentials. One gentleman who was not prepared for this was turned away. My American passport did not reach me at Liverpool as expected, and President Richards failed to influence the American consul and minister at London to supply the deficiency, and I was therefore in danger of being turned away. But strange to say, myself and companion passed into the garrison unchallenged, which afterwards surprised the officers.

While passing along the narrow streets and sidewalks only paved with cobble stone, but scrupulously clean, and on seeing so many people of different nationalities, there being twelve different languages spoken by the people living here, we began to realize with what kind of a spirit we had to contend, and it produced peculiar emotions best known to those who feel the worth of souls and are placed in a strange land thousands of miles from home. It truly made us feel to put our trust in the Lord.

After getting something to eat we walked up to the summit of the rock and erected an altar of loose stone and dedicated ourselves and the mission unto the Lord, and we were comforted. The scenery from this spot was sublime. Spain lies to the north; Morocco on the coast of Africa, fifteen miles to the south; the Mediterranean on the east, and the straits and bay on the west. It was dusk when we wound our way down the rock to the town and secured lodgings at the house of a Spanish lady whose husband was a convict keeper.

On the Sabbath we visited the Methodist church and were introduced to Rev. Mr. George Alton. Subsequently we made an effort to obtain the chapel for the purpose of holding meeting, but our request was denied. My father helped to build this chapel and myself and two sisters and a brother were baptized therein.

While looking for a hall in which to hold meetings, we were informed that a permit from the governor was necessary before either an indoor or outdoor meeting was held. On the 14th, we therefore wrote to this individual and solicited the privilege, which was given other ministers to hold religious services. We were referred to Sir George Aderly, colonial secretary. With this person we had three interviews. While he was looking over Governor B. Young's letter of commendation, he said he had read of Brigham Young and his thirty wives. During our last interview we were informed by him that we would have to appear before Stewart Henry Paget, police magistrate, and prove our right to remain on the rock. And he expressed surprise at our being able to pass the sentinels unchallenged, etc.

We obtained from Mr. Sprague, American consul, a permit to visit on the rock for fifteen days in favor of Elder Porter, and I had a certificate of birth and baptism from the Methodist mission. But Mr. Alton was very reluctant to give a certificate to me now that I had become a "Mormon." I had quite a long dispute with him on the principles of the gospel.

We then went to the court room and the magistrate, after looking at my certificate, said, "You will be allowed, as native born to remain on the rock, but if caught preaching will be made a prisoner immediately. And you, Mr. Porter, by this permit will be allowed to remain fifteen days; your permit will not be renewed, and if you preach you will be cast outside our gates." We left some tracts in the police office and retired to our place of prayer on the top of the rock and offered our complaints to the Lord.

We put out two hundred tracts in various parts of the garrison, and privately taught the people.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

BOOKS.—It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us the heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter if the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof; if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

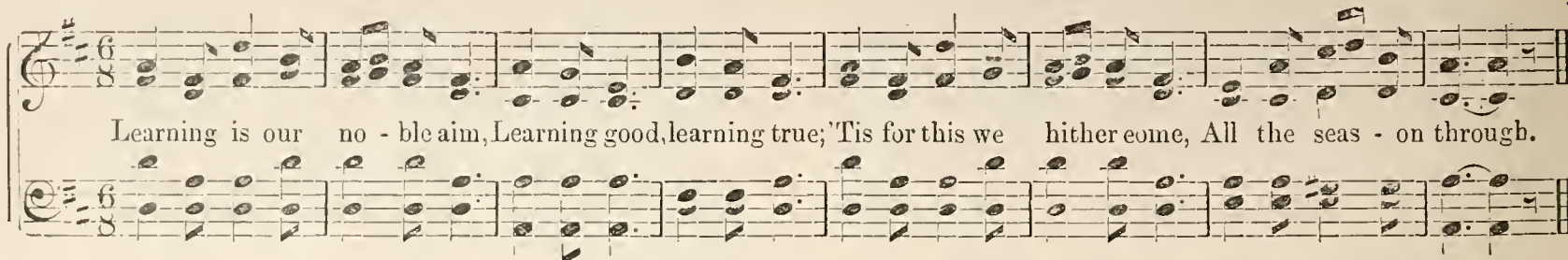
W. E. Channing.

BOOKS are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from becoming a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride or design in their conversation.

Collier.

LEARNING IS OUR NOBLE AIM.

MUSIC BY FRED. BEESLEY.



Learning is our no - ble aim, Learning good, learning true; 'Tis for this we hither come, All the seas - on through.



Delving deep, with all our might, In - to Wis - dom's mine: Fairest gems to bring to light, In our souls to shine.

Not alone in books or words
May we hear Wisdom's voice,
Lessons learned from flowers and birds
Make our hearts rejoice.
Nature's lessons, sweet and pure,
Lead our thoughts above—
Teach this truth—of all most sure—
That our God is love.

Draw our youthful hearts to Thee,
Father good, Father kind,
Keep, O keep from error free
Every opening mind;
And may Wisdom's path of peace,
Wisdom's pleasant ways,
Lead where learning ne'er shall cease,
Through eternal days.

CHARADE.

BY F. H. SMYTH.

Awarded First Prize.

I'LL relate to you (it is quite true),
A little incident;
The one who told may read it, too,
He need not fear comment:
A certain member of our Church,
He may have been my Second—
The truth of that I cannot vouch—
But a good man he was reckoned.
Our worthy brother had desired
To naturalized be,
So he went to court—what there transpired
I'll tell, come, list to me—
"Do you live in polygamy?" asked the judge;
"No, sir; I live in Total, look you!"
"Have you more than one wife?" asked his honor in a
spludge;
"Why, yes, sir; indeed I have two!"
Quoth the judge, "Then, your papers you cannot
receive."
"I don't want your owld papers," said he;
"You may keep your owld papers; for them I'll not
grieve,
For I like my wives better, you see!"
So home he returned; in my First he replaced
His money, to which he is partial;
In Utah's his home, may it ne'er be disgraced
By the phiz of a deputy marshal.

SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.—Much of our knowledge is like that of the poor philosopher, who defineth riches exactly and discourseth of their nature, but possesseth none; or we are as a geometrieian, who can measure land exactly in all its dimensions, but possesseth not a foot thereof. And truly it is that a lifeless, unsavory knowledge that men have of Christ by all books and study till He reveal Himself and persuade the heart to believe in Him.

No joys are always sweet and flourish long but such as have self-approbation for their root and the divine favor for their shelter.

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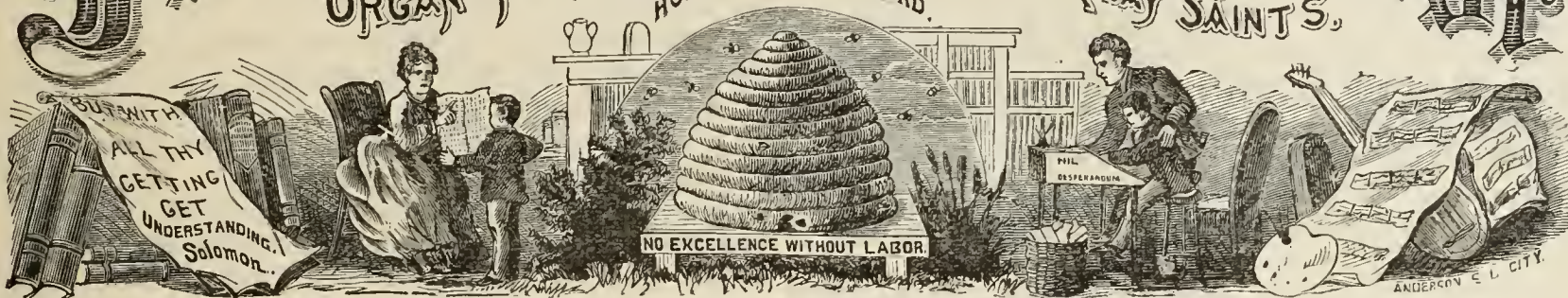
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NO. 13.

IDOLS IN THE JUGGERNAUT TEMPLE.

DOUBTLESS many of our young readers will wonder what the hideous-looking objects in our engraving are, and will be surprised to learn that there are thousands, yes, even millions of human beings who worship the idols which our picture here represents. These idols are to be found in the temple of Juggernaut at Puri, India. This temple was erected in honor of Vishnu, the second person in the Hindoo trinity, and stands on what is called "Blue Hill," in the city above named.

The images are named Juggernaut, meaning lord of the

he would comprehend the wonders of this land. The king, apprised of the occurrence, built on the spot where the crow had appeared a large city and a place of worship. The Rajah one night heard in a dream a voice saying: 'On a certain day cast thine eyes on the seashore, when there will arise out of the water a piece of wood fifty-two inches long and one and a half cubits broad; this is the true form of the deity; take it up and keep it hidden in thine house seven days; and in whatever shape it shall then appear, place it in the temple and



world, who is the principal idol, his brother, Balabhadra, and his sister, Subhadra. The legends of the origin of the chief god are both numerous and curious. One of these is that "a king, desirous of founding a city, sent a learned Brahman to pitch upon a proper spot. The Brahman, after a long search, arrived upon the banks of the sea and there saw a crow diving into the water and, having washed its body, making obeisance to the sea. Understanding the language of the birds he learned from the crow that if he remained there a short time

worship it.' It happened as the Rajah had dreamed, and the image called by him Jagannatha became the object of worship of all ranks of people and performed many miracles."

Another one is that "a king of the solar race, named Indradymna, who reigned in Central India, hearing of the great exploits of Vishnu, the blue god, desired to pay him homage with a large army. On his arrival at the "Blue Hill" Vishnu had disappeared. As a token of the king's veneration for the absent deity he erected a magnificent temple on this "Blue

Hill" and held great festivities at its consecration. In the midst of the ceremonies the king had a vision of a tree that encased Vishnu with all his qualities. This was deciphered as omenous for good; while at the close of the sacrifices a large log drifted ashore from the bay, containing the emblems of Vishnu. After Indradyumna had procured the log he arranged with Viswakarma, a carver of gods, who agreed to complete the idols in two weeks, with the understanding that no one should come near to disturb him until the work was completed. The king, being so desirous to know how the work was progressing, had the doors opened; but when he entered the sculptor had disappeared, leaving the idols in their rude shape, having no hands or feet. However, it appears that Brahma himself officiated at the consecration of the temple, when he endowed Juggernaut with a soul and gave him eyes to see."

The greatest veneration is shown to these unsightly blocks of wood, which have not the least resemblance to the human form. Priests are in daily attendance upon them, offering sacrifices and performing various ceremonies which they think are necessary to retain the favor of the gods.

The inhabitants of the province of Orissa are almost exclusively worshipers of Juggernaut, and all orthodox Hindoos are expected to visit at some time in their lives the great temple of the gods. There are times when immense processions are formed in honor of the idol, and then the ponderous car upon which he rides is drawn by the frenzied crowd of fanatics. Following in the train, or surrounding the car, are many who would gladly throw themselves under the wheels to be crushed to death in the vain delusion that such an act will please the god and gain for them an unexcelled glory. This practice, which formerly caused the death of thousands of deluded beings, is now becoming less prevalent because of the efforts of the English government to prevent such suicides.

The worship of such objects will doubtless seem to our readers to be very foolish and they will wonder how human beings can do so much for the images which they themselves have made. Yet these myriads of Hindoos are perhaps as sincere in their belief in and worship of their idols as Christians can be in their reverence for the great Unseen Being who rules the universe; and so long as the pagan religion injures no individual in his person or property its devotees are entitled to the exercise of their agency in this matter. Still it is well for us to examine the doctrines of other people, because the contrast between truth and error will cause us to cling more firmly to the former and make us rejoice in the knowledge that the everlasting gospel has again been restored to earth.

GOOD THINGS ILL USED BECOME EVILS.—Even the best things, ill used, become evils, and contrarily, the worst things, used well, prove good. A good tongue used to deceit, a good wit used to defend error, a strong arm to murder, authority to oppress, a good profession to dissemble, are all evil. Even God's own word is the sword of the spirit, which, if it kill not our vices, kills our souls. Contrariwise (as poisons are used to wholesome medicine), afflictions and sins, by a good use, prove so gainful as nothing more. Words are as they are taken, and things are as they are used. There are even cursed blessings.

THE torture of a bad conscience is the hell of a living soul.

WITHOUT A HOME.

"HE has no right to be unhappy; no right to look sad, and keep himself apart from the young and gay!" exclaimed a young lady, in reference to a fellow-guest at a summer watering-place. "Don't you think it is half affectation?" she asked of an old gentleman, who seemed the chosen friend of the misanthrope.

"No," was the reply. "He is above affectation. He is one of the noblest young men I ever met."

"Is he in ill health?"

"No; physically I call him a perfect specimen of a man."

"Is he troubled about money matters?"

"No. He has a good business, and has a moderate fortune for so young a man to have made by his own skill and energy."

"Then he has been crossed in love," said the little tease, laughing. "I have guessed out his trouble now."

"He never was in love, to my certain knowledge. I never knew him to pay the slightest attention to any lady," was the reply.

"Perhaps he has just buried some dear friend," said the puzzled girl, solemnly.

"No, it is worse than that."

"Worse than that? Nothing is worse than that?" exclaimed the giddy girl, in surprise.

"You are mistaken again," said the old gentleman. "There are things worse even than the death of dear friends."

"What can they be?"

"Sin is worse than death. It would be easier for me to bury a beloved son than to see him sinning against God and his fellow-men."

"Then some one he loves is very wicked?"

"No."

The young girl was thoroughly puzzled. She could think of no more questions to ask; so she only looked inquiringly in the kind face of the old gentleman. Seeing her perplexity as well as her curiosity, he returned her questioning gaze, and said, with a smile, "You would like me to answer your first question very much, would you not?"

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Will you answer me a question first?"

"Yes, any one you please to ask."

"Well, this morning I listened to a conversation between two young ladies on the piazza, and one of them said, 'I will go to Europe with my friends this Fall, whether my parents consent or not. I am so sick of home that I actually hate it!' Who was that young lady?"

The pretty face of the young girl turned crimson as she replied, "Oh, I must be honest. It was I myself. But I *am* so sick of being poked up at home!"

"Ah?"

"Yes, sir; but what has that to do with the question I asked of you?"

"A great deal. The trouble with you is that you are 'so sick of home'—with fond parents, brothers and sisters—that you 'absolutely hate it.' My young friend is so hungry for a home and a mother, that he cannot be happy, but has a constant longing and craving that threatens him with a settled melancholy."

"How strange!"

"It might not seem so strange if you knew all his story."

"Do tell me it, please, and perhaps I can do something for him."

"No, that is impossible. No one on earth can do that I fear," said the good man.

"Tell me, so that I can pity him, then," said the impulsive girl.

"No, but I will tell you, so that you may profit by the story, and learn to value the home and the friends God has in mercy given you. Let us take this quiet corner, and settle ourselves for half an hour away from the crowd. Here is the story:

"It was on a dark, stormy night, some thirty years ago, that a physician of reputation in a neighboring town roused a worthy couple in this city from their sleep, took a roll of something he handled very carefully from under the buffalo robe, and went into their house.

"He told them he had come on an errand of mercy to merciful persons. Then he opened a rich shawl and drew from its folds a lovely baby. 'Here,' he said, 'is a little beggar, crying for love and a home.'

"Then he told them that a lady, well known to him, gentle and lovely, had married against the will of her parents, and been disowned by them simply because her husband was poor. She lived very happily, in a modest way, always hoping to be, at an early day, reconciled to her friends. But not long after the birth of her little child, her young husband met with a sudden death, and she was left penniless and in ill health.

"The doctor was regarded by her as her only real friend, and she pled with him to make peace between her and her offended parents, that they might receive her now in her desolation.

"This was no easy task; but, without speaking of the baby, he wrought at last upon their sympathy so far that they consented to take her home.

"Then the poor innocent little baby came up for discussion. The doctor had not even told of his existence, and the poor young widow, not able to take care of herself, dared not stand at the door from which she had been thrust rudely away, with a burden still heavier than herself for mother and sisters to bear. She was wild with anxiety.

"Then the doctor's wit was called into play. Whether he acted wisely or not, he induced the broken-hearted young creature to trust her baby with him for a while, till she gained a little strength, when she could tell her parents about it, and open a way for it to their hearts. He pledged himself solemnly to care for it as if it were his child, either in his own house or that of some competent friend.

"On that advice the young mother acted. She wrapped it in her rich shawl, and sent her diamond ring to the woman who should care for it till she was able to claim it and redeem the ring.

"The baby was placed in the best of hands, but that very night the old doctor died very suddenly, and all knowledge of the baby's parentage died with him. Every possible inquiry was made among the doctor's regular patients, but the sad story was new to them all.

"Perhaps his mother, who was very feeble, may have died soon after the doctor, before she had courage to reveal her secret. Be that as it may, the boy grew up, tenderly cared for, and was well educated by the good couple.

"At a proper age, he went into the counting-room of a great sugar refinery; and then, feeling that he had started in life for himself, they were impelled by a sense of duty to reveal to him the sad story of his babyhood.

"Till that hour George Weld had been one of the merriest of boys, making the house ring with his frolics, and keeping his school-fellows on the alert to avoid his pranks. From this hour, however, he was a different boy. A cloud had fallen

over his pathway; his cheek lost its color, his form its sturdiness, and his eyes seemed to recede in their sockets, giving him this melancholy expression. His hair is already sprinkled with gray, and he is a sad man, old before his time."

"Can't some one make him happy?" asked the tender-hearted girl.

"No earthly comforter, my child. The melancholy possible is in part constitutional, and this has aggravated it. His foster parents did all they could to cheer him, and even went over all the long work of former years, going through the list of the old doctor's patients of that time, from his books, aided by his son. Many of the families were extinct, and the story was new to those they found.

"After a few years these kind old people died, leaving their property, some twenty thousand dollars, to George, as their 'beloved son.' With this he took a share in the 'refinery,' and has been most successful in business since then, and has always conducted himself in a way to gain the respect of all who know him."

"Why, then, can't he be happy?" asked the young girl. "The good ought to be always happy."

"He suffers a real and constant hunger for a home and a mother. He thinks that perhaps somewhere in the world, that mother, who tore her heart in agony in trying to make a home for him, is wearing away her life with searching and longing for her son.

"He has a picture of her in his mind, and dreams almost every night that he has found her in distress, and has taken her to a beautiful home to be the joy of his life.

"He fancies that she may be near him, that he may see her at church, in company and in the street. He is always studying faces to catch some glimpse of a likeness to his own; and for the sake of his mother, whether living or dead, he treats every woman, old or young, with tender respect. Poor fellow!

"I fear he must carry that 'gnawing hunger,' as he calls it, to the grave with him. If he were less of a man, this morbid feeling, against which he struggles, would overcome him, and either wholly unsettle his mind, or make him useless and selfish. As it is, however, he pities every childless woman and motherless child, and does all he can to make homes for such as are not, like himself, helplessly homeless. He would have been horror-stricken to have heard you say, 'I am so sick of home that I positively hate it.'

"If you are ever tempted to scorn God's great goodness again, my child, think of my young friend who is so hungry for a home that he would give every dollar he owns to find his mother, and toil for her daily bread, and make a home for himself, if it were only in a garret. Let Europe alone till your kind parents are ready to accompany you thither; and never lay your head on your pillow without saying, 'O God, I thank Thee for my home and the tender love of my parents.'"

"I think I never shall," said the young girl, in a subdued tone; "but I wish Mr. Weld could be made happy."

Idleness is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the step-mother of discipline the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause, not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases: for the mind is naturally active; and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief or sinks into melancholy.

Burton.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER X.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

THE morning following our interview with the magistrate we took a walk out into Spain. We found the soil and climate producing oranges, figs, pomegranates, lemons, limes and a great variety of wild flowers; but the indolent Spaniards left nature to do most of the work. Many of them were living in huts similar to our Indian *wickeups*. We could not but think that if Utah were favored with so good a climate and rich soil the huts would soon be supplanted by neat cottages and vineyards, and the land made almost like a paradise.

On our return to the lines we were told to call at the magistrate's office. We did so and were informed that the governor had given our letter to him (the magistrate) and that we need expect no aid in spreading "Mormonism" in that stronghold. We were warned to be careful and look out what we were about.

We again called on the American consul, claiming protection for Elder Porter, whose permit was about to expire. He promised to see the magistrate and do all he could for him. On April 1st we called on the American consul, who had just returned from the police station, holding a card in his hand on which were printed our articles of faith. He said, holding up the card and speaking to Elder Porter, "This is the only cause against you, and if Stevenson does not look out he will have to share the same fate as you, although he is a native. Your religion is not wanted here. You have already created jealousy in the churches." He then advised us both to leave the garrison.

Elder Porter's permit being now exhausted a passage was secured for him on a steam packet; but, according to a dream that we had, I was to remain and establish the gospel. I immediately went to our place of prayer on the mountain, and while I gazed on my only friend steaming out of the bay up the straits I had rather strange feelings.

Previous to leaving England I was pointed out in a meeting as having been seen in a vision doing a good work in Gibraltar, but was told that I would meet heavy opposition in my labors. I was seen to be baptizing some persons, and heavenly messengers were seen to deliver me from the hands of the wicked.

A Mr. Elliot, who had been reading the Book of Mormon and was inclined to believe my testimony, became prejudiced by the ministers and turned me away from his door. Shortly afterwards he fell twenty feet, broke his leg and otherwise injured his body, which kept him in bed for forty days.

I visited the Jewish synagogue one day in company with a Mr. Delemar, a learned Jew who spoke six languages. He instructed me to wear my hat in the meeting as it was customary with them so to do. The pulpit was in the center. The ark, in one end of the building, being opened the parchment was taken out. It was rolled on two sticks with bells on the top of them. It was passed around the synagogue and kissed by the worshipers, while a continuous chanting was being kept up by the congregation. A portion was read from the pulpit, contributions were received and then the rolls were returned to the ark, each person bowing in that direction. Meeting was then dismissed.

On the 4th of May I visited the steam packet that brought me to the place, left a Book of Mormon and other reading matter with the clerk and got my mail. As it was raining I sat, by permission, under the porch of a guard house, reading the *Millennial Star*. Several persons became interested in me and asked questions about my belief. Soon an officer stepped up and inquired if I was a Methodist; but as soon as he learned that I was a Latter-day Saint he ordered me put under guard, saying that my religion was one that could not be tolerated in that place. For the first time in my life I was marched into the guard house a prisoner. I there began preaching to the guard, who listened attentively to what I had to say. After some few inquiries concerning what I had been doing in the fortress I was released, and I subsequently sold some books to one of the guard who arrested me, but whose sympathies were aroused in my behalf.

On the 24th of May, the queen's birth-day, there was a grand celebration. The soldiers were marched to the north front, outside of the gates of the fortress. After considerable exercising of the soldiers the firing of cannon commenced from the top of the rock, 1,400 feet high, after which the galleries opened fire about half-way down the rock. Singular, indeed, was it to see fire and smoke gushing out of the perpendicular rock. The shipping in the bay was beautifully decorated with the flags of all nations.

June the 28th was a happy day for me, for at 4 o'clock, a. m., just after gun fire, as per previous arrangement, I met John McCall, a dock-yard policeman, and Thomas Miller, a gunner and driver of the royal artillery, at the water's edge, we having descended a rope ladder to the shore, and baptized them. These were the first fruits of my labors after being on the rock three months and twenty days.

The Lord only knows the many privations and sacrifices I endured and the lonely hours I spent, living many weeks on the value of three to five cents per day.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

TRIBUNALS OF ROOKS.—Rooks (says M. Diarmid), like men, have not all the same nice sense of justice. Some of them are honest, obliging and industrious, others knavish, idle and mischievous. In the Spring months in particular, when they are all busy building nests or repairing old ones, certain evil-doers invade their neighbors' store of sticks to save themselves the trouble of collecting materials in a more laborious and lawful way. This to some may appear a very venial crime; but what a plank is to a carpenter a twig is to a crow, and to pilfer the one is as bad as to purloin the other. But as often as offenses of this kind are detected a complaint is made to the proper quarter and the delinquent tried and punished by his peers. Some veteran bird acts as chief justice, and from the bustle that goes forward, the cawing of some rooks and the silence of others, it is plain that the court proceeded upon system, though I cannot subscribe to the startling opinion that they examine witnesses and empanel a jury.

The presiding rook, who sits on a bough above all the others, is heard croaking last of all, and when sentence is pronounced punishment follows very promptly. Either the culprit is seized and pecked most severely, or the nest containing the ill-gotten twigs is pounced upon and demolished until not one stick is left upon another.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE question is frequently asked me, do I see any light breaking through—any relief in prospect from the present difficulties which surround us. My reply has been that I do see, or think I see, a rift in the clouds, and that the day of our deliverance from the present attacks and difficulties is not far distant. In my associations with the leading men of the Church I find they all feel alike. They feel cheerful, contented and happy. So far as my own feelings are concerned I never felt more serene, and undisturbed, and confident concerning the future than I have done since the beginning of this year. From this condition of feeling which the servants of God possess I draw this conclusion: that our difficulties are not likely to be of so serious a nature as our enemies are hoping they will be.

I remember being on the ocean at one time when icebergs were very thick and we had a violent storm. The ship was considered to be in great danger. I watched the captain very closely; I formed my opinions as to our true position by his demeanor. I never have been at sea—and especially when threatened with peril—without forming my conclusions as to the imminence of the danger by the manner of the captain or pilot.

So in this Church. My experience has taught me that no serious danger has ever threatened our people without the man of God who stood at the head, and those associated with him, knowing concerning it. The premonitions of the Spirit to them have always been of a character to enable them to prepare the people for those events which awaited them.

Our enemies hope, in making this raid upon us, that they will get us in a corner and compel us, by the violence of their proceedings, to surrender the principle of plural marriage. Mr. Dickson is credited with saying that he is tired of this prosecution. Perhaps so. I am not, however, inclined to believe all his statements. But he says that President Taylor, by a very few words published in the *Deseret News*, could end it. That is, I suppose, President Taylor could surrender the principle of plural marriage and tell the people to do so. That is what Mr. Dickson means. That was the hope entertained by him and probably Judge Zane when this raid commenced. But six months, or thereabouts, have elapsed and they are not one step nearer the end than they were—that is, if they hope by their action, to bring about a surrender of this principle. It is true that seven of our brethren who have refused to bend the knee to Judge Zane's demands are in the penitentiary; a number of others are indicted and are under bonds; a number of others who are indicted have not been arrested; but are the people any more inclined now to give up this vital principle of their religion than they were six months ago? I have not had the opportunity of mingling with them to any very great extent; but I am satisfied, from my own observation, and from all that I can hear, that they are not.

This crusade will result as many other attacks upon us have done in the past. It will have the effect to give us a name, and a reputation, and a power that we have not heretofore had. This is inevitable. One of the difficulties the Elders have had to contend with of late years has been the widespread feeling that our system was a system of sensualism; that our people are licentious. It has been difficult for the world to conceive how it was possible that we should have

plural marriage as a part of our religion, unless this was the ease. How can we convince them of the fallacy of this view? We have published as extensively as possible our true views and practice. Our Elders have taken great pains to inform the public as to the cause of our believing in and practicing patriarchal marriage; but with what little effect! Something more than this is needed. The world must have a better idea of our motives than they ever have had. This persecution will have the effect to enlighten a great many thinking people upon this point. They will learn, as they are now doing, that men, and women, too, are willing to go to prison for this principle. Do people go to prison when they can honorably avoid it? The Latter-day Saints can avoid going to prison if they will reject their wives. They can commit adultery and whoredom and not go to prison. If they were a licentious people they would do this. How much cheaper it would be to gratify their lusts without marrying wives and rearing children! Thinking people must see this. Women especially, however much they may dislike patriarchal marriage, must admire men who are so true to their wives and children that, rather than discard them, they will go to prison. All honorable people will be impressed by such devotion and courage. It will have more weight than any amount of preaching or writing upon the subject. They will see that there is something more than licentiousness connected with the principle; that that cannot be the motive which prompts men and women to enter upon its practice; because every man of experience knows that if that were the motive there would be no need to go to prison for its gratification; we could be popular as other people are and gratify the lusts of the flesh without being under the least necessity of going to the penitentiary. The world will see that there is a higher motive than sensuality for the Latter-day Saints clinging to patriarchal marriage, and the effect will be to uplift the doctrine on to a higher plane and to place it in a new light before their minds.

CARE IN LITTLE THINGS.—The world was surprised to learn that Lord Macauley labored with great diligence to perfect the style of his history, re-writing almost every sentence, and re-casting whole chapters to make a slight improvement. His experience repeated the lesson of all ages, that success is won only by incessant toil and pains-taking.

A similar lesson is taught by the manuscripts of Leibnitz, which are preserved in Hanover. He was the most learned man of his age, and his studies covered almost the entire range of human knowledge. But one who has examined the manuscripts says of him:

"No man ever wrote with more care, no man ever blotted and altered and copied more than Leibnitz. There are instances in this collection in which he had written the same letter three times over, and finally amended it so as to be obliged to give it to his secretary to make the last copy; and all this, too, on an occasion of little importance."

One who is not willing to pay the price of success in hard and patient toil must not be surprised at failure.

It is not for man to rest in absolute resentment. He is born to hopes and aspirations, as the sparks fly upwards, unless he has brutified his nature and quenched the spirit of immortality which is his portion.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MISSION.

BY J. W.

(Continued from page 180.)

ON our arrival in Liverpool, and at the office of the European mission, the presidency gave us instructions, among other things, with regard to polygamy. We were told not to thrust it prominently forward nor to go out of our way to teach it; but when information was sought on that principle to give it freely, and when the principle was attacked to defend it to the best of our wisdom and ability.

In my experience and travels I found some who would refer to polygamy as soon as they learned that I came from Utah, and others who seemed equally well pleased to talk about Utah and its people and make no reference to polygamy. The course I adopted when beginning a conversation with any person or company was to let them know who I was and from whence I came, and then to allow them to ask any question they desired and I would answer the best I could. Every traveling Elder has learned, I presume, the great amount of injury done and prejudice that is created by the lies and misrepresentations which have been spread over the land, poisoning the minds of honest people and making it difficult for an Elder even to get a hearing. My experience in these matters I now relate:

I was invited by Brother C. to his house. He failed to tell me that his wife was much opposed to the Elders, because she had been told that the object of all our Elders was to induce our converts to emigrate to Utah as soon as possible, where every man was *compelled* to marry more wives. I arrived at the house, was admitted and introduced myself, the husband being absent. But now all attempts at conversation were repulsed. There were three children. I tried to converse with them, but they were ordered into separate corners of the house and forbidden to speak. There was a fine cat disposed to be friendly. I took it up and tried to open conversation through that medium; but neither the natural history of the cat nor its great usefulness proved of any avail. We sat in silence for a time.

Finally the wife got out a "jumper" she was making for her husband. I thought I saw a chance now to make friends and took up a sleeve to make the button-hole. She snapped out that I had better let it alone, as I would only spoil it. I replied that if I did not make it good enough I would pick it out again. While cutting the button-hole I remarked that the scissors were very dull and if I had a file or whetstone I could sharpen them. She said she had been expecting a grinder but he had not come around as usual; but she could provide me with both file and whetstone, which she did. I made the button-hole and passed it up for inspection—it was pronounced good. I also sharpened the scissors to her satisfaction. Just then someone knocked at the door. She laid down the "jumper" and went to the door. I took it up and finished it, and by this time had established a little conversation. Then I learned that the clock needed repairs. I took it in hand, cleaned and oiled it and was successful in making it go.

Friendly relations were now established. The children were released from their corners and one sent out to purchase some preserves. The kettle was put on the fire and some excellent

cakes were made. Altogether a very nice tea was provided, where a short time before there was a prospect of my going without. The husband came home in time to hear me explain to his wife that but comparatively few men in Utah were in polygamy, and that *all* men never would or could be; that it was a special privilege which of right belonged only to the best of men and women, and that it was a holy order revealed and commanded by God to accomplish a righteous purpose, to raise up a pure seed upon the earth. When I left, late in the evening, an invitation was given me by the wife to spend all of the next day (Sunday) at their house and to go from there to meeting. I accepted that proposal and when I left on Monday it was with an invitation to come whenever I liked and make my home there. I never more had trouble in that house and all prejudice seemed removed.

Monday I left and took the train for the city of York and visited some scattered Saints in the neighborhood.

(To be Continued.)

Lesson for the Little Ones.

PRIMARY EXERCISES.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF JESUS.

AS the day dawned, after Jesus had been betrayed by Judas, and taken to the high priest's house, those wicked men met together, and decided to take Jesus to Pontius Pilate, the governor. Now, Judas, when he saw that Jesus was going to be killed, was very sorry for what he had done, and took the money to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned; but they only laughed at him, saying, What is that to us, see thou to that. Judas then threw down the money and went out and hung himself, and that was the end of that poor, wicked man.

When they took Jesus before the governor, to try him, and see if he had done anything wrong, the governor asked Him if He really was the king of the Jews. Jesus told the governor, that His kingdom was not of this world, and when Pilate said to Him, Do you hear how many things they accuse you of? Jesus said nothing, but the people said that Jesus had been preaching from Galilee to Jerusalem, and stirring up the people to strife. The more they talked against Jesus, the more plain it was to Pilate that Jesus was innocent. So as Herod was at Jerusalem, to attend the feast of the Passover, and Jesus had come from Galilee where Herod ruled as governor, Pilate sent Jesus to him.

Herod was glad to see Jesus, for he had heard so much about Him, and Herod mocked at Jesus, and his soldiers put a scarlet robe on Him, and mocked at Him; but still Herod could find nothing against Jesus to condemn, so he sent Him back to Pilate. Herod and Pilate had been enemies before, but after this they became great friends.

You must know, dear children, that at this great feast, it was the custom to release a prisoner, and there was one, a thief and murderer named Barabbas, who was in prison, and Pilate told the people, he could find no sin in Jesus, so he took a basin of water and washed his hands before them, saying, I wash my hands of the blood of this man. But the people said, Deliver Barabbas to us, and crucify Jesus; and they put a crown of thorns on His head, and the soldiers smote Him, spit in His face, and mocked Him, but Pilate said, I find no fault in Him; but the people cried all the more, Crucify Him! crucify Him!

Then they led Jesus out with the multitude following, and those who believed in Jesus were weeping and mourning. The cross was laid upon His shoulders, and He was led to a place called Calvary. Here Jesus was raised up and His poor hands were nailed on the cross piece, and His feet to the straight piece, which was set in the ground, the crown of thorns resting on His head. On each side was a wicked man condemned to die, by hanging. The people stood by looking on, while the soldiers and rulers stood mocking at Him, saying, He saved others Himself He cannot save. And Jesus looked upon them with pity, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

One of those who was being crucified with Him said, If thou be Christ save thyself and us; but the other thief rebuked him, saying, We die justly, but this man has done nothing amiss; and he turned to Jesus and asked Him to remember him when he came into His Father's kingdom. Jesus told him he should that day be in paradise with Him.

There was a writing put over Jesus' head, which read, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." At the sixth hour darkness came over the land, and the earth shook and fear came upon all the people. Three hours after Jesus cried with a loud voice, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and some of the evil men ran and filled a sponge with vinegar to give him. Soon Jesus gave another loud cry, and died. Then the thunders rolled and the earth shook, and the darkness was so great that no one could make a light. The

vail in the temple was rent in twain, mountains were thrown down and all nature proclaimed that Jesus was the Son of God, and had been slain for the sins of the world.

A good man named Joseph went to Pilate and asked that he might bury Jesus' body. So they took Him down from the cross and dressed Him as they did their dead. Then Joseph had Him placed in a new sepulchre that had never been used, and rolled a stone before the door of it.

NOTE.—Let the story be repeated from memory by as many of the class as possible, with explanations and additions from the teacher, allowing questions to be asked by all. This event is of much importance to all our children, and should be impressed deeply upon their minds.

ZINA.

MAKING UP.

I WAS going down the street the other day, and saw the meeting of two little girls about nine years old.

"Say, Mary, I ain't going to call you names any more," said one, as she ran out of her yard.

"Well, I'm sure I'm glad," answered Mary, with a pleasant laugh.

"My mother says it's real mean; but I was so mad I could not help it. Come, let's make up."

So the little girls made up, and walked off with their arms round each other's waists.

Wasn't that better than calling names, dear children?

A LITTLE ADVICE.

I WANT to give you three or four rules:

One is, always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Another is, speak your words plainly. Do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Another is, do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A fourth is—and oh! children, remember it all your lives—think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen: Do the hard thing first, and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is hard, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterward.

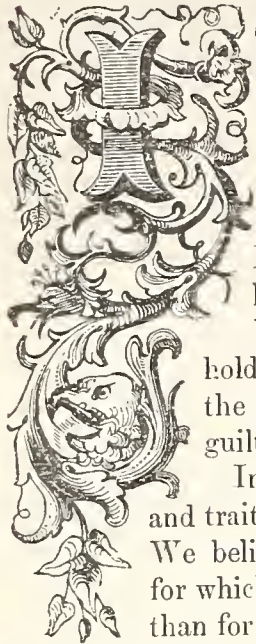
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



It is said that much of the information which our enemies rely upon in prosecuting the Latter-day Saints, or their practice of plural marriage, is derived from persons who profess to be members of the Church. This is the statement made by officials. Perhaps those who write these anonymous letters profess to be members of the Church, but it seems incredible that men or women holding fellowship in the Church, or bearing the name of Latter-day Saints, can possibly be guilty of such base conduct as this.

In all ages and among all peoples informers and traitors have been held in the greatest contempt. We believe that men may be guilty of many sins for which they will obtain forgiveness much easier than for breaking their covenants with their fellow-men or betraying the confidence reposed in them. Who can have confidence in such people? They must, in their secret hearts, despise themselves. There are doubtless very many apostates, who, in order to repay some old grudge against certain persons, may give this information to the officers of the government. We hear it stated from so many sources that letters of this kind are being received by the prosecuting attorney that we suppose there must be truth in the statement. We hope, however, for the sake of humanity, that the authors of these letters do not have a standing in the Church. When people deny the faith and become open apostates we naturally expect them to fight the work with which they were formerly connected. This is not surprising. But think how members of the Church, guilty of such an atrocity, must feel when they meet together with their brethren and sisters to partake of the sacrament.

In the breasts of our children there should be established the highest sentiments of honor and love for the truth. The courage to declare it should also be fostered in every child's mind. It requires courage sometimes of a high character for a child to face the consequences of some of its actions. The temptation to tell a falsehood in order to conceal that which it has done is sometimes very great. But parents should be careful in watching their children, developing within them a moral courage that will enable them to tell the truth even under those circumstances. It is absolutely necessary for the formation of a strong character in the Church that children should have this lesson impressed upon them, that as they grow up to manhood and womanhood they may possess the moral courage necessary to enable them to perform their part as Latter-day Saints.

Coupled with this love of the truth and this courage to maintain it there should be developed in all children's breasts a sentiment of honor in keeping their word, in maintaining their integrity, in never violating confidence nor betraying any trust reposed in them. There are persons in the world who,

after hearing a communication made to them in confidence, will turn round and reveal it to the injury of the person who trusted them. Such perfidy we hope is very rare in this Church; but there are people in the world who seem to think that if they do this and not be found out it is all right. Latter-day Saints should have a higher standard of honor. They should be true to every trust reposed in them. Their word should be like the word of an angel, so that every one who knows them will have perfect confidence in that which they state and feel that their honor is entirely safe in their keeping.

Children, these are principles which you should all seek to cultivate, and if you possess them men will love you, they will repose confidence in you, you will never lack for friends, and God will love you.

OBSERVATION.—The ignorant have often given credit to the wise for powers that are permitted to none, merely because the wise have made a proper use of those powers that are permitted to all. A little Arabian tale of "The Dervise" will show how this may happen.

A dervise was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise. "He was," replied the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?" "Most certainly he was," they replied; "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, we pray you to conduct us to him." "My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him but from you." "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo?" "I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervise.

On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before a justice, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervise, with much calmness, thus addressed the court:

"I have been much pleased with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone; and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand. I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, where it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the center of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

We would enjoy more peace if we did not busy ourselves with the words and deeds of other men, which appertain not to our charge.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSIC is universally considered the most fascinating, and pleasing study in which one can engage. As a recreation music has no equal, for while it gratifies the ear it appeals to our finer and most tender feelings. While listening to its soft, harmonious strains our minds are relieved from the cares and anxieties of life, and our hearts are filled with emotions of loving tenderness. It composes our nerves, rests our body and

causes our souls to ascend above the gross elements of earth to revel in the ecstasies of spiritual enjoyment, giving one a foretaste of heavenly bliss. It is, as Addison says, "the only sensual gratification that mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral or religious feelings."

But while we are only enabled to enjoy music through means of our outward senses, it is not strictly a sensual pleasure only, as it bears such a close relationship to our spiritual or divine nature. Martin Luther quite properly classes music next in order to the science of theology, and remarks that it is "one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us."

It is a fact that music is closely connected with theology, and was designed to accompany public worship; for nothing has a greater tendency to draw our rambling thoughts from earthly to heavenly things, and to prepare our minds for the reception of religious teachings, than the smooth tones of sacred melody.

The range of musical thought and expression is so extensive and varied that it can be made suitable to all occasions, and to satisfy the diversified tastes that people have. All mankind, therefore, are lovers of music of some class or another, and

invariably that love grows with them as their knowledge of the art increases.

The study of music is so delightful, or rather the ability to create music is so desirable, that there are but few persons in civilized countries, and especially in Europe, who have not at some period in their lives turned their attention to acquiring some knowledge of its principles. Without doubt there are a great many more people who have devoted their time to the study of music than have sought an acquisition of any other

art. But of the many who have devoted themselves to the study of music but few comparatively have attained to real excellence in it. This, however, should not discourage any who have a taste for and a desire to learn the "divine art," for there is no telling what efficiency they might be capable of gaining with proper application and training. And even if they should fail to become eminently proficient in the study, their labor will not be in vain; for with but a limited degree of musical ability one can both amuse himself and entertain those who surround him.

The study of music can therefore be recommended to all as a profitable pastime if nothing more, as it is elevating in its nature. It is a

great aid to domestic happiness, and a home is not complete without it. It tends to make home what it should be—the happiest place on earth—while those who take an interest in cultivating the art beget by so doing a love for that sacred place, and are less inclined to seek pleasure elsewhere. Besides it affords a recreation that is well adapted to the needs of the weary laborer, who, after his day's work is done, can sit down and rest his body and at the same time distract his mind from his daily cares with the sounds of sweet melodies. Consider-



able progress might be made by anyone, in spending but one hour each day in practicing music, who otherwise would pass his time in idleness.

The lives of musicians who have won fame in the world present to us some valuable lessons, inasmuch as they exhibit what can be accomplished by perseverance and determination, while the persistence with which they labored gives us some idea of their powers of endurance which were necessary to their success.

Donizetti, one of the foremost of Italian composers, spent twelve years in composing operas, of which he produced twenty during this time; but none of these attracted great attention or brought him to the notice of the world. Yet he was not discouraged at this, but continued on, and during the remainder of his life he wrote thirty more operas. The time did come, after many years of struggle and hard work, when his ability was known and recognized. He is considered as having been the greatest but one of Italian musical composers, while the operas he produced have gained a lasting popularity.

Other musicians who have been noted the world over have been equally persevering. Meyerbeer, a German musician, worked thirteen hours each day at his musical studies, and numbers of others have been known to spend from ten to fourteen hours every day in practice and study. The difficulties they had to encounter were probably greater than those met with by persons following other professions. They had to contend with the opposition and severe criticism of cotemporaneous musicians. It seems to be a characteristic disposition with many musicians to be sensitive and touchy, and very slow and unwilling to acknowledge the genius or ability of others. This being the case it takes a great deal of determination or will-power, as well as earnest application to study, to enable one to rise to excellence and have his talent recognized.

It is a fortunate providence that a beginner, when first attempting to perform upon an instrument, as is the case with the boy in the picture, is unable to realize the innumerable difficulties that will have to be overcome before perfection is reached. It is the same in all walks of life. The barriers that lie in every road that leads to distinction or excellence are very wisely hid from our view; and we do not fully comprehend their enormity until we have passed them. If it were otherwise—that we could see from the outstart every obstacle that would be met with—perhaps no one would ever be able to gather enough courage to attempt anything that is praiseworthy or desirable. But as it is the glorious reward held out to all who will labor for it encourages us to press on; and while keeping our eye upon the prize to be gained we fail to notice carefully the obstructions in our way.

READING.—A proper and judicious system of reading is of the highest importance. Two things are necessary in perusing the mental labors of others; namely, not to read too much, and to pay great attention to the nature of what you do read. Many persons peruse books for the express and avowed purpose of consuming time; and this class of readers forms by far the majority of what are termed the reading public; others, again, read with the laudible anxiety of being made wiser; and when this object is not attained, the disappointment may generally be attributed, either to the habit of reading too much, or of paying insufficient attention to what falls under their notice.

Blakey.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY ELDER ARTHUR STAYNER
BEFORE THE DESERET S. S. UNION MEETING, IN
SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1ST, 1885.

(Continued from page 189.)

BUT, my young friends, there is in the spirit and genius of this work something that is eminently realistic and practical. We are not expected, for the present at least, to have the whole time of this people occupied with preaching and administering ordinances. Our physical needs have to be supplied; we have social, political and financial conditions which have to be supported, difficulties arising in either or all of these branches to be overcome, and plans to be made and executed looking to the development of the best methods of furthering their interests and preparing them for the great future. This work is designed to be a kingdom with all the meaning the term implies, and consequently all the various interests pertaining thereto have to be fostered and prepared; and each one of these interests in its place is equal to any other one in importance and valuable consideration.

The one of these which I desire to remark upon this evening as a subject worthy of your reflection, as you are about stepping upon the broad platform of useful life, is the financial. The term, in my view, embraces all that pertains to supplying the physical needs of the people; it is, in the common acceptance of the term, used to designate transactions in stocks, bonds, Wall Street speculations, the purchase and sale of materials and commodities and dealing in negotiable securities; but in the sense which I use it, it covers a broader area and embraces everything that goes to supply the physical needs of this people. They cannot eat negotiable securities nor gold and silver, nor clothe themselves with stocks and bonds. To supply such needs it requires that class of productions the manufacture of which we are now very apt to despise. When the babies cry for bread and mothers ask for clothing, it were folly to offer them a mortgage on a neighbor's premises, or even a railway bond. But, you ask, to what end draw this picture? We have plenty now; drummers representing factories, aching with their plethora of goods, haunt us with propositions to sell us everything we want "at prices and on terms to suit the times," and we can get these things in payment for our services; why talk to us about such a condition of scarcity? For answer I will say: In the development of the events which God has decreed shall transpire in the latter days, in which days you have the privilege of living, certain disasters, troubles and calamities have been predicted shall happen; anarchy and confusion shall prevail, nature's warning voice has already been uttered in the shape of earthquakes, submergings by the sea breaking beyond its bounds, cyclones, tempests, severe hail and electric storms, and soon, in a very few years, as foretold by the prophecies of the ancient and modern prophets and the prophetic developments of that "witness unto the Lord in the midst of Egypt," the pyramid of Gizeh, the gospel will be taken from the Gentiles, and the spirit which has accompanied its ministrations will be taken away also, and then the storm of man's worst passions will be let loose, the spirit of destruction will seize the hearts of men; and in the midst of the confusion consequent thereon the business of manufacturing will be suspended and the means of production be destroyed. The powers of government will be wrested from their legitimate

possessors and good people's interests become the foot-ball of communists, dynamiters, nihilists and tramps. Under such circumstances as these, I ask you, where will your supplies come from if these people are not prepared with internal arrangements to render them self-sustaining?

Foremost, in my estimation, among the world's heroes and benefactors are those who, by patient and unremitting study and application, have discovered the means of increased production of articles either of utility or refinement. There is a class of history which, although it is not most prominent, (I think it ought to be) contains the biographies of men who have spent all or part of their lives in developing the resources and elements of this beautiful world which God has given us. Had it not been for the inspired labors of such worthy benefactors we should yet be in the dark and ignorant times such as our ancestors lived in 1,000 years ago. But for the labors of such men as Palissy, who toiled and experimented incessantly for eighteen years and finally discovered the process of white enamel, we should yet be using brown crockery for plates and dishes. But for the labors, toils and inventive genius of such men as Arkwright, Cartwright and Hargreaves we should yet wear clothing made by hand, and though poorly and imperfectly finished it would cost us four or five times as much as it does now. But for such men as Guttenberg, Faust and Coster we should yet be reading books written by the hand of clerks or monks and depending for information upon the scanty learning we could obtain from hearing men talk. But for the toil and patient labor of such men as Newcomen, Watt, Fulton and Stevenson we should be compelled to take from five to thirty times as long to do anything or go anywhere as we do to-day.

And so I could mention, if I had time, the names of hundreds of inventors and benefactors to whose labor, zeal and industry we are indebted for improvements and for refinement in everything that we use to supply our physical needs. And who, then, will deny to those worthy names the honored title of benefactor?

In the future days spoken of it will not be the banks nor the mercantile institutions, although they are useful auxiliaries to success and comfort, that will be first and foremost in the minds and hearts of the people. It will then be the producer and manufacturer who will be held in the highest esteem and will be the benefactors of the people. Such institutions as the Provo factory will then be appreciated, and in this connection it gives me pleasure to notice that Brother Jennings is entering into the useful and honorable field of manufacture and is employing a portion of his means in the Deseret Woolen Mills. The factory fostered by Z. C. M. I. and conducted by the energy of Brother W. H. Rowe is also an institution of which we may well be proud and upon whose output in the near future we shall most assuredly have to depend. I was shown last Saturday morning, worn by Brother Hardy, a suit of clothes furnished of Provo goods by Brother Rowe's establishment for \$17. I consider this a victory and worthy of all honor. The executive ability that can utilize the means produced here, and by the skillful application of machinery and cheap labor produce such results, should be esteemed worthy of emulation. I would rather be the superintendent of that factory than the hero of a successful Wall Street speculation; for the man who produces something which would not have been produced but for his exertion and skill benefits mankind; but when the speculator gains a fortune some other persons have *lost* the amount of his gains.

We shall have to, and we may as well begin now, so arrange our efforts as to apply them in the most profitable direction, bring ourselves to estimate at their correct value the useful walks of life; and you young people who are just about entering upon the threshold of usefulness will do well to remember that the sum total of honor is not in the selfish possession of wealth, but in having it to say that the world, or that portion of it where you live, has been improved and benefitted by your having lived in it.

It is now, perhaps, in your consideration, a matter of importance and much to be desired to obtain a situation in the employ of some person or institution transacting a business already established; but you must not forget that the moment you bind yourselves to give honest service to that employer you, to a certain extent, forfeit your independence; and although you can, by being honorable and faithful, become useful and entitled to a degree of honor and respect, it is by no means the acme of human greatness nor the extreme of honorable usefulness. Better live in poverty for years and spend your time in the developing of something that will really benefit your fellows than to live in a comfortable but comparatively useless mediocrity all your days.

Thoughtful men have noticed with regret that there has been growing for a number of years past among the youth of this people a dislike to that class of employment which calls for physical labor, situations in business houses, behind counters, and in any light employment of a more or less effeminate kind are desired, and a few dollars per month of pay earned that way have more influence than the prospect of a larger sum with harder work. The tendency of the education of the last few years has seemed to lead its recipients to feel that there is no room in mechanism or farming for the intelligence gained in our schools and universities, although supported in a great measure from the public funds paid in a considerable degree by men engaged in the very employment they affect to despise. Such a spirit ignores the fact that were it not for the farmer there would be nothing out of which to make business for others. Hear what Grover Cleveland says about farmers:

"There is a fixedness and reliability in agricultural pursuits which are not found in other branches of industry and human effort. The soil remains in its place ready to be tilled and the farmer, with ruddy health and brawny arms, depends alone upon the work of his hands and the aid of kind Providence for the reward of his labor. Thus our farmers are the most independent of our citizens. They produce, or have within their reach, all they need for their necessities and comfort. Their crops may be more abundant one harvest than another; their products may command a higher price in the market at one time than another, and these conditions may expand or contract their ability to indulge in luxuries or expenditures not absolutely needful, but they should never be in want of the necessities or comforts of life. This is a sure result of patient and well-regulated farming.

"When the farmer fails and becomes bankrupt in his business we may, I think, confidently look for shiftlessness or a too-ambitious desire to own more land and stock than he can pay for, or intermeddling with matters that bear no relation to his farm, or such mismanagement and ignorance as demonstrate that he has mistaken his vocation.

"Fortunes may be quickly amassed in speculation and lost in a day, leaving a bad example and perhaps demoralization and crime. The tradesman and manufacturer, by vicissitudes of trade, or through the allurements of a short road to wealth, may in a day be overcome and bring disaster and ruin upon hundreds of his neighbors. But the industrious, intelligent and contented farmers of the state are found to be safe and profitable citizens, always contributing to its wealth and prosperity. The real value of the farmer to the state and nation is not, however, fully appreciated until we consider that he

feeds the millions of our people who are engaged in other pursuits; that the products of his labor fill the avenues of our commerce and supply an important factor in our financial relations with other nations.

"I have not come to attempt to please you with cheap and fulsome praise, nor to magnify your worth and your importance, but have come as chief executive of the state to acknowledge in its behalf that our farmers yield a full return for the benefits they receive from the state government. I have come to remind you of the importance of the interest which you have in charge and to suggest that notwithstanding the farmer's independence, he cannot and must not be entirely unmindful of the interest he holds."

I should like here, if I had time, to quote to you from the writings of some of our Utah men on these points, but I am already encroaching beyond the time allotted to me; and at the risk of leaving my address rough on the edges I am constrained to conclude. I do not think that these remarks will be received and readily appreciated by all present; but among the many bright and intelligent spirits here assembled I doubt not there are some few sympathetic minds who will be, in the near and also in the distant future, benefactors of Zion.

MOTHER.

BY W. J.

THE influence a mother can and does exert with her children is not a new subject on which to write. Much has been said and written upon it because it was an important subject and because it was necessary that mothers and their children should be properly instructed in regard to it—mothers, that they may know how to properly instruct and use their influence, and children, that they may learn their duty towards their mothers. And as each succeeding generation produces a large number of new or inexperienced mothers, who have a vast multitude of children to rear, the necessity for imparting instruction to those mothers and children will continue to exist, and persons will be found in each generation, no doubt, both able and willing to give suitable instruction to both classes. And it may not be improper to state that although reference is here made to one parent and not to the other, the influence and duty of the father are not ignored.

Now, what makes the man? Does money? Money is no part of the man; it is a convenient article, made for him to use wisely. Does the tailor? Clothing is no part of a man, though proper articles are needed for decency, comfort and adornment. Does avoirdupois? If so, just weigh him and learn what he is. Do manners make the man? does the mind? does the home? The last three are needed in his make-up, certainly. But, whatever may be necessary to constitute a perfect man, one thing cannot be dispensed with, and that is an honest, a pure, a virtuous, an affectionate, a moral, a religious, an intellectual and a noble mother. Such a mother is worth scores of school teachers. Such a mother lives again in her sons and daughters. Such a mother, inspired by the Holy Ghost and directed and sustained by the revelations and power of Almighty God, is just the mother the Lord wants in Israel to bear and train the souls of men. And such a mother will be honored by her posterity and by the hosts of heaven for ever and ever.

A school report, published not many years ago, contained a statement substantially as follows: The managers of a large

factory, where many children were employed, before engaging a boy, always inquired into the character of his mother; and if that proved satisfactory they ran but little risk in engaging him, for they concluded that he had been properly instructed and therefore he would be faithful in their service.

John Quincy Adams, once President of the United States, is reported to have said, in substance: As a child I enjoyed one of the greatest blessings that can be bestowed on man—that of a mother who was anxious and able to form the characters of her children rightly. From her I received moral and religious instruction which has influenced me throughout a long and busy career; and I will say, because it is only justice to the memory of her I revere, that in the course of that life whenever imperfection has characterized my course, or whenever I have deviated from what she taught me, the fault has been mine, not hers.

John Randolph, an American statesman, makes this statement in favor of his mother: "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection—and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers and cause me, on my knees, to say: 'Our Father, who art in heaven!'"

And it is a blessing to our race that mothers, as a rule, are good, and that the exceptions are few. One notable exception, however, may be introduced by way of contrast: Catherine de Medici, daughter of the Duke of Urbino, and a relative of Pope Clement, was married by said pope in person, at Marseilles, October 28, 1533, to Henry, Duke of Orleans, and son of Francis I., king of France. King Francis died March 31, 1547, and Catherine's husband, as Henry II, succeeded him. Henry died July 10, 1559, and his eldest son, hardly sixteen years old, succeeded him as Francis II. Francis died December 5, 1560, and a younger brother, less than ten years old, succeeded him on the throne as Charles IX., and Catherine, his mother, became regent during his minority. Now, as regent and mother, how did she train and influence the child-king, her son? She trained him as a murderer. She plotted a massacre of the Huguenots. She inflamed the hatred of the Catholics against them, her chief confidant in her atrocious plot being her trained and youthful son. Five others were admitted to their confidence, and these seven, Catherine and her son being the leading spirits, deliberately planned and executed the diabolical plot. The marriage of Henry of Navarre was to take place August 18, 1572. The court was given up to feasting and revelry. August 24, 1572, was the feast of St. Bartholomew. On this day Catherine ordered the Catholic priests to sound the signal agreed upon from the church bell, which was instantly repeated from every belfry in Paris and the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew was commenced. The massacre was continued through that day and several succeeding days, neither age, sex nor condition being respected. By order of the king similar scenes were enacted in seven other cities, and the loss of life is variously estimated at from 10,000 to 100,000. De Thou puts it at 30,000 and the Duke of Sully, at 70,000. Charles IX. sickened from the day of the massacre. He saw visions of his murdered victims. He was haunted by a terrible remorse and died May 30, 1574. Catherine died, universally execrated, January 5, 1589.

What a mother! What a woman! What a feminine monster! Woman has been pronounced an angel to whom God has lent a body for a short season. Contrast that kind of a woman with Catherine. Mothers have great responsibility resting upon them. Children are under obligation to love,

honor and obey their parents. Children, honor your mothers, obey your mothers, be kind to your mothers, love your mothers, and especially when they are inspired by the Holy Ghost to train you up in the fear and admonition of the Lord and induce you to live for celestial glory, and God will bless you in time and throughout eternity, for the influence of a mother is mighty for good or evil, but generally for good.

"Lead thy mother tenderly down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support, now she leans on thine.
See upon her loving face those deep lines of care;
Think—it was her toil for thee left that record there.
Ne'er forget her tireless watch kept by day and night,
Taking from her step the grace, from her eye the light.
Cherish well her faithful heart, which, through weary years,
Echoed with its sympathy all thy smiles and tears.
Thank God for thy mother's love, guard the priceless boon
For the bitter parting hour cometh all too soon.
When thy grateful tenderness loses power to save,
Earth will hold no dearer spot than thy mother's grave."

DIALOGUE

ON THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF THE GOSPEL.

BY L. K. YOUNG.

CHARACTERS—Teacher and four young pupils: John, Willie, Minnie and Ella.

Teacher.—Now, my little class, I want to see if you are prepared for baptism. You will all soon be eight years old and you know you are required to understand the first principles of the gospel before you go into the water for baptism. John, can you tell me what the first principle of the gospel is?

John.—Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

T.—Minnie, can you tell me the meaning of the word faith?

Minnie.—Firm belief, or confidence.

T.—In what kind of a person would you have faith, Willie?

Willie.—One who does right and always tells the truth.

T.—If your father tells you he will give you a knife, marbles or anything else, if you are a good boy, do you believe him?

W.—Yes, ma'am; and if I am a good boy he is sure to give them.

T.—Then you have faith in your father, do you not?

W.—Yes, ma'am.

Ella.—I have faith in my father and mother, for they always do as they promise.

T.—Well, now, our Heavenly Father has promised to give us His Spirit if we do certain things. Do you know what they are, John?

J.—I guess He wants us to do right and never tell lies, nor steal, nor swear, nor use tobacco, nor drink whisky, nor do anything else that is wicked, doesn't He?

T.—Yes, and keep all of His commandments.

M.—How can we keep His commandments when we don't know what they are?

E.—I know one: it is "Honor thy father and thy mother," and that means to mind them all the time.

W.—And another is to keep the Sabbath day holy.

T.—There are many more. You must get your mothers to tell you all about them so you will know how to live. Do you think the Lord will let His Spirit be with us if we are wicked?

J.—No, ma'am, I don't think He will.

T.—Faith, besides being belief or confidence, is a principle of power; but you will understand that better when you are a little older. It is by faith the sick are healed and many great and marvelous things are performed. Can any of you tell me what the second principle is?

M.—Repentance.

T.—What is repentance?

E.—It is to be sorry when we have done wrong and not do so any more.

T.—What is the third principle?

W.—Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins?

T.—Can anybody baptize for the remission of sins?

M.—No, ma'am; only those who have authority given them by our Father in Heaven.

T.—Is it right for boys to baptize each other in fun?

W.—I don't think it is, for they have no authority to do so.

T.—We ought never to play with or speak lightly of sacred things. What is the fourth principle?

E.—The laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost.

T.—What is the Holy Ghost?

J.—The Spirit of the Lord.

M.—When we are baptized we are members of the Church, are we not?

E.—Yes, ma says we are.

W.—Is there no other way for us to become members of the Church?

J.—No; and we ought to be baptized as soon as we are eight years old, and we will all be eight this year.

E.—What is the name of this Church?

M.—The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

T.—I am quite pleased with you. I hope all the children are as well prepared for baptism as you seem to be. I see your mothers have taught you correct principles and I hope all mothers will do likewise, for Joseph Smith told the people if they failed to teach their children such things the sin would be upon their own heads.

APOSTLE F. D. RICHARDS' NARRATIVE.

(Continued from page 183.)

SOON after leaving St. Louis, both my cousin and myself blistered our feet severely. He caught cold in one of his feet and became crippled so badly, that when we arrived within seven miles of Columbia, Boone County, he felt, if it was possible, he must stop and rest. We found shelter in the house of Mr. Wall, a wealthy farmer. He was captain of a company of state militia, and was generally known by his military title, Capt. Wall. He owned a large plantation, and quite a number of negro slaves.

He was the first man, whose hospitality we had shared, that appeared capable of giving us a detailed account of the "Mormon" difficulties. He was the first to mention the subject. As soon as he did so, we assured him, that, as the country was flooded with the wildest rumors, we should be pleased to hear the facts of the case, from anyone who could give us correct information.

We soon learned that he was the man who commanded the Boone County militia, and that he was with Clark's army when Far West was taken. From him, we first learned that

Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Sydney Rigdon, and many more of the brethren, were taken prisoners at Far West.

He asserted that the "Mormons" had poisoned the springs and streams in that vicinity, so that his men had often to go thirsty, or carry water long distances for fear of getting poisoned. He stated, that his men had helped themselves to "Mormon" pork and beef for camp use, and appropriated the corn of the "Mormons" to feed their camp animals. He told terrible stories about the militia plundering the Saints, whipping some, and of ravishing women.

The spirit of mobocracy was bitter and terrible in this locality. Men declared that they would as soon kill a "Mormon" as a rattle-snake. We were compelled to smother our feelings and keep our own counsel. The dark deeds that Capt. Wall had related appeared vividly before me, and I could not rest. I was glad when morning came again. Notwithstanding his wickedness he treated us with characteristic hospitality, and refused to take any remuneration for our food and lodging. This man was a widower. Two colored women kept his house, and in it were several mulatto children.

Along with my cousin and myself was a Brother Grant, who was a brother of Elder Jedediah M. Grant. He had heard of the troubles of the Saints, had left his family in St. Louis, and joined us on our journey to Far West. My cousin was compelled to remain with Capt. Wall, for a time, on account of his lameness, and Brother Grant and myself continued our journey without him.

It was generally our custom after starting on our journey in the morning, to seek some retired spot by the way-side, where we could thank the Lord for His blessings, and ask a continuation of them. In these petitions our persecuted people were not forgotten. Capt. Wall's residence was in the timber. Now where we left the timber to start out on a fifteen mile prairie, I saw a spot, which I thought suitable for our devotions, and suggested that we stop and attend to our prayers. My companion remarked that he had prayed all he was going to until he knew something more about what we were praying.

I told him I felt like stopping, and I did so. When I tried to pray, it seemed as though thick darkness was over me. The earth seemed like iron beneath my feet, and the heavens like brass over my head. But I made known my troubles and heart-felt desires to my Heavenly Father, as best I could, and rejoined my companion.

I traveled along brooding over the gloomy situation. I felt disconsolate and disheartened. Suddenly a flash of light and joy passed over me. A pleasant, thrilling sensation passed over my body; from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, and I was filled with joy. My heart was light and free and I felt to give God the glory for the clear and abiding testimony I then received. It was made plainly manifest to me that I was in a similar situation to the disciples of Jesus, after His crucifixion. They felt as though all their hopes had departed, and as though there was nothing left for them but to resume their former occupations. It was also made as clear to me as the noon day sun, that this time of persecution and calamity would pass away, and deliverance and prosperity would again come to the Saints.

This was the testimony of the Holy Ghost that I had desired to receive, ever since I obeyed the ordinances of the gospel. It did not come till after the trial of my faith, but when it came it fulfilled all that had been promised. From that day to the present I have had no doubt concerning the principles I embraced, but know them to be the gospel of the Son of God.

The following Saturday, after leaving Capt. Wall's, we arrived at Haun's Mill. There, on the 30th of the previous October, about two hundred and forty lawless ruffians attacked thirty or forty of the brethren, and seventeen men and boys were mercilessly slaughtered.

They were buried, by those who survived, in a well. Seven miles from the mill we were hospitably entertained by a Brother Perry. There I first learned that my brother, George, was one of the victims at Haun's Mill. He was shot through the head and instantly killed.

I arrived in Far West, among my friends and the Saints. From that time until now, I have shared in their joys and sorrows, and with them I am looking forward to a day of rest, when the wicked shall have no more power, and when peace and righteousness shall reign over the earth.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

ABOUT July 7, 1883, apparently all avenues of presenting the gospel to the people of the Wairarapa were permanently closed, and our only hope was to work among the aborigines. And to human appearances it centered in chief Manihera, one of the most influential men in that region of country. Therefore we worked with and through him. Arrangements were made to accompany this chief to a place called Te Ore Ore, where there were a large number of natives residing, but we were disappointed in our expectations, as Manihera had missed us while passing through Carterton, our head-quarters at that time.

Not discouraged by his failure to see us we proceeded to the place in question. After distributing tracts to the natives of the place we returned to a place called Masterton, where we remained over night. Next morning we sought Manihera, thinking he had perhaps followed us, but we were told by a Maori that he had been there the day before, but had returned home again.

This caused us some little disappointment. However we were impressed to call at a Maori's house, where to our great pleasure we found Manihera and family. Our reception was of a cordial and hospitable nature. They conducted us into a nicely furnished parlor. After the introduction and exchanging of compliments, a young Maori lady, handsome and intelligent, was ushered into the compartment where we were and treated us to some sweet instrumental music on the piano.

Afterwards we were conducted into another room, where lay an invalid, haggard and emaciated. This was Ihaia Hopu Whakamaeru, the man of the house. He readily informed us that if we had anything new to that which he had heard, he was desirous of hearing it, but if not it was not necessary to say anything.

After assuring him that our religion was different to all others, he was exceedingly eager to have us proceed. Accordingly the four initiatory principles with the restoration of the gospel through the instrumentality of heavenly messengers, the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, etc., were explained to him and family through an interpreter, Robert Manihera, son of chief Manihera, who subsequently became a member of the Church, and proved to be of incalculable worth in interpreting our remarks to his countrymen. We preached all day long, and in the evening Ihaia was a convert

to the truth. All day he lay on his sick bed listening to the words of life. In the evening he said he wished to be baptized and asked Manihera who sat and listened to the preaching, to join also. Manihera after some excuses, made up his mind to do so, and a day was appointed for baptism.

Notwithstanding the satanic power was zealously at work trying to prevent these people from entering the fold of Christ on the 21st of July, 1883, we were instrumental in leading thirteen Maoris into the waters of baptism, Ihaia and Manihera being among the number. Although the former had been an invalid for a number of years, and constantly confined to his bed four months previous to his baptism, he walked a quarter of a mile down to the river on a bitter, cold day and was immersed in ice-cold water. Next day his health was improved. On the Sunday following all were confirmed members of the Church. Immediately following the confirmation, a number of them bore faithful testimony, saying:

"You have baptized us the way Jesus was baptized, and we have received the Holy Ghost as you had promised."

The spirit of God, immediately subsequent to their baptism and confirmation, rested powerfully down upon them, for they availed themselves of every opportunity of imparting to their fellow-men that which they had learned and received. Everywhere and any time they met any of the Maoris, they were preaching the truth to them, as after events proved this was the effectual opening of the gospel to the natives of New Zealand.

A vigorous prosecution of the work continued among the natives. We spent much time in minutely educating the new converts in the principles of the truth. They appeared like little children in the understanding of the doctrines of the Bible, having been traditioned in sectarianism, but as for their knowledge of the historical and biographical parts of the scriptures, they will compare favorably with any of the European inhabitants.

Our task in thus inculcating the truth on their benighted minds was very irksome, being compelled to employ two Bibles (an English and Maori), passages necessary to substantiate the gospel were searched out of the English book and afterwards pointed out to the Maoris in their own Bible. We drilled and educated them to that extent that they could vanquish any foe, white or black, who sought to move them from their position; thus the truth found favor among many of them and was talked of with interest far and near.

Since becoming acquainted with ancient Israel, through the Bible, which has for many years been translated into their language, they have believed that they are a portion of the house of Israel.

Many of their traditions and religious customs bear them out in this belief; still they had failed to identify themselves as such, but this needed information is abundantly supplied in the history of ancient America, as recorded in the Book of Mormon. Some of the practices, religious and otherwise which characterized the ancient Nephites and Lamanites are extant among the aborigines of the South sea islands.

Proportionately as the work gained ground and favor with the native race, hatred and opposition to it intensified in the breasts of the European portion of the inhabitants of the country. This spirit of persecution manifested itself in divers ways. For example, we were derided upon the open streets by men with gray beards, and even the school children would rend the air with shouts of insults. The press published scurrilous articles; most bitter was the *Wairarapa Standard*, printed in a small place called Greytown. It waged war against

the "Mormon" Elders, accusing us of shamefully slighting the delightful Europeans by not preaching to them before going to the ignorant Maoris. At the same time the whole white population had almost universally rejected the gospel and in many places had even mobbed, clubbed and rottenegged the Elders.

We were challenged to meet the white people in Greytown, and defend the tenets of our religion, and thus give the natives an opportunity of judging for themselves of the truth. The challenge was readily accepted, but the writer of the challenge, who signed himself *Alpha*, for some cause or other, would not make himself known; therefore, the whereabouts of our proposed opponent could not be learned. In view of this, and in order that the question might be thoroughly ventilated, the editor of the paper referred to willingly opened his columns for a discussion of "Mormonism" and its origin. The result was a controversy for about one month ensued between *Alpha* and myself. Not to any degree of astonishment I learned afterwards that this *Alpha* consisted of three persons: viz. Mr. Nation, the editor of the paper, and two others, one of whom was Manihera's white interpreter.

Alpha, finding himself utterly unable to accomplish his various ends, opened his final communication by a most singular confession, that "it was of no use for him to discuss Mormonism with Mr. Greenwood." This controversy, while we were preaching the gospel to the natives verbally, enabled us to warn the Europeans through the press.

After we fully explained the duties of the Priesthood to Ihaia and Manihera, they were ordained Priests. This caused them to be more diligent in their efforts to promulgate the gospel among the Maoris. However, at first, they were reluctant in accepting the office having conceived the idea that we were going to make them ministers after the style of the world.

On July 31st, 1883, the first funeral was conducted by "Mormon Elders, among the Maoris, Ihaia's grand-son having died. Our method of conducting funeral services was a great digression from their acquired method, which is as follows: As soon as the death takes place guns are fired to announce to the near friends and relatives the news, while those living at a distance are made acquainted by messengers or letters. Generally many attend the funerals. The relatives and mourners remain near by the corpse. On beholding an approaching tribe from a distance, they set up a piteous wail and mean, while those approaching will join in. This rending of the air and brandishing of hands is kept up for some time. Following this is a hearty shaking of hands and prolonged pressing and rubbing of noses—the intimate mode of greeting or saluting.

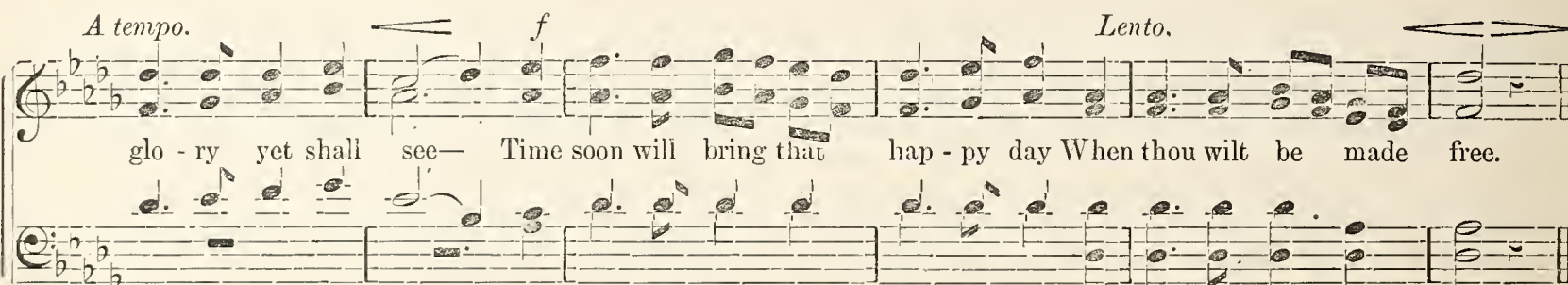
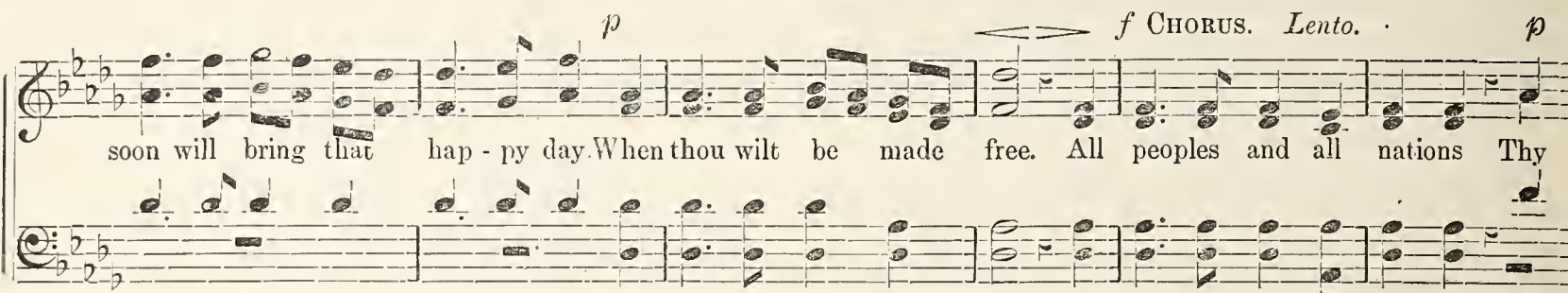
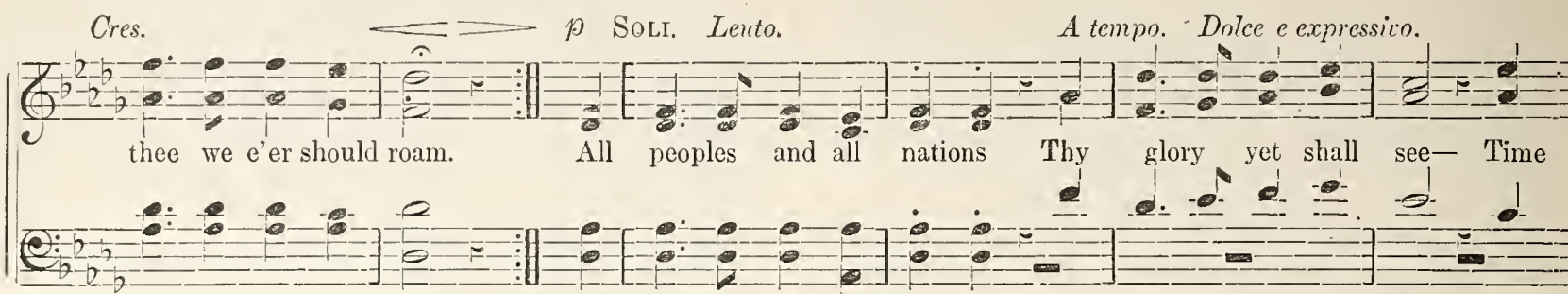
[Food having been supplied by the killing of a number of pigs, sheep and sometimes cattle, preparing fish from the sea, potatoes, etc., the people from other places commence to feast and in the majority of instances a large amount of drink is furnished and a big drunk is the result. By these methods of conducting funerals and their festivals, much of their means and property are wasted, their health impaired, sickness and disease follow and finally much mortality.

(To be Continued.)

FINE sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense: there are forty men of wit for one man of good sense; and he that will carry nothing about with him but gold, will be every day at a loss for readier change. Addison.

WE HAIL THEE, LOVELY DESERET.

[TUNE: "Now Pray we for our Country."]

p FIRST TIME, SOLI, SECOND TIME, CHORUS.

We love thee, favored Deseret,
 Though all the world despise,
 For millions yet will sing thy praise
 And laud thee to the skies.
 When laws unjust are ended,
 And tyranny shall cease,
 Prosperity will favor thee,
 And bring thee joy and peace.

Now pray we for our Deseret,
 That she may ever be
 Pure, happy, blest and prosperous,
 And from bondage ever free.
 Who blesseth her is blessed,
 So peace be in her walls,
 And joy in all her cottages,
 Her temples and her halls.

THE words constituting the Square Word Puzzle published
 in No. 11, when properly arranged, form the following square:

A N N A
 N O O N
 N O O N
 A N N A

It has been correctly solved by G. Raymond, Kaysville;
 Nephi Savage, Payson; John S. Blain, Spring City; Lauritz
 Peterson, Huntsville; Charles H. Hart, Bloomington, Idaho;
 Joseph J. Harrison, Ogden; Annie Backman, Salt Lake City.

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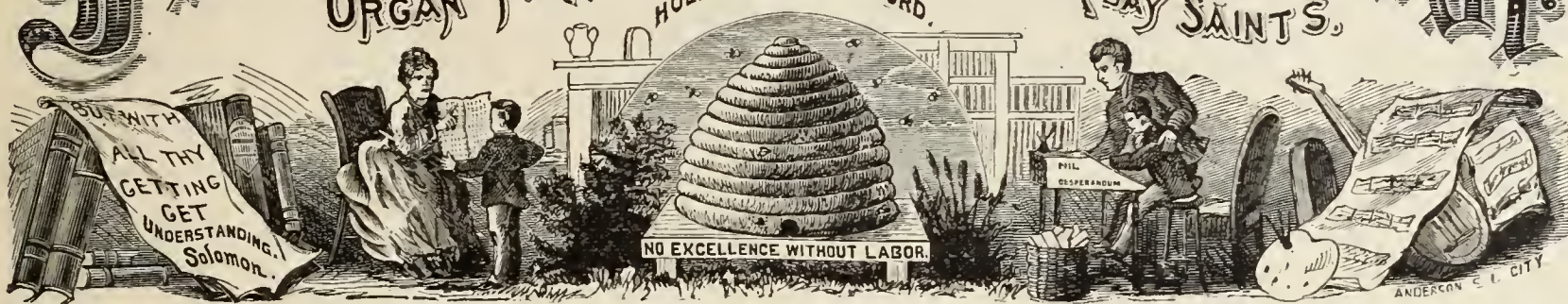
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NO. 14.

RUSSIA.

THE accompanying portrait is that of the present Czar of Russia, Alexander III., who succeeded to the throne upon the death of his father, who was assassinated by Nihilists on the 13th of March, 1881.

Of the present condition of Russia the reading public have been kept posted, to some extent, through the numerous press dispatches which have appeared in the newspapers.

For the last ten years that country has been prominent before the world; first through the war it had with Turkey, then by the destructive and fiendish actions of the Nihilists, and the present dispute between her and England. But with the past history of Russia our young readers, no doubt, are but slightly acquainted, probably less so than with that of any other European country.

The remote history of this extensive country, like that of many other places, is enveloped in mystery and uncertainty. The origin of its people is unknown, although they are believed to have come in the first place from central Asia.

About one thousand years ago a portion of the country now included in Russia, was inhabited by numerous war-like tribes who were constantly fighting each other. In course of time the most of these tribes were subdued by a people called Kozars, who inhabited the mountains and woods. They built cities, instituted schools and entered into commercial relations with other people, and an attempt was made to introduce Christianity into their midst. Soon the Normans, or people of Norway, came and

made some of the Russian tribes tributary to them. From this time the people were brought more compactly together, by being made subject to a smaller number of rulers. Under the leadership of their Norman rulers they made attacks upon the city of Constantinople, and also made attempts to conquer other peoples with whom they were surrounded.

It would not be interesting to our young friends to give a lengthy account of the battles and contentions of the Russians among themselves and with other nations during the middle ages; and the history we have of these times is so intermingled with legends and traditions that it is not very reliable. We will therefore pass over it, as well as omit giving a description of their superstitions and absurd ideas of worship. The histories of many countries only give accounts of the actions of kings and rulers, of the battles they fought and the victories they lost or won, and of the acts of cruelty and barbarism that have been practiced. But little is said of the masses of the people—of their customs and habits or achievements; and the fact that during the past ages, the people of dif-

ferent nations have been almost continually at warfare with each other, makes their history very dull and monotonous to young readers. But we must remember that the freedom of the present age is something that has never before been enjoyed, to the extent that it now is, probably since the world began. It is only of late years that the people have conceived the idea that mankind should have equal rights, and that free



government should be the heritage of all. For ages past the world has been subjected to despotic rule, and the tyranny of corrupt potentates, who held supreme power over the masses. Hence the people enjoyed but few rights, and their lives and actions were of but little importance in the history of the countries of which they belonged.

During the last one hundred years the most wonderful changes have been made in the government of nations. Almost a complete revolution of the whole world has taken place during this time. The people everywhere are contending for a greater amount of liberty, and the indications are that some day in the near future the desire of the people will be realized.

Russia, although somewhat behind other European nations in adopting free institutions, has been deeply affected by the powers that have been at work in spreading freedom upon the earth, and she is destined, in common with other countries to become free. The dawn of her freedom has been marked from the time when Napoleon invaded her territory. One great step towards liberating her subjects was the emancipation of the serfs, which was at least partially brought about by Alexander II., the father of the present ruler. In Russia there were two classes of serfs, or slaves—those belonging to the crown and those owned by individuals. These two classes composed almost one half of the total population of the country.

In 1861 they numbered 45,862,086. About 24,000,000 of these belonged to the crown, and Alexander at once proclaimed them free; but it was a more difficult matter to liberate those held by individuals. Serfdom was an old institution in Russia, and especially of Moscow. Military service was demanded of the nobles who owned the soil, and the only remuneration they received was from the slaves they held, and they were very reluctant to abandon the practice of slavery.

The proprietors of the soil were called together and some thirteen hundred of them voted to abolish serfdom, but to leave the serfs without any land. This would of course be unsatisfactory to the slaves, and the emperor appointed a commission to see what could be done. The result was the serfs were allowed to borrow money from the government with which to purchase the cottages they lived in and the soil they cultivated. Thus the matter was settled peaceably and without bloodshed.

This emperor also instituted other reforms that were beneficial to the country. The new order of things, however, did not suit all around. In Poland the people were desirous of becoming separated and having a government of their own, and an attempt was made to this end. But the army interfered and soon put an end to their uprising, and shot or hung the leaders in the movement. Other internal difficulties arose and the spirit of Nihilism began to make its way among the people. From that time to the present its adherents have been a source of a great deal of trouble and annoyance, and the overthrow of the empire is threatened. The more we learn of the condition of different nations in the earth, the greater is our appreciation of the peaceful home we have in these valleys, where we have no cause to fear the diabolical actions of Nihilists or dynamiters, or of any of those secret societies whose only desire is to destroy. E. F. P.

THEY that do nothing are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.

ETIQUETTE AND HABITS.

IN the Nineteenth Ward Mutual Improvement Association, a few weeks before adjournment last Spring, it was decided to offer the sum of ten dollars as a prize for the best essays upon a subject to be selected by a committee nominated by the association. The committee selected for this purpose was, Bishop James Watson, A. W. Carlson and Ebenczer Beesley, Sen., who, after consideration, handed in the following subject: "Etiquette and Habits that will tend to Mental and Moral Improvement." The subject was accepted, and the same committee was appointed to adjudicate upon the merits of the essays sent in. It was agreed that the best essay should take a prize of \$6 50, and the second best \$3 50. The competition was open to all the members of the association. The length of the essay was limited to 1,500 words. About one dozen compositions were sent in, and the first prize was awarded for the following one

BY D. M. ROSS.

Etiquette is the proper forms to be observed in society. This subject, which so much contributes to our happiness, is worthy of deep and earnest consideration. Steadily and gently its study elevates our minds, unfolding to our view many beautiful pictures of ideal life, wherein, moving harmoniously among our fellow-beings, we meet pleasures that result only from a careful and well-chosen course. As we are of the nature to love companionship, and to seek with others the comforts and joys of life, by nature constituted to gain happiness from witnessing the joys of our friends, in our lives so much depending on their aid and good-will, how essential it is that we know the manner in which we may obtain these desirable blessings, and contribute to the well-being of our associates!

We form a part of God's grand creation, the design of which is the ultimate exaltation of the soul to the joy and happiness of eternity. In the school of mortality we begin the course of progress. We here form associations that will probably last forever. We must lay fast hold of every good and ennobling means, and begin early and earnestly to lay a solid foundation for our career. In society, then, begins the polishing process by which the roughness of our nature is worn away, our bad habits corrected and our good ones confirmed. We attend the social gatherings and learn from observing the actions of others such manners as in their very nature create good feeling and harmony—that make people feel free and comfortable. Our awkwardness wears away and our movements partake of the grace of nature. We learn the method of treating people with the respect that is due their position in society. We learn to converse properly; we learn to listen with attention while others are speaking. Gradually good behavior becomes part of our nature. We enjoy good society; our minds become filled with pure and chaste thoughts, and less easily tempted to ponder over evil ones; and we can no longer endure low company nor see pleasure in it. Thus the observance of etiquette incites a prudent degree of pride within us, and we gain the respect of our companions.

Etiquette extends itself into every department of life, breathing forth good-will, strengthening the weak, comforting the aged and distressed, the tried and the tempted, and exerting an influence which everywhere brings forth good results. It is equally as important in the ball room as in the theatre, in the social gathering as in the church. Wherever one is he

should understand what is becoming and dignified, his duty and his proper position. One can never overstep the bounds of proper decorum without reflecting discredit upon himself. That he may is a false idea and should be abandoned. Some individuals who are polite in refined society are not so when in company of a lower caste, when in truth their proper bearing would produce a good effect.

Washington, in company with some distinguished friend, once met a negro who made him a polite bow which the president immediately acknowledged. His friend reprimanded him for this act as unbecoming in him to notice such an individual. His answer beautifully portrays the spirit of true politeness: "I allow no negro to be more polite than I can be."

Despicable are the persons who assume so high a place in the social circle, flattering those from whom they wish favor, fawning the rich, but scorning the poor, the honest, the worthy. What honor they get they steal by deception; what honor they are worthy of is none at all. Generally speaking, riches should have no influence in securing respect. If they were obtained by the strictest honesty and unswerving uprightness and industry the situation would be changed, for then they would represent the use of sterling qualities which are worthy of all approval. The basis of esteem should be the integrity of the heart and the sincere, righteous desire of the individual. In these there is worth with which riches cannot be compared. The person who allows riches to influence him in judging of character, shows a poor conception of true worth. A part, then, of good breeding is to bestow respect where it belongs by natural right.

The etiquette of public gatherings should be better understood in order that good may result therefrom. In all these meetings the people should be seated before the exercises begin, if possible. Those who come in late disturb that quietness and peace which should remain undisturbed. If it is unavoidable on the part of some to be late, a due respect for those who are interested in the proceedings would show a knowledge of etiquette and a desire to conform to what is proper under the circumstances. On tip toe, as quietly as possible, comes in the person who is wise and considers what he is doing. His act will gain the good-will of those who see he has consideration for their feelings; for the principle of kindness is this, that respect will beget respect and love beget love; and more than this, they will appease anger, and therefore are the right, the cogent forces to be used in doing good. But the duty requiring most care is the quietness and reverence during prayer, for then the congregation, through the speaker, are invoking the presence and blessings of their Father in heaven, while whisperings, inattention and kindred disregards of His Holiness will incur His displeasure and anger. In rising for the benediction usually the noise is considerable, and unnecessarily so. It appears likely that many heed not what they do when they stand before God to receive His blessings before separating to their homes, for they are preparing to go and move about so much that they disturb the serenity of mind others have while feeling to thank God for His favors.

Let the young pay attention to gentle manners and reverence that which is holy. In the meeting, before the assembled veterans of Israel, our honored brethren and sisters, whose labors and sacrifices have placed us in the position wherein we enjoy the blessings of happy homes and good society, let the young show forth their respect for age, their reverence for sacred things, their appreciation of these great privileges and their worthiness of the place they occupy. Let them cease

the unbecoming practice of remaining outside until the services are begun ere they enter and take seats, thus producing discord and confusion. Let them abandon such habits and they will find a better feeling towards them prevails among society—among those worthy persons whose respect and good-will are alone of any real value, and worth making much of an effort to obtain.

While it is beyond the limits of this essay to specially mention many subjects, there is but little need for an apology for introducing one of such importance as that of proper conduct in public assemblies.

Etiquette is but one of the many subjects of interest to the young people, and which are essentially necessary to be understood in order to advance in intelligence. A steady endeavor to be well informed, a strong adherence to the truth, a deep-seated love of honesty, a careful avoidance of intemperate habits, a conviction of the necessity of an active, useful life, and a reverence for the sacred things of heaven, are among the motives of an upright mind. If they are well established they lead to mental and moral improvement. It is to be hoped that the number of individuals who have no desire for improvement and progress is small, and that the great majority are anxious to advance, and wish to know the proper course to pursue in order to make the greatest headway towards a cultured condition of the mental and physical powers.

Experience and history teach that the path of true progress lies in the practice of the simple, fundamental virtues. Avarice and deception may appear to give prosperity for a time, but bitter and dishonorable is the end, the final outcome. That which leads to increasing joy and happiness, to never-ending progress, and which brings no pangs of conscience, no regrets, is that which the mind seeks after.

Nothing gives a greater impulse in the proper direction than does true religion. It concentrates the mind on the object of life, establishes a delightful serenity of feeling, and satisfies the yearnings of the soul after something tangible upon which to rely. More than this, it comprehends all that is true and ennobling in every department of life. Truth is one of its foundation principles. Truth is considered by the good and bad alike as being elevating in its character. Be he ever so depraved, man has an inward conviction that truth is a proper principle. Though he be of the base and knavish, still, when finding it necessary to trust in any individual, his thoughts turn from his companions to the man of truth and honesty. And what is thus capable of gaining the admiration and respect of all classes is worthy of the strict adherence of the young mind.

Among the moral virtues may be mentioned earnestness, honesty, gentleness, chastity and cheerfulness, each entering largely into the formation of good character. Temperance is a subject at the foundation of morality, health longevity and happiness. It refers not only to the use of intoxicants (under whose influence the lives of others as well as their victims are in jeopardy) but also to eating and the use of mental and bodily powers.

Among the habits tending to mental improvement we find reading, composition, deep thought, perseverance, method and industry. In reading we should select the best books, and in all our efforts use a proper method and much perseverance. Our ambition, then, should cause us to strive assiduously for a good name, an honorable place among the worthy; and if we labor diligently remembering that "nothing great is lightly won," the obstacles in our way will be overcome, one by one and the darkness will give place to light.

COME INTO LINE.

BY W. J.

JOSEPH SMITH, son of a true prophet of God, and president of an apostate church, recently made an urgent appeal to a Salt Lake City audience to "come back into the original church, which is all truth and harmony." Governor Ramsey, of the "Utah Commission," in a recent speech to some of the citizens of Manti, delivered himself thus: "I hope the time will speedily come when Utah, like all the other States and Territories, will be of one accord. * * * That you will see fit to thus come into line with this great nation I heartily pray." And it is not long ago that President Cleveland, in addressing the delegation appointed to present to him the "Declaration of Grievances and Protest," thus expressed himself: "I wish you out there could be like the rest of us."

Now, what does all this mean? The Latter-day Saints are in the original Church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which was established by command of God, April 6th, A. D. 1830. They have never left it. But they are invited to leave it, and join a bogus, partial imitation subsequently organized by apostates from the true church, which they will not do. The bait of "truth and harmony" will not be swallowed by any true Latter-day Saint either, for he has embraced a system which has more of those principles in it than can be found in all the world besides. Oh, no, Joseph, your "urgent appeal" will fail in its object, for no true Saint will heed it, and any others you are welcome to gather into your counterfeit church. But you may prepare to hear from the lips of your honored father: "'Come back into the original Church'—against which you are fighting in vain!"

"I wish you out there could be like the rest of us!" What "rest of us?" "Why, like all the people of the United States are who are not Latter-day Saints." Exactly! And what are the fifty millions of people in these United States, exclusive of the Latter-day Saints, like? They are just like Paul told Timothy they should be: "This know also that in the last days perilous times shall come, for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; * * * giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron, forbidding to marry; men of corrupt minds; men who resist the truth; but whose folly shall be manifest to all men." And an additional description may be found in the terrible record of crime which is published every day in the newspapers of the country. Then there are some who are pretty good people; but recourse to the records kept by angels of God is necessary in order to learn all the deeds of darkness and damning infamies of which this enlightened nation of regenerators is guilty before God. And you wish the Latter-day Saints to "be like the rest of us?" Vain, unkind, and wicked wish! It cannot be! God has forbidden it, and Him they obey!

"Come into line with this great nation!" "Come into line?" Does he who uttered this invitation have the faintest idea of the vastness and eternal importance of this subject to the Latter-day Saints? He may reel off the request, and put it in the form of a prayer to make it impressive, but he cannot

realize the depths of eternity which it sounds, nor the forfeiture of celestial glory which it involves, nor the torments of the damned which the weak yielding to it would incur.

"Come into line?" This was the popular doctrine among the antediluvians—the doctrine of opposition to the will of God. Noah was commissioned by the Almighty to teach them temporal salvation from the coming deluge; and also that spiritual salvation which always follows obedience to the commandments of the Lord through His prophets. But how did they receive His message? Josephus says: "He was afraid they would kill him, together with his wife and children, and those they had married, so he departed out of that land." And it is hardly necessary to tell Bible believers that they were all destroyed by the flood excepting Noah, his wife, and his sons and their wives; and this, too, because they heeded the popular and diabolical cry of "come into line," and repented not of their wickedness, but hardened their hearts, rejected Noah as a prophet of God, and defied the Almighty. And Jesus found them, some twenty-four or twenty-five centuries afterwards, still suffering in the prison-house of the damned for their rejection of the message of salvation through Noah. (*I. Peter 3*). They had "come into line!"

"Come into line?" Yes. That's what the devil wanted Jesus to do, and, in order to succeed, he tried to take a mean advantage of Him when He was hungry. Matthew tells us that when Jesus "had fasted forty days and forty nights He was afterwards a hungered. And when the tempter came to Him he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread. But He answered and said, It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Then the devil taketh Him up into the holy city, and setteth Him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto Him, If thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down, for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee, and in their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. Again the devil taketh Him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and saith unto Him, All these will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve. Then the devil leaveth Him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto Him."

This is sublime! It appears that the devil had a certain amount of power with Him for the time being, for he took Him into the holy city and set Him on a pinnacle of the temple, and he afterwards took Him up into an exceedingly high mountain, and did his best to turn Him aside from His glorious mission, for he would have been pleased to block the atonement, and defeat the great Jehovah in all that He had purposed through the agency of His beloved Son—but Jesus would not "come into line."

And shall the Latter-day Saints "come into line with this great nation?" "Come into line!" Shall they return to the pit from whence they were dug? After they have learned that two and two make four, shall they declare they do not? Shall they barter truth for error, and "swap" purity for the reeking corruption of the present age? Shall they testify that the plan of salvation as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith is not true, when they know as well as they know of their own existence that it is true? Shall they ignore God's Holy Priesthood through which they have received so many

indescribable and such glorious blessings? Shall they violate their sacred covenants and fight against God? Shall they join the people and government of the United States in doing all they can to prevent the establishment of universal peace, the reign of Messiah, and the full and final redemption of the earth and man from the power and thralldom of Satan? Never, no never! They know the truth, and will live it. They understand the authority of the Holy Priesthood, and will honor and obey it. They know that their salvation depends on their faithfulness in keeping the commandments of God. And they know, too, that their spotters, their persecutors, their prosecutors, and their enemies generally, will have no future worth existing in only what comes to them through the gospel and Priesthood now held by the despised Elders of Israel. And the people of God in these mountains had better lose all their property, and wander destitute, afflicted, and tormented—yes, the Elders of Israel had better be stacked up in piles, a quorum in a pile, and be burnt to ashes, than prove recreant to God and truth, be despised of man, disowned of God, and sink down to the lowest hell, to endure the awful torments of the damned. Oh, no, they cannot, and they will not, accept the invitation to “come into line.”

HANNAH, AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Hannah parted from her husband, after their understanding that she was to be the sole manager of the plan for his pardon and release, she flew along the corridors of the jail until she reached the door of the warden's office. Here she paused for a moment to catch her breath and compose her features. When she went in, after having rapped and been bidden to enter, the bluff old man turned sharply toward her from his writing table.

“Well, young woman, what success? Stop. You need give no answer. Your face tells me that you think you have won the contest. I am not sorry. But once more I warn you that I will have no trifling. You, I will trust, as far as I am obliged to confide in you. But your man, don't let him expect any trust from me; and if he tries any tricks, I hope he'll get hung and so rid society and yourself of his useless presence.”

The words were not very encouraging. But Mrs. Thorn-dyke had learned enough of Butler to look below his rough phrase; and she now had no terror in his presence nor from his grim speech. She hastily began her recital.

She detailed all the information that she had received concerning the project of the prisoners. She attempted to hide nothing except the close participation of her husband in the conspiracy. But though her will was good enough, she failed to deceive the keen perceptions of Warden Butler. He smiled sardonically when she carefully excluded from the rehearsal of the scheme, every incident tending to involve Rupert. But this did not prejudice her cause. Her listener was not disgusted and not much surprised. He only muttered,

“Women are just like temptation. They'll follow a man wherever he goes; and the lower he sinks, the closer they'll cling.”

After all the important facts were in his possession the warden said, with less harshness than was usual in his tone:

“Go home now; and leave the rest of the affair to me. You'll not have to wait long for your husband; I have already secured a promise of complete pardon for him. When he comes to you, (if he don't jump the country as soon as I let him out), take him away from this region. Don't let him meet any of his present associates. They would either kill him for his treachery, or lead him back into an evil way of life. Goodbye, my girl! You are a staunch, honest young woman, much too good for that unworthy man whom you call husband.”

Hannah left the penitentiary, when she was thus dismissed. But her heart was far from light. The warden's words had raised her fears; and now she apprehended that before Rupert could be set free, some evil from his companions might befall him. She went to the dingy hotel with saddened thought. The excitement which up to this time had sustained her was now gone; and in its stead came doubts as to the wisdom of her course and the success of her plan. But she felt that she must not delay her departure. Much as she desired to be near Rupert, and assist him away from the prison town, she knew that she must go and trust the issue to kind Providence and gruff Mr. Butler. So that evening she took the stage which passed through on its way to Boulder.

It was a long, tedious ride—full of worry and dread; but at last it was ended and Hannah found herself sitting at the little table in her own modest home by the side of old Si Whopscott. She had cried out her trouble upon his bent and dusty shoulder; and now he was striving to comfort her.

“Never mind, my little gal. Yer man will be here inside a day or two; and then ye'll be all jolly. Ye can stay here long as ye like; an' I'll take keer on ye.”

Certainly, the old man was coming out strong under difficulties. He had long ceased to drink. He had been full of industry and economy. Every one who wanted a reliable dray-man now sought Si. And his little brown mules—too dear to the old man to be abused by very hard labor, had been retired on half-work and full rations; while a heavy span of horses did the bulk of the duty. It was even supposed that Si had nearly four hundred dollars in the bank. But that may have been a baseless rumor. However, Hannah had always found that it was no trouble to obtain money with which to visit her husband.

(To be concluded in our next.)

REASONS FOR ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.—Men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation, and sometimes to enable them to obtain the victory of wit and contradiction, and sometimes for lucre and possession; but seldom to give a true account of their gift of reason for the benefit and use of man, as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit, or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind, to walk up and down with a fair prospect, or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon, or a fort on commanding ground for strife or contention, or a shop for profit and sale, and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MISSION.

BY J. W.

(Continued from page 198.)

FROM here I took train for Leeds. Four students from a college were in the same compartment, going for an outing. In their conversation they invited me to join. Speaking of a bill then before parliament to give married women property rights, independent of their husbands, a remark I made caused one of them to say, "Ah, that sounds like the far west!" I answered, "Yes, sir, perhaps it does; the remark came out unawares, as I do not like to appear singular in company."

Student.—Well, no harm in that; but shall we infer from it that you are from the west.

Elder.—Yes, sir, I am from the west.

S.—And you have actually crossed the great plains of America?

E.—Yes, sir, at different times and in various ways. I have walked across, I have twice driven an ox team across, and crossed on the cars.

S.—May I ask how long a journey you ever took at one trip?

E.—The longest that occurs to me just at this moment is when I left my home in Beaver County, Utah, with an ox team to assist our emigration. We met them on the Missouri River, the distance of the round trip being 2,460 miles and the total time of actual travel five months.

S.—Two thousand four hundred and sixty miles! O, how it does shock one's notions of geography! But what kind of roads did you have to travel over in such a distance?

E.—Every kind, from solid rock to clear mud, including every grade of sand. But we had this privilege: if the roads did not suit us we could mend them, there were none to interfere with us.

S.—Well, but were there no rivers to cross in such a distance?

E.—Yes, plenty of them, from what the poet calls "the mighty Missouri that rolls down to the sea" down to the smallest creek.

S.—Well, how did you cross them?

E.—In various ways, some we ferried, some we bridged and some we forded.

S.—What did you do about stopping places?

E.—We could stop anywhere, there was no one to hinder us. But some places were better than others. A first-rate place was where there was wood, water and grass; sometimes we got all three, sometimes two of them, sometimes only one and at others none.

S.—But were there no houses in which to stop, no hotels, etc?

E.—None. There was a town when we stopped and a vacant place when we left.

S.—But where could you all sleep at night?

E.—Some in the wagons, others in tents and many in the open air.

S.—But was it not dangerous to health, and on account of wild animals?

E.—As to health, none suffered; and as to the animals, we were hunting them oftener than they were hunting us.

S.—What about the Indians, did they not trouble you?

E.—No. Our policy was that it was cheaper to feed them than to fight them, and far less dangerous, so we were kind to them and kept good guard besides.

S.—Were you ever in Salt Lake City?

E.—Yes, a number of times.

S.—Well, you did not stay there?

E.—Certainly not, or I would not now be here.

(At this moment all but the questioner burst out laughing.) I said, "Gentlemen, please excuse me. It was rude in me to answer in that manner. I spoke without thinking."

"O yes, we knew that," replied one of the students, "whenever anyone says a good thing he always says it without thinking; if he thought about it he would spoil it."

S.—Well, allow me to try again. I would like to ask you one more question, and it is this: how did you make your "brass" in that country?

E.—Do you refer to what I might be supposed to have in my pocket or on my face?

(Another general laugh.)

S.—Well, both, or in other words, what do you do to earn a living out there?

E.—Gentlemen, this must stop. For in England, where men get a living by making dolls' eyes or grinding pen-knife blades, it will never do for me to tell you what I have done to earn a living in Utah, as I have a regard for my character for veracity.

S.—My dear sir, we hope you have not formed such an opinion of us as to think we would doubt what you might tell us. We assure you to the contrary. Besides we are prepared for almost anything from people in the west.

E.—Well, gentlemen, if you would like to hear, I will tell you of a few things I have done for a living in Utah; and I say at the start that I have never done any kind of work but what I am yet able to do. To begin with, my father was a tailor. I learned the trade of him, and I have worked at that more or less ever since I went to Utah, which is twenty-two years.

S.—Well, I suppose that would be a good trade, as people need clothes in every country.

E.—I have owned and cultivated a farm and raised crops every year but two ever since I went to Utah.

S.—Indeed! To supply your own food and clothes would make you well nigh independent.

E.—Not quite. It was my lot to first live in a remote settlement, three hundred miles away from a store. It would have taken seven weeks to have made a trip with oxen, so it was easier to make the cloth than to go after it, even if we had the money, which was not always the case. So I took to weaving and made cloth during a part of each year. We raised the sheep, I sheared them, my wife spun, I wove and cut out and made the clothes.

S.—That was certainly independence, and must have kept you pretty busy.

E.—Shoemakers happened to be scarce with us, and I found out I must make shoes or go without. So for some years I made all the shoes for my family and some for others.

S.—Well, well, what a variety of work!

E.—But changes have come to Utah, and the loom and spinning-wheel are disappearing. I have not woven any for several years; but instead I have been agent for a factory—buying wool and selling cloth.

S.—What we call a wool stapler here.

E.—I believe so. For the past four years our lands have been in market, and I have been engaged in finding corners,

running lines, making out claims, filling up and acknowledging deeds, etc.

S.—What we call conveyancing, in England. But did you not include acknowledging deeds? Would you not have to be a judicial officer to acknowledge deeds?

E.—Yes, sir, I have been a county justice for eight years past, and a city alderman and justice of the peace for four years past.

S.—What an active life you must have had, and how fully your time must have been occupied!

E.—Yes, plenty to do; but for the past four years, in addition to my farm, I have made most by the sale of threshing and reaping machines, farm wagons and implements, and as an agent for the sale of sewing machines, and with the whole have not had much time to waste.

All burst out laughing. We were now out of the cars and had come to the place where our roads parted. While taking leave one remarked how pleasant it must be to have such a variety of work, instead of being confined to one small job for a lifetime, as is generally the case in England. All shook hands with me and thanked me for the information I had given them, and expressed their regrets that our meeting could not be prolonged, as they would have liked to have learned more of our people and country.

I started for my lodgings, and on the way met the branch president, who seemed surprised to see me. He told me that as the Saints had not heard from me for so long, (about twenty-five days), they were about to conclude that I had got discouraged and gone home. But I was there and was feeling well, having on the whole got along well on my long journey. Thus ended my first trip around the conference.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER XI.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

IN the evening of the 28th of June we held a private meeting at the house of Brother Miller. We confirmed the two persons just baptized, and subsequently baptized and blessed some children of this same family.

Soon after this, while distributing tracts, I offered one to the attorney-general and received abuse in return. I also sent a second tract to Rev. Mr. Hamblen, by the hand of his servant. The minister soon returned it in person, throwing it abruptly at me, saying, "We belong to the established church and have no use for your tracts."

I soon found that the priests not only ruled the people but influenced the governor and chief authorities; and in consequence of this influence a card was placed on the door of the barracks which read as follows: "An individual named Stevenson, a Mormonite preacher, is not allowed in the barracks." This was shown to me upon one occasion as I was being marched out of the barracks, although the guard expressed sympathy for me and considered this act as base persecution.

With all this, however, they were not satisfied, but got up the following summons, which was handed me by one of the police:

"CITY GARRISON AND TERRITORY OF GIBRALTAR.
To Edward Stevenson, of Gibraltar:

You are hereby required to personally appear before me, Stewart Henry Paget, or any other of her majesty's

justices of the peace, in and for the said city garrison and territory, at the police office, on the 30th day of September, 1853, at the hour of eleven in the forenoon of the same day, to answer to the complaint of James McPherson, charging that you have used words profanely, scoffing the holy scriptures, and exposing part of them to contempt and ridicule. Dated this 29th day of September, 1853."

I was afterwards informed that the complainant was expecting a handsome reward if he got me into trouble. On one occasion I overheard the magistrate who issued the summons say to some ladies that he hoped soon to see me in the stocks.

On the 30th I repaired to the police office. Just before going into court I had the pleasure of bearing my testimony to about fifteen persons, until prohibited by the police. I soon faced my plaintiff, and one good look in his face unnerved him. The following colloquy occurred in the court room:

"Do you know the defendant?"

"Yes, sir."

"When was your first acquaintance with him?"

"Soon after he came here."

"What, did he then give you those books?" (holding up some books I had sold the plaintiff and for which he failed to pay me.) "Did he wish you to change your religion?"

"Yes, he said I ought to be baptized."

"In what way did he want you to be baptized?"

"By immersion all over in the water."

"Did he speak against the established religion?"

"He said sprinkling little children was not right, as they were not old enough to judge for themselves—they were not accountable."

"Is this all he said?"

"His books say all the churches sprang from the mother of harlots—the abominable Catholic church."

"Can you find it?"

My books—the Book of Mormon, Voice of Warning and some tracts—were then opened. I now availed myself of the opportunity of opening my Bible at the 17th chapter of Revelation, where it speaks of the mother of harlots. After the judge looked over the text for a short time he remarked, "Oh, this is the Bible."

"Yes, sir," I answered, "all our quotations are from the Bible."

Many officers and spectators began to think that this was a singular way of scoffing at the holy scriptures. The questioning of the plaintiff then continued:

"Did he perform baptism on you?"

"No, but he did on a dockyard policeman and a gunner and driver of the royal artillery."

I was still looking in my Bible, when I was asked, "Do you hear, sir?"

"Yes, sir, all that is said," I replied.

It was then stated that I ought to give bonds to not speak to the military at all, and a bond with penalty was prepared. I was not allowed a defense, neither did they examine other witnesses who had been subpoenaed, as they found their evidence would be in my favor. On my refusal to sign a bond I was taken by the police as a prisoner into the prison room. Soon afterwards the officer came into the room and compromised the bond by running his pen through some of the lines, rendering it as useless as a blank piece of paper. So to accommodate them I signed it and went on my way. I soon baptized several persons, among whom was a woman who had held me on her knee when I was a child. I organized a branch of the Church.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

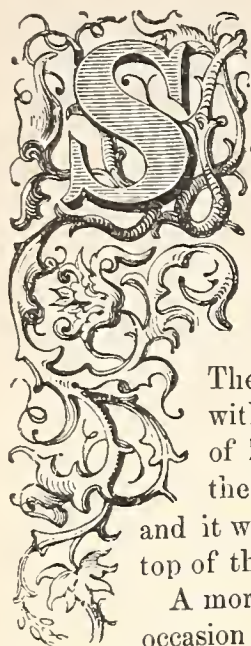
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



SALT LAKE CITY was the scene of some excitement on the fourth of July—Independence Day. Upon many of the public buildings, such as the Tabernacle, Tithing Office, the City Hall, County Court House, etc., the stars and stripes were hoisted half mast. This gave great offense to a number of persons, and they were disposed to make a disturbance. The difficulty, however, was finally adjusted without violence. The flag on the large store of Z. C. M. I. was also hoisted half mast, but the institution was threatened by some parties, and it was thought prudent to hoist the flag to the top of the mast.

A more fitting way of displaying the flag on that occasion could not have been selected by a people situated as we are than by having it placed at half mast. To have a flag displayed at half mast is no disrespect to the flag, but is recognized as a sign of mourning all the world over. We are in the condition of mourners at the present time—mourners for the loss of our liberties, for the wicked attempts which are being made to destroy them. We really are contending not only for ourselves but for all this nation for the rights guaranteed under the constitution. The wrongs practiced upon us are ruinous to the principles of religious liberty. In resisting these encroachments, therefore, as we do through the courts, we are maintaining the rights of every worshiper of God, and infidel, and idolator in the land. The right to worship according to the dictates of conscience, so long as in the exercise thereof no one else is interfered with or infringed upon, is one that every man of every creed should have.

It would not have been improper upon such an occasion to have draped the flags with crape as well as having them at half mast. Liberty, if not dead in these mountains, has been most cruelly wounded, and she lies prostrate in our streets and in our courts. How any people under the circumstances that we are in could make the fourth of July a day of revelry, a day when the small measure of liberty we enjoy should be dwelt upon with delight seems very strange. True patriotism is not confined to resistance of the acts of wrong committed against the individual, but it extends to those also committed against others. Perhaps many think—"These acts don't affect me; I am not troubled, and why should I give myself any concern if other men are sent to the penitentiary and are denied their rights under the law?"

But no true patriot has any such feeling as this. John Hancock, who was the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, was a man of wealth. He was not particularly oppressed by the acts of the parent government, but his country was, and he felt the wounds in his own person. He and other prominent signers of the Declaration of Independence

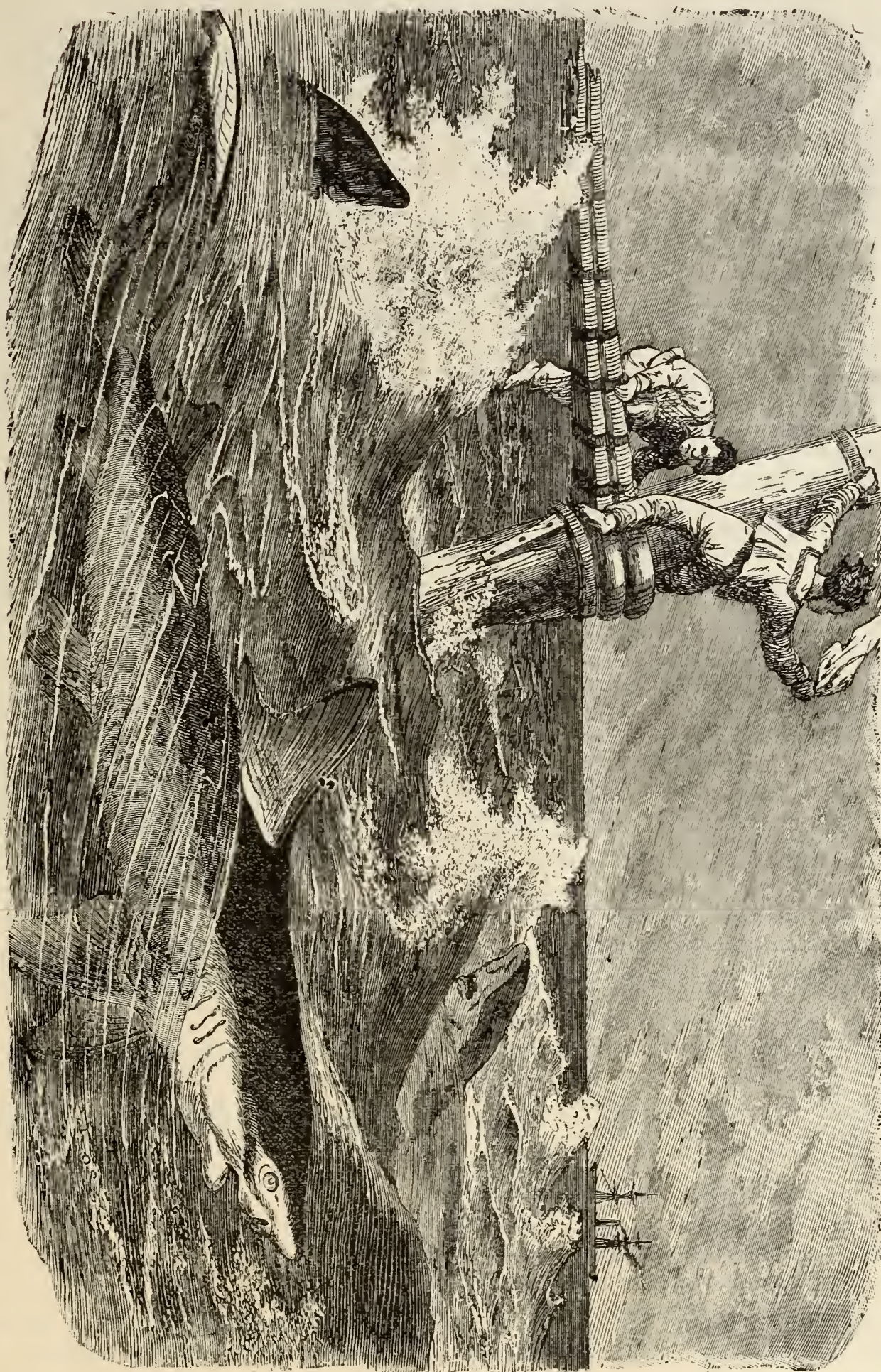
could have lived under the parent government, had they consulted their own ease only, and not been disturbed. But their great hearts swelled with indignation at the wrongs inflicted upon their country and they made common cause with their fellow-citizens. John Hampden was rich enough to pay the ship money assessed under King Charles, but it was a wrong and he would not submit to it. He resisted the wrong, not for his own sake alone, but for the sake of his countrymen and the liberties of his country. By that act he rendered himself a hero, and his name has come down to us embalmed in glory for his noble stand.

So it is with us to-day. A blow aimed at liberty should be felt by every citizen, not by those alone who are called upon to suffer in their own person, but by all, for no one knows how soon tyrants may strike down himself or his children. Therefore the first encroachments should be met and battled against. This is precisely the position that we as Latter-day Saints occupy to-day. We have proved by too many acts our loyalty to the constitution and our devotion to its principles and the flag of our country for our conduct to be questioned upon these points. When many of the men who now prate so loudly about loyalty were either not in existence or in no condition to show their devotion to the country, Latter-day Saints hoisted the flag—the stars and stripes—in this valley, and proclaimed to the world that, though oppressed and cruelly outraged by their fellow-citizens, their love for the country was not extinguished, and their determination to maintain the flag and its honor was not impaired. Such acts as these speak louder than all the vaporings which we hear.

Apostates figured in the scene on the fourth of July and told how much they love the flag, when the facts are that they were first taught respecting American liberty and the flag of the union by "Mormon" Elders in their native land. It is probable that they would be living in Great Britain to-day as subjects of Queen Victoria if it had not been for the gospel which they now have cast aside.

RICH AND POOR—THEIR DISTINCTIVE BASES—The distinction between rich and poor rests on two bases. Within its proper limits on a basis which is lawful and everlastingly necessary; beyond them, on a basis unlawful; and everlastingly corrupting the frame work of society. The lawful basis of wealth is, that a man who works should be paid the fair value of his work; and that if he does not choose to spend it to-day, he should have free leave to keep it, and spend it to-morrow. Thus an industrious man working daily, and laying by daily, attains at last the possession of an accumulated sum of wealth, to which he has absolute right. The idle person who will not work, and the wasteful person who lays nothing by, at the end of the same time will be doubly poor—poor in possession and dissolute in moral habit; and he will then naturally covet the money which the other has saved. And if he is then allowed to attack the other and rob him of his well-earned wealth, there is no more any motive for saving, or any reward for good conduct: and all society is thereupon dissolved, or exists only in systems of rapine. Therefore the first necessity of social life is the clearness of national conscience in enforcing the law—that he should keep who has justly earned.—*Ruskin*.

To be wise too late is the exact definition of a fool.



AN ADVENTURE AT SEA. (See page 218).

AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

"NO, sir," said Johnny Morton to his playmate, Frank Jarvis, "I don't want to go to sea, for I have read of how dangerous it is on the water, and how sick it makes one feel to be there. If ever I went on the ocean I should expect to be ship-wrecked."

"You're what seamen would call a land-lubber," replied Frank, who had for a long time been anxious to become a sailor, though he was now but fifteen years old. "There's not much danger on a ship, and as for sea-sickness that would soon pass away. I tell you there'll be lots of fun for us on a ship if we could but get there."

"If I wasn't afraid of being sick and getting drowned, I would like to go on a vessel," said Johnny; "but then I don't know that father would let me, as he wants me to go to school another year."

"Oh, you can tease your father to let you go, and I'm sure I can go. I'll take care that you don't get drowned, if you will," was Frank's answer; and without arriving at any other conclusion than to get their parents' consent to go on a sea voyage, the two boys separated for the night.

Now Frank Jarvis was the petted and almost spoiled son of wealthy parents, while Johnny Morton, being but one among several children of parents who were not more than comfortable in worldly affairs, was not accustomed to having his own way at all times. Still he was loved by his parents, who sought to gratify his wishes when they were not considered as positively unwise.

The homes of these boys were situated on the shore of a small lake in one of the eastern states, and it was while finding amusement on this water in their boats that the first desire to go to sea was aroused. They had never beheld the ocean, and doubtless thought that the larger the body of water the greater would be their enjoyment in sailing thereon.

The boys therefore teased their parents almost unceasingly for permission to go to sea. Their minds being now set upon going they were determined that nothing but the decided refusal of their parents would turn them from their project. The parents, on the other hand, were very anxious to have the boys give up the idea, but found they were unable to effect this without making them very much dissatisfied.

It was therefore finally decided to permit the boys to make one journey on the ocean with the hope that this would effectually cure the desire to become seamen. Places were secured on a vessel which plied along the coast, and the captain was urged to make the boys do some work daily so that they might know of the hardships as well as pleasure of sea life.

In high glee Johnny and Frank boarded the vessel for a three weeks' cruise. How they jumped and shouted as the vessel moved from the wharf on a bright, clear morning in June! And with what joy did they look over the vessel's side at the fish which were sporting in the water! But as the land vanished from sight they began to feel sick, and now the horrors of a sea voyage began to dawn upon them. They were just beginning to wish they were home again when the mate's gruff voice aroused them and they were ordered to get to work cleaning the deck, coiling rope, etc. Frank Jarvis, whose will at home was almost law, began to pout, but the threat of a "lashing" soon silenced him. The boys soon found that the best thing for them was to work as much and complain as little as possible.

The ship had been out for five days, and was now steering for the shore, when suddenly a terrible storm arose. The wind

drove the waves almost mountain high, and it seemed as though the ship would be completely covered. More dangerous, however, than the storm were the hidden rocks which on this part of the shore were very numerous. The captain ordered the vessel headed for the open sea, but just as the crew were beginning to feel secure a grating sound was heard. The meaning of this was well known to the sailors. An immediate rush was made for below where the water was found pouring in a large break in the side. The attempt to stop the hole was useless, and the boats were consequently lowered. Two of these with precious cargoes of souls got away safely, and the third, in which the boys were to go was about to leave the wreck when the vessel sank, and the whirlpool it created caused the boat to capsize. Some of the boatmen went down and were never seen again; others were seen to rise and float on the water for a time when they too sank. The two boys, being expert swimmers, had no trouble in keeping on the surface until the waves had sufficiently subsided for them to approach and grasp the mast of the sunken ship. They soon climbed to a sufficient height to escape being washed away, and here they were rocked to and fro during the long hours of the night which was upon them. Weary and hungry they commenced their watch the next day. Passing vessels were seen, but the attention of the seamen could not be attracted. Another night of suffering followed. The next day as the fatigued watchers were about to give up in despair, a vessel was seen, and as it came near them Johnny rose up, waved his handkerchief and shouted himself nearly hoarse. His efforts were not fruitless, for he was seen, and in a short time the almost famished boys were taken aboard a large steamship bound for England.

Scarcely had they reached the deck, however, before they became as limp as rags, and thus they laid for days, fully unconscious of all that was passing around them. But gradually they regained their strength, and by the time they again reached America they were quite well. The joy of the parents in again meeting their sons whom they had thought were drowned, was only equalled by that of the boys in being home again and seeing the faces of those whom they so dearly loved.

No desire of another sea voyage ever entered into the hearts of the boys, and the narrow escape they had from an untimely death made them very humble and quite willing to submit to the desires of their parents, even though the counsel thus received did not exactly accord with their own wishes.

Lesson for the Little Ones.

PLEASE.

"GIVE me some more milk, Bridget," said Charlie Grey, holding up his tumbler.

The family were gathered at the tea-table.

When the girl had left the room his mother said—

"Charlie, that was not the best way to ask. You might have said 'please.'"

Charlie fidgeted a little.

"Must I say please to the servants, mother? They're paid to do their work."

"That's true; but it is a very easy thing for you to speak kindly, and it makes them happier. Anything that helps to make others happy is of consequence.

"But Bridget didn't care."

"How do you know that? Did you see her smile when Carrie said so pleasantly, 'Please, Bridget, another muffin?' She waited on you both, but it was with a different feeling."

"Well," said Charlie, hesitating. "Carrie's a girl."

"My boy," said his mother, earnestly, "the manliest and bravest men the world has known have been kind and thoughtful for others, even in little things. You have heard of the Duke of Wellington, that he was a great general and a brave commander. Almost the last thing he said, was, 'If you please,' and to a servant. One of his own servants asked him, as he lay, sick and weak, in bed, if he would have a cup of tea, and he answered, like a gentleman, as he was, 'If you please.'"

"Wasn't it the Duke of Wellington, mamma," asked Carrie, "who had a boy's pet toad fed while he was away at school, and wrote to him about it?"

"Yes; he had a truly kind heart, that counted nothing too small or humble for his notice. A greater than Wellington has given us the Golden Rule that guided the brave duke: to do *'in all things,'* as we would be done by." M. O. J.

A TRUE FRIEND.

MANY years ago, Sir Henry Wyatt, an English nobleman, was imprisoned for a fancied offense. He was not only deprived of his liberty, but scantily fed—in fact, half starved.

In this strait, who do you think came to his relief?

It was his pet cat. In some way she found out where he was; perhaps she followed one of the family who came to see him.

However that may be, she used to climb up outside, and come down the chimney into his room every day, bringing a partridge or some such game, which she had caught.

It seems to me that Sir Henry must have been a man of gentle and kind disposition. Pussy would not have so loved him as to render this

self-denying, constant service, if he had not been a kind master; for cats will not follow, like dogs, through good and ill.

His jailor was easily persuaded to have pussy's presents cooked for his daily dinner.

He seems to have been respected and liked, even while in prison.

But a glad day came, when he was released, and returned to his home. In his happiness, he did not forget or neglect his dumb friend. She was always a great pet, and his portrait was taken with her sitting by his side.

DASH.

"Must I, mamma?" whined a little boy with a cloudy face. His mother had handed him a basket, and asked him to go to the store for her.

She answered a little sadly, for his unwilling spirit grieved her.

"Yes, Jamie; I cannot leave baby, and Hannah is very busy ironing."

He obeyed, but not in the cheerful, willing way that would have given his mother pleasure.

A few days afterwards, they were invited to visit a friend. The lady had a pretty little dog named Dash. He was very good-natured, and Jamie enjoyed playing with him.

But he was surprised when he saw the lady give a basket to Dash, containing a written slip of paper, and heard her tell him to go to the grocery store.

As soon as she said "grocery" the little dog pricked up his ears, looked pleasantly in her face, with his bright, brown eyes, and, taking the basket in his mouth, trotted away down the street.

In about ten minutes he returned with the articles she wanted.

Of course he could not ask for them, but he carried the basket to the grocer, and the man read the writing on the paper. He usually served Dash as soon as he came in, because the little dog, if he had to wait, would keep barking.

Jamie felt ashamed when he saw little Dash so willing and ready to please his mistress, and remembered how selfish he had been when his kind mother, who was always doing for him, asked so trifling a service.

LAZINESS grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

SINCE the commencement of the present raid upon our religion remarks something like the following have been frequently made: "If the Latter-day Saints believe the revelation on plural marriage to be divine, and that they are obeying God's will in taking wives, why do they not come out boldly and avow their belief and practices, make no defense; but acknowledge everything in court."

Some have expressed themselves to the effect that they would admire the Latter day Saints more if they would take this course. But I may ask, would this be wise for us to do under the circumstances?

There may be a difference of opinion upon this point even among Latter-day Saints; for I notice that some are ready to go into court and acknowledge all about their family relations. Probably some of these feel that others, who take a different course and who compel our enemies to bring forward proofs to convict, are not acting as manly a part as they should do.

While at some times and in some situations it might be proper and the more manly course to avow all that we believe and do, without any effort to compel our enemies to produce proof, the present time is not the occasion for such a policy to be pursued. Nothing would please them better than to have us all go into court and make the necessary acknowledgments to secure convictions. Nothing would please them better than to have the opportunity to scoop in and fill the penitentiary with "Mormon" victims. They would point to them as evidences of their success, and would give themselves great credit for achieving such results.

The duty that devolves upon us at the present time is to contest, in the best possible manner, this infamous Edmunds law. We cannot do this by going into court and pleading guilty. In fact it would be most unwise for us to do so. While it is in some respects very admirable to see a man willing to fully acknowledge his violation of that wicked law, it is still more manly under present circumstances to contest it. I notice that some prefer pleading guilty because it will save trouble. They do not want to have the trouble of a trial on their own account, and then they are averse to having their families or members of their families brought into court as witnesses. Therefore to save this trouble and annoyance to themselves and their families, they prefer to concede their own guilt. But if all were to take this course there would be no testing of the law.

This law is unconstitutional, and the day will come when it will be so declared. Its hideous features can only be brought to light by our people taking the course that has been recommended, that is, to contest it in every case that is possible. It would please our enemies immensely if the people accused would plead guilty and give them no trouble. They would get their fees then without having to earn them, and they would claim great praise for their zeal and success in enforcing the law.

Considering the amount of excitement there has been over these prosecutions it is very remarkable how few victims have been secured. This is principally due to the vigorous manner in which these persecutions have been fought, and if we continue to pursue this policy our persecutors will find that they have not settled this question, and that, in fact, its settlement is as far off as ever.

The hope has been indulged in that, upon finding ourselves in a corner, and unable to escape from punishment in the penitentiary, the First Presidency would come forward and surrender the principle of celestial marriage and counsel the people to do so also. If our persecutors have not already become satisfied that this hope of theirs is utterly fallacious, they will become convinced of it before they get through. This principle will be maintained; it will be believed in; it will be practiced by this people in the manner that God has commanded, and no agencies that can be brought to bear upon them will prevent this. I know that the feeling now is, both in Utah and elsewhere, that we are in a corner, and that this conflict which has been so long pending must now speedily be settled. It is thought we are powerless to prevent it. This is a very mistaken idea. The Lord will open a way in His own time and in His own season for the deliverance of His people. But it may be that He will suffer us to be tested and tried as we never yet have been in order to prove our integrity. Yet withal, of this we may rest assured, deliverance will come. The present administration of this law in this Territory will never stand calm, impartial criticism. The only justification that the judges and prosecution and those who are in sympathy with them have for the course which is now being taken, is that the end justifies the means, and that for the sake of the results sought for, constitutional methods can be set aside. There will be, most assuredly, a reaction in the country upon this question, and this will come very rapidly whenever it is learned that a door has been opened for us to escape from this persecution.

In the meantime, I hope all will take proper precautions to preserve themselves. No one should be deluded with the idea that it is more manly and honorable to give himself into the power of his enemies than it is to defend himself and to keep out of their clutches. Personally, I would rather go on a mission for any length of time, to any nation to which I might be sent, than to go to the penitentiary; for, as a missionary abroad, I could do more good than I could confined within prison walls. Yet if I felt it to be the will of the Lord that I should go to prison I trust I should not hesitate at going. I know this, that I did go to the penitentiary very willingly at one time. Judge Boreman appeared determined to force the executors of the late President Brigham Young to comply with his decree of court or go to prison for contempt. These executors were: Elders Brigham Young, Albert Carrington and myself. We were determined we would not comply with his decree, and we went to the penitentiary. Numbers of our brethren offered to furnish the means necessary to comply with the order of the court, but we refused to accept, and preferred going to prison and remaining there as long as the court chose to keep us confined rather than submit to its iniquitous decree. I feel so to-day. If I thought it was the Lord's will for me to go there I should go with pleasure. But I feel it is not His will; that it is my duty to keep myself free, at least until we can have a fair trial, which we cannot have at the present time.

President Taylor never did shrink from prison nor anything else that lay in the path of duty. He has shown this through his past life. It needs no proof to-day to convince the Latter-day Saints of this. But he feels that with the courts constituted as they are at present a man might as well ask for justice at the hands of pirates as to ask for justice in the courts of this Territory. Whenever his case can have a fair trial it will only take a little time to vindicate him and to clear away every charge of violating law that may be framed against him. His case alone is sufficient to prove the villainous character of the present persecution in this Territory. He is a venerable gentle-

man nearly seventy-seven years old. He has never broken any law of the United States. He married his wives when there was no law prohibiting plural marriage. Knowing that he would be the subject of fierce attack, when the Edmunds law was passed he took every precaution to make himself secure against charges of deliberately violating it, and arranged his family accordingly. Not that he believed the law to be constitutional, for he has denounced it as infamous; not that he designed to put away his wives, for he would rather suffer death than do this; but to leave his enemies without the power to accuse him of obstructing or defying the law and setting an example of rebellion. Yet with all this, nothing would please these villains better than to have an opportunity of consigning him to a prison. The day will come when his case alone will stir up feelings of indignation in the breasts of honest men all the world over when they hear the facts recited.

THE OLD-FASHIONED BONNET.

“WHAT an old-fashioned bonnet Mother Taylor wears, I think she must have worn it when she was a young girl.”

This remark was made by one of two little girls who were standing close beside me at the close of the meeting in the St. George tabernacle one evening during our conference. My eye quickly searched out the subject of their remarks.

She was standing in the aisle, a small, demure-looking woman, of some sixty years. Her dress, which was made of some black, glossy material, fitted very neatly her small, shapely body, round which was thrown a light, black Summer shawl. The face, overshadowed by the large old-fashioned bonnet with its faded black trimming, wore a look of peaceful tranquility. Her brown hair intermingled with grey was parted over a forehead full and beautiful though age and sorrow had left many wrinkles upon it, and combed low over the temples. Her brown eyes seemed scarcely dimmed by age and lit up her face with a beautiful radiance. It did not take the beholder long, as she stood there with her hymn book clasped between the folds of a white handkerchief she held between her wrinkled hands, to discern that she had been not only a very beautiful woman, but intellectual and refined as well.

By chance I was thrown in company with Mother Taylor as we walked home from meeting that afternoon, and as we neared my gate I asked her to come in; she said, “I am not in the habit of spending Sabbath evenings in visiting, but as everything about your home is so quiet and peaceful I’ll go in for a little while.”

As I drew my easy chair around for her, and took her bonnet and shawl, I remarked, “What a neat body you are Mother Taylor. You have worn this bonnet ever since I first knew you, now nearly twenty years, and the ribbons are yet clean though very much faded.”

“Yes,” she said, “I have worn it for thirty years and in all that time it has never been repaired, I have not changed the trimming except to add new strings. The stitches in it remain just as they were put there by my daughter over thirty years ago.”

I was interested and drew my chair close by the old lady’s side, while I listened to the beautiful touching story of that old and faded bonnet which I give to you as she told it to me:

“It may seem foolish to some that I prize the old bonnet so dearly, but I love this old relic of my former days. How well I remember the features of my child, a beautiful girl of sixteen years, as she sat in the mild soft light of that Spring afternoon sewing the trimming on this bonnet, which she had sewed and shaped herself from some rare old tusean I had given her. She was very clever at such work, she was the milliner of the little town in which we lived before we joined the Church and moved to Nauvoo.

“At the time of our expulsion from that beautiful and beloved city, we were all of us suffering much from sickness; my husband was just recovering from an attack of lung fever; I had a babe two months old and five children besides. We suffered a great deal at the hands of the mob while making our journey from Nauvoo to Iowa, and after we arrived in that State, we must have all perished had we not been miraculously saved by the overruling hand of Providence. The weather was stormy and cold and we were for days on the river bank with nothing to protect us from the pitiless rain and wind. At length starvation was added to our other horrors. My babe who was chilled and sickened by the cold, starved on my breast and we buried her by the side of her brother, who died two weeks previous.

“My daughter—the one of whom I have been speaking—bore bravely all these privations and sufferings, and assisted me in caring for her father, who was stricken down with his former malady, and looking after the children; but she was never very strong and these hardships told heavily upon her delicate frame. She seemed to be gradually fading, and on this early day in Spring, which found her seated as I told you in the warm sunlight, she looked as if her spirit might at any moment resign its possession of that fair tabernacle. As she worked busily arranging her ribbons we talked of the scenes of the past year.

“‘Mother,’ she said, ‘brother and baby are not the only sacrifices you will be called on to make for the work of God; I have for a long time tried to cheat myself into a belief that I shall go with you to the mountains this Summer, but I find that I cannot, you will have to leave me here. When David comes home with the Battalion, tell him that I tried to wait for him but could not; we were to have been married next Summer in our beautiful temple now in ruins. I was thinking of all this last night when I went to bed and in my dreams I saw a beautiful valley in the mountains in which stood a bright and shining temple with angels thronging in and out of the doors. Mother you know there is a law in our Church by which we can have our dead married and if you are faithful through all, you will see that temple, and in it you will do that work for me that I cannot live to do for myself.

“‘I lived over in my dreams the scenes through which we have so lately passed, but in all our sufferings and deaths there was no pain. I thought the walls of heaven opened and I saw the interior of our Father’s home, and I saw that each bright spirit that had to give up its earthly tabernacle for the sake of the gospel—the spirit of your children with the rest—were carried to heaven in the form of a star and were fastened by the prayers of the Saints upon the walls there, where they shone in splendor and, I was told they were placed there to please the eye of our Father, for He delighted to look upon them; and I again saw our beautiful temple wrapped in flames, and the likeness of it thus was painted upon a banner and hung upon the walls there where all might gaze upon it.

"'Now mother, do not grieve that you have made these sacrifices, but rejoice that you have these stars in our Father's mansion. Your crown will be a bright one I know, for all you are called to endure for the gospel's sake. I feel no malice towards our enemies, mother, though they have brought so much sorrow and death to our people, but I feel to pray to God to forgive them, for they know not what they do when they persecute the Saints. This bonnet, which I thought to wear myself, mother, I give to you; the completion of it is the last work I shall ever do in this life, and you must wear it for my sake; with you its ribbons will look bright and nice for a long time.'

"The next morning she arose much depressed in body and spirit and during the day her malady increased. Towards evening I saw that my darling would not much longer remain. She said: 'Call father to administer to me that I may live to see the sun go down.'

"I called him, and her last wish was gratified. A few minutes after sunset she said, 'Now father, lay me on mother's bed,' he did so, and she quietly breathed her last. And so I wear this last work of her loving hands with feelings of love and tenderness, and there is a charm in these faded trimmings that no finer drapery can take away."

As the old lady arose to go it was with a feeling something akin to reverence that I placed upon her head this old-fashioned bonnet. MAC.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

AFTER effecting an opening of the gospel among the Maoris of the Wairarapa, the work was vigorously prosecuted. Many of the natives were led to investigate the new, and somewhat strange religion, which had come in their midst. This, too, in accordance with some predictions previously made by a Maori prophet: that in 1883, a new religion would come, (at that time "Mormonism" was unknown among the Maoris of the Wairarapa), and all other religions would be inferior to the new one. The prophecy and its literal fulfillment gave the gospel prestige and influence with that people. The members of the Church were gradually increased by additions to the Church, so much so that it was necessary to organize them into branches, that thereby they might be drilled in the principles, which they had embraced. For the Maoris, who are environed by much sin and temptations, are easily allured from the good resolution and determination, which they may have made for reformation. Ihaia was called to preside at Manaia, and Manihera at Papawai.

At Papawai, Wairarapa, New Zealand, on Sunday, December 9, 1883, meeting was held in the residence of Brother Manihera, when the first branch of the Church among the natives was organized. The various officers and duties of the Priesthood were thoroughly explained to the people, after which two brethren were ordained to the office of Elders, four others were made Priests and two Teachers. Manihera Te Whenuanui, was then appointed president of the Papawai branch, and others were chosen as counselors and helps to him.

Not many months passed away before the dusky Saints could administer the sacrament, assist in confirmation, take general charge of meetings, and preform the duties of their callings with equal, and in some instances better, proficiency

than that of the white Saints in the world with the same experience.

The emissaries of the evil one apparently followed our trail. Many of the Europeans from the adjoining settlements, in many instances ministers of the gospel, would visit Papawai, where we had organized the branch, and labor with Manihera, the president of the branch, to turn him from what they considered a vain delusion. But he was sufficiently fortified with the armor of truth that the false reports which they manufactured and carried to him and the Saints, proved of no avail, and in argument upon the Bible they were like a mosquito wrestling with an elephant.

The Maoris seemed to have faith and confidence in the holy oil and its application for the rebuking of affliction. When anything was the matter with them they invariably desired us to anoint and administer to them, and in the majority of cases the power and efficacy of the same was made strikingly apparent in causing a restoration of health in the patient. At the time of our sojourn in that section of country, there was a low fever preying upon the systems of some of the Maoris. A young man, Robert Teroto, a member of the Church, had been down sick for a comparatively lengthy period of time and was apparently wasting away under the complaint. He was pronounced by competent doctors to be beyond recovery as the disease greatly afflicted his lungs.

One Sunday, after meeting, we all bowed before God in prayer on behalf of the sufferer and then repaired to the room where lay the young man who was anointed with holy oil. He began to recover immediately. His doctors on coming to see him Monday morning, were astonished beyond measure at finding his lungs strong, and he speedily recovering. This manifestation of the power of God strengthened our faith and that of the Maoris in the truth.

The gospel, when comprehended, is to them as milk is to the new born babe, or the refreshing dews of heaven to the thirsty flowers. By the Holy Ghost, which the gospel imparts, the veil of the mystery of the past is torn asunder and they gaze back through the vista of time and realize that they are indeed a portion of the tender branches, which were broken off from the tame olive tree, and planted in the nethermost part of the vineyard.

Often the important question was put to us, "Why did you not come before and bring this glorious plan of redemption and save our race from decay and death to which many of our chiefs and countrymen have become victims?"

To-day where roamed and lived hundreds and thousands of robust, healthy and gigantic warriors with their help-meets and hoards of children, may be seen lying upon the grass or sitting on the sunny side of gloomy, ill-formed habitations, old, decrepid, and in many cases blind, deaf and halt men and women. Occasionally a young baby is to be seen, but in many instances death has his seal upon it. To gaze upon these heart-sickening spectacles, implants within the human heart sentiments of pity and sympathy, and causes one to realize, how very fatal is the introduction of the adjuncts of civilization into the midst of the aborigines of newly-discovered countries! Christianity and modern civilization claim many plaudits for a transformation from spiritual and intellectual darkness, and an utter state of depravity and barbarism, to a higher standard of light, intelligence and morality. But my experience among the natives of New Zealand, has caused me to doubt the validity of these claims of credit and honor on the part of the civilizing and christianizing methods employed by those common-wealths, who are professedly engaged in the same.

True the advent of civilization and christianity into New Zealand has redeemed them from the lowest practice of barbarity, such as cannibalism, and wars, which characterized them in early days. Still, such practices did not diminish the population with one-twentieth the rapidity, as such practices as intemperance, illicit intercourse and kindred enormities are effecting among them to-day.

(To be Continued.)

PROMISES REALIZED.

BY M. F. C.

THERE are doubtless hundreds of instances which have occurred in the history of the Elders of this Church exhibiting the power of God, particularly in the fulfillment of modern prophecy, which when related, are calculated to promote faith in the minds of the youth of Zion.

In looking over the journal of my father, I find the narration of several incidents which may form matter for one or two brief articles and be of interest to the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

My grandfather with his family, arrived in Nauvoo, from the Isle of Man late in the year 1843.

Finding no employment in Nauvoo, grandfather and family removed to Warsaw, he giving his overcoat and grand-mother's shawl as security for the loan of four dollars to pay the passage thence. Here they worked hard at brick-making for about six months. My father's journal contains the following:

"By this time there arose a great disturbance about the 'Mormons,' throughout the State of Illinois. The little town we lived in was not a whit behind in being excited, and all the inhabitants were ordered to take up arms against the 'Mormons,' Nauvoo and Joseph Smith. Father, too, was ordered to take up arms against his brethren and sisters. Two armed men came to the house we lived in, and took him by force to the office, where they took names, and offered him a musket, which he refused to accept, saying at the same time, 'Gentlemen, I shall never fight against my brethren—the Saints of Almighty God, no, never!'

"Those who were walking behind him, when they marched him to their rendezvous, made motions as though they were going to cut his throat. They would not have anything to do with me because I was too young, and told me to go home and take care of my mother. They then ordered us to leave the town within twenty-four hours. We were not able to do so, because we could not procure any conveyance. Father himself was driven late in the afternoon, several miles out of town, at the point of the bayonet. They told him if he ever returned they would shoot him, and appointed a guard that night to see if he came back. He traveled on to Nauvoo, a distance of between twenty and thirty miles. There had been some very wet weather previously, and the creeks were high, so that he was obliged to swim many of the streams during the night. Owing to the current being so swift, he was carried down some of them a considerable distance before he could reach the other side.

"He reached Nauvoo in the morning feeling very fatigued. After resting awhile, and receiving some refreshments, he went to see the Prophet Joseph, told him what had occurred, and that he had left his family behind to the mercy of the mob, and was afraid they would massacre them. Joseph then raised

his hand and said: 'Brother C——, they shan't hurt a hair of their heads. God bless you.' Father then joined the Nauvoo Legion. The guns being all engaged he procured a pitch-fork and marched.

"Before Joseph went to Carthage, he stood on the top of a frame house that was in course of erection and addressed the Legion and people assembled. Among other things, the Prophet said: 'Brethren, are you willing to die for me?' The entire multitude answered 'aye.' Then said he, 'I'll die for you. I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am as calm as a Summer's morning, I have a conscience void of offense towards God and all men. I shall die innocent, and it shall yet be said of me, he was murdered in cold blood.'

How literally were these solemn words fulfilled. He did go like a lamb to the slaughter, and he was murdered in cold blood, by a ruthless mob.

"Father was still in Nauvoo. About 4 p. m., on the 28th of June, 1844, mother and myself being in Warsaw, heard cheering and saw men throwing their hats up in the air. I felt like knowing what was the matter, and ran out among them, making my way through the blood-thirsty mob towards the one who was speaking. I soon learned that they had killed Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum. The speaker saw me and ordered me home to stop with my mother. Knowing that I was a 'Mormon' boy, a crowd of school boys followed me, being urged on by the mob. They clubbed me all the way home with whatever they could find in the street. I escaped them through a neighboring yard, and got into the house the back way.

"Soon after I had occasion to go to the river for a pail of water. The mob saw me again, and hired a drunken man, for a large sum of money, to throw me into the river, and drown me. He followed me to the bank of the Mississippi river and as I was stooping to dip up the pail of water, caught me by the back of the neck, and said, 'Now you d——d little 'Mormon,' I'll drown you.' I asked him why he would drown me, and if I had ever done him any harm? 'No,' he said, 'I won't drown you, I'll be d——d if I do, they may drown you themselves; I've got my pay, you may go home.'

"By this time, mother heard that the mob was drowning me. I started home with my pail of water, and met her coming to rescue me, said I, 'Mother, all is right. The Lord is on our side, you know Joseph prophesied that the mobocrats should not hurt a hair of our heads. They can't do it.'

"That evening they put a torch three times to the house we occupied, but it would not burn. During this time the mobocrats of Warsaw were moving their wives and children across the river, so as to be secure from the expected 'Mormon' company.

"After a few days of excitement and anxiety, a team came for us from Nauvoo the driver stating that Brother C—— had sent him for his family and goods. We were not long in packing up and leaving Warsaw. We arrived in Nauvoo about 3 p. m. the next day. Father was out of town on business, but we met some friends, who found us a house. We got our furniture into it, and felt at home once more, feeling that we were delivered from our enemies, by the power of God."

Considering the times, and the trying position in which they were placed, when bitter animosity in that region was aroused against every man, woman and child bearing the name of Latter-day Saint, and yet escaping without the slightest injury, shows that Joseph was endowed with the spirit of prophecy, and that the Almighty confirmed His words by the direct manifestation of His providence in their behalf.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

WORDS BY S. C. WATSON.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

f Truth is mighty and will win Ev'ry vict'ry ov - er sin; Tho' the day may seem de -
 Truth is mighty! who can stay Its pro - gressive march to - day? Bonds and fet - ters man may
 Pun - y man may raise his arm Truth's em - bat - tle - ments to storm, But the shafts by Er - ror

p layed, Ye who have the truth o - beyed Wait a - while and you shall see—Truth will
 bind, Who can chain the hu - man mind? Who its bondage shall pro - claim, Caus - ing
 sent Ev - er i - all - eth im - po - tent; Soon a wond'ring world will see Scorn - ed

f gain the vic - tor - y, Wait a - while and ye shall see—Truth will gain the vic - tor - y.
 dark - ness to re - main? Who its bondage shall pro - claim, Causing darkness to re - main?
 truth shall vic - tor be, Soon a wond'ring world will see Scorned truth shall vic - tor be.

NOTHING.

MYSTERIOUS Nothing! how shall I define
 Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness?
 Nor form, nor color, sound, nor size are thine,
 Nor words, nor fingers can thy voice express.
 But though we cannot thee to aught compare,
 A thousand things to thee may likened be;
 And though thou art with nobody, nowhere,
 Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee.
 How many books thy history contain,
 How many heads thy mighty plans pursue,
 What lab'ring hands thy portion only gain,
 What busy bodies thy doings only do,
 To thee, the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
 And—like my sonnet—all in nothing end.

Porson.

THE answer to the Charade published in No. 12, is BOX ELDER. We have received correct solutions from Charles A. Workman, Virgin City, Kane County; Carl Bassett, Salt Lake City.

IN matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.

CHARADE.

BY J. M. F.

A resident of the 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
 While sitting near my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
 Complained of a pain in his 2, 3, 4,
 The result was he could not 1, 2, 3, 4.

Being much grieved at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
 For of his senses he had lost a part,
 From this thought his mind to avert,
 Commenced the study of a useful 3, 4, 5.

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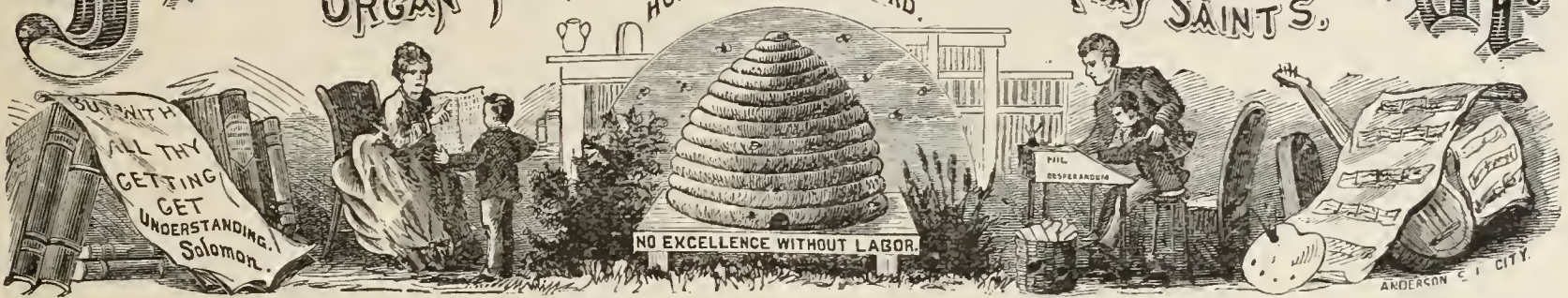
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VOL. XX.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1885.

NO. 15.

BOMBAY.

THE city of Bombay, a street scene of which we herewith present, is situated on an island of the same name, which lies west of Hindoostan. This island is between eight and eleven miles long by three miles broad and the city occupies the entire south end thereof. The population of this important city, consisting principally of Hindoos but with a goodly number of Mussulmans, Jews, Chinese, Europeans and Africans intermixed, numbered in 1872 over six hundred and forty-four thousand, and its growth has been gradual since that time.

That part of the city called "the Fort" lies on the inner or harbor side of Bombay. Here are situated the ware-houses, exchange, counting houses and docks, but not the dwellings. This part is only inhabited for about six hours in the day—from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon during which times everyone seems to be engaged in trading. The various peoples of the earth are then represented in these marts of commerce and a strange mixture it is. Adjoining "the Fort" on the south is the European quarters of the manifold city of Bombay, and is occupied by magnificent residences and flower gardens; while about a mile to the north is the much larger "Black Town," with the esp'anade, the barracks and the railway terminus between. Still farther north is the Portuguese quarter, known as "Mazagon."

The buildings seen in the accompanying engraving appear to be substantial and of a style of architecture which is best suited to that climate and not at all displeasing to us. In fact the whole city is well built with spacious streets, fine public and

mercantile buildings, and with many modern improvements found in European capitals. But in walking through various parts of the city the eye is greeted with sights which are anything but agreeable—sights which only such a place can furnish: beggars of almost every nationality, so dirty that they seem to have almost turned to dust before death; fakirs, armed with daggers or other instruments of torture with which they wound themselves apparently in the most reckless manner; half-naked workmen and dirty curbstone shop keepers, who by their constant clattering strive to get custom. Besides these one meets

the Parsees—fire-worshippers—who were driven out of Persia over one thousand years ago, when the Persian empire became subject to Mohammedan rule, and who are some of the most industrious and influential citizens of the land in which they are still exiles; men who call upon Mohammed and Confucius, upon Krishna and upon Christ; upon Brahma and Zoroaster, and upon Gotama the Buddha,

Rama and Sita—a conglomeration of worshippers found together in no other city on the face of the globe.

There are many places of note in this peculiar city, principal among which are the cathedral, the Elphinstone college, the Hindoo temple of *Momba Devi*, Sir J. Jeejeehoy's hospital, founded and maintained by the late Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeehoy, a Parsee of immense wealth and a prince in enterprise, integrity and liberality, the theatre, the mint and the cotton screws. A very curious institution situated in the most crowded portion of the "Black Town" is worthy of special mention. It is the hospital established by the peculiar sect



called the Jains, for sick and disabled animals. This sect is characterized by its tenderness for animals of all kinds. The priests eat no animal food whatever; indeed, it is said that they do not eat at all after noon for fear the insects then abounding should fly into their mouths and unknowingly be crushed. They also move about with a piece of muslin tied over their mouths to avoid the same catastrophe, and carry with them a soft brush with which they remove from a spot on which they are about to sit any insect that might be thereby injured or killed.

In the hospital one sees animals of every size and kind receiving treatment at the hands of faithful attendants for their various afflictions. Sore-eyed ducks are treated; blind crows are fed; animals with broken limbs are carefully nursed, and there is no living thing, excepting perhaps man, which will not receive attention here for its mishaps; in fact it is said by a visitor that "should a gnat break his shoulder-blade, the attendants would, if possible, put his wing in a sling."

Favorably situated for foreign trade and with a harbor unequalled for safety in all India, Bombay has grown in importance very rapidly of late years. Its healthfulness, too, has caused many people from foreign countries to permanently locate within or near the city.

The principal exports are cotton, grain, opium, shawls, ivory and gum. Its imports, piece-goods, metals, wine, tea and raw silk.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

FORTY-TWO members of the House of Representatives voted against the passage of the Edmunds bill in March, 1882. They all declared that they considered it a violation of the principles of the constitution and of American liberty. They preferred risking their re-election to voting for such a bill. They showed their honesty by their votes. Many more of the same party entertained the same views respecting this bill but had not the courage to do as their fellow members did, for they thought it would be flying in the face of their constituents and that it would result in their political death. This vote shows the feeling of many of the best and soundest Democrats in the country upon the questions involved in the Edmunds law. We had the right to expect that when a Democratic administration came into power it would take a somewhat similar view, at least that it would not take the view that the Republican party has taken of this measure. But Republican ideas have had full sway in this Territory. The Democratic view has not found any expression. If Grover Cleveland had been a Republican, the Republican ideas respecting this law could not have been more rigidly carried out. Have we not cause to be disappointed? I think so, though I have not entertained very sanguine views as to any relief that would come to us through the change of administration. I have thought that we had a right to expect officials sent among us who would treat us with some degree of fairness. Thus far this hope has not been realized. There is one Democrat holding office in the Territory, who has apparently adopted as extreme views of the Edmunds law and its design as Edmunds himself could wish the most bitter Republican to do. The fact is the administration does not understand this question.

Notwithstanding the efforts that have been made to get a hearing there seems to be dense ignorance prevailing in administration circles. There is only one man in the administration who has ever been West—that is the vice-President. The President himself and no member of the Cabinet has been in the West and their ideas respecting affairs here are derived from newspaper reports.

We have an illustration of this ignorance in the order said to have emanated from the President to General Howard to keep troops in readiness throughout his department to repress any outbreak that might occur during the celebration of Pioneer day, the 24th of July. Of course it is not fair to pronounce judgment in a case of this kind upon the evidence of telegraphic reports, as they are notoriously unreliable; but if it be true that President Cleveland has taken this step he has been guilty of a most gross blunder. If there is anything upon which the Democratic party has prided itself it has been upon its opposition to the use of troops by the government. Ever since the war it has been an unceasing cause of complaint against the Republican party because of its readiness to resort to the use of the military. But in no instance that I am acquainted with was there ever less ground for its use than in Utah at this proposed celebration.

When the proposition was made to have the Sunday school children meet in the Tabernacle and have singing it was thought by the First Presidency of the Church that a more innocent, simple and inoffensive method of celebrating the 24th could not be adopted. No one could take exception, it was thought, to such a plan for celebrating that day. But it seems that somebody has perceived rebellion in this movement, therefore the troops must be ordered to be in readiness. It might be thought that every man in the United States who had children would have sense enough to perceive that there could be nothing serious contemplated in such a celebration, because if insurrection or riot were intended parents would never select their children for such a purpose or place them in a position where they would be in jeopardy. The day is not far distant, I believe, when if this order has been actually issued, it will be laughed at as most ridiculous.

There have been a few times in our history when it has seemed that the devil has had extraordinary power over the hearts of the children of men in making them believe the most absurd stories about us. A whirlwind of lies at such times has swept over the entire country. This was the case at the time Buchanan sent his army out here. So also at the passage of the Edmunds law. It appears also to be the condition of feeling in the country at the present time. The most absurd and unlikely stories are believed respecting us. Lies travel with wonderful rapidity, and we have the illustration of the old proverb, that a lie will travel a league while truth is putting on its boots.

What course shall we pursue? I know of nothing better than to maintain our courage, be patient, put our trust in the Lord and leave Him to manage this whole affair. If this Church and its future success depended upon any men we might have cause to fear. It is not our Church in that sense; it is the Lord's. He will take care of it, for He has promised to do so. All there is for us to do is to be diligent in the performance of every duty, and repose implicit confidence in His power to bring us through safely. This is not the time for Latter-day Saints to be timid or faint-hearted. The devil will threaten and make a great bluster, and try and frighten everybody into compliance with his wishes. These are his tactics and ever have been, but the Lord will show him and the world

that His wisdom is greater than the cunning of the devil, and He will bring His people through despite the opposition of earth and hell.

The death of General Grant caused the postponement of the children's jubilee on the 24th. The troops will, therefore, be relieved from the duty of guarding against insurrection or outbreak on the part of the Sunday schools.

THE 24th OF JULY.

BY L. K. YOUNG.

Characters: Henry, David, Cecil, Amy.

Henry.—It is not time for the procession to form. Let us sit down in this shady place and rest a while.

Cecil.—I have been thinking as we came along about the 24th, I hardly know what we celebrate it for.

David.—It is the anniversary of the entrance of this people into Utah.

Amy.—Yes, it was on the 24th of July, 1847, that the Pioneers arrived in Salt Lake valley.

H.—I can imagine how pleased they were to find a resting place with a prospect of living for a time in peace.

C.—Why could they not live in peace where they were?

D.—Because their enemies would not let them.

A.—They were mobbed, and driven from their homes several times, and many lost their lives through persecution.

H.—Many were killed—murdered in cold blood—besides those who died in consequence of the persecution through which they passed.

C.—I don't see how coming to Utah helped them, for they are persecuted here.

D.—They are now. But they were not molested for ten years after they located in Utah. That gave the people time to grow in wisdom, strength and numbers, and the Church to become more fully established. And now we are better prepared to withstand the attacks of our enemies.

C.—I thought this was a free country, where everyone could worship God in his own way.

D.—It would be if everybody lived according to constitutional laws, but wicked men have changed and made laws wherewith to accomplish their evil designs.

A.—But they will not accomplish what they want to, for they would like to overthrow the kingdom of God.

H.—We are told that this Church was established no more to be overthrown.

C.—What harm have this people done that we should be treated so badly?

H.—It is not because of our wickedness that we are troubled. But Satan knows if this Church is fully established that his reign will cease and Jesus will reign triumphant, and he will not give up without a struggle.

D.—I don't think he will succeed in bringing about our destruction no matter how hard he may try.

C.—They say if we would cease the practice of plural marriage they would let us alone.

A.—They would not do it for it is the work of God they are trying to break down, and not one principle only.

D.—That is true, for they were just as bad before that principle was made known to the Church.

H.—If our parents would be as wicked and corrupt as the world generally they would not be thus persecuted.

D.—I would rather see them go to prison than to live as our enemies do, and it is no disgrace to go to prison for serving the Lord.

C.—How is it that the Lord permits His people to be persecuted by the wicked?

H.—It is through trials and persecutions that we will be cleansed and purified from sin and iniquity, for none but the pure in heart will be able to stand firm through all the troubles and trials that are in store for the faithful.

D.—The Lord will have a tried people, and He sends our trials in His own way. If He gave us the privilege of choosing for ourselves, I think we would make them rather light.

A.—After we are proven and have stood firm in all the trials we are called to pass through, we will receive our reward from the Lord, and I think we will feel well paid for all we have suffered.

D.—We find there are some who turn traitor to their religion rather than face the prison walls. Such men will not be thought much of even by our enemies, but those who are true to their religion, and go to prison rather than forsake their families and their God, will be held in respect, more than the coward and traitor, even by those who do not believe as we do.

C.—Well, I have learned several things by having this little talk. If we would spend more of our time in this way it would be better for us than to play so much.

H.—Well let us, if we are children, learn to be true and faithful to every trust, and try to do something towards building up the kingdom of God on the earth. There is a great work to be done, and if we prepare ourselves we will find plenty of opportunities to do good.

PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN.—Mr. Prescott, the historian, was one of the gayest and most sociable of men. His ready humor and exuberant spirits and genial manner made him a general favorite in society, and no one seemed to feel a warmer interest in the common matters of social life. An intimate friend says of him, "I never knew a person who had so much capacity for enjoyment; and I never knew one who had a greater love for it." To a common observer he might have appeared a worldly man, wholly absorbed in social pleasures, and enjoying the present hour, as if life had no graver duties.

But it is well known that he had an iron will, was an industrious literary worker, and surmounted obstacles that would have appalled ordinary men. It is not so well known, however, that behind this gaiety lay concealed a profound and earnest religious spirit. For thirty years he was in the habit of devoting one hour of every Sabbath to an unsparing self-examination. In this hour he reviewed carefully the whole week, from its first hour to its last.

"He ought," says the same friend, "by this investigation, to know where he had been wrong or weak; what purpose needed to be strengthened, or what new resolution to be formed, that the past might throw a guiding light on the future. I regard this as one of the causes of his continued improvement, of his unfaltering progress, in all his relations, as a scholar, or to his family, to his friends, and to society."

OUR own heart, and not other men's opinions, forms our true honor.

HANNAH, AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

CHAPTER XI.

WHILE the devoted wife was waiting with impatient hope, stirring events were happening at the prison. The plot had been matured; and on the night following Hannah's departure, it was to be executed. Rupert was in a fever of fear. He dreaded the event of each moment. To be pardoned before the consummation of the plan would, upon discovery, direct the suspicion of his comrades against him. He knew that many of them were of that desperate temper which hesitates at no means to gain a revengeful end. So long as one of his sworn associates should live he would be in danger of being murdered. On the other hand, to remain and be captured with them would make his pardon so manifestly a purchase price that he would have no hope of leaving the prison except in a coffin.

He was ruminating upon these things as he walked in the court a few hours before the time for the attempt. He strolled along under the shadow of the outer wall which overlooked the brawling river by which it had been intended that the escape should be made. Several of the trusted or better class convicts were at the top of this broad, high wall laying stone under the direction of a mason, to repair some slight damage which had been sustained. During these repairs it had been forbidden to the prisoners to walk in that immediate vicinity because of the danger. But Thorndyke was too much engrossed to remember the caution. He was only recalled to a sense of the risk he was running, by hearing a guard cry from a far sentry box in an angle of the court, "Hi, there. Prisoner get out of the way. You'll be killed if you're not careful."

Rupert looked about quickly, saw that the warning was directed to him, and was about to spring away from the wall. But he was too late. A large stone which would weigh half a hundred pounds, came tumbling off the edge of the wall. It grazed Thorndyke's head, and the corner of it struck his shoulder a smashing blow. With a scream of pain, he fell senseless. A dozen people, guards, turnkeys and convicts ran to pick him up. He was carried into the sick ward and a guard was dispatched for the prison surgeon. He came and upon examination found that the left shoulder blade and the arm were broken and badly crushed. It took two hours to set the bones and thoroughly bandage the wounds, during which time Rupert only had two or three slight lucid intervals, when he called "Oh, Hannah, Hannah, and I thought to see you so soon!"

Several of the convicts had remained with him—apparently out of sympathy, but really to learn if he revealed anything in his delirium. This moaning speech of Rupert's, would have been fatal to him if its significance had been understood. But his fellows thought it referred to the projected escape; and, as no attention seemed to be paid to it by any of the jail officials, the listening convicts breathed easy.

At last, the surgeon's task was completed, and everybody, except one guard and a convict, who was required to act as nurse and watcher, was ordered from the ward. This prisoner was one of the plotters, and he objected to remaining. He

had no choice, however, and his associates were not sorry to see him stay. They felt sure that his presence would prevent any indiscrete revelations upon the wounded man's part.

One hour later the attempt was made as it had been planned. Of course, it failed. When the moment came to overpower the guards, the ringleaders among the convicts made the opening assault. But they were suddenly stopped by the appearance of an extra force of twenty armed men, under the direction of Warden Butler. These new guards leveled their guns upon the assailants; and the other attendants and turnkeys proceeded to iron the more desperate of the convicts. Resistance was useless. The well-laid plot was an utter failure. The convicts never learned how they had been betrayed.

For several days Rupert lay very ill in the prison cot. He was wild to see his wife, knowing how intense would be her anxiety. One morning Butler appeared, and said:

"Young man, I am going to take you home. It's a tough ride, but the doctor says you'll fret yourself to death here. And now, I must say one word to you. If you ever get back to this place as a prisoner, I hope it will be for life. Try to be a man. Your little woman is one of the best I ever saw. Be as good to her as she deserves."

"There is an easy ambulance out here; your full pardon is in my pocket; and before noon I will start with you to Boulder."

* * * * *

The hours of waiting had been like weeks of sickness to Hannah; and even Old Si Whopseott had grown nervous and depressed. One night, when they were sitting in gloomy anxiety, Warden Butler appeared at their door. Hannah started up in affright. But he reassured her.

"It's all right now, Mrs. Thorndyke. Don't worry any more. I have brought your husband with me. He has met with a slight accident, and if this old party will lend me a hand we will get him in without trouble."

Half an hour later Hannah was sitting by Rupert and holding his hand as he lay upon her bed; while the two gruff old men were smoking their pipes and talking like bosom friends.

It took Thorndyke many weeks to recover. His wife nursed him with most loving care; and all the expenses were paid by Whopseott without a word of complaint. During the tedious sickness there was much opportunity for reflection and self-examination. Rupert at last came to a fixed resolution. One day in his convalescence, when the husband and wife had walked out to the grave of their little baby, he knelt by the green mound, and said:

"Hannah, I must be honest—now and always. I must be manly and less undeserving of you. I have been a deceiver to you. My name ever has been a lie. I am plain Robert Thompson. Don't look so horrified, dear. There are no serious consequences behind this confession. I did not like the common-place 'Bob,' so I changed my name for a more aristocratic one. But our marriage is valid. I learned before the ceremony was performed that the use of a fictitious name would not affect the legality. I could not do you the base wrong of deceiving you in that respect."

In the weeks which followed Hannah became restored to hope. Her father took kindly to "Robert Thompson," but smiled grimly when he heard of the change of name. When Robert was entirely recovered he said to Whopseott:

"Dad, don't you want to hire a teamster? Whenever you do, I'm ready for you."

The old man was astounded. He had expected no such pluck from his son-in-law. But he said little. He employed Bob in the business, and found him patient, industrious and trustworthy. Nobody in Boulder knew the assistant of Si Whopscott. Since the days of "Rupert Thorndyke," the population had shifted and quadrupled.

More than two years have passed. Hannah and her father and husband are happy and prosperous. There is a little Si. Bob would not permit him to have another name; and much against Whopscott's wish, Hannah had the boy so christened.

They never hear from Samantha. And this is a source of great joy to the old man, and indeed to the whole family. The only one of their old acquaintances that they ever see is Mr. Butler. He visits them on every possible occasion. He admires Hannah more than ever; he is Bob's staunch friend; he is Whopscott's confidante; and it is difficult to tell which one of the two gruff old men little Si has the most affection for.

THE END.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER XII.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

SOON after my arrival in Gibra'tar, a Mr. Smith invited me to take dinner with him, at which time he wept with joy for the pleasure it gave him, to eat with a son of one with whom he had enjoyed himself many times over twenty-six years before, in the good, old Methodist church. "Why," said he, "your father helped build our good, old church; and used to play the bass viol in the choir, too. Yes, and he sold his property to me for one hundred dollars less than its real value. Can it be possible that you, a minister so well-versed in the good old Bible, the blessed Bible, have come back to us all the way from the land of America—a son of my good old Christian friend, Joseph Stephenson! It seems like a dream. You will doubtless preach for us in the church your good, old Christian father helped to build."

"Yes, Father Smith," I replied, "I am truly his son, and have come from Utah—over 8,000 miles away from my home, about one-third of the way around this world we now occupy. I have left my dear family, and have come as a true minister of the everlasting gospel of Jesus, as did His ancient disciples of old—without purse or scrip. And I assure you Father Smith, it would afford me the greatest pleasure to have the privilege of speaking to my friends in the meeting house where memories arise like green spots in a desert, afresh in my memory, of the good things and favorable impressions made on my mind at the Sabbath schools I used to attend twenty-six years ago. I can well remember the time, although only seven years old, when my mother used to put on my white pinafore, and nicely blackened shoes, and my father bowed down and prayed to the Lord in that house he sold you. I feel to bless them for setting my feet in my youthful days in a Christian life and for the good that I received in this Sabbath school. But my father now sleeps with those who have passed behind the veil, he died when I was but eleven years of age.

"At the age of thirteen, I heard Joseph Smith, the Prophet, preach by the power of the Holy Ghost. He related the

heavenly vision with which he was favored; I had a witness of the truth that he had told, although I was not baptized until some time later.

"I will now relate to you a vision I had. I saw in a very nice, green spot every one who had joined this new Church. They were all dressed in white robes. A messenger, and the only stranger to me, stood by my side. I was the only one who was without the snow-white robe, and this very much amazed me. I asked why this was so, he replied, 'Look! do you see one here who has not been baptized or come in at the door?'

"But I believe as well as do those."

"You have not yet come in at the door!'"

"This was sufficient for me. I was soon baptized, and was made to rejoice with a testimony of the message which has brought me to this far-off land.

"Many old friends have received and treated me courteously, but the minister not only closed the church doors against me, but himself and some of his co-religionists began to circulate many falsehoods against the truth of the gospel, and the love of many waxed cold."

I thus bore my testimony to the truth, but my father's good old friend closed his house against me and turned as cool as he was warm at first. He became abusive to the servants of God. I told him the consequence of his rejecting the light that he had already acknowledged, and for turning me—a servant of God, from his door, and that the hand of the Lord would speedily follow him to his sorrow.

His wife was reading the Book of Mormon privately, and was with some of the children believing. It was but a short time before Father Smith was stricken and was confined not only to his house, but to his bed. Some time after his wife called my attention to his condition and humiliation. He was not expected to live. Soon after he desired to see me and said if the Lord would only spare his life, he would serve Him better than he ever had done.

I told him that the Lord brought down and raised up; that if he desired to recover and serve Him faithfully, he should get well and the Lord would raise him up to better health. In a few days I was invited to take dinner with him and pray with the family. He was up and around reading, and a very great change had come to him and his house. He was, however, too good to endure, and he shortly burned up some copies of the Church paper and pamphlets, and forbade me to enter his house again. I of course left my testimony, telling him the consequences of his actions. I told him it would now be worse than ever with him. The poor man was very soon again confined to his bed, but not long this time, for he soon died. His family decided to go to England where they said they intended to obey the gospel.

On the 23rd of January, 1854, I had the pleasure of organizing a branch of the Church consisting of ten members, ordaining one Elder and one Priest. We partook of the sacrament and had a joyful time. The branch was named Rock Port Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

RATHER do what is nothing to the purpose than be idle—that the devil may find thee doing. The bird that sits may easily be shot, while flyers escape the fowler. Idleness is the Dead Sea that swallows all the virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MISSION.

BY J. W.

(Continued from page 214.)

AFTER attending to conference business at Leeds, I went to Bradford. I found there an interest particularly in temperance circles, to learn more about Utah and the "Mormons." This interest had been awakened by a certain Doctor Lee, who had been to Utah and lectured in Salt Lake City, on temperance or total abstinence. On his return to England, he spoke about the "Mormons" in Utah, as follows:

"I found in Utah, especially in the country towns, almost an absence of liquor saloons. In consequence of this, men spend their time and earnings with and on their families at their homes; and as a result, I found that ninety per cent. of that people own the houses they occupy, and the lands they cultivate. Now if such great results as these can be accomplished by the practice of temperance in connection with a delusive religion, what may we not expect from temperance principles in connection with a true Christianity!"

It being considered a great thing in England for a working man to own even a house, to say nothing about a farm, the doctor's description of Utah naturally awakened an interest in his hearers to learn more about Utah and the "Mormons."

There was a lecture room in connection with the temperance hotel, where the doctor had spoken, and in this room a large circle of temperance people met, who were in the habit of inviting itinerant speakers to address them on any subject they desired. A Brother S—, who had been to Utah, occasionally visited this house. On one occasion he took me to the temperance house. There were present some of the leading men of the society, Brother S— introduced me, and a pleasant conversation ensued. Brother S— so guided the conversation that it resulted in an invitation to me to give a lecture in the temperance room on "Utah and its institutions." I accepted, and the appointment was made for a Sunday evening.

No sooner had I agreed to the arrangement than I began to realize my weakness. The subject was new to me. I had never heard the subject discussed by any Elder, and the idea of speaking on it there, while it troubled me, did not make me feel like backing out. In the intervening time I gave the best thought I could to the matter. As the time drew nigh I felt more troubled than ever, but on the Sunday morning I had a dream that had a very comforting and assuring effect on my mind. I thought I saw the streets of Bradford flooded with very turbid and dirty water. I was with the Saints. I thought they had to go to work, and on account of the flood, had to take a boat to get to their place of labor. I offered to go with them and help manage the boat. I told the sisters they had better not go, as there might be danger of getting wet. We started, I standing in the stern and guiding the boat. On arriving at the place it seemed to be a very old, and tall building, but constructed of timber and mud, and of a very rickety appearance. There seemed to be no entrance to it, and the turbid waters seemed raging and tearing around it. I said to the brethren, "I do not see how you can work here, you cannot get in, and besides the old place is dangerous and might be washed away." I saw in my dream a little way off a new building, one story high, with a landing place in front. I

said, "There you can land, and there you might work until the floods go down." I thought we went back and forth in the boat about four times, when the flood seemed to go down, and only a small stream of clear water was running among the stones of the street.

I awoke and was impressed that the dream had a meaning. As I lay pondering on it the interpretation the angel gave to John flashed across my mind: "The waters thou sawest are peoples and nations, kindreds and tongues," etc. Then all seemed plain and clear to me. The tall, old, rotten buildings, to which we could find no entrance, represented the churches of the day, to which we were not admitted, and which at the present time are surrounded by a flood of popular clamor—the church being the minister's work-shop—the one-story building of more recent construction signified the temperance house, and the platform or landing, the opportunity we had of laboring there. Our going there until the floods passed and the waters ran clear, indicated to me, the removal of prejudice, and the clearing of the stream, a favorable result of our labors. My telling the sisters to stay at home, corresponded to the fact, that it was not the custom of the ladies to attend at the temperance room, and the four trips we made corresponded to the number of lectures I gave there (but of course I did not know of this until afterwards).

The encouragement I experienced as a result of my dream was perhaps more than was justified, but it was beneficial to me. I did not tell the Saints of my appointment, not wishing to draw them away from our own chapel. When the time of meeting came I found the house crowded to its utmost capacity. I was introduced by the chairman in a neat speech setting forth their wish to learn of Utah, and its people—the "Mormons," and of my ability to gratify them, as far as my long residence there could give me that ability.

I arose feeling very weak and timid. I opened by telling them that such a congregation as I found assembled, might expect to be addressed by an orator or at least a professional speaker which I was not, hence as to my manner of speech, I did not invite criticism, but asked their indulgence, but as to what I should tell them, I asked no favors, as I did not expect to tell them anything but what I knew or well understood. I had no disposition to evade any part of the subject as announced, but was willing to give it the fullest consideration time would permit. I commenced by describing the "Mormons" at the time of their exodus from Nauvoo, and the journey across the plains, the country as it was on their arrival, and as it was then (1875) as proven by the published statistics. I described our manner of irrigating as well as I could to them, and then proceeded to speak of our co-operative institutions. I occupied a little over half an hour on these branches of the subject, the audience listening with great attention, and seeming interested in my descriptions.

I then came to our marriage system and showed that the adoption of the principle of a plurality of wives was not the outgrowth of lustful desires, for if such were the object sought, our passions and appetites could be gratified with much less expense. This theory being exploded, I proceeded to view it as a principle of right. I showed that the question What is right? especially as defined by law, varies in all countries, and has varied in all times. "In England, I said, "it is considered a great crime for a poor man to kill a hare, and the punishment for doing it is equal to that inflicted for stealing a horse; but in Utah hares are a nuisance, and often do great damage, and we consider the men our friends who kill

them. Hence it is clear that even law, (that often changes) cannot be taken as a sure guide of right. But we must look to a higher source than human law, even to God the Supreme Ruler of all, as to one who never changes, but who is in every age the same. And if it can be shown that He ever had commanded or sanctioned polygamy it must be right."

I quoted considerable scripture on this point, but dwelt most particularly on the passage, "I, (God) gave thee (David) thy master's wives, etc." (*II. Samuel xii. 8*). Now if God ever gave any man a plurality of wives, for us to say that the system was wrong or sinful, was the same as for erring man to charge an unerring God with sin. Hence from a moral point of view, or as a principle of right, polygamy could not be condemned.

I then considered the matter socially and physically, endeavoring to prove that no law of God, or righteous law of man prohibited the practice of this principle. In this manner I occupied another hour and then closed. I spoke very freely and did not once refer to the notes I had prepared to assist me.

The chairman arose and said: "We have heard a deal about polygamy that is new to us. I am willing to admit, that the 'lust theory' has been exploded to my satisfaction, and also many plausible and forcible reasons given in favor of polygamy. There is one thing I must mention to the speaker, and that is the custom of the house, to permit reasonable questions to be asked of all who speak here and I hope the present speaker will not object."

I answered, "Certainly not." A man then asked, "Do you recommend polygamy for universal practice?"

I replied, "No, it never was so intended. Its general practice even in England would not be possible, where it is generally acknowledged that the more children a man has the worse off he is. But in a country where men live direct on the bosom of mother earth, as the old patriarchs did, and with no middle men to come between them and their food supply there such a system is possible; and such a country is Utah."

Many more questions were asked, and answered. A member then arose and after a short complimentary speech moved that a vote of thanks be given me with the request that I deliver another lecture in the near future. The motion was carried unanimously. The subject for the next lecture was the "Rise and progress of the Church," and two weeks from that date was appointed for its delivery.

The congregation was just commencing to disperse when a man got up and said, there was a question he would like to ask, but would not press an answer, if it was deemed improper. It was, should a woman desire more husbands than one? One arose and said the question was not proper. Another said he was ashamed that one of the congregation should ask such a question after what they had heard, and said I would be justified in not answering it. At this the questioner apologized, but I arose and said I was willing to answer if they were willing to hear, and on expressing the desire for me to do so I said, "We do not believe that any true woman can desire more than one husband. Marriage was ordained of God. The object of marriage, as stated at the time of the creation was, 'Be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth.' A plurality of wives would help accomplish that object. A plurality of husbands would defeat it."

The questioner said he was fully satisfied with the answer. I then left the hall feeling thankful that I had been able to

fill the appointment, as well as I had, and rejoicing that the way seemed opened to reach at least a few with the warning voice. For here I saw a chance of introducing other subjects that would more fully explain the divine mission of Joseph Smith in this last dispensation.

REPAIRING AN ACCIDENT.

MANY of our readers are doubtless familiar with the anecdote of Newton and his pet dog, Diamond. After the publication of his great work, the "Principia," Newton turned his attention to chemistry, spending a long time in its study, and writing out his observations and discoveries. One day, when the philosopher was at church, Diamond turned over a lighted candle, which set fire to all the papers on which his work was written.

When Sir Isaac returned and found the charred heap, he exclaimed, with admirable self-command, "Oh, Diamond, Diamond, thou little thinkest the mischief thou hast done!" But the philosopher's grief at the loss of his work is said to have affected his brain, for though he lived forty years after the accident, and published several editions of his works, he never made any more great discoveries.

We have recalled the incident in order to contrast its effect with the influence of a similar accident on an American jurist.

In 1821, the legislature of Louisiana elected Edward Livingston to revise the entire system of criminal law of the State. Accepting the trust, he gave himself for two years to the preparation of a code of criminal law, in both the French and English languages. He had given the final touches to the manuscript. A copy for the printer had been made, fifty or sixty pages of which were in his hands.

One night Mr. Livingston sat up to one o'clock to finish the task of comparing the two papers. He retired to rest, and in two or three hours was awakened by the cry of fire. He rushed to the writing-room, where it had broken out, to find both draught and copy of his code reduced to ashes. Great was his dismay, though outwardly the serenity of his demeanor was unruffled. He soothed his wife and daughter, who were in the greatest distress at the loss, and the night after the accident sat up until three o'clock, working to reproduce the burnt code. He was then sixty years of age, but in two years he had completed the reproduction of his great work, of which an English jurist said that it showed Livingston to be "the first legal genius of modern times."

CAREFUL ABOUT LITTLE THINGS.—Great generals, like Napoleon and Wellington, have been noted for their attention to the details of army life. Their success was owing, in a good degree for their care for little things. Great merchants and financiers know the importance of guarding against little leakages, which bring failure to important enterprises.

A good story is told of Lord Althorpe. On one occasion he was looking over the accounts of an agricultural society before signing his name as president. He detected an error of three pence in the balance sheet, and refused to sign the statement until the error was corrected. He spent four hours in going over the account again to remove the error, saying to a friend, "One three-pence will swell into a hundred pounds next year, if we neglect it." It is important for young people to be thorough in little things, for if this habit is formed it will contribute much to their success in life.

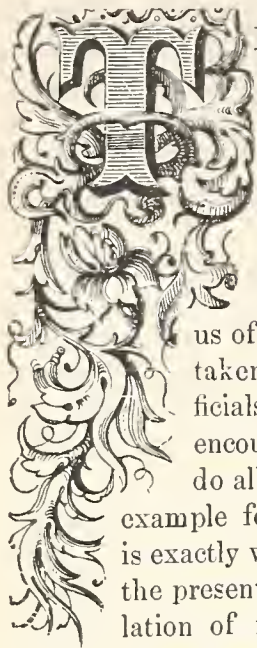
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



HERE seems to be a determination on the part of our enemies, not only in this Territory, but in the surrounding Territories, to take every advantage of the Latter-day Saints. Our enemies feel they are justified, by the public opinion which has been created against us, in stripping us of every right, and, where possible, in plundering us of our property. The course which has been taken by the government in permitting its officials to pursue us vindictively in the courts encourages thieves and villains of every class to do all in their power to injure us. This is a bad example for a government to set to its citizens, but it is exactly what our government is doing in our case at the present time. There is no breach of law, no violation of right on the part of courts and officials in either of the three Territories of Idaho, Utah and Arizona that has called forth the least censure, much less condemnation, from the government. How far our enemies will be permitted to go in their attacks upon us through the machinery of the courts we cannot say. But one may question, in view of that which has taken place, whether there are any lengths that will be considered too far, or whether if the courts should sentence "Mormons" to death, any word of disapproval of such acts would be heard from the department of justice at Washington.

We hear that in Arizona a lot of thieves are doing their best to steal the property of the Latter-day Saints by jumping their lands. They say that they are determined to drive out the "Mormons" from that part of the Territory. In Idaho they have not jumped land that we have heard of, but have endeavored, by the passage of unconstitutional laws and application of test oaths, to deprive the members of our Church of their political rights.

It appears as if Latter-day Saints were likely to have their faith tested as it has not been for very many years. We have had a long period of peace. We have grown and multiplied and increased in wealth until a generation has grown up who have scarcely had any experience in the trials and difficulties which the Church had to encounter before coming to these valleys. Many have seemed to imbibe the idea that they can be Latter-day Saints and mingle with, and love the world; that they can hold the gospel in one hand and the world in the other. This idea, of course, is entirely opposed to all the teachings of the Savior and His apostles. Upon no subject has there been more explicit teaching to the Church of Christ than upon this. No lessons have been more impressively enforced than that men could not love God and mammon—that they must choose between the Lord and the world.

There will have to be, on our part as individuals and as a people, a thorough reformation upon many points. If these attacks upon us continue for any great length of time the faith

of many will be tried. The hypocrite and the ungodly will perhaps see but little inducement to continue Latter-day Saints and thus they may be cleansed from the Church. The true Saints who have in their hearts a genuine love of the truth, but who may have become careless respecting their duties will be awakened from their lethargy and will be driven closer to the Lord. The line between the faithful and the unfaithful, the true Saint and the hypocrite, will be drawn so sharply that there will be, to some extent at least, a separation of these classes.

In the providence of our God, it is absolutely necessary from time to time that these results should be brought about. If it were not so, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints would be overloaded with members unworthy of a standing therein, and the result would be disastrous. But by passing through times of trial and of difficulty—times that look dark and unpromising—the Church is cleansed, and those who are unworthy of a standing fall away. It has been truly said that the wheat and the tares shall grow together until the harvest, but still there is a weeding process going on continually. The tares are being plucked up. If it were not so they would overpower the wheat. The final separation, however, will not come until the great harvest spoken of.

We notice that Joseph Smith, who has been endeavoring for many years to destroy the work, of which his father, the great Prophet of this last dispensation was, in the hands of God, the founder, has come to this city. He doubtless has come with the hope to be successful in gathering up the disaffected and the faithless. He has thought it a good time to reach the people of this class, and thereby swell the number of his organization. It is a strange business for any man to engage in—to be a scavenger in gathering up the offal and refuse—that which is thrown off as unclean and impure by a healthy organization, and especially so for one bearing his name. Yet this is precisely what he is here for. The whole organization with which he is connected is principally composed of apostates, men and women who at various times in the history of the Church have followed pretenders who had no authority to lead, such as Rigdon, Strang, Page, and others. Seeing the Saints, as he supposes, surrounded by difficulties, he has come here ready to avail himself of any advantage that may offer and to seduce from the Church all who will listen to his blandishments and falsehoods. If there are hypocrites and ungodly persons within our organization who will not repent, it is to be hoped that he will have influence enough to draw them off and to relieve us from their society and presence. Such persons as he perform in this way a useful work for the Church. The Lord overrules their acts for the accomplishment of His purposes, but this does not lessen their wickedness nor the condemnation that awaits them. True Latter-day Saints will not be affected by any such influence, but will cling to the iron rod that leads to the tree of life as described in the vision of Lehi.

Nothing could better illustrate the disposition and character of this man and his associates than his and their presence in this Territory at the present time. They have never let an opportunity to injure us pass without seeking to improve it. When there has been a storm threatening us, they have sought to increase its horrors and render it more deadly in its effects. By misrepresentation and falsehood of the most malignant character they have sought to blacken us to the world and create hostile public opinion against us. Not content with this, he himself has gone to Washington and urged, with cruel and hateful purpose, the enactment against the people of Utah, of

laws of the most oppressive and destructive character. Others of his followers have done the same. They did all in their power to have the Edmunds bill become law. Now he comes here to reap, as he hopes, the fruits of their base conduct. He would rejoice to see us broken up and destroyed. Hoping that this may be the result of the present raid, he is here to pick up some more fragmen's to add to the patchwork and fragmentary body he already has. What an employment for his father's son! But what can be expected from a man who has courted the friendship of the people who murdered his father and drove away his father's followers and his own kindred! This he has done. By his life he has led them and the world to infer that he did not blame them for their cruelties to his father and people. He has been apparently satisfied admitted to their society and to be hail fellow with them.

UNDER THE HAMMER.

VERY sad words are these, betokening often the breaking up of home and families.

I went to such a sale once. Only a day or two before, the head of the household had been laid in the grave. He had been what people call one of the best-hearted men in the world, and only his own enemy. Now he lay in the old churchyard, beside five little children, who had gone to heaven before they had learned to know him.

Only one boy and the widow remained. The woman was one of those pale, patient little creatures, who seem born to endure sorrow and misfortune, but the boy was a brave, manly fellow, to whom his mother clung with an almost worshipful love.

As I entered the little home, I found it full of bargain-hunting people. The widow and her son were still there.

"It's so hard to go!" she whispered, "it's like a second funeral to say good-by to everything. You know I helped furnish the house with the money I made by keeping school. I prized everything I bought. It took on a new color as soon as I felt that it was mine. How I hate to have them all go in this cold, heartless fashion! If I could only afford to give them to those I love, how I should delight in the privilege!"

"Never mind, mamma," said Thaddy, the blue eyed boy, "I'll buy you lots when I grow up, and better than these."

It wasn't the better that she wanted. Every homely stick was dearer to her than the costliest furniture that other money could buy; for she had earned it all by sweet and patient thought, and brightened and beautified it by pretty fancies and tender hopes.

That little worn rocking-chair, in which she had rocked her little children, by which Thaddy had knelt so many times to say his evening prayers; the table at which they had all sat; the worn utensils from which so many little mouths had been fed—these were commonplace, and of little value in the eyes of bargain-hunters, but dear as her heart's best hopes to her.

Some few there were among the company assembled who understood her feelings, or how could the little dented silver mug, or the two plated candlesticks that had belonged to her mother have come into her possession?

A long time elapsed before I saw the widow again. After the sale of her property, she went West among her relatives, and I lost sight of her for nearly fourteen years. One very stormy night, I was riding in the cars, and had a seat all to myself. The conductor, who was a friend, had kindly turned

the back of the seat in front of mine, so that I could rest more pleasantly.

Gradually the car filled, until it would have been selfish for me to keep the two seats longer, and I relinquished one very willingly to a gentleman and his wife, and two little girls.

I was quite struck by the extreme beauty of the wife. She was one of the loveliest women I had ever seen. The children, one under a year, and the other scarcely over two, were as pretty as pictures, and so good and quiet that it made one love them to see them.

The husband was a manly-looking fellow, and I thought to myself that a more beautiful family group could scarcely be found. Apparently they were in easy circumstances, for the wrappings of both parents and children were of good materials and elegantly made.

Nor was I a loser for my readiness in accomodating them, for a basket of the choicest fruit was opened, and I was pressed to take a liberal consignment of the dainties. The young man sat opposite me, the oldest little girl beside him. The wife was my close neighbor, with her little one on her knee. Nor was the lovely stranger inclined to be unsocial.

I learned from her, while the rain beat upon the window, and the tempest literally howled outside, that she had been on a visit to her mother, that she usually went once a year, and several pretty trifling items about the children which mothers love to tell. Suddenly the gentleman leaned forward, and said in an excited voice—

"It cannot be possible that this is Mrs. L——!"

"But it is," I said, smiling at his earnestness, yet wondering.

"I felt sure I had seen and known you. You will remember my mother," he said, giving her name.

I was delighted and astonished. "This, then, is the little Thaddy of so many years ago! Why, I cannot realize it!"

"This is the big Thaddy, twenty-four years old," he replied, his eyes dancing, and then he explained to his wife who I was, and she flattered me not a little by declaring that she felt acquainted with me, for her husband and his mother had often spoken of me.

"You must go home with us," they both said, on learning that I intended to stop at W——, and all I could say to the contrary was of no avail. To make peace, I had at last to promise, and the same carriage took us from the depot to the beautiful home, where, it is needless to say, I seemed like one from another world to the widow who met us on the threshold.

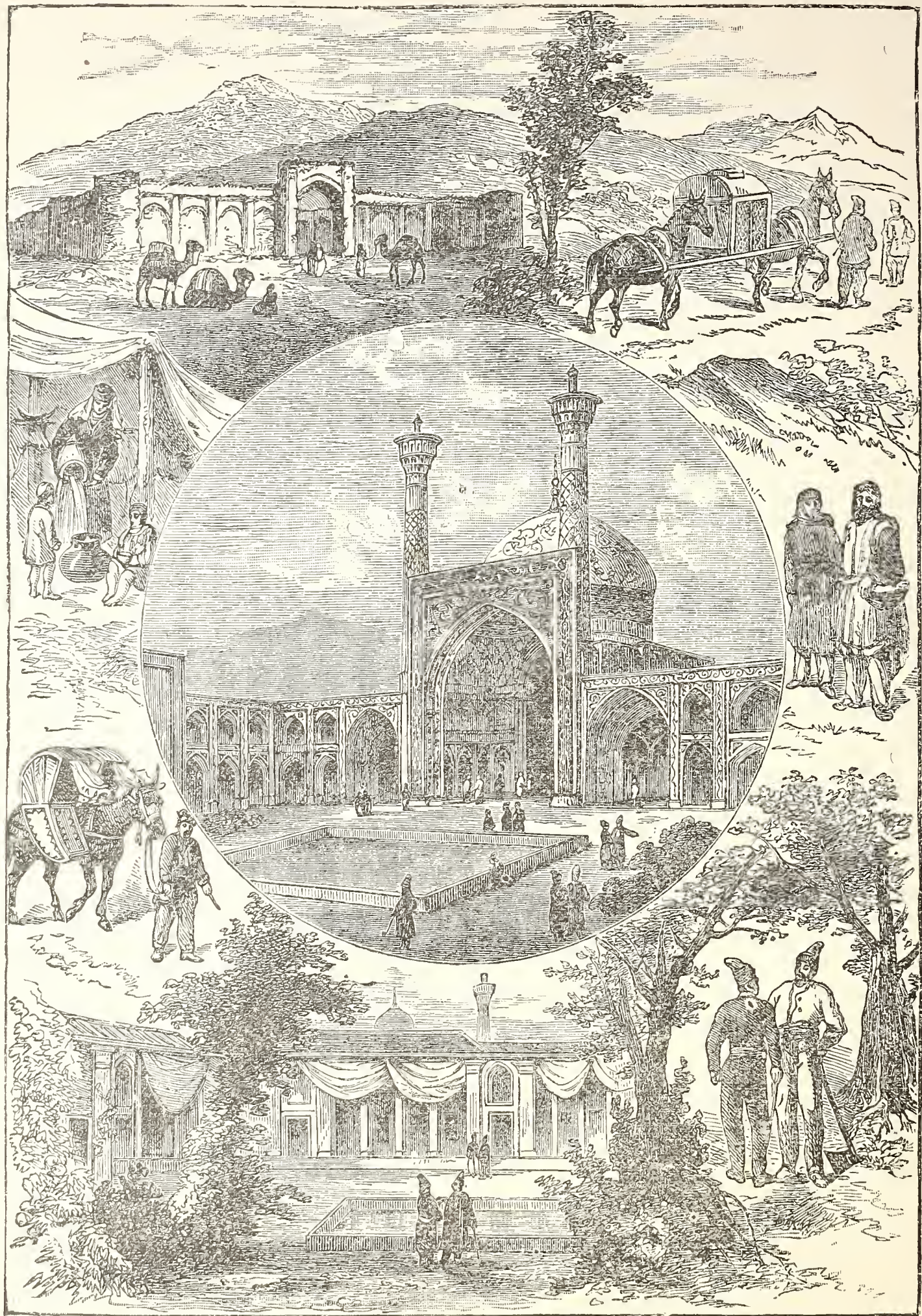
"I have been blessed in my boy," she said, when we at last sat alone together. "He has shown wonderful business ability, and is already a partner in the firm which he entered as a clerk, so that our worldly prosperity seems assured. As you see, he has surrounded me with comforts and luxuries, and I have every reason to thank God for His noble gift of such a son. Come with me a moment."

She opened the door of a large room. In a moment I was transported years back. There stood the quaint little rocking-chair, the old-fashioned table, sofa and chairs—an exact counterpart of the room I had known at her home, before the things were sold under the hammer.

"It was all his doing. He went back, found the owners, redeemed everything at their own price, and you don't know how happy it makes me to come here and sit sometimes, and think of the past."

It was a beautiful and touching incident, and one I shrine in my heart with many a sacred memory which the years have left.

Selected.



PERSIA. (See page 235.)

PERSIA.

IN number twelve of the present volume we gave our readers a view of the palace of the "shah" or king of Persia, and a brief description of the ancient architecture of the country. From the accompanying scenes our young friends can gain some idea of the life and habits of the Persian of modern times.

Persia is a country of western Asia that has been occupied for many hundreds of years. As long ago as five hundred years before the coming of Christ, it had attained to an eminent degree of civilization and power. In fact, about that time, during the reign of Cyrus, and while the Prophet Daniel was living there, this empire was at the climax of its greatness. But during the ages that have elapsed since then it has been on the decline. The monuments of its ancient splendor are in ruins, and what was once the capital of the eastern hemisphere—the center of eastern civilization—has long since dwindled down to a condition of little importance among existing nations.

The people that inhabit the country are not above the average Asiatic races in intelligence or attainments. The descendants of the ancient Persians are considerably intermixed with other tribes, while a great part of the present population of the country consists of Turkomans, a few Arabs, Jews and Christians of several denominations.

The inhabitants are divided into two classes, distinguished from each other by their habits of life. One class is settled, and is engaged in agricultural and mechanical pursuits, while the other consists of wandering tribes who have no fixed dwelling places. The total population of the country is estimated at about 4,400,000, of which number 1,700,000 are nomads or wanderers.

The people are described as being dishonest, servile and cunning. Having been long subjected to oppressive rule, and having been driven about by invaders and conquering bands, they have become lost to the more noble traits of character. For hundreds of years the country has been in an unsettled condition. During this time its rulers have endeavored to retain its possessions and sometimes even to add to them, but they have been most unsuccessful. Little by little their possessions have been seized by more powerful nations, until now their dominion is very small when compared to its formerly vast extent.

On account of property being insecure, but few improvements are made. Roads, bridges and other public works are neglected. The houses of both rich and poor are usually built of mud, giving their cities an unattractive appearance. The interior, however, of some of the dwellings of the wealthy are elegantly furnished, and the towns are generally surrounded with beautiful gardens.

The people live in a simple and primitive style. They have no modern contrivances for traveling, or transporting the goods and fabrics they import and export. All such things are done by means of caravans, or by such carts as the one shown in the right, upper corner of the picture.

The Persians manufacture and export silks and satins, cotton and woolen goods, carpets, etc., which they exchange for jewelry, cutlery, fire-arms, glassware, and other things.

The government of the country is despotic and severe, and occasionally an insurrection occurs to prevent the enforcement of extortionate measures. Heavy taxes are levied upon the people in order to meet the expenses of the government which

are considerable. There is no public debt, and when extra expenses occur an extra tax is imposed. But little aid is given to public schools, and education is greatly neglected.

Such a government as that of Persia has a tendency to encourage vagrancy among its subjects, as no lovers of freedom would submit, except by force, to its unyielding demands. Those, therefore, who are of this class, prefer to roam about rather than settle down and till the soil. And although they are regarded as being subject to the "shah," they have their own chiefs, and are mostly independent. E. F. P.

Lesson for the Little Ones.

DARE TO DO.

Dare to do as Adam, God's purposes fulfill;
 Dare to do as Abel, to sacrifice thy will;
 Dare to do as Noah, amid a world of sin;
 Dare to do as Abraham, and God's favor win;
 Dare to do as Isaac, thy father strive to please;
 Dare to be like Jacob, blessed with a good increase;
 Dare to do as Joseph, when tempter would allure;
 Dare to do as Moses, who left a royal floor;
 Dare to do as Samuel, say, "Lord, I hear Thy call;"
 Dare to do as Daniel, no mandate fear at all;
 Dare like the Hebrew children, fire and flame to meet;
 Dare, like the patient Job, your enemies defeat;
 Dare to do as David, the Almighty's foes to shake;
 Dare to do as Esther, your life for friends to stake;
 Dare to do as John, and repentance loudly cry:
 Dare like him and say, "God's judgment draweth nigh;"
 Dare to do like Jesus, the righteous law fulfill;
 Dare like Him, and say, "I come to do Thy will;"
 Dare to say, like Peter, "Thou art the Christ, I'm sure"—
 This rock of revelation forever will endure;
 Dare to be like Mary, who chose the better part;
 And like the good Nathaniel, no guile found in thy heart;
 Dare to do as Paul, run with untiring zeal;
 Dare, like the martyred Stephen, thy testimony seal;
 Dare like the beloved John, through every trying scene—
 "Thy will, O Lord, be done," let ever be thy theme.
 EQUATOR.

"How can you do the most good?" asked a lady of a little girl. "By being myself just as good as I can be," was the wise reply.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

AS I look back to my school days I can remember so many failures through not understanding how to avoid them, that I feel compelled, for the love I bear to young boys who mean to *be* and to *do* something by-and-by, to have another plain talk all round. I take it for granted that I am writing for those sensible lads who mean to have their minds keep the best company possible, and never suffer them to go sneaking about for inferiority in anything. To be young is a great advantage, and now is the golden time to store away treasures for the future. I never knew a youth yet who would be willing to say, "I don't mean to get understanding; I don't wish to know much of anything; I have no desire to compare to-day more and better things than I knew yesterday; I prefer, when I grow up, to be an ignorant man, a mere passive wheel in the great machine of the universe." The richest rascal that ever lived never started with the idea in *boyhood* that he would repudiate morals, make money and avoid ideas!

One of the most common of all laments is this one, and I have heard it hundreds of times from gray-headed men in every walk of life, "O, that the lost youth could come back to me, and I could have again the chance for improvement I once had!" What "lucky fellows" you are, to be sure, with the privilege of being about twelve or fifteen years old. Still keeping within your own control those priceless opportunities when the portals of knowledge are standing wide open and inviting you in, and not one adverse spirit daring to hold you back! Don't I wish I could be a boy again! We, who are swiftly stepping westward toward the setting sun, cannot help crying out to you, who are still in the eastern quarter of life, what Horace Mann used to sound in our ears when we were as young as you are, "Orient yourselves."

What we sow in youth we reap in age. The seed of the thistle always produces the thistle! The possibilities that wait upon you who are yet in the spring-time of existence, who are yet holding in your own two hands the precious gift of time, cannot be estimated! Do not forget that a *useless* life is an early death!

I thank Mr. Longfellow for having written the following English lines:

"How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of beginnings, story without end,
(Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!)
Aladdin's lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse
That holds the treasures of the universe!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands:
In its sublime audacity of faith,
'Be thou removed!' it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!"

I wonder if any of you, my young friends, ever happened to read of a poor, unhappy old man who stood one New Year's night at the window of his dwelling and thought over all the errors of his youth, what he had neglected to do of good, and what he had committed of evil; how his bosom was filled with remorse, how his desolate soul was wrung as he reflected on the past follies of a long life! The days when he was strong and active wandered about him like ghosts. It was too late to retrieve his lost youth. The grave was waiting for him, and with unspeakable grief he bethought him of the time spent in idleness, of the left-hand road he had chosen which had led

him into ruinous follies and years of slothfulness. Then he recalled the names of his early companions who had selected the right-handed path and were now happy and content in their declining days, having lived the lives of virtuous, studious men, doing the best they were able, in the world. Then he cried to his dead father who had warned him when he was a lad to follow the good and shun the evil pathways of existence, "O father, give me back my lost youth, that I may live a different life from the one I have so long pursued!" But it was too late now to make moan. His father and his youth had gone together! There the poor, bewildered creature stands, blinded with tears, but still beseeching heaven to give him back his youth once more. Few spectacles are more terrible to contemplate than the broken-down figure of that weeping old man, lamenting that he cannot be young again, for then he would lead a life so different from the one he had lived.

But what a thrill of pleasure follows the sad picture we have been contemplating when we are told it was only a fearful dream that a certain young man was passing through a vision only of possible degradation, and that heaven had taken this method of counseling the youth to turn aside from the allurements that might beset his path, and thus be spared the unly-ing remorse that would surely take possession of him when he grew to be a man, if he gave way to self-indulgence and those wandering idle ways that lead to error and oftentimes to vice and crime. The misery of a life to be avoided was thus pre-figured, and the young man awoke to thank heaven it was only a dream, and resolve so to spend God's great gift of time that no horror, such as he had suffered that night in sleep, should ever arise to haunt his waking hours.

If I were a boy again, one of the first things I would strive to do would be this: I would, as soon as possible, try hard to become acquainted with and then deal honestly with myself, to study up my own deficiencies and capabilities, and I would begin early enough, before faults had time to become habits; I would seek out earnestly all the weak spots in my character and then go to work speedily and mend them with better material; if I found that I was capable of some one thing in a special degree, I would ask counsel on that point of some judicious friend, and if advised to pursue it, I would devote myself to that particular matter, to the exclusion of much that is foolishly followed in boyhood.

If I were a boy again I would practice *perseverance* oftener, and never give a thing up because it was hard or inconvenient to do it. If we want light, we must conquer darkness. When I think of mathematics I blush at the recollection of how often I "caved in" years ago. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished. We are all inclined to give up too easily in trying or unpleasant situations, and the point I would establish with myself, if the choice were again within my grasp, would be never to relinquish my hold on a possible success if mortal strength or brains, in my case were adequate to the occasion. That was a capital lesson which Prof. Faraday taught one of his students in the lecture room after some chemical experiments. The lights had been put out in the hall and by accident some small article dropped on the floor from the professor's hand. The professor lingered behind, endeavoring to pick it up. "Never mind," said the student, "it is of no consequence to-night, sir, whether we find it or not." "That is true," replied the professor; "but it is of grave consequence to me as a principle, that I am not foiled in my *determination* to find it." Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results. "There

are only two creatures," says the eastern proverb, "who can surmount the pyramids—the eagle and the snail!"

If I were a boy again I would school myself into a habit of *attention* oftener, I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once. One of our great mistakes, while we are young, is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then, at that particular moment; we do not bend our energies *close* enough to what we are doing or learning; we wander into a half-interest only and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become master of. The practice of being habitually attentive is one easily obtained if we begin early enough. I often hear grown-up people say, "I couldn't fix my attention on the sermon, or book, although I wished to do so," and the reason is a habit of attention was never formed in youth. Let me tell you a sad instance of a neglected power of concentration. A friend asked me once to lend him an interesting book, something that would enchain his attention, for he said he was losing the power to read. After a few days he brought back the volume, saying it was no doubt a work of great value and beauty, but that the will to enjoy it had gone from him forever, for other matters would intrude themselves on the page he was trying to understand and enjoy, and rows of figures constantly marshalled themselves on the margin, adding themselves up at the bottom of the leaf!

If I were to live my life over again I would pay more attention to the cultivation of memory. I would strengthen that faculty by every possible means and on every possible occasion. It takes a little hard work at first to remember things accurately, but memory soon helps itself and gives very little trouble. It only needs careful cultivation to become a power. Everybody can acquire it. When I was a youth, a class-mate of mine came to me with a long face and told me that he was in danger of being supplanted in the regard of a young person of the gentler sex by a smart fellow belonging to another school, who was daily in the habit of calling on the lady and repeating to her from memory whole poems of considerable length. "What would you do?" sighed the lad to me. "Do," said I; "I would beat him on his own ground and at once commit to memory the whole of 'Paradise Lost,' book by book, and every time the intruder left Amelia's house, I would rush in and fire away! Depend upon it," I said, "she is quite taken by surprise with the skillful memory of her new acquaintance, and you must beat him with surpassing feats of the same quality." "O, but," said my friend, "I have, as you know, a very poor memory!" "The more reason now for cultivating that department of your intellect," I rejoined. "If you give way to idle repining and do nothing, that fellow will soon be firmly seated in your place. I should not wonder if he were now at work on Thompson's 'Seasons,' for his infamous purpose. Delay no longer, but attack John Milton after supper to-night, and win the prize above all competition!" Ezekiel began in good earnest, and before the Summer was over he had memorized the whole of "Paradise Lost," rehearsed it to Amelia and gained the victory!

If I were a boy again I would know more about the history of my own country than is usual, I am sorry to say, with young Americans. When in England I have always been impressed with the minute and accurate knowledge constantly observable in young English lads of average intelligence and culture concerning the history of Great Britain. They not only have a clear and available store of historical dates at hand for use on any occasion, but they have a wonderfully good idea of the

policy of government adopted by all the prominent statesmen in different eras down to the present time. An acquaintance of mine in England, a boy of fourteen, gave me one day such eloquent and intelligent reasons for his preference to Edmund Burke above all other patriotic statesmen of his time, as made me reflect how little the average American lad of that age would be apt to know of the comparative merits of Webster and Calhoun as men of mark and holding the highest consideration thirty years ago in the United States. If the history of any country is worth an earnest study it is surely the history of our own land, and we cannot begin too early in our lives to master it fully and completely. What a confused notion of distinguished Americans a boy must have to reply as one did not long ago when asked by his teacher, "Who was Washington Irving?" "A general in the Revolutionary war, sir."

If I were a boy again I would strive to become a fearless person. I would cultivate courage as one of the highest achievements of life. "Nothing is so mild and gentle as courage, nothing is so cruel and vindictive as cowardice," says the wise author of a late essay on conduct. Too many of us now-a-days are overcome by fancied lions in the way, lions that never existed out of our own brains. Nothing is so credulous as fear. Some weak-minded horses are forever looking around for white stones to shy at, and if we are hunting for terrors they will be sure to turn up in some shape or other. In America we are too prone to borrow trouble and anticipate evils that may never appear. "The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear," Abraham Lincoln once said he never crossed Fox river, no matter how high the stream was, *until he came to it!* Danger will arise in any career, but presence of mind will often conquer the worst of them. Be prepared for any fate and there is no harm to be feared. Achilles, you remember, was said to be invulnerable, but he never went into battle without being completely armed!

If I were a boy again I would look on the cheerful side of everything, for everything almost has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you, but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return. I once heard it said of a grumbling, unthankful person, "He would have made an uncommonly fine sour apple, if he had happened to be born in that station of life!" Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it. Indifference begets indifference. "Who shuts love out in turn shall be shut out from love."

If I were a boy again I would school myself to say *No* oftener. I might write pages on the importance of learning very early in life to gain that point where a young man can stand erect and decline doing an unworthy thing because it is unworthy.

If I were a boy again I would demand of myself more courtesy towards my companions and friends. Indeed I would rigorously exact it of myself towards strangers as well. The smallest courtesies interspersed along the rough roads of life are like the little English sparrows that now sing to us all Winter long, and make that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody.

Instead of trying so hard as some of us do to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to deserve happiness.

Selected.

THE course of nature is the art of God.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 222.)

AS time passed the pleasing results of our labors became more apparent. On December 15th, 1883, having repaired to Te Ore Ore, a considerable number of natives assembled in a large house for the purpose of being instructed minutely in the principles of the gospel which a number of them anticipated receiving. Manihera, Ihaia and myself gave them very pointed instructions and showed the importance of the step they were about to take.

We thereafter wended our way down to a beautiful river, from which to the Maori settlements there was an unbroken line of natives of all ages, sizes and appearances following to witness that which was about to take place. Immediately subsequent to the dedication of the place for the purpose of baptism, sixteen—eight males and eight females—were baptized.

On the day following a meeting was held at which those who had been baptized were confirmed members of the Church. The confirmation was followed by a number of testimonies borne by those who had received the truth.

On the same day another meeting was held for the purpose of organizing the Maoris into a branch at Te Ore Ore. Ihaia Whakamariu was selected and set apart as president of the branch with Toi and Hamaiwaho as first and second counselors. Rangiwhakaiua was ordained a teacher, and Ngakuku a deacon. Secretary and treasurer were subsequently appointed, completing the organization of the second branch of the Church among the natives of New Zealand.

We left Masterton on December 19th in company with a number of the Wairarapa Saints to attend a Maori gathering at Tahoraiti about seventy-five miles north of Te Ore Ore. Our mode of traveling was in buggies owned by the Maoris. A few moments' drive brought us to an open plain of small extent. At 3 p. m. we arrived at Mulgrane situated on the edge of the noted seventy mile bush forest. The road we traveled was cut through this dense forest, and was enclosed on both sides by an almost impenetrable wall of foliage varying in height and variety from the soft velvet creeping ferns to the lofty gigantic trees, some of which tower one hundred and fifty feet high.

We arrived the first day at Ekatahuna thirty miles from Masterton. Our expenses were paid at the hotel by the Maoris. Early next morning we drove six miles to Hawera, a Maori settlement. The loud cries of some of our company awakened the slumbering inhabitants of the place, who received us and provided for our wants. Continuing our journey we were met at Woodville by Chief Nagatura's company thus swelling the number of Maoris to twenty-three and the procession to nine buggies. At length in the afternoon of December 20th, we arrived at our destination—Tahoraiti.

As our train approached the large, new building the opening of which occasioned the gathering of the Maoris, there were to be seen standing in front of the house many female Maoris waving their shawls and handkerchiefs and rending the air with shouts and cries of welcome. Our company met the Maoris in front of the building where the *tangi*, (crying) took place. The spectacle, in connection with the rudely carved and painted front of the house—ninety-seven feet long, thirty-two feet wide and the walls eight feet high—was one

which was emblematic of barbarity in the extreme. Old Nagatura made one of his characteristic speeches which was accompanied by loud shrieks, hideous grimaces and twisting gestures resembling some ferocious animal. On entering the house he walked up and down that long, cavern-shaped edifice keeping up his hideous speech. Occasionally he would raise his voice to a tremendous pitch when all the rest of the Maoris would join in, thus sounding like a thousand demons.

We had not been inside long before we heard yells and singing on the outside. This proved to be a procession of Maoris conveying food of various kinds to us. The Maoris from the Wairarapa, including ourselves, were presented with a ton of flour, bags of potatoes, sacks of sugar, boxes of tea, tobacco, and a large sow. A speech was made on delivering these gifts to Brother Hinckley and myself, and we were asked to make any disposition of them we might deem proper. We told the Maoris to divide the gifts up among themselves which was done. This is an established custom among them.

We remained here a number of days during which time we preached the gospel to hundreds of natives and baptized four into the Church. We returned to the Wairarapa on Christmas day, 1883.

(To be Continued.)

A SLAVE'S DEVOTION.

THE late Judge Chambers, of Maryland, an intimate friend of Daniel Webster, was once traveling in Pennsylvania. It was years before our Civil War, and the judge was accompanied by his "body-servant," who, was very strongly attached to his master.

While staying all night at a hotel in an inland town, the judge took from his pantaloons pocket his pocket-book, containing eleven hundred dollars, and slipped it under the pillow.

The next morning he was called at an early hour, that he might take the first train. Consulting his watch, he found that he must dress in a hurry, or he would be left. His haste caused him to forget his pocket-book, and it was not until the cars were conveying him swiftly from the town that he remembered where he had placed it.

When the conductor approached to collect the tickets, the judge searched his pockets, and then he became aware of his loss. He mentioned the circumstances to the conductor, and paid his fare out of other money he had with him.

The conductor gave assurances of the honesty of the attendants of the hotel, and said he would send a telegram to the proprietor from the next station.

The judge observed that he would send back his servant to recover the money, with instructions how to rejoin him.

The conductor was astonished that the master was both willing to trust his servant in a free State, away from his control, and to put into his possession eleven hundred dollars. The judge, however, had no anxiety about his servant, who, from the next station, took the first train back, secured the money, and rejoined his master according to instructions.

At the close of the anecdote, the judge said to me that he would have entrusted to that man's keeping every dollar he was worth, and that, too, without a thought of his abusing the trust.

Some persons in a higher position would not be injured by trying to apply to their own conduct the lesson taught in this narrative.

U T A H.

WORDS BY S. C. WATSON.

MUSIC BY GEO. CARELESS.

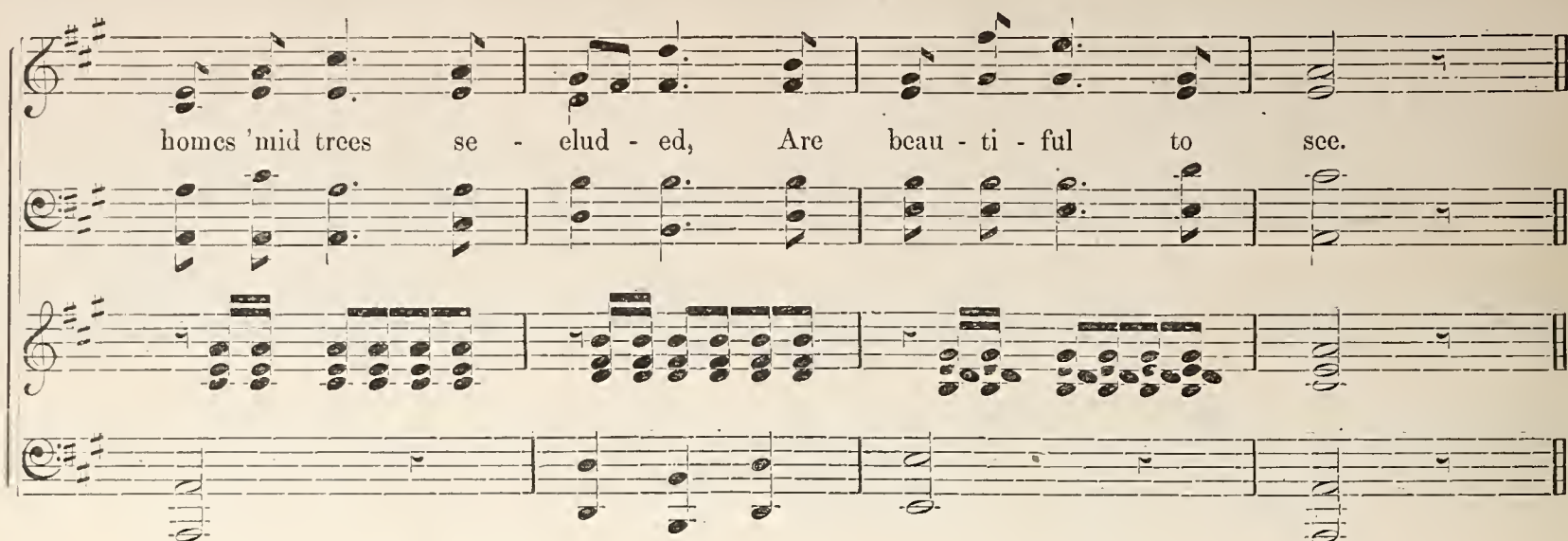
Thy pleasant vales, dear U - tah, How

dear are they to me! Thy homes 'mid trees se - clud - ed Are beautiful to see. Thy dear as - so - ci-

a - tions, are by thy children sought, For they are schools of learning, Where pur - i - ty is taught. *Rit.*

CHORUS.

Thy pleasant vales, dear U - tah, How dear they are to me! Thy



Thy mountain peaks, dear Utah,
Are lovely to my sight;
The beauties of thy canyons
Are sources of delight;
Thy fields of grain and pasture
Rich sustenance doth yield,
And in thy rocky bosom
Rich treasures lie concealed.

Thy fruitful lands, dear Utah,
Where living streams do flow,
Were not but desolation
A little while ago;
Thy solitudes were haunted
By prowling wolf and bear,
The deer once roamed at pleasure
Where now are cities fair.

Though thou wert then so dreary,
Yet with what joyful tears
That exile band beheld thee—
Those noble pioneers!
With eye of faith they saw thee
Rise from thy dreamy rest—
Thy barren lands to verdure,
Thy homes which God has blest.

They gazed on thee, dear Utah,
And saw thee from their time,
The gathering place of nations—
O, happy lot is thine!
For thou art consecrated
God's children to enfold,
And from thy glorious mountain
The "little stone" hath rolled.

A FORGETFUL MAN.—The following illustration of the forgetfulness of some men is amusing:

"I say, cap'n," said a little-eyed man, as he landed from the steamer at Natchez, "I say, cap'n, this 'ere ain't all."

"That's all the luggage you brought on board, sir," replied the captain.

"Well, see now, its according to list, four boxes, two chests, two ban-boxes, a portmantu, two hams, three ropes and a teakettle; but I'm dubersome. I feel there's something short, though I've counted 'em nine times, and never took my eyes off 'em while on board. There's something not right somehow."

"Well, stranger, the time's up; there's all I know of, so bring up your wife and five children out of the cabin, and we're off."

"Them's um, them's um! I knowed I forgot something."

A TEACHER wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts its shell when it has outgrown it, said "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no!" replied the little one, "we let out the tucks."

It was a little three-year-old who, when a carpenter had been called in to ease the doors, ran into an adjoining room to tell her mother that he was "taking the skin off the doors."

CHARADE.

BY B. H. ALLRED, JR.

Twice three of us are ten of us,
And ten of us are three,
And eleven of us are six of us,
What think you we can be?
But if with this you're not content,
And still would seek for more,
Why eight of us are five of us,
And nine of us are four.

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NO. 16.

THE STOCKS.

THE picture here shown is not at all pleasing to look upon. It almost makes one shudder to view such a horrifying spectacle, while it forcibly reminds us of the severe bodily punishments inflicted upon criminals in times gone by.

In past years it was a common practice in England to place persons guilty of small offenses in the stocks. These, as you can see by the picture, consisted simply of two boards placed on edge one above the other, with holes cut in them for the reception of the offender's feet, and in some cases his hands as well. When the two pieces were brought together and fastened around the ankles or wrists of the prisoner, he was unable to withdraw his hands or feet, but had to remain until released by those who had him in charge. One can easily imagine how tiresome and painful it would be to undergo such a punishment. To make it more humiliating to those sentenced to be thus chastised, the stocks were sometimes placed upon public roads, where their victims could be witnessed by the people as they passed by.

Since the days when such instruments of torture were used, wonderful changes have taken place in the midst of civilized countries. The stocks, the rack, the thumb-screws, and the many other contrivances for the infliction of bodily pain, are no more in use. During the past century the most astonishing events in connection with human affairs have transpired. An advancement has been made in the arts of civilization such, probably, as has never before been known. The age in which we live is one of rapid progression. Many old and erroneous ideas are giving way to new and more correct ones. The most remarkable improvements in mechanical inventions are being made.



But in regard to moral and humane principles the world has not kept pace with its progress in other directions. In fact there is but very little if any improvement going on. It is true that the masses of the people are enjoying a greater amount of freedom than they did formerly. Yet there are many now living who, if they had the power, would rule as despotically, and would pay as little respect to the rights of mankind, as any tyrant of by-gone ages.

We often hear men boast of the spiritual enlightenment, the religious freedom and the equality of all men before the law, in the present age; and when contrasted with former ages it is represented as noonday brightness to midnight darkness. But with all their professed intelligence the world of mankind are to-day almost if not equally as ignorant of ethics as they were hundreds of years ago. Their religious ideas are quite as absurd; their morals are as corrupt; and their philosophy, if not so unreasonable, is just as uncertain and unreliable. Their conceptions of right and wrong and their duty to

each other, judging by their conduct, are as incorrect. History shows this to be the fact. For an example, the Puritans, who were so hated and persecuted in England and other parts of Europe, when they came to America, were free from the attacks of their enemies, and rejoiced to have the privilege of worshiping as they chose without being molested. It might be thought that such a people, after suffering as they did for the sake of their belief, would be willing to allow all others the freedom of conscience which they sacrificed so much for. This, however, was not the case. As soon as they gained power they were as zealous in persecuting the Quakers as any of the

people of Europe were in persecuting them. A little over a century ago the people of this country were suffering from the impositions of the mother country—England. And when they could no longer bear the indignities heaped upon them they rose up with a determination to free themselves from their oppressors. By a severe struggle they gained their independence, and declared that henceforth this land should be one of freedom. They promised “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness” as the right and privilege of every one who should dwell here, regardless of nationality, color or creed. For a time this promise was realized. But soon the nation began to be corrupted; the new generations that sprang up began to depart from the principles their fathers so much loved. Even before all those who had fought for the freedom of their country had passed away, the object for which they bled was beginning to be depreciated and trampled upon. As early as the year 1830, when the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was first organized, a spirit of religious intolerance raged. From that time to the present the feeling has spread and increased, until the whole country is filled with indignation towards the Saints. The government itself has taken it in hand to try and put down the system of religion practiced by this people. All sects, no matter how bitter were the feelings they entertained towards each other formerly, unite to persecute the small number of religious worshipers inhabiting this secluded region.

The rule which says “might is right,” though not acknowledged in theory, is universal in practice. The strong always prey upon the weak. And notwithstanding the lessons of past history, mankind have not yet learned to put in practice the admonition of the Savior: to “do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.”

During the ages which have elapsed since the Savior’s advent upon the earth the improvement in the moral status of mankind has been imperceptible. The same spirit that actuated men to put Him and His followers to death nearly two thousand years ago is influencing men to commit similar acts to-day. Many of those who now profess to be followers of Christ, and who so fervently express the wish that they had lived in the day when He was upon the earth, would crucify Him if the opportunity was presented. Men who so severely denounce those who instituted the inquisition, and those who had men and women burned at the stake for the sake of conscience, if they held the power, would to-day, with all their enlightenment, inflict as severe punishment upon those who differ from them in their religious convictions.

The liberty, the enlightenment and the progress of modern times can only be attributed to the overrulings of our Heavenly Father, and not to the supposed superiority of the present generation. To bring about His purposes, the Lord has seen fit to endow individuals at different times with power to accomplish certain objects.

For a people to become more pure in their lives it is necessary that they should be in possession of the true gospel, and to receive inspiration to guide them. It is the lack of revelation that has kept the world for so long a time in the degraded moral condition it is in. Virtue and morality are godly principles, and one must have the Spirit of the Lord in order to fully understand and appreciate their worth.

POOR and content is rich, and rich enough.

Lesson for the Little Ones.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

JESUS, our Lord, had been in the sepulchre two days, or His body had been there, but His spirit had been to paradise, preaching to those who had never heard the gospel, and who were anxious to be set free from their prison house. These spirits were in the place where the spirit of the thief went who was killed at the same time that Jesus was crucified. Jesus taught them how to be saved, and opened their prison doors, showing His love and mercy to them, just as He had to all who would believe here on the earth.

Now the wicked men who had put Jesus to death went to Pilate, saying, “Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while He was yet alive, After three days I will rise again.” So Pilate sent some men to watch where Jesus was laid, that no one should remove the body.

Very early on the morning of the third day after Jesus was crucified, there was an earthquake, and an angel came from heaven and rolled the stone away, and these wicked men who were sent to watch shook, and became as dead men. They were so frightened when they saw the angel, for he sat upon the great stone that had sealed up the door of the sepulchre.

Then came Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of Jesus, to the burial place of Jesus, bringing spices and ointment, for these good women loved Jesus and mourned over His death; and they wondered how the great stone could be got away. But when they reached the sepulchre they found the stone was already removed from the door; and stooping down they saw two angels, in shining garments, one sitting at the head and the other at the foot of the place where Jesus had been laid. They were afraid and began to weep; but the angel said, “Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen.” Then they went and told His disciples what had happened. But they would not believe them.

In the evening of the same day the disciples were together, except Thomas, and they shut the door for fear the Jews would see them. While they were thus assembled Jesus came and stood in their midst, saying, “Peace be unto you.” Then He showed the prints of the nails in His hands and feet and the scar in His side, and their hearts were glad, for they knew it was indeed their risen Lord.

Jesus then commissioned His disciples, saying, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." Then He breathed on them, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained."

Eight days after, His disciples were again assembled as before, when Jesus suddenly stood among them, for He had power to appear and disappear as He saw fit. He told them to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and added that "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Once more did Jesus visit His disciples as they were fishing. He came and stood on the shore; and when, through the power Jesus had, they caught a great many fish, He ate some bread and fish with them. Turning to Peter, He said, "Lovest thou me?" Peter answered, "Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." Jesus said, "Feed my lambs." These words He repeated three times: for He wanted him to be faithful in teaching the people the truth, and to feed their spirits with the bread of life.

There are many things that Jesus said and did that are great and wonderful. All can read the word of God as it is written by the disciples of Jesus—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; but when reading, seek for the Holy Spirit to rest upon you, that you may understand and be blest with a testimony of our Lord and Savior's pure life and holy mission. And as He went to heaven before the astonished eyes of His disciples, so will He come from heaven in great power and glory to rule over all the earth.

QUESTIONS.

- 1.—How many days did Jesus' body lie in the tomb?
- 2.—Who rolled the stone away from the door of the sepulchre?
- 3.—What did the wicked men do when they saw the angel who rolled the stone away?
- 4.—What did the women see who came to visit the tomb of their Lord.
- 5.—What did the angel tell them to do?
- 6.—How did Jesus first appear to His disciples?
- 7.—What proof did Jesus give them that He was their crucified Redeemer?
- 8.—What did Jesus bestow upon His disciples?
- 9.—Repeat the instructions He gave to His disciples when He appeared the second time among them.
- 10.—What did Jesus tell Peter to do when He visited His disciples on the sea shore?
- 11.—Who are the disciples that have written the life of Christ?
- 12.—What should we seek for when we read the life of Jesus?
- 13.—Who saw Jesus ascend up to heaven?
- 14.—How will Jesus come when He descends to earth again?

SCOTT'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was noted at school for his quickness and memory rather than for his diligence. Writing, later in life, of his school-days, he characterized himself as an incorrigibly idle lad, who was always longing to do something else than what he was ordered to do.

A ballad was more attractive to the bright boy than the Latin grammar, and he took more kindly to the stories of profane and sacred history than to the rules of arithmetic. He read longingly, history, poetry, voyages and romances, but had to be pushed to the study of his text-books.

And yet his master, a noted classical scholar, declared that, though many of the pupils understood the Latin better, "Gualterus Scott was behind few in following and enjoying the author's meaning."

Sometimes, thanks to his accurate memory, he would astonish the master with some brilliant and unexpected reply. One day, a dunce being asked what part of speech is *with*, replied, "*A substantive.*"

The master turning to the leader of the class, asked, "Is *with* ever a substantive?"

He was silent, and the question passed unanswered until it reached Scott, then near the foot of the class. Instantly he quoted this passage from the book of Judges: "And Samson said to Delilah, If they bind me with seven green *withes* that were never dried, then shall I be weak, and as another man."

Young Scott's diligence in reading and slothfulness in study made him unusually well-informed for a boy of twelve. But as he read without system, the information was ill arranged.

"I waded into the stream like a blind man into a ford," he wrote in after life, "without the power of searching my way, unless by groping for it. I since have had too frequently reason to repent that few ever read so much, or to so little purpose."

When Scott was forty years old, and had become distinguished as a poet and novelist, he thus wrote, as a warning to youth against the formation of the habit of desultory reading:

"Through every part of my literary career, I have felt myself hampered and pinched by my own ignorance. I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if, by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

ROSS ELDREDGE.

ROSS ELDREDGE gathered up his books reluctantly. The morning sunshine streamed into the pretty little room, where his invalid mother busied herself in her slow, quiet way with the breakfast things.

"I do believe I just hate school!" he muttered to himself, "and it's arithmetic to-day." The strap to which his books were fastened was at last adjusted to his satisfaction.

"Don't touch my things, Elsie," he said, looking over to where his little six-year-old sister sat, dressing her doll. How sweet and bright her little face was as she turned towards him! What made his gaze linger so on blue eyes, golden curls, and her round, rosy cheeks?

"Happy Elsie!" he sighed, "her troubles have not begun; she don't have to go to school."

"Ross," said his mother, in her soft tones, "you know it's the 29th. Don't stop a moment after school, no matter what the boys want."

"Yes, mother," was the answer; but the usually open brow was clouded now, as he muttered, "I wish there was no such place as school!" and left the cottage, with one parting glance at little Elsie. A moment after, he heard the sound of pattering feet, and a sweet little voice cried—

"I didn't kiss you."

"So you didn't, birdie," he said, stooping and kissing her. Then he watched her as she went back, thinking what a pretty little thing she was.

The school-room was hot; the day outside, delicious. He could see the branches waving, the birds flitting, the gold and dun of the long meadow-stretches. How hard it was to turn his eyes to those dull columns, his thoughts to study! It was much easier to sit and think of the bracket he was carving at home, and which he intended to sell at the fancy-store in town. In devising new patterns he forgot his lesson, and in time the ominous words fell on his ear—

"Ross Eldredge, you will remain after school."

He threw himself back in his seat, thoroughly out of temper. He hated the master, the school, and himself, and he glared at the unfortunate lesson. Sullenly he sat there, and confusedly thought of the rule for division.

"I can't get it, and I won't try," he muttered, defiantly. "It's too bad of old Marsten to keep me, and here it is the 29th, and mother depended upon me. I wonder if I told him *that*, it would make any difference. No, it's no use," he added, casting a glance at the determined face bending over a pile of rude manuscript. "He has no pity in his soul. He don't know how boys feel."

Not far away, separated only by a low stone fence, the boys were playing their favorite game of ball. Their shouts and laughter made him warmer and angrier. Suddenly his master looked up.

"Eldredge," he said, sharply, "can you not find better employment for your pencil than drumming on your slate? Do you know what time it is?"

Ross looked at the clock, sighed, thought of his mother, and went to his task in earnest. Ten minutes later the problem was worked out; he had the right answer.

"You see what application and perseverance have done," Mr. Marsten said, gravely, as he handed back the slate. "We have both lost a half hour of sunshine and fresh air, by your yielding to difficulties, and your propensity to put off doing what you know must be done sooner or later. Every time you give way to this disposition, you forfeit your self-respect, and

lose the ability to work, even when you have the inclination. Above all, remember that in every sin of selfishness, someone else suffers as well as yourself."

Ross hung his head, not wholly convinced, perhaps, but a little ashamed. He passed rapidly by the ball-players, for his mother's voice seemed sounding in his ear. It was not long before he ran, almost breathless, into the sunny little room. His mother stood at the window, anxiously looking out, as if watching for him. She turned towards him with the exclamation—

"O, Ross!" and then looked at the clock.

"The lesson was so hard—and I missed—and had to stay after school. Old Marsten is so particular!"—

"It can't be helped now. Your dinner is ready," she said.

"But I'm going over to Marks', mother."

"It is too late, my son. I sent Elsie ten minutes ago."

"Elsie! Why, mother, she never can find it—little Elsie!"

"Yes, she knows where it is. She has been there once before, when you were sick."

"Then I'm off after her. Why couldn't you wait just a few minutes, mother?"

"Because I heard that Mr. Marks was going away. I am in arrears with the money I owe on the house. The man who holds the note has sent me a threatening letter. I did not want to trouble you about it. I knew that if Mr. Marks got my note he would pay me something over the quarterly instalment, and we could make it up some way."

"If I had only learned that lesson!" thought Ross, as he set his teeth hard, pulled his cap over his eye-brows, and set off to guard Elsie. "The dear little brave creature, so tiny! so delicate! Suppose she should be crossing one of those wide streets, and"—He turned away from the uncomfortable picture, quickened his steps, and met Mr. Marks, who paid his mother her widow's pension, just coming down the steps, valise in hand.

"Yes, I gave your sister the money," he said, in answer to Ross' question. "My boy was gone, or I should have sent it by him. Your sister is entirely too young to be trusted on the streets. She's a bright little thing."

He sprang into the waiting carriage, and Ross moved away.

Strange he had not met little Elsie. She might have turned down the wrong street; somebody had stolen the money, perhaps, and her too. On towards home he went. Somehow he had missed her; she must be home.

He did not see the crowd that had gathered in a by-street; did not hear the confused murmurs and cries of pity. Happily he was spared that terrible first sight.

He burst open the cottage door. "Has she come?" he asked, breathlessly, disappointed that his first glance did not rest upon the little dimpled face.

"No, dear. Where can she be gone all this time?"

"She had the money. I saw Mr. Marks myself; he told me."

"Strange! Could she have got lost? Did you look about for her?"

"Yes. She may have gone round by the Common; she talks about it so much, you know, I'll try again."

His hand was on the latch, when his mother touched his arm.

"Eat a little first, Ross, if it's only a mouthful. You didn't take lunch to-day, remember. Yes, I insist upon it. You are not strong yet, and I can't have you sick again."

Ross stared at the table, anxious, yet finding himself hungry. He felt dispirited, frightened, and ashamed. The

words of the master echoed in the air, "Remember, above all, that in every sin of selfishness someone else suffers as well as yourself."

His mother was silent. She always was when she felt deeply. He wished she would only find fault with him. His dinner over, he went to where she sat, pallid and suffering.

"I'm so sorry, mother!"—something choked him. "It's all my fault. I didn't want to go to school; I didn't want to study when I got there; and now—I'm going after Elsie." A sob ended the words. The patient face of his mother as she sat there, holding her long-used crutch in one hand, the desolation of the room without Elsie, were too much for him.

The dear mother, she had not gone over the threshold for two long years, and it seemed to him he had never realized before how hard it must be to be bounded by the same four walls, day after day.

He remembered, too, how often he had wounded her with his rude words and quick temper; how he had hated going on errands or doing anything that interfered with his own selfish needs. How glad the mother would be if she were well and strong; and how little she complained!

Never before had he realized that upon some small act of heedlessness may hinge the misery and suffering of years, as he did while he waited and trembled, fearful for Elsie, and struggling to keep back his tears.

"I'll fetch her, mother," he said, putting on his cap, but meanwhile, with a tramp slow and measured, a little crowd was coming up the street; boys whose eager faces bore an impress of childish curiosity, girls who spoke to each other in whispers, and looked fearfully ahead at the burden carried by stout arms.

It met Ross at the door, and caused him to fall back against the frame like a stone. Was that the face of pretty Elsie, all striped with yellow plaster, all white and corpse-like?

"O, mother! mother! Elsie is dead, and I have killed her!" he screamed, and rushed into the house, and fell at his mother's feet, burying his face in her lap.

"Don't worry, madam. The little one is not dead," said one of the men, as they bore the child to the lounge from which Mrs. Eldredge strove to rise, but could not, for she was faint with the agony of this last most bitter trial.

"The child tried her best. I was standing in my shop door, and saw her run from the other side. She'd have done it, too, if she hadn't stumbled; but when she came down, there was no use. The worst hurts are about the face and head, but we hope they are not serious, madam."

"Hope! O, little Elsie! darling little sister!" sobbed poor Ross. "I loved you so, and yet I have killed you."

"Hush, my boy!" said his mother, gently. "It won't help Elsie any if you mourn in this way. You must nurse her, and show your sorrow by your devotion to her and your care for me."

The men had gone, saying that as the wounds were dressed, the doctor would not come till evening. Scarcely had they left the house when a tall, sinister-looking man came up the garden-path. Mrs. Eldredge saw him and hastened to the door.

"I have come for that money on that note," he said.

"It will be impossible for me to make the payment to-day," was her answer.

"I must have the money or take measures to get it," was the gruff response.

She threw open the door, disclosing the ghastly, bandaged face, like the face of a corpse, and the sobbing boy kneeling by the side of his little senseless sister.

"I sent that child for the money, sir, a child unused to the streets, so eager was I to be ready for you to-day. There she lies, and only God can tell whether she will ever rise from that couch again. She did get the money, but when she was knocked down it was lost in the confusion. If it is found, you shall have it; but I beg you not to turn me with my poor little wounded child out of the house, the only shelter we have."

The man shook his head. The faces of his own little ones, it may be, appealed to him, and he left the place with the comforting assurance that the poor widow should have all the time she wanted.

As for Ross, poor, guilty, conscience-smitten Ross, his wish had been suddenly granted him, in a manner as signal as it was terrible. In the morning he had said, rashly, that he hated school; in the evening he found himself obliged, young as he was, to put his shoulder to the plough.

No more troublesome arithmetic, no more leisure games with boys. By one seemingly trivial neglect of duty, the whole current of his life was changed.

Little Elsie lived, but it was a hard struggle for life. For weeks there was little hope, and it was months before she was able to run about the cottage like the little sunbeam of old.

Poor Ross! many a time he sighed for the pleasant school-days past. When his teacher called upon him at the store where he served early and late, he had the satisfaction of learning that his former pupil had not forgotten the lesson of that eventful day, which was something harder than even compound fractions. And his experience of the truth that his neglect of the simplest duties would cause others to suffer, saved Ross Eldredge, it is hoped, from needless trouble during his future life.

Selected.

A SOLDIER'S ADVENTURES.

BY C. H. W.

THE year 1818 was an eventful one for the dukedoms, Schleswig and Holstein. The king of Denmark issued an open letter declaring Schleswig to be his province and thus deprived it of all former rights and privileges. To this Schleswig objected, and as the two dukedoms had always shared their fortunes together, Holstein stood by the side of her sister and they declared their independence.

A provisional government was soon established, and as Denmark was mustering her forces to suppress the insurrection, an army was organized and thrown to the front. All this was the work of a few weeks.

The spirit of liberty was burning in the hearts of all. Old and young volunteered to defend their country. The workshops were deserted, the plow left standing in the field and the counting rooms were emptied. All gathered their guns and weapons of war and rallied around the standard and "*Schleswig. Holstein stammverwandt Wänke nicht, mein Vaterland*" was the watch-word.

Under these existing circumstances, although only seventeen years old, I also caught the spirit of the times—"to bleed for my country." Being bound as an apprentice to the milling business, I made my wishes known to my employer, to which he objected, and I think now, justly, although at the time it seemed cruel and very unpatriotic. Every journeyman had left and only three apprentices remained, I being the oldest and the most efficient at the time.

For a few days I tried to be contented, but I could not. Reports of victories and defeats came daily. This was too much for my youthful imaginations, and so one bright night, I "skipped by the light of the moon," and in a few days found myself walking in the streets of Schleswig in the uniform of a sharpshooter, proud as a peacock.

A few weeks of tiresome drilling as a recruit fitted me to join the ranks of the regiment then on the van guard facing the enemy.

I should now soon be initiated into the realities of a soldier's life in time of war. Standing picket guard is a different thing from walking up and down in front of the general's quarters in a garrison. Our outposts were within gunshot of the enemy and in order to be safe, pits were dug in the ground deep enough to protect the whole body, except the head. These pits were frequently filled with water and mud to the depth of a foot or more, from rain, and at night time one was obliged to keep up a constant moving of the feet to prevent them from freezing fast in the mud. Every sound would startle a person, thinking perchance the enemy's scouts were approaching to capture a guard. I remember one dark night when on double picket at the edge of a grove of timber not over half a mile from the enemy's camp, we noticed something moving in the underbrush. At times the object disappeared, then again we would plainly hear the cracking of the dry wood, and also hear the steps of someone walking. You can imagine our feelings, (up to this time I had not tasted powder,) expecting every moment to hear the discharge of a gun that would end our mortal career. Finally the object came in sight more plainly. All that darkness permitted us to see was a something black. My partner had instructed me to be ready with my rifle and fire as soon as he had. He called the person three times to halt, and received no answer. My heart was creeping up towards my throat as the words "halt! who is there?" in a clear and firm voice came from his lips, for he was an old soldier. But there was no answer nor moving of the object. Again he called and again no answer. Now for the last time, (I was nearly choked,) no answer. Bang! went my gun and in a moment the air was rent with the most pitiable and agonizing groans of a dying calf.

Our suspense was over, and my heart returned again to its proper place. During those few moments of agony I thought of almost everything, and wished myself back to my good old employer and the comfortable bed in the dear old mill.

In my next I will endeavor to give some of my experiences as a scout, and also my feelings previous to my first engagement in battle.

(To be continued.)

AN INDOMITABLE WILL.—A resolute will can master circumstances, and make even difficulties contribute to success. Many illustrations of this have occurred. Dr. Lange, of the University of Bonn, the famous commentator of the Bible, was born and brought up under influences wholly adverse to scholarship. He was the son of a poor peasant, a coal-driver at Elberfeld. To add to the small income of the family, he was made an errand-boy and a carrier of milk. But there was a fire in his bones which would not be quenched, and drove him to a life of study. He borrowed books and plunged without a pilot into the mysteries of Latin and Greek. Having entered the Gymnasium at Duisburg, he took rank at once among the best pupils of the school. He was subsequently appointed to a professorship, and now holds rank among the first scholars in Germany.

MEN'S NAMES.

THE study of men's names is interesting, as it shows they all had their origin in some fitting fact. Here are some of the facts which gave birth to the more common names now in use:

Many English surnames express the county, estate or residence of their original bearers; as Burgoyne, from Burgundy; Cornell or Cornwallis, from Cornwall; Fleming, from Flanders; Gaskin and Gascoyne, from Gascony; Hanway, from Hainault; Polack, from Poland; Welsh, Walsh and Wallis, from Wales; Coombs, Compton, Clayton, Sutton, Preston, Washington, from towns in the county of Sussex, England.

The prefix *atte* or *at*, softened to *a* or *an*, has helped to form a number of names. Thus, if a man lived on a moor, he would call himself *Attemoor* or *Atmoor*, if near a gate, *Attegate* or *Agate*. John *atte* the Oaks was in due time shortened into John Noaks; Peter *at* the Seven Oaks into Peter Snooks.

In old English, *applegarth* meant orchard; whence *Apple-gate* and *Appleton*; *chase*, a forest; *clive*, a cliff; *clough*, a ravine, *cobb*, a harbor; whence these names.

The root of the ubiquitous *smith* is the Anglo-Saxon *smitan*, to smite. It was applied primarily to blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, masons, and smiters or strikers in general.

Baker, Taylor, Butler, Coleman (coal-man), Draper, Cowper (cooper), Cutler, Miller, and the rest plainly denote occupations.

Lorimer is a maker of spurs and bridle-bits; Arkwright, a maker of chests; Lander, contracted from *lavandier*, a washerman; Banister, the keeper of a bath; Kidder, a huckster; Wait, a minstrel; Crocker, a potter.

Such names as Baxter and Bagster are the feminine of baker; Webster of webber or weaver, which shows that these trades were first followed by women, and that when men began to take them up they for some time kept the feminine names.

Steward, Stewart or Stuart, Abbott, Knight, Lord, Bishop, Prior, Chamberlain, Falconer, Leggett (legate), either signified what the persons so styled were, or they were given them in jest or derision, like the names King, Prince and Pope.

The termination *ward* indicates a keeper, as Durward, door-keeper; Hayward, keeper of the town cattle; Woodward forest keeper.

Read, Reed, or Reid is an old form of spelling red, and was bestowed, as White, Brown and Black were, to denote the color worn, or the complexion had.

Hogarth, from the Dutch, means generous, high-natured; Rush is subtle; Bowne, ready; Bonner, kind, gracious; Eldridge, wild, ghastly.

Many Welsh names naturalized in English are from personal traits, as More, great; Duff, black; Vaughan, little; Lane, slender; Mole, bald; Gough, red.

Surnames now apparently meaningless had meaning in old English and provincial dialects. Brock, for instance, signifies badger; Talbot, mastiff; Todd, fox; Culver, pigeon; Henshaw, young heron; Coke, Cook.

THERE cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to His creatures.

PRETTY MAY ALGER.

I AM very systematic—some people say “too set;” but I do not find I am too much so for my own comfort. My niece Hetty says this is a pick-up-and-put-away-house, when she comes to visit me. Yes, and the enforcement of that rule is what gives me so much leisure.

And then only once a week do I task my strength to whip eggs, and take time to mix in due confusion all the elements of richness that constitute plum-pudding. Once a week only I make a loaf of the plainest cake, but bringing all my little scientific knowledge to bear upon it, I produce a light, nutritious compound, and many of my friends are kind enough to say that my plain cake always tastes better than their pound cake.

What! shall I fritter away the time God has given me for higher purposes, in preparing for the healthy, hearty stomachs around me, indigestible messes from which half our domestic unhappiness springs?

Not till housekeepers learn to be more simple in their tastes, to cook thoroughly, to understand the hygiene of living, to think more of the soul than the stomach, more of the morals of the little ones than of fine, outside show, to give at least to children only such food as makes bone, and blood, and muscle, will they deserve the honor that crowns all well-doing in every department of life.

Pretty Mary Alger married at the early age of nineteen. Her husband—a young lawyer not much over twenty, full of talent and ambition—was what is called a rising man.

Mary was beautiful, but with a will and a way of her own. Both she and her husband were quick tempered. When they married I pitied the girl, she looked so pretty and so contented; pitied her not because of her youth, but because she had been brought up by a mother who did not know the meaning of the word system. It was with a pang that I sometimes heard high voices when I visited the pretty new cottage, so neatly furnished, and saw evidences of careless living.

Time went on. The singing voices of little children sounded in the garden and the house, but the young husband had taken to going to the hotel and the club-room. There was a rumor of quarrels, and Mary seldom went out or joined her neighbors.

One day an accident happened to her little boy, and I was sent for. Alas! mismanagement was palpable to the dullest sense. Things were untidy; Mary was sick and discouraged. Was this girl formerly the belle of the village, the sweetest singer, the merriest sprite of all the young people?

She burst into tears as I bandaged the head of the screaming child, and sobbed that she wished herself dead, wished they were all dead together.

This was terrible. I talked with her for an hour. That night I sent for her husband, and, using the privilege of age, I fancy he never heard so many home truths in the course of his life. He left me a wiser and humbler man, perhaps; at all events with promises of amendment.

Next day I sent my oldest daughter over to Mary's home. Poor Mary was making an effort to heed the advice I had given her yesterday. She had dressed herself neatly, and seemed willing to do everything that was suggested for the bettering of household services.

“It did seem as if things went wrong on purpose,” she said to Mary, “but she meant to try.” And she did try with all her might.

Her husband seeing a change in the aspect of home, changed also. Mary soon learned to see what was for her interest. Instead of the worst, the best was used in daily service. The pretty things that had been packed away for fear they would be broken, were brought out again, and made to add to the embellishments of home. She even found time to open the long-neglected piano, and practice her old songs.

“Why, Mary,” her husband exclaimed, in sheer astonishment, when he came in one evening and she was singing one of his special favorites, “I didn't know as I should ever hear you sing again,” and he sat down to the enjoyment, thoroughly delighted, for few voices I have ever heard, held the exquisite sweetness that Mary's lightest tones possessed.

For two or three months I gave all my spare time to Mary, because I saw she was willing to learn. She often said to me:

“Why, I don't work half as hard as I did before, and yet it seems as if there was more done.”

And there was, but system lightened toil.

The lawyer, now a man of eminence, never goes to the club, even though he has a house full of children, and they make plenty of noise. But the noise is under regulation, as well as the work, and a more delightful evening cannot well be spent than I have passed in Mary's orderly home, where they all sing, even the two-year-old prattler, and the open piano has become an institution that they would not know how to be without.

Mary says that she had never dreamed that method and forethought could make such a difference, and that every child she has shall be trained to systematize labor, so that they may never suffer as she did.

“And, I believe,” she once added, “that disorderly households create more unhappiness than absolute wrong doing.”

ANECDOTES OF CROCKETT.—Col. David Crockett, remembered for his often-quoted saying, “Be sure you are right, then go ahead,” was a backwoodsman until he was thirty-five years of age, when he first visited Nashville. He could neither read nor write until the age of eighteen, his life having been passed in hunting and on a frontier farm. But he had a vigorous intellect and good sense, and the settlers in the backwoods of Tennessee looked up to him as a natural leader.

During these early days there was but little law and less government in the south-west. But the settlers organized for mutual protection, and elected Crockett a magistrate. He filled the position with such vigor and impartiality as to satisfy the people. “Although my warrants for arrest,” he says, “were never written, my word was enough, and the offender was taken, dead or alive, nor were my judgments ever appealed from, but stuck like wax.”

In 1821, he was elected to the State legislature, and, going to Nashville for the first time, met Col., afterwards President Polk. “I suppose, Col. Crockett,” said Col. Polk, when one day in company, “the legislature will make a change in the judiciary.” “I suppose so,” replied Crockett, getting out of the way as soon as possible. “For,” he says, in explanation of his retreat, “at that time I really did not know what the judiciary was.

But his naturally strong intellect and habits of observation soon formed the backwoodsman into a serviceable legislator. His constituents re-elected him, and then sent him for three consecutive terms to Congress.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



ONE result is more apparent now than probably it ever has been since we came to these mountains. It is this: that the men and women who have lived according to the precepts and requirements of the gospel are in a better condition to withstand the assaults of our enemies than those who have pursued a contrary course. Thousands of discourses have been preached and published to the people setting forth this great truth. Probably no subject has been so much dwelt upon by the Elders. If the people have not understood it, it has been because human thought and language could not be made impressive enough to reach them. But present events should impress this great truth on the minds of the Latter-day Saints more indelibly than any mere words can possibly do. They have before them to-day the illustration of this truth. Do you know any men or women whose lives have been pure, who have obeyed the requirements of the gospel, who have made the Holy Spirit their guide, who to-day are trembling, faint-hearted and ready to yield to the demands of the enemies of God's kingdom? We do not believe there is such a person in the Church. But those who have lived in this manner are strong in the Lord, full of courage, full of hope, full of confidence, and determined to press forward in the performance of their duties. Those who have committed sin—and especially sexual sins—now feel the need of that strength, of that light and power which their conduct has to some extent deprived them of.

And yet with all these examples before us (and the history of the men of our Church is full of similar illustrations) men and women to-day indulge in acts which will most assuredly bring upon them the most terrible consequences.

We are told that among young people there is a growing tendency to indulge in vice of the most damning character, and questions are asked as to how this can be stopped. The time will come when such conduct will not be permitted among the people of God. But at present the wicked have power and bear rule. Men who sympathize with corruption and who would be glad to see our young people become immoral, execute the laws and have control in the courts of the Territory. Our only power as a people is the power of moral suasion. We can withdraw our fellowship from the wicked. We can sever them from our Church; but beyond this we cannot go. However vile their conduct may be we can inflict no physical punishment. Under such circumstances the people are left to choose whom they will serve, and the greatest possible care ought to be taken by parents and others who have charge of the young to fortify them against the allurements which abound in society.

We think it is well for us that the Lord has blessed us in organizing our Sunday schools. What would our condition be

to-day if it were not for the Sunday school organization and the organization of the improvement associations and other societies in our midst? And yet, with all these, vice seeks to corrupt and to lead astray, and its advocates are, to some extent, successful. Like wolves which are ever ready to devour sheep, they get into their power some of the flock and make them their prey.

If we could speak in thunder tones we would say to the young of both sexes, and in fact to all, avoid every lustful thought, every lustful action, all sins of this character; for just as sure as they are committed they bring a blight upon the soul. The spirit of God will not dwell with such people. Sooner or later they will apostatize, unless they repent with deep and heartfelt repentance, and even then they never can recover their lost ground. There will always be a weakness about such characters. But the pure man, the pure woman, those who have obeyed the laws of God and have maintained their virtue and purity, they are strong through the strength of the Lord and the power of the Holy Ghost.

MARRIED WITHOUT SHOES.

ABOUT twenty years ago, a young fellow named Johnson, in the wilds of the Cheat mountains, in West Virginia, made up his mind to be married.

"But you have not a penny," remonstrated his friends.

"I have my hands. A man was given two hands, one to scratch for himself, the other for his wife," he said.

On the day of the wedding, Johnson appeared in a whole coat and trousers, but barefooted.

"This is hardly decent," said the clergyman. "I will lend you a pair of shoes."

"No," said Johnson. "When I can buy shoes, I'll wear them; not before." And he stood up to be married without another thought of his feet.

The same sturdy directness showed itself in his future course. What he had not money to pay for, he did without. He hired himself to a farmer for a year's work. With the money saved from his wages, he bought a couple of acres of timber-land and a pair of sheep, built himself a hut, and went to work on his ground.

His sheep increased; as time passed, he bought more; then sold off the cheaper kinds and invested in Southdown and French Merino. His neighbors tried by turns raising horses, cattle, or gave their attention to experimental farming.

Johnson, having once found out that sheep-raising in this district brought a handsome profit, stuck to sheep-raising. He had that shrewdness in seeing the best way, and dogged persistence in following it, which are the surest elements of success.

Stock-buyers from the Eastern markets soon found that Johnson's fleeces were the finest, and his mutton the sweetest on the Cheat. He never allowed their reputation to fall; the end of which course is that the man who was married barefooted is now worth a large property.

The story is an absolutely true one, and may point a moral for the hordes of stout, able-bodied men who crowd the cities this Summer, complaining that they must starve for want of work.

PATIENCE doth conquer by out-suffering all.



SWITZERLAND. (See page 250.)

SWITZERLAND.

IN about the middle of western Europe, with France on the west, Germany on the north, Austria on the east and Italy on the south, lies the small Swiss republic—a country of which, doubtless, most of our readers have heard as being the home of a brave and freedom-loving people and a region whose natural scenery is unsurpassed in grandeur by that of any other place on the earth. This little spot, although its greatest length is but one hundred and eighty miles, and its width but one hundred and thirty miles, and is also the most mountainous country of Europe, contains a population of nearly three million souls.

The history of this country and its inhabitants can be traced but little back of the time of the Savior, and even what is known of those early times has been learned from the writings of Roman historians. We find that a race of people called Helvetians lived in the north-western part of this land, while in the south-east dwelt the Rætians. These tribes frequently engaged in war with each other as well as with the other tribes who dwelt near them. Even as early as the year 107 B. C. a branch of the Helvetian tribe, led by a young but brave and skillful general Divico, marched into Gaul (the present France) and completely routed the Roman army under Cassius. This victory seeming to gratify, for the time being, their desire for adventure, they returned again to their homes, where they followed peaceable pursuits for upwards of forty years. In the year 60 B. C. the people becoming again restless prepared to emigrate to Gaul, and after getting everything in readiness burned twelve cities and four hundred villages, so that none of the more than three hundred thousand persons composing their party might desire to return. With shouts of joy the march was commenced, and no thought of failure in the success of the undertaking entered the minds of the wanderers; but before they had passed the borders of their own land Julius Cæsar with his army began to oppose them, and in June of 58 B. C., succeeded in gaining a complete victory over them. He then forced them to return and rebuild their old homes, and consider themselves henceforth subject to Rome.

It would form too long a chapter to trace the history of this little country through all the troubles brought upon it by avaricious tribes or rulers who vainly sought to conquer and bring in complete subjection to them the heroic people dwelling here. True there was a time, about the beginning of the fourteenth century when some of the Swiss suffered under the galling yoke of bondage placed upon their necks by the Austrian rulers; when tyrants exercised power to the great sorrow and humiliation of the people; but a change came after a severe struggle. A solemn league was formed on the Ruetli meadow, and among the brave men who there swore to defend their families and homes, and maintain their rights is said to have been one William Tell, whose name is known and held in grateful remembrance by every Swiss. He it was, according to the word of some historians, who killed Gessler, and thus freed his country from the rule of an unprincipled and cruel tyrant, and thereby struck the first successful blow in the struggle which resulted in the freeing of his countrymen from bondage.

Later the people were again threatened with bondage at the hands of the Austrians, but they bravely resisted every encroachment, and in the battles of Naefels and Sempach so thoroughly routed their enemies that peace was soon sought by the aggressors. This latter battle has been made famous by the heroic act of one man. The Swiss, numbering about fifteen hundred, and but poorly armed with clubs, short spears and forks, were attacked by four thousand Austrian soldiers

encased in steel and provided with the best of weapons. These presented to their fearless opponents an unbroken line of spears against which the hardy Swiss unavailingly threw themselves. Already were sixty of the latter weltering in their blood and not one of the former was injured, when the extremities of the line began to move around to encircle and so annihilate the little band of battling patriots. At this moment the hero Arnold von Winkelried stepped from the ranks of his countrymen and shouting, "Countrymen, I will make a pass for you; care for my wife and children," gathered an armful of spears in his embrace and fell dying to the ground. Through this opening the Swiss fled dealing death and destruction on every hand with the short weapons which they could now use to advantage. The day was won by the oppressed.

As early as the year 1352 eight cantons of Switzerland entered into a solemn perpetual compact to assist each other in any difficulties which might arise with a foreign power, and to maintain their rights and freedom even at the cost of their lives should it be necessary. This was the foundation of the Swiss confederation, which has passed through many changes during the centuries which have since elapsed until it gained the proud position it now occupies. And indeed it is a marvel how this little republic has continued its independence during all the troubles in which the powerful nations surrounding it have been engaged.

The inhabitants of Switzerland are a hardy, industrious, brave and hospitable people whose principal occupations are tilling the soil and stock-raising. In the forests, which are said to cover about one-sixth of the entire surface, many persons find employment in cutting wood, both for fuel and building, there being no good coal in the country. Dairy products bring, however, the greatest revenue to the people, the value of which is estimated to be about ten million dollars annually. The number of horned stock is estimated at one million, one-fourth of which is composed of milch cows. During the Summer the cattle are driven into the mountains, where they are tended by herdsmen who live in rude huts, like the one represented in the middle of our engraving. These are called *chalets*, and it is indeed agreeable for a tourist to come to such a place while traveling in the mountains, and receive from the liberal keeper a good supply of sweet cream or milk. The yield of the cows while at pasture in the mountains is here converted into cheese and butter which in the Fall and Winter are sold to advantage. Many people who cannot afford to keep a cow have a goat, which is kept with profit.

In the western part of Switzerland the vine is cultivated quite extensively from the fruit of which an excellent quality of wine is manufactured, while in the eastern part orchards are numerous, the fruit of which is made into cider and what is called *kirschwasser*, a liquor used a great deal by the people.

Of manufactures Switzerland also yields its portion. Watches are made in great abundance; and jewelry, silks, cottons, linens, hosiery, leather and paper are also manufactured and exported in considerable quantities.

Many of the customs of the Swiss are very peculiar. Their costumes, some of which are shown at the bottom of the engraving, differ in some particular in each of the twenty-two cantons. Their dialects, too, are very numerous, and to a person accustomed only to the pure German are just as unintelligible for a time as would be the English language.

A HEART unspotted is not easily daunted.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 238.)

HAVING added, by the aid of God, in the neighborhood of one hundred Maoris to the Church and organized two branches in the Wairarapa, we moved to the north into new fields. Our visit to these parts was first suggested in this manner: During one of the sessions of the Maori Land Court, which sat at Greytown, Wairarapa, it was our good fortune to meet a very influential chief from Hawkes Bay on the east coast of New Zealand. He having learned of us and our mode of traveling, to preach the gospel, was moved upon by some unknown influence to send us £1, (\$5.00) and his love before we met him. Subsequently the gospel was preached to him and Tomoana, a member of the New Zealand parliament, by us through an interpreter. On their return to Hawkes Bay they extended to us a cordial invitation to visit them at their homes and disseminate the tenets of our religion among their tribes.

After this month passed and we heard no word from these influential men, when at length a letter came from Otene Meihana, a chief whom we had met and to whom we had preached the truth. In his letter he wished to know where the "Mormon" ministers were. Afterwards he telegraphed for us to come at once to Hawkes Bay as many of the Maoris were anxiously awaiting our arrival at that place.

On April 11, 1884, having been provided by the Saints of the Wairarapa with a horse, saddle, haversack, swag covered with oil cloth, leggins and money to pay our way, as well as a letter of introduction from the influential chiefs of the Wairarapa, we left Masterton and after traveling five days arrived at our destination. Our letters of introduction secured for us ample food, lodging and horse feed on the road.

On arriving at Tomoana where a large number of chiefs of Hawkes Bay were assembled to transact business of a political nature, we were cordially welcomed by Otene Meihana and Tomoana. Our arrival created some excitement and curiosity in the minds of the natives. Consequently our labors immediately commenced. After residing for two weeks in Tomoana's fine residence we removed to Otene's home where we received the kindest attention. On April 20, we preached for the first time to the people in the Maori language. In so doing we felt full and enjoyed much of the Spirit of God.

The natives present informed us that an influence, unknown to them, rested powerfully upon them. The following Sunday, previous arrangements having been made, Otene Meihana was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church. While our hands were on his head a vision appeared before his mind's eye, in which a panorama of the nations and countries of the whole earth was portrayed. He said in this vision the people were one in love and charity and had one Lord, one faith and one baptism. He could see his wives, for he had two, and children afar off, thus showing the gulf between those in the fold of Christ and those out of it. Immediately after our hands were removed from his head he burst into tears and his family all wept with him. Thus a proud chief self-willed and determined, of a warlike nation was humbled as a babe by the Spirit of God.

On Sunday, May 5, thirteen natives, having made arrangements to embrace the truth and the news of the same being

extended to the neighboring settlements, a large number of natives assembled at Teonoke, our headquarters at Hawkes Bay. The converts were told to prepare for baptism. I retired to the tent, made myself ready and walked toward the river's edge. As I turned, my eyes beheld a most beautiful, though peculiar spectacle—thirteen natives, six men and seven women, wending their way out from the green foliage of the trees. The males had only a white sheet fastened around their waists by means of a belt. The women were clad in white. The contrast between their black heads and brown skins and the pure white clothing was very striking. This, in connection with the pleasantness of the day, the calm surface of the river, the beautiful green appearance of nature's verdure made the scene very impressive. It seemed as if the mellow-throated songsters ceased their warbling in solemn reverence for the occasion. Immediately on the brow of the hill were about forty dusky natives, sitting and reclining in various positions, gazing with wonder upon the scene.

The natives having reached the spot of entrance into the river Brother Hinckley offered a few words of prayer, when I led the way into the water followed by one of the natives. After the thirteen were immersed the time until dinner was utilized by the Maoris in commenting upon what had taken place.

At 2 p. m. the ringing of a bell announced the convening of meeting. About fifty persons had assembled in a long, low, dark building. After some few remarks had been made those who had been baptized were confirmed members of the Church. This being done a number of children were blessed. To see those little ones standing in a row awaiting their blessing and name, forcibly reminded me of the circumstance and saying of Jesus, when He said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

The sacredness and importance of purely partaking of the Lord's supper having been explained, the same was administered.

By performing the ordinances of baptism, confirmation, blessing children and the administration of the sacrament, a great sermon was preached to those who had not received the truth. It was plain to their understanding that these ordinances were in conformity with the doctrines of the Bible. The day was one of great rejoicing and God was praised for the opportunity of administering the ordinance of the gospel to so many under such pleasant circumstances and influence.

Brother Otene Meihana was very ambitious in the work, having an ardent desire to bring all his race into the truth, and through his labors the word of God was carried to many persons.

(To be Continued.)

TIME—The seven days is by far the most permanent division of time, and the most ancient monument of astronomical knowledge. It was used by the brahmins in India, with the same denomination used by us, and was alike found in the calendars of the Jews, Egyptians, Arabs and Assyrians. It has survived the fall of empires, and has existed among all successive generations; a proof of the common origin of mankind. The division of the year into months, etc., is very old, and almost universal, but not so ancient or uniform as the seven days, or week.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER XIII.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

THERE was a well-to do free citizen on the rock, a former acquaintance of my childhood, and a great friend of my father when he lived on the stronghold of Gibraltar, whose name was Gilchrist. He was a Methodist, and I had taken considerable pains to inform him concerning our doctrines and had furnished him with a Book of Mormon, Voice of Warning and other books and tracts. He became convinced that sprinkling children was only man's theory and not consistent with Bible doctrine, as Jesus and the disciples taught the people to first believe and repent and then be baptized, not to be baptized and afterwards believe and repent. Mr. Gilchrist acknowledged that I taught the truth, yet he turned me away from his house and was, therefore, more culpable.

At his own request I went to his house one day and taught him for two hours, the principles of the gospel. During this time he was called twice to dinner, but he did not go himself, nor did he ask me to partake of a meal, although he was well aware of the meagre diet to which I was compelled to accustom myself.

It appeared to me that he was convinced of the truth of the message that I bore, but was not sufficiently honest to receive it. Finally, as I was leaving him, he offered me fifty cents, saying at the same time that it was not to help me in spreading the imposture, but for my personal use. I told him that I was preaching without purse or scrip, but was unwilling to receive gifts only in the name of a disciple. I returned not again to that house.

At the same time that I was teaching Mr. Gilchrist I was laboring with a soldier named Thomas McDonald, and though he received no more instruction than the former, he accepted the truth and was baptized. One night, he said, after he had retired to rest, he had a dream and a messenger whose hair was nearly white, appeared to him. This searcher after truth then asked his visitor about the Book of Mormon, as they had been talking about that record. It was opened and the messenger simply said, "How plain it is, is it not?"

In the dream he also saw me tired and weary, but hard at work digging the ground. He touched me and asked what I was doing, when I replied that I intended to sow seed and if possible reap a harvest of souls.

This man was the means of bringing several other soldiers of his regiment into the Church.

There was a painful incident came under my observation about this time that I will here just mention: One day I had as usual a parcel of books in my arm and was visiting and teaching wherever I could meet anyone who would listen to my remarks. I called at a shoe shop in the southern part of the rock where I found six men engaged at shoe making. After telling them the object of my visit and giving them some tracts I opened the book of Doctrine and Covenants where it speaks of the martyrdom of Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, and read this aloud to the workmen. As I finished reading everything was for a moment as still as death everyone present having ceased to work. In a moment one of the six broke out in an ungovernable rage, saying, "Joe Smith was served just right and ought to have been killed long before he was."

My reasoning with him only served to enrage him more, and his closing remark to me was, "Joe Smith ought to have been cut up into mince-meat."

I gathered up my books and said to him that he was guilty of shedding innocent blood inasmuch as he consented to it in his heart, for which cause the wrath of God would rest upon him, and he should feel His power to the consuming of his body, and that too, in a very short time. He would then know that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God and that I was a servant of the Almighty.

On the following day he with the others came to his work as usual, but he had not been there long before he began vomiting blood, and before he could be carried to the hospital he was dead. Just before dying he said to his fellow-workmen, "I wrongfully abused that man yesterday."

Thus did the judgment of God speedily follow him.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE excitement concerning the half masting of the flags on the 4th of July has had a remarkable termination. Governor Murray is credited, and I suppose correctly, with having made use of this placing of the flags at half mast by some of our people, as a ground to accuse us of intending to repeat this act in a more offensive form on Pioneer day. His object in this, doubtless, was to injure us in the eyes of the Administration and to obtain some advantages to himself, especially the authority to use the troops. It is stated that General Howard, who commands this military department, sent to the President dispatches which sustained the statements made by Murry.

President Cleveland is reported as having, in reply, placed all the troops under Howard's control to be held in readiness to suppress any outbreak on the part of the "Mormon" people of this Territory on the 24th of July. It is supposed that Murry, when Howard was here, made him believe that there was danger of an outbreak on Pioneer day. The alleged cause that was to lead to the outbreak would be the attempt by the "Mormons" to place the flags at half mast on the 24th and the wearing by their children, who were to take part in the singing in this city in the large tabernacle, of black rosettes on their breasts. Grand army organizations had met and proffered their services to come here on the 24th and to punish any attempt on the part of the "Mormon" people to either wear black rosettes or to put the flag at half mast. They were determined, it seems, that we should not do this even if we wished to.

At no time and by no person who had any authority to act was it intended either to wear black rosettes or to have the flag at half mast. There was no earthly reason why the Latter-day Saints should do either upon the 24th. It was not a day dedicated to liberty, and therefore it was not necessary that we should express our mourning in that manner. Pioneer day is a day that we can commemorate because of the memories associated therewith, which to us are of a pleasant character; for it was on that day that the pioneers reached a land which God had selected and designated as a place of gathering for His people in these mountain regions. But the

attempt of our enemies to raise trouble in this manner shows to what straits they are reduced to make a case against the Saints.

Now, mark what followed. The very acts for which we were to be punished, if performed by us, our enemies themselves, in the providence of the Almighty, have had to perform. That which Murray and others would have the troops ordered to prevent us from doing they themselves have had to do, and that, too, under his own proclamation. General U. S. Grant, the great hero of the Civil war, the victorious general, who had filled the office of Chief Magistrate for eight years, died on the morning of the 23rd. Upon receipt of the news the governor of the Territory issued a proclamation requesting all citizens to place their flags at half mast. The grand army of the republic, also, I understand, made an order that its members should wear a black rosette on their breasts in token of mourning! I suppose they little thought, when they threatened us as they did, that they would by their own arrangement, have to do the same thing they so objected to our doing.

I look upon this as a remarkable providence, and think that those people ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves for the absurd position in which they are placed. They ought to see that the trap they prepared for us they walked into.

This proceeding reminds me very much of the charge that was made against the Prophet Joseph in early life. He was charged with having been a "money digger." It seemed to be a terribly wicked thing for a man to be a "money digger;" at least one would judge so by the manner in which they used this charge against the prophet, making it very opprobrious to have ever engaged in such business.

Within five years after his death hundreds of clergymen left their pulpits, hundreds of lawyers left their offices, and leading men from all parts of the Union deserted their pursuits and homes to travel their weary way across the continent to California in search of gold. It suddenly became one of the most honorable callings in the land to be a gold digger. From that day to this no enemy has ever expressed himself against Joseph as a "money digger." And so it has been from the beginning. It has seemed as though in many instances that might be mentioned the Lord has permitted circumstances to take such shape that our enemies have done the very acts that they have blamed us for doing. They have seemingly followed in our wake, trod in our footsteps, and if they had had a wish to imitate us they could not have copied more closely after us than they have done.

At the present time several of the leading men of our community are compelled, in order to escape the vile treatment which their enemies would inflict upon them, to keep out of public sight. They have to conceal themselves from the officers; for if they could get hold of them it would give them great delight to inflict every indignity possible upon them and to put them in prison regardless of any evidence that might be in their favor. It is a foregone conclusion that they must go to the penitentiary however innocent they may be. If that had not been the case the prosecution would not have had them indicted upon the flimsy evidence that was presented before the grand jury.

It is very pertinent at the present time to inquire how long it will be before the leading men of this nation will find themselves in a similar position. It would not surprise me if they will yet have to hide; not so much because of their innocence, perhaps, as for other causes, to escape the violence of their enemies. Most assuredly men in power who permit such

persecution as has been carried on in Utah, Idaho and Arizona involve a nation in a serious dilemma. By permitting this condition of affairs to prevail they virtually approve of all that is being done and are directly responsible therefore, and they will have to pay the penalty for such a failure to maintain justice and right.

I HAVE understood that some, especially our enemies, have expressed the opinion that they would respect the First Presidency much more if they would come to the front and give themselves up. Perhaps there may be some who call themselves members of the Church who have had this feeling; but if there are they stand, in my estimation, precisely in the same position that the men did who by their whining and persuasions induced the Prophet Joseph to return to Nauvoo after he had made his preparations to leave for the West. That surrender on his part led to his and the Patriarch Hyrum Smith's massacre.

We have an exhibition at the present time as to what the fate of the First Presidency would be if their enemies could get them in their power. Angus M. Cannon and Amos Milton Musser were indicted and convicted of unlawful cohabitation with their wives by such juries as the present prosecution impaneled to secure conviction. They were sentenced to pay a fine of \$300 each and to imprisonment in the penitentiary for six months. What do we now hear? While these brethren are yet in prison subpoenas are served upon their families to appear before the grand jury in October next. It is announced that it is the intention to procure evidence to indict them again for the same offense, and in this way to keep them another six months in prison. By this action our enemies hope to strike terror into the hearts of the people and to wreak vengeance upon men who happen to be the most prominent they have now in charge. What do you think would be the fate of the First Presidency in the hands of such inhuman creatures? In view of the fiendish malice exhibited in this proposed proceeding towards these two brethren everyone can answer for himself. Truly it has been said by one of old that "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." The Lord deliver us as a people from such monsters and their power! This earth would be made a hell if such men had their way. They would destroy every virtuous man and woman and obliterate every principle of liberty from the face of the earth. And, not only this, they would punish men for the free expression of their opinions.

Angus M. Cannon and Amos Milton Musser gave offense by their outspoken sentiments at the time of their trial. This of itself is sufficient in their enemies' estimation to merit punishment. They must not only be wronged and outraged, but they must hold their tongues, and while being treated in this manner, look pleasantly and smile, and if they utter any expression have it one of satisfaction for the treatment they receive. This is the whole secret of the anger exhibited about the placing of the flag at half mast on the 4th. We must not mourn even though every liberty be trampled down, even though free men be put in prison.

Must we, as a free people, submit to such conduct and not protest against it? If we did we would be unworthy of our origin, we would be unworthy of our surroundings, we would be unworthy of our posterity.

No man should so act as to take advantage of another's folly.

AN ELDER'S EXPERIENCE.

THE following communication will doubtless prove of interest to all our readers, and we therefore give it in full:

HORSE CREEK, N. C.

July, 24, 1885.

Editor of Juvenile Instructor:

Perhaps a short sketch of my missionary experience will be acceptable to you. I am happy to say that I am a Utah born and raised boy, brought up in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for which I feel to thank God. I always had an idea that the Saints were a blessed people, but, could never have realized to what extent had it not been for being favored to come upon this mission to proclaim the gospel message to the inhabitants of the earth.

I left my home in Kanosh on the 8th of May, 1883, and came direct to Chattanooga, Tenn., and was there assigned to labor in the North Carolina conference. I traveled with Elders W. H. White and E. G. Farmer the first year, during which time we had no persecution and but very little success.

On the first of April, 1884, Elder W. F. Garner joined me as traveling companion, and we immediately launched out into a new field where "Mormons" had never been seen. Our first trip was on Horse Creek. One night we held a meeting and after services were over all the people, (who evidently had come out more for curiosity than anything else) began to scatter, leaving us in the house alone. While we were thinking of making the benches our place of repose; a generous-hearted lady stepped in the house and said, "Well, if nobody else is going to take you home, come with me."

After much labor we succeeded in making friends among the people, although we were constantly opposed by a Campbellite minister who followed us from place to place trying to refute the doctrines we taught, but his efforts were vain; the more he opposed us the faster the gospel spread, so that we now have a branch of the Church and Sabbath school here, with twenty-eight baptisms (all grown people) and twenty blessings recorded on the Church record.

Seeing how the gospel was being received by the people Satan began to reinforce his army, and the house where we were sleeping one night was saluted by a discharge of guns and pistols. This not having the desired effect, we were subsequently met on the Sabbath day by twenty-two intoxicated "Christians," who ordered us to leave the country or suffer death.

Two months later Brother Garner and I were aroused from our bed of slumber about midnight by an officer and posse of men, who arrested us on a charge of "Preaching, teaching and promulgating the doctrine of polygamy."

We were taken the same hour of the night to a small railroad town five miles distant where we were kept until morning. A dispatch was then sent to J. M. Dimmerley, a pettifogger of Elizabethton, who had sworn out the warrant against us. He immediately came upon the train, bringing with him a magistrate to try us. At 2 p. m. an examination was held. We had been so closely confined by the officer who had us in charge, that we could not get out after witnesses, bondsmen or anything else, so we urged that we were not ready for trial. After the magistrate and prosecutor had tried to force us into trial but could not succeed, we were required to give a thousand dollar bond for our appearance four days later. It so happened that a number of our friends who own good farms, worth much more than the bond required, were present, and

very readily offered to go our security, but they were refused by the officers. Our only alternative, therefore, was to go to jail, and thus fulfill a prediction which was uttered upon the head of Elder Garner by a Patriarch of the Church in October, 1871. In the copy of this blessing was the following sentence: "Thou shalt be called to preach this gospel to nations, kindreds, tongues and people, and shall be cast into prison."

We tried in every way to avoid prison, but all in vain, a prophet of God had said, "Thou shalt be cast into prison," and our enemies were determined to fulfill it, not knowing what they were doing. So we were put aboard the train and taken to Elizabethton, county seat for Carter, Tenn., on the 15th of May, and put in an iron cage ten feet square with two other men, one of whom was confined for murder. Neither one of these prisoners were professors of Christianity and were somewhat rough in their speech; but before we were liberated they threw their cards away, took the Bible and tracts as a substitute, and instead of profaning the name of God, were pleased to kneel with us in prayer. I became much attached to them as they acted the part of gentlemen in every respect.

Much honor and respect is due to the jailor, Mr. Wm. Carriger and family, who treated us in the kindest possible manner. We had three meals each day of good food prepared in as nice and clean a manner as at a hotel, even though prisoners are only supposed to receive two meals per day.

Before the time came for us to have our hearing in the presence of the justice of the peace, Brother Morgan arrived from Chattanooga and the preliminary examination was waived, so we were compelled to remain in jail until a thousand dollar bond was given for our appearance at the July term of court. This required six days from the time incarcerated.

We came back here to our field of labor and went on with our preaching and baptizing, until the 13th of this month when we went to court. Witnesses against us went before the grand jury and as they had never heard Elder Garner speak on a religious subject he was released. An indictment was found against me, and I was released under a five hundred dollar bond for my appearance at next November term of court.

We returned to our field of labor immediately and are now meeting more friends than ever before, and the Saints are stronger in the faith, as they see the prophecies of Joseph Smith as well as those of Christ literally fulfilled.

July the 29th: Our number is still on the increase. Since starting this letter we have baptized eleven more adults and blessed a number of children.

Praying for the spread of truth I remain,

Your Brother in the gospel,

C. F. CHRISTENSEN.

CONDUCT IN MISFORTUNES.—If misfortunes have befallen you by your own misconduct, live and be wiser for the future. If they have befallen you by the fault of others, live; you have nothing wherewith to reproach thyself. If your character be unjustly attacked, live; time will remove the aspersion. If you have spiteful enemies, live, and disappoint their malice. If you have kind and faithful friends and kindred, live, to bless and protect them. If you hope for immortality, live, and prepare to enjoy it.

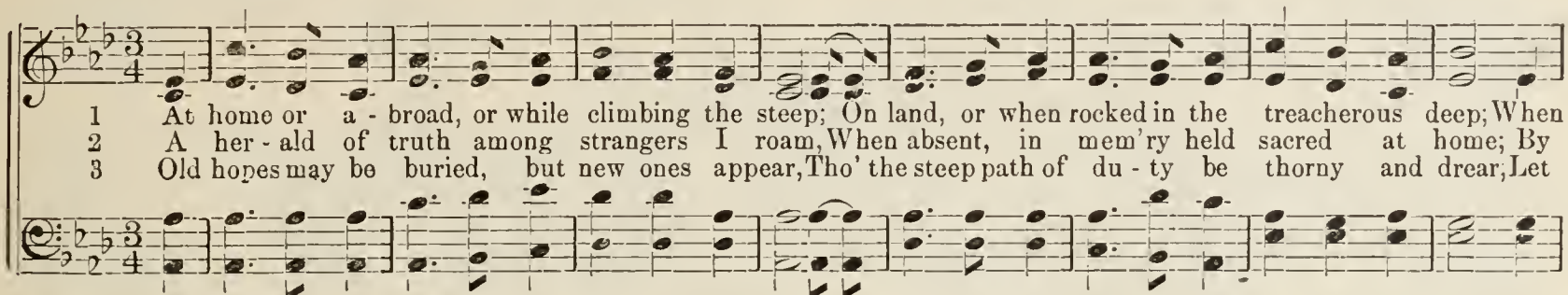
PUT not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

THE CHILDREN ARE PRAYING FOR ME.

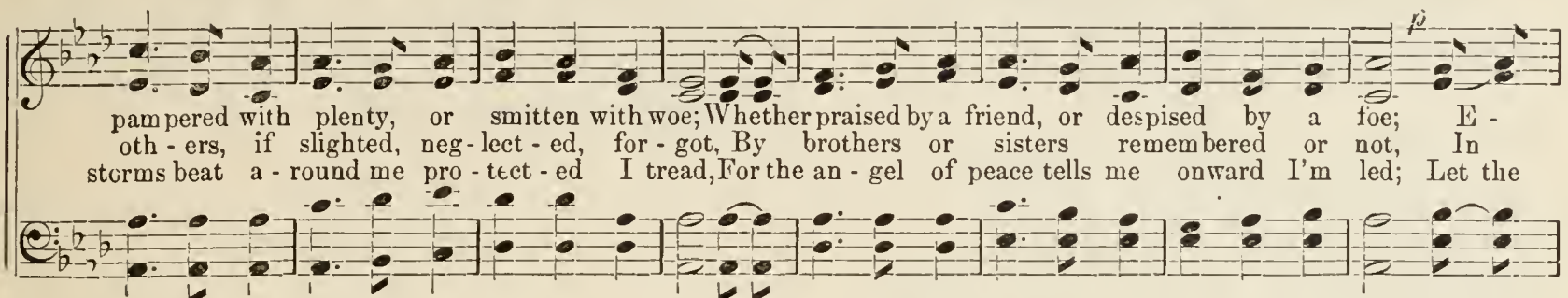
WORDS BY MOSES THATCHER.

MUSIC BY JAMES S. HANCEY.

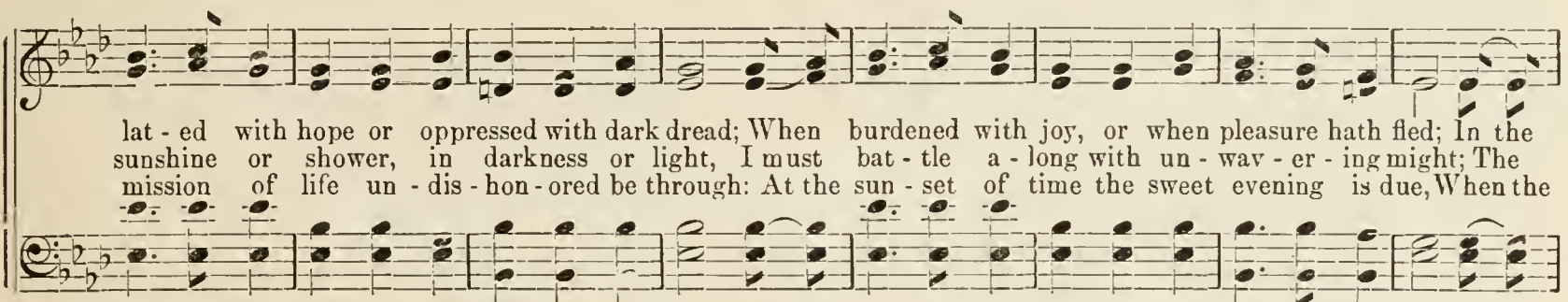
With a swinging movement. *mf*



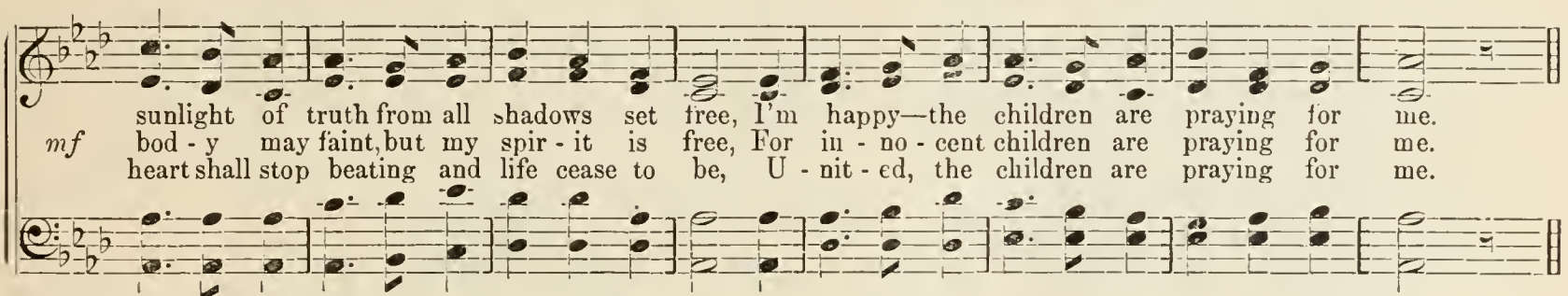
1 At home or a - broad, or while climbing the steep; On land, or when rocked in the treacherous deep; When
2 A her - ald of truth among strangers I roam, When absent, in mem'ry held sacred at home; By
3 Old hopes may be buried, but new ones appear, Tho' the steep path of du - ty be thorny and drear; Let



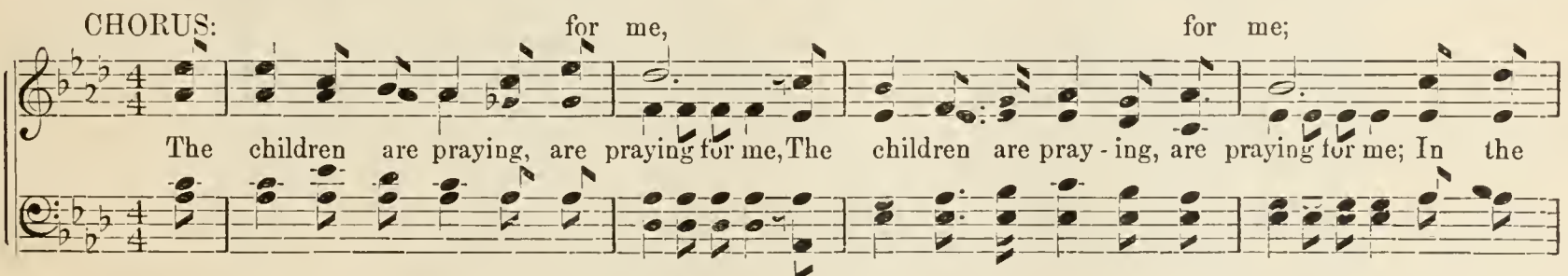
pampered with plenty, or smitten with woe; Whether praised by a friend, or despised by a foe; E -
oth - ers, if slighted, neg - lect - ed, for - got, By brothers or sisters remembered or not, In
storms beat a - round me pro - tect - ed I tread, For the an - gel of peace tells me onward I'm led; Let the



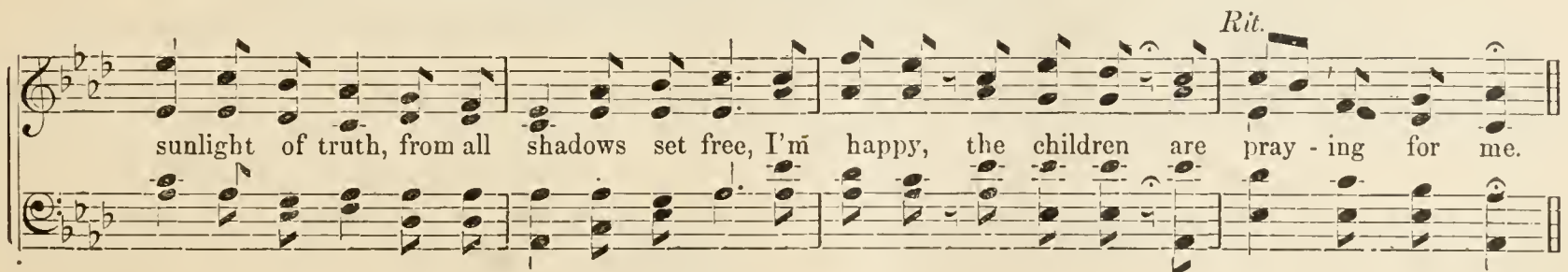
lat - ed with hope or oppressed with dark dread; When burdened with joy, or when pleasure hath fled; In the
sunshine or shower, in darkness or light, I must bat - tle a - long with un - wav - er - ing might; The
mission of life un - dis - hon - ored be through: At the sun - set of time the sweet evening is due, When the



mf sunlight of truth from all shadows set free, I'm happy—the children are praying for me.
bod - y may faint, but my spir - it is free, For in - no - cent children are praying for me.
heart shall stop beating and life cease to be, U - nit - ed, the children are praying for me.



CHORUS: for me, for me;
The children are praying, are praying for me, The children are pray - ing, are praying for me; In the



Rit.
sunlight of truth, from all shadows set free, I'm happy, the children are pray - ing for me.

THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight;
Thou musest, with wet eyes, upon the time
Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with light—
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
And quick the thought that moved thy tongue to speak,
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep;
A path, thick-set with changes and decays,
Slopes downward to the place of common sleep;
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
Leave, one by one, thy side, and, waiting near,
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age—
Dull love of rest, and weariness and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die:
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
Waits, like the morn, that folds her wing and hides,
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall He welcome thee when thou shalt stand
On His bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet!
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again;
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?
Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear
A gentle rustling of the morning gales?
A murmur, wafted from that glorious shore,
Of streams that water banks forever fair,
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
More musical in that celestial air?

W. C. BRYANT.

MOTHER BEYMER'S DIVIDENDS.

THERE died, recently, in a Western city, an old woman, known as Mother Beymer. She was a thrifty, hard-working Scotchwoman, with just enough education to carry on a green grocery successfully.

She never had any children of her own, but in her long life, had adopted one after the other, sixteen little orphans, who otherwise would have died, or dragged out miserable or vicious lives.

She took some of them when they were babies, nursed, fed, clothed and worked for them precisely as if God had given them to herself. Very few of the townspeople, indeed, knew that they were not her own.

Some of the girls married; others have trades; two of her boys were killed in the war; three are thriving farmers; two became ministers of the gospel; but, without an exception, all have led honest, useful lives.

Mother Beymer's shop was the largest in the town, and she worked early and late.

"You ought to be laying by money," a neighbor said to her once.

"My money's all invested," she said. "It's bringing in good dividends."

When she died, her children mourned for her with a gratitude which they would hardly have felt for a real mother.

Close beside the place, where she was buried, a rich man, who had "laid by" much money, was laid; but of all his wealth, only the ponderous marble monument remained which held him down.

But by the poor Scotchwoman's grave stood the living men and women whom she had saved from ruin, and sent out into the world as its helpers and teachers. Money invested in this way will "pay dividends" forever.

CHARADE.

BY MARY.

My first in Jerusalem, you cannot deny,
Stands forth at the entrance, all things to defy;
My second in honor and hope will be found;
And my third may be sought in the depth of the ground;
My fourth is in oceans as well as on lands;
In each State and Territory my fifth always stands;
My sixth in the heavens takes a prominent part,
And rests in the center of each person's heart;
My seventh, I'm sure, you cannot but spy,
For it's ever before you in reach of your eye;
My eighth is a right-angle, my ninth is round;
And my last in the first may always be found;
My whole, if arranged to agree with my plan,
Spells the name of a prominent, God-fearing man.

THE answer to the Charade published in No. 14 is HEARTH. Correct solutions have been received from Frank Pickering, Payson; G. Raymond, Kaysville; Ethel Farr, John V. Bluth, Ogden; George B. Mattson, Jr., Springville; Charles Jarvis, Woodruff, Arizona; J. W. Booth, Alpine; B. J. Beer, Annie Backman, Brigham A. Seare, Carl Bassett, Salt Lake City.

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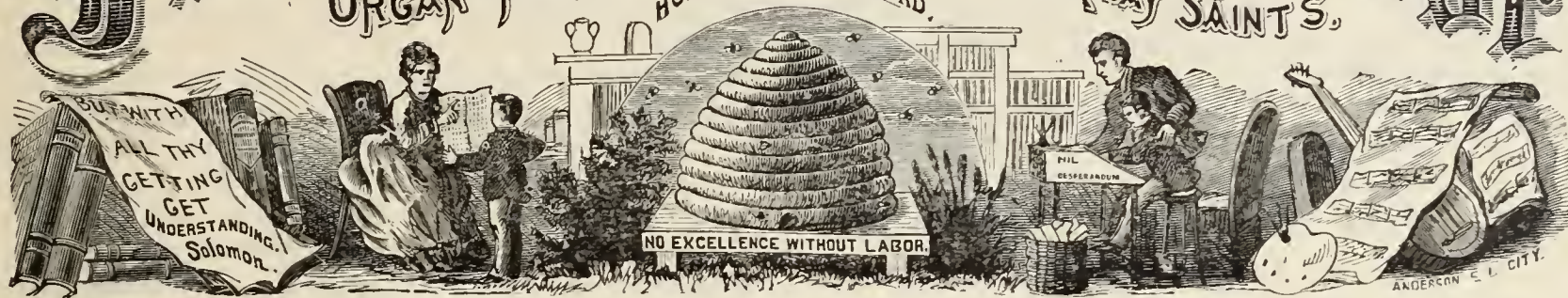
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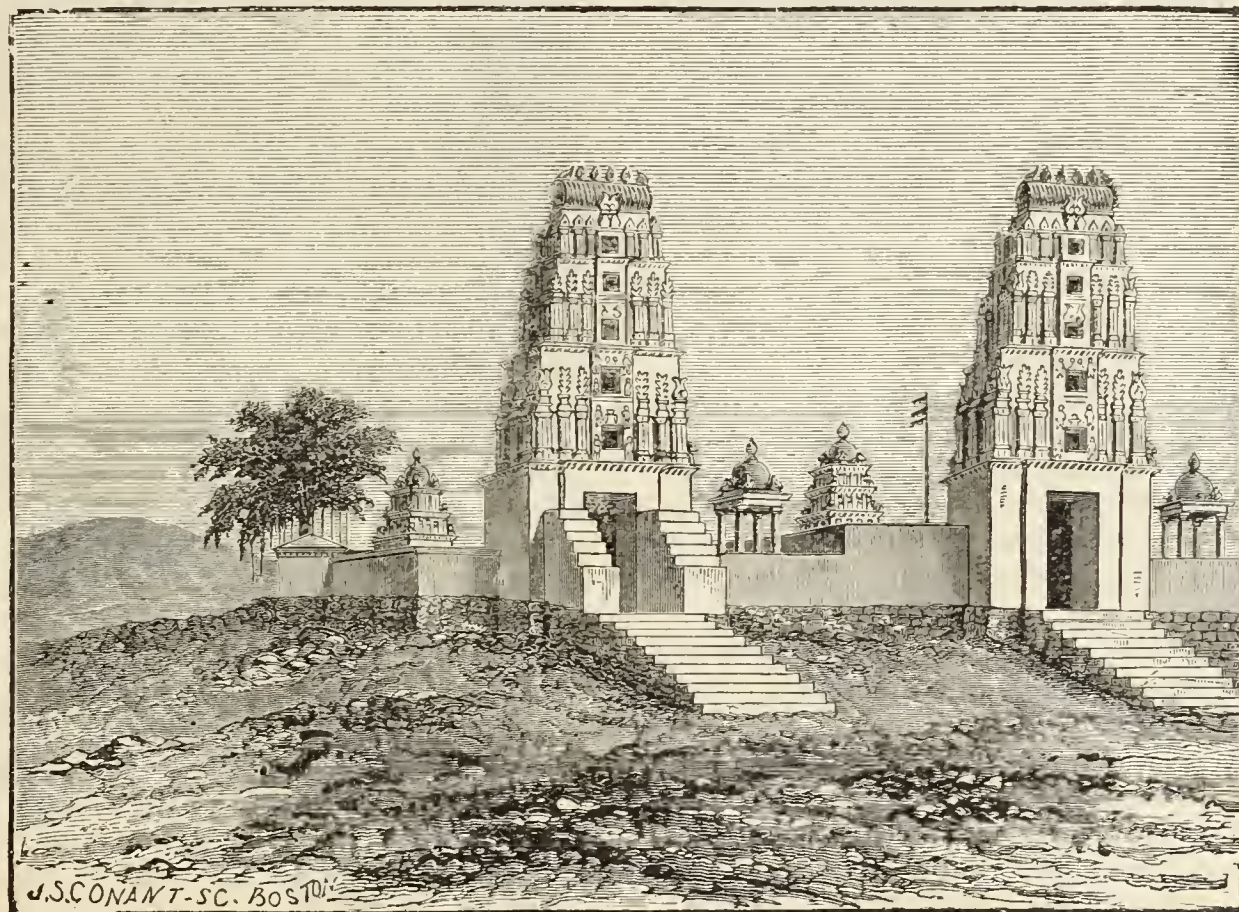
NO. 17.

TEMPLES OF INDIA.

THE eyes of many of our readers would open with astonishment could they but visit and spend a short time in India viewing the country and what it contains, and associating with the people to hear among other things their curious ideas concerning divine matters. Their gods are so numerous and the traditions connected with them so different that it would be impossible in one short article to mention them, but we can probably give a faint idea of their places of worship.

spire for topping structures for religious worship apparently meet with the most favor, as the majority of the buildings are so constructed. Still the pagoda of Tanjore, which is eighty-two feet square at the base and fourteen stories high, is a magnificent specimen of this style of architecture.

These temples are each supplied with numerous gods carved out of wood or stone. These are placed around in the various niches or cells prepared for their reception, and are almost



The temples represented in our engraving are situated near the city of Ongole, which in turn lies in the southern part of India about one hundred and seventy miles north of Madras. They are built of solid rock in a most substantial and costly manner. The style is different to that most common among the Hindoos, and resembles more the pagodas of the Chinese though they are oblong instead of square. The tower and

constantly the objects before which some of the ignorant heathens are prostrated. Money is left in various receptacles for the use of the gods by the worshipers, which of course is taken by the priests in attendance.

Various halls of different sizes and ornamentations are to be found in various parts of the temples. They are used for the curious ceremonies which belong to the Hindoo religion. The

most important are the nuptial halls in which the mystic union of the divinities is celebrated. These halls containing sometimes as many as a thousand columns all different and elaborately carved, must have been prepared only at an enormous cost of labor and expense.

But while the inside of these places of worship are so elegantly finished, the outside also has great care bestowed upon it, the result of which is that the solid walls are relieved by beautiful carvings and ornamentations, thus presenting a pleasing picture to the eye.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 251.)

ON Saturday the 11th, our interpreter having arrived from the Wairarapa, we proceeded to Paki Paki, seven miles from Taonoke, where we were well received by the natives. That same evening we preached to about fifty of them, and on Sunday morning were instrumental in the hands of God of adding five to the Church, and presenting the truth to over one hundred. Many of them made speeches of welcome to us, saying we were Saints of the living God, and that those who believed in the Bible could not refrain from believing in the doctrines we proclaimed. Many invitations were extended to us to go to other places to preach. Apparently the Spirit of God operated among these lost sheep of the house of Israel.

On the 16th of the same month we added two young men to the Church and made preparations to leave Taonoke for Korongata, there to fill a call of the natives to preach the gospel. Saturday morning we left Taonoke and traveling six miles, reached Korongata in which there is only one house of European style. All the rest are small native "whares." As we approached, the welcome cry of "haere mai" was heard, and immediately after arriving, the natives commenced to assemble from various directions, and a general shaking of hands ensued. According to their usual custom, many speeches were made in which they said, among other things, that their race was fast fading away before the advancement of the white man and his customs, and they were in great darkness, religiously and otherwise. They wanted to know where this gospel had been so long.

After our Maori brothers had made appropriate speeches, I answered their questions telling them, firstly, that the white man who brought the Bible to them had not preached the pure, chaste gospel to them in its fulness and simplicity. Secondly, they had not repented of their sins and taken the necessary steps to receive the Comforter, which would dispel all clouds of darkness from their minds regarding religion, showing them things to come and guide them into all truth.

In answer to their question where the gospel had been so long, the apostasy from the primitive church was referred to, and the restoration of the gospel in the present century.

We openly informed them that we would preach the gospel to them, and they could receive or reject it, but to carefully and prayerfully consider their conclusions.

In the evening we met with them again. They laid aside their English prayer-books and we were called on to pray for

them. We talked much with them on the gospel. That night the Maoris sat up till morning talking about the principles we had enunciated in their hearing.

On Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, we led twenty-three more of them into the waters of baptism, and in the afternoon confirmed them and blessed five children. In the evening we instructed those who were baptized to pray morning and night and to beware of temptations which might beset their pathway.

On Monday morning we took leave of the brethren and sisters at that place and drove to Owhite. Our little company was increased by some of those who had received the truth at Korongata. Owhite is a small place in which is one large house owned by the chief, Noah. As we approached, we beheld an old man wrapped in a large, fur robe. On reaching the house we found him to be nearly blind, because of his diligent and excessive reading of the Bible, with which he was well acquainted. After alighting from our conveyance a conversation commenced upon the various doctrines of the Bible. The old man interrogated us respecting the house of Israel, especially the tribes of Judah and Joseph. His questions were answered to his satisfaction.

In the evening we held a meeting in which the gospel was preached to the inhabitants of the place. Following this we had a protracted and enthusiastic, though amicable, discussion with a minister, a half-caste, of the church of England. After comparing his fallacious argument of circumcision at eight days old for justification of infant sprinkling baptism with the uncontrovertible evidence found in the word of God in favor of adult baptism by immersion, he was compelled to hoist the white feather. He also strained his reasoning faculties to their utmost capacity to dethrone the biblical sanction of polygamy, but was no more successful in this than in the former.

Thursday morning we returned to headquarters feeling abundantly blessed with the result of our labors. In connection with realizing a supernatural power working among them, the Maoris gave the following reason for having their attention and interest directed to us and the cause we represented.

FIRST:—The churches have been preaching to us for a long time, but have failed to explain the meaning of the Bible to us; thus failing to show us how to get eternal life, but that the ministers have been going up and we have been going down on our own land. When you came you made plain the Bible to our understanding.

SECOND:—You leave everything and suffer to do us good in the gospel.

THIRD:—When you came you did not look to the rich, but to the poor with love, sharing our houses with us and eating that which we were able to provide.

FOURTH:—You go forth trusting in the Lord, with your lives in your hands, facing death itself for the cause of truth.

FIFTH:—When the white man came here, to New Zealand, first he brought the gun to shoot the man. Next he brought the gospel (?) to shoot the Maori and his land. But the gospel which you bring shoots the kings, governors, ministers, churches and all.

(To be Continued.)

TRUE pleasure consists in clear thoughts, sedate affections, sweet reflections; a mind even and stayed, true to its God, and true to itself.

A SOLDIER'S ADVENTURES.

BY C. H. W.

THE firing of a gun on picket is the signal of alarm and arouses the whole army. Patrols are at once sent out to ascertain the cause. It also disturbs the enemy, and scouts are started in various directions to watch all movements, and it takes some time before everything is restored to its usual condition. Frequently, on such occasions, the scouts of both parties will come upon each other and an engagement on a small scale follows, resulting often in the death of several and the capture of others.

Scouting is rather a dangerous business especially in the country named. The field fences are made of dirt thrown up, with a ditch on each side and a heavy growth of willow or hazel brush on it. One's nerves are always on a strain whenever an object is seen, and every sound startles a person thus engaged. It is of the utmost importance to keep all movements secret in order to ascertain the position and strength of the enemy. Great caution must be observed, together with a good deal of daring, for to find out anything the outposts, or pickets, must be passed.

The enemy, of course, is also on the alert, and keeps its scouts moving. A soldier on scout duty never knows the moment when he will be taken prisoner or be shot, for everyone understands that his first chance is the best, and that self preservation is the first law of nature.

Many a hair-breadth escape I have had on those expeditions of which I shall speak hereafter. It was my fortune to be called to that duty as I rather liked it. Although dangerous, it was of a character to suit my disposition. In those days I lived for fame, fun and adventure. I often now contrast my situation then with that of my young brethren in these valleys. The teachings I received were to destroy life, theirs is to save. I had no other aim in life than to eat, drink and be merry, they to labor for the establishment of the Kingdom of God and the overthrow of the powers of the evil one; to teach their fellow-men the principles of life and salvation, and lead them out of darkness into light, thus becoming saviors on Mount Zion. O how grateful and thankful they ought to be! They should improve every opportunity that comes within their reach to qualify themselves for the high and important duties awaiting them.

Our first battle was fought in and around the city of Schleswig. Our army was but poorly equipped, being in its infancy. We had only a few regiments of regulars, the larger portion being volunteers. The Danes with a superior force and a better equipped and disciplined army made the attack. This was in the Spring of 1848. Here it was that I had my first lesson on the battlefield.

The regiment to which I belonged was situated a short distance from the city. We were busy preparing our breakfast when we heard the discharge of a cannon. It was the signal for the fight. In a few moments the air was filled with the deafening roars of cannons and muskets, the sounding of bugles, the beating of drums and the yells of the attacking party. All was now hurry. Our trumpeter sounded the "rally," and soon we were marching in double-quick to the front.

As is customary just before battle, a large portion of spirits had been divided out to the soldiers, and I confess that, in order to drown my fears, I had partaken freely, so as to be about "half past."

In nearing the line of battle, and while marching in a narrow lane, singing our war song, we met a transport of wounded and dying soldiers, carried on litters and ambulances to the rear. This gave a severe shock to our assumed gaiety, and I became at the sight of this as sober as if I had never tasted a drop of anything. My blood ran cold in my veins; but there was no backing out for me, and I had to make the best of it. My pride assisted me not to expose my feelings to my comrades, for I always had a decided dislike for a coward.

We were soon drawn up in line of battle, taking the position of a reserve, and were constantly exposed to the artillery fire of our enemies, with no chance to use our own weapons. We had to stand and take it for about half an hour before we came into action. This was the most terrible thirty minutes of my life. Comrades were falling to the right and to the left, mutilated in the most fearful manner by the exploding shells from the enemy's guns. In front of us the contending parties were cut down like weeds by the rifle, the sword, the bayonet and the grape shot, while we were idle lookers on, awaiting our turn. In fact we did wish for that moment to come, and our waiting seemed an age. Finally the signal was given to advance. My hair raised on end until I had discharged my gun, then all fear left me and I went to work in good earnest, never thinking any harm could befall me. I fired that day ninety shots, and was in three charges upon the enemy where we engaged in a hand to hand fight, using mostly our bayonets and the butt of our guns.

At the close of the battle, which lasted all day and terminated in our favor, I was adorned with six bullet holes in my uniform and a few scratches of the skin. I had been all day without food, taking a drink of whisky now and then to keep up my strength, and when night closed in upon us I was very near exhausted; in fact I dropped down with my gun in my arm and soon was lost to any and everything around me.

This was my first experience of the kind and a hard one it was. I learned, however, several things during that day which were of great benefit to me in after life.

(To be Continued.)

HAPPINESS.—If the Scriptures are a delusion, where will we seek our happiness? In wealth? It is a splendid incumbrance. In honor? It is a glittering bubble. In the pleasures of the world? They are like the brine of the ocean to a thirsty palate, will irritate rather than satisfy. In gay entertaining company? This is only a temporary opiate, not a lasting cure. But in the precious promises of the gospel, and its renewing energy on our hearts; in the discoveries of God's love to poor sinners; in the displays of God's infinitely rich grace; and in the hope of His everlasting glory: in these grand specifics, for preparing and dispensing which revelation has the patent—true health ease, and felicity are to be found.

EDUCATION.—The education of the human mind commences in the cradle; and the impressions received there frequently exert their influence through the whole of life. Principles which take the deepest root are those implanted during the seasons of infancy, childhood, and youth. The young pupil takes early lessons from everything around him; his character and habits are forming before he has any consciousness of his reasoning powers.

A KIND WORD.

HOW many of the readers of the JUVENILE think of the words they utter, and reflect upon the consequences of such utterances? How many fathers think of the wounds they create by their harsh words, spoken in the heat of passion, upon the hearts of their loving partners or their little children? How many wives think of the sorrow their unkind words may cause their helpless infants or those who labor for their support? How many children consider the result of the bitter words which pass their lips against their parents or their playmates? We fear that too little thought is given to these matters.

A cruel word is spoken and for a moment the speaker wishes he had bridled his tongue, but the sorrow for the folly is soon forgotten. Not so with the person to whom it is directed. His feelings are wounded and the word is impressed upon his mind. Reconciliation may follow, but the remembrance of that cruel word is not effaced, and its effects may perhaps never be removed. Children have been driven to do wicked things because of unkind words from their parents. Some men have become drunkards and gamblers because of cruel words uttered by those who promised to "love, honor and obey" them. Some wives have become suicides because they were abused by the words of their husbands.

Then why should unkind words be used? Their utterance generally costs more of an effort than would the utterance of kind words, and no one will deny but that the latter are far more powerful. Kindness will acquire happiness where harshness will destroy. Kindness will beget love where its opposite will create hate. Kindness will win friends, while harshness makes enemies. All should, therefore, resolve to let nothing but kindness characterize their words and actions. Even when chastisement is necessary it can be administered in the spirit of kindness and still accomplish the desired object.

Speak kindly to the sick, it may give cheer to their afflicted bodies. Speak kindly to the poor, it may comfort them in their need. Speak kindly to the sinner, it may help to redeem him. In short, speak kindly to everyone, as it costs you but little effort and mayhap will do good to the person addressed, and not only to him but to others with whom he associates.

The following incident may help to illustrate the power which a few kind words can exert on the minds and actions of human beings:

"A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, was holding by the right hand a son of sixteen years, mad with the love of the sea. And as he stood by the garden gate one morning, she said:

"Edward, they tell me, for I never saw the ocean, that the great temptation of a sailor's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink."

"And," said he, "I gave her the promise, and I went the world over—Calcutta and the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North and South Poles. I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the gate did not rise up before me; and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

"Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that was not half."

"For," said he, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a man of forty years, and asked me:

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"Well," said he, "I was once brought into your presence on shipboard, drunk; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside and you took me to your berth and kept me there till I slept off the intoxication; you then asked me if I had a mother. I said I had never known a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me."

"How far that little candle throws its beams! That mother's word on the green hills of Vermont! Oh, God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word!"

VIDI

WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

BY W. J.

THERE are some principles which are self-evident to the average mind—they need no evidence or argument to make them appear what they really are; and there are other principles which are not so clear to the mind at first sight, and that embodied in the title of this article is one of them. Yet much depends upon the mind to which a principle is presented, for some minds are so active, so comprehensive, and so powerful, that all they need is a mere intimation on the part of a speaker or author, and they anticipate and comprehend the pith of the whole matter before it is spoken or read.

With regard to the proposition, "Whatever is, is best," many persons may be ready the moment they read it to pronounce it entirely incorrect, and they would begin to quote instances as evidence of the correctness of their position. One would instance the death of a good wife and fond mother, thus leaving the husband to all the unpleasant results of the bereavement, and the poor motherless children to all the sad consequences which frequently attend such a condition, and positively assert that it could not be said with any regard for truth that such a family disaster "is best."

Another would speak of the loss by death of a kind husband and indulgent father, and the great distress such an occurrence produced in the family, and declare with much emphasis, that it "is best" so, could not be truthfully said in such a case.

A third person would refer to the shipwrecks, the fires, the collisions, the piratical operations, the naval engagements and the numerous disasters incidental to a sea-faring life, and show up, in some degree, the orphanage, the widowhood, the sorrow and the great loss of property, caused thereby, and challenge the philanthropist to say of the aggregate of these things "it is best."

A fourth would step up in hot haste and enumerate the colliery explosions, the cyclones, the earthquakes, and the great wars of the various races of mankind, and defy sensible men to say that the awful destruction consequent upon these calamities "is best."

And, finally, many may be ready to use their tongue and pens very forcibly, to overthrow the proposition that "whatever is, is best," and they would produce with much vigor and feeling the history of many of the accidents, diseases, plagues, and destructive incidents, to which the human family are subject, and the terrible consequences proceeding therefrom, and they would fearlessly assert, without hesitation or reserve, that no sane-minded man would declare in regard to anyone of these life and property destroying incidents, "it is best!"

But who permits all these things to transpire? God, our Heavenly Father. But is it right that He should do so? Certainly, it is. If it is not, does anyone wish to charge Him with doing wrong? He permitted His "only begotten Son" Jesus to be derided and driven, persecuted and betrayed, cruelly-used and crucified on the cross; but just previous to the betrayal of Jesus Peter drew his sword and offered some resistance, but Jesus checked him and said: "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled, *that thus it must be?*"

Suppose there had been no atonement, what a condition the human family would have been in? But there are some things which the Lord not only permits, but He causes them to be done. He said many things to Noah, and among them is this statement: "For yet seven days, and I will cause to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights; and every living substance that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the earth"—"Noah and his house" having been excepted from this destruction just before He uttered the above quotation. Subsequent history informs us that the fountains of the great deep were broken up, that the windows of heaven were opened, "and every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth, and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark." And shall we charge a "just God" with acting unjustly towards the antediluvians?

Prophets and apostles and righteous men, from the days of righteous Abel till the present time, have suffered persecution and martyrdom for the testimony of Jesus and the word of God. The saints of the apostolic age had to suffer "cruel mockings and scourgings, yea moreover, of bonds and imprisonments; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, and tormented; of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." And why was this permitted by the Lord?

Prophets and apostles and righteous men, in this dispensation, have suffered drivings and scourgings and bonds and imprisonment and death for the testimony of Jesus and the word of God; others are now suffering bonds and imprisonment for the truth's sake; and other men will yet suffer for righteousness' sake, until the cup of the ungodly is full, and the list of the martyrs for God and truth is complete; but shall we charge God with being unmerciful or unjust because He has not prevented these trials and afflictions, or because He has caused them to be visited upon His sons and daughters?

God is merciful. God is just. He doeth all things well, and for the "best." He placed His children on this earth to give them an opportunity to become acquainted through experience with light and darkness, heat and cold, and the general physical conditions of a probating earth; and to become acquainted with good and evil, too, having their agency to choose either; and designing their experience in this lower world as a branch of the education which shall eventually prepare them for exaltation, immortality, and thrones in the celestial worlds.

Therefore, whether we consider individual trials, bereavements or casualties; or national or general disasters and calamities; or individual, or national, or general benefits and blessings; we must not charge our Heavenly Father with treating His children unjustly, but acknowledge His kind hand in all things which transpire, be ready to say "whatever is, is

best," and be ready also to unite with the redeemed in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb: "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord, God, Almighty; *just and true* are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints."

"I know, as my life grows older, and mine eyes have clearer sight,

That under each rank wrong, somewhere, there lies the root of right.

That each sorrow has its purpose, by the sorrowing oft unguessed; But as sure as the sun brings morning, whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action, as sure as the night brings shade; Is sometime, somewhere, punished, though the hour be long delayed.

I know that the soul is aided, sometimes by the heart's unrest.

And to grow means often to suffer; but whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors, in the great eternal plan;

And all things work together, for the final good of man.

And I know when my soul speeds onward, in the grand, eternal quest,

I shall say, as I look earthward, whatever is, is best."

ENTHUSIASM FOR SCIENCE.—Oken, the famous German naturalist, had a small income, but an intense zeal for scientific discovery. He could not surround himself with the comforts of life, and at the same time obtain the books and instruments needed for his scientific researches. He did not hesitate a moment in his choice; but, practising the strictest economy in furniture, and clothing, and food, spent freely for scientific objects.

An American friend was once invited to dinner, and, to his surprise, found on the table neither meat nor pudding, but only baked potatoes. Oken himself was too proud to make any explanation; but his wife, being more humble and less reticent, apologized to the visitor for the scantily-spread table. Her husband, she said, was obliged to give up either science or luxurious living, and he had chosen to surrender the latter. On three days of the week, she added, they lived on potatoes and salt, and though at first it seemed like scanty fare, they had come to enjoy it, and to be perfectly contented with it. We are afraid that few American students would carry their enthusiasm to such a point of self-denial.

LIFE.—Life without some necessity for exertion must ever lack real interest. That state is capable of the greatest enjoyment where necessity urges, but not painfully; where every effort is required, but as much as possible without anxiety where the spring and summer of life are preparatory to the harvest of autumn and the repose of winter. Then is every season sweet, and in a well spent life the last the best—the season of calm enjoyment, the richest in recollections, the brightest in hope. Good training and a fair start constitute a more desirable patrimony than wealth; and those parents who have their children's welfare rather than the gratification of their own avarice or vanity, would do well to think of this. Is it better to run a successful race, or to begin and end at the goal?

BECAUSE you find a thing very difficult, do not immediately conclude that no man can master it; but whatever you observe proper, and practicable by another, believe likewise within your own power.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER XIV.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

SOON after organizing a branch of the Church there was quite an agitation regarding the war in the Crimea, England, France and Turkey were allies in a war against Russia, or in the words of Daniel the prophet, the king of the north, (Russia), was arrayed against the king of the south, (Turkey). All this had a tendency to militate against my labors as a missionary in the military garrison of Gibraltar, for the British lion's interests were assailed, and all of its military had war on the brain, which generally has far more effect on the human mind than the spirit of the gospel of peace.

The elder John McLain, Corporal Hays and John McDonald, all in the branch just organized, were likely to go on the Mediterranean sea to be engaged in the Crimean war, and the Priest, Sergeant Thomas Forbes, was about to go to Scotland, thus depleting my hard earned little branch, which had a tendency to discourage me in my efforts, if such is possible to a Latter-day Saint Elder engaged in so great a work as saving human souls.

I concluded, however, once more to apply to the governor for liberty to open up a public place of worship, and sent him the following letter:

"GIBRALTAR, April 24th, 1854.

*"To his excellency, Sir Robert William Gardiner,
Governor of Gibraltar:*

The undersigned, an inhabitant of Gibraltar most respectfully solicits an audience with his excellency, on business of importance. I have the honor to be,

"Your most obedient servant,

"EDWARD STEVENSON."

The next day I received the following:

"The Colonial secretary requests that Mr. E. Stevenson will call at his office at 12 o'clock to-day.

"Secretary's Office,

"Gibraltar April 25th, 1854."

I responded to the request and had a favorable reception. The colonial secretary said my case should be duly laid before his excellency, and a reply forwarded to my address.

I was visiting at this time a Prussian whom I had been teaching the gospel, inducing him to read some of our tracts and then compare our doctrines with those taught in the Bible. He was apparently convinced of the truth. I also had some Spaniards investigating our doctrines, and it was manifest to me that if I could obtain permission to open a public place of worship my chances would be increased to spread the gospel among the people.

The Methodists had been making an effort to introduce their gospel into Spain by opening a school there, but as soon as it was ascertained by the inhabitants, who are mostly Catholics, that they were tampering with their religion the innovators had to flee by night out of the country.

I received a very pleasing reply to my letter to the governor through the colonial secretary, Mr. Alderly, and therein consent was given me to open a place for public worship. The secretary, however, stated that this garrison was a hard place for religious teachers for a Catholic once had a cat thrown at

him while he was holding service. I merely stated that all I expected was the protection of the law.

Subsequently with the assistance of some friends I found a suitable place and began to hold meetings. One evening when I had a few friends in my private room a policeman came with a message for me to appear at the colonial secretary's office on the following day. My reply was that if the secretary had any business with me he would do well to officially notify me of it, otherwise, I would not notice their bidding. The next day I received from the colonial secretary a very polite invitation to visit him at 2 p. m. the next day on business of importance, and to my own interest.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

CULTIVATE THE MEMORY.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS, in his "Life and Labors of Thomas Brassey," the great English contractor, urges that in youth great pains should be taken to "cultivate the services of that most admirable friend and servant, the memory." He makes the observation that all men who have great powers of mental calculation, or who show great readiness in speech or action, have made it a practice to rely upon memory alone. They have never condescended to what Sir Arthur calls "that weak practice of making many notes."

Among the examples which he adduces in favor of his suggestion is that of the late Lord Lyndhurst and the late Baron Rothschild. Lord Lyndhurst, when one of the most successful lawyers at the English bar, or while discharging the arduous duties of Lord Chancellor, did not indulge in much writing to aid his memory. Baron Rothschild, though at the head of a banking-house whose transactions belted the world, did not rely upon notes or written materials of any kind. He expected his memory to do its proper work, and he never discouraged it by making many notes.

Another example, more favorable to Mr. Helps' position than the two he adduces, is that of Mr. Hudson, formerly the managing editor of the New York *Herald*. For years he carried the whole editorial business of that journal in his head. For years he never lost his hold of a detail, never forgot a suggestion, or lost sight of an opportunity, and they came to him by the hundreds. One day he made a note. From that time his memory began to desert him, and he was soon compelled to rely wholly upon his note-book.

The late Justice Sprague, of the United States district court of Massachusetts, was another striking example of the service which memory will do for the man who trusts it. Owing to weakness of the eyes, he could neither read nor write. Yet he would sit for days hearing testimony, listening to the long arguments of counsel, and when he came to charge the jury, it would appear that not a detail of the evidence or a suggestion of the arguments had been forgotten.

The suggestion of Sir Arthur is one which should be heeded by all who would educate themselves to good, trustworthy, intellectual work.

ATTRACTIVENESS OF KNOWLEDGE.—We are all drawn and attracted by the desire for knowledge and science; to excel in which, we think is honorable: while we deem it mean and base to be led astray, and to wander in ignorance and error.

TAKEN AT HER WORD.

A SOLEMN WARNING.

A FEW years ago there lived in one of the settlements of the Saints a bright and talented young man, who had been born in the Church and reared by good parents in the way of the Lord. From his childhood he had been interested in the cause he had embraced and always shown a willingness to obey the counsel of those who were over him in authority. The various missions upon which he had been called, and the duties assigned him, were performed with faithfulness and diligence. In fact, he was exemplary in almost every respect.

Arriving at manhood he associated with young men and women, and in time became enamored of a young lady whom he had every reason to believe would make him a faithful and dutiful wife. The two became engaged and in time were married in the house of the Lord. Happiness filled their hearts and for a time took complete possession of their home.

As the years passed along the prospects of the husband for usefulness in the Church of God brightened. His path seemed clear before him. Yet he was not fully satisfied with himself. His parents had taught him concerning the higher law pertaining to marriage, and God had given him a knowledge of its divinity. He felt a desire in his heart to obey this law, following in the footsteps of his progenitor Abraham, if God would direct him in the proper way. He made it a matter of prayer and the way was opened for him to obey the law.

But now he must tell his wife. She could not in justice be left ignorant of his motives. Not doubting, but that she who had also been reared in the Church and instructed in its principles would be willing for him to heed the promptings of God's spirit in this matter, he told her his desires. To his great astonishment, however, she became very much enraged, threatening him with the most severe punishments and cruel persecutions should he carry out the promptings of his heart in this matter; her closing remark was, "I would rather see you come home drunk every day of your life or see you bring your whisky bottle to the house and fill yourself with liquor here, than to have you marry another woman."

The result was that the threatened husband relinquished the idea of performing his duty in this regard, and, being almost constantly harassed by the words of his wife when at home, he gradually became addicted to the habit of drink, until now he is either unable to control his appetite or indulges himself in order to avoid thinking of what might have been.

A short time ago, calling his wife into the room where he and an intimate acquaintance were seated, he told these things as they have been here related, and asked her to correct him if he in any way misstated the facts. She acknowledged the truth of his statements. "Now," said he, "see what I am; a drunkard upon whom on one can rely. I have a wife but no home. I have been to the house where she lives day after day at the time when meals should have been given and she has neither asked me if I was hungry or offered me food, and I have therefore returned to my old haunts and associates. I have provided her with sufficient means for the support of herself and children and expect to continue so to do. My children I see upon the streets ragged and dirty, apparently without a mother's care and certainly without a father's protection. All this might have been different had not my wife interposed between me and my duty, but now what the end will be God only knows."

To-day this man is a wanderer. His wife lives in one town while he seeks employment in places distant from her. With what he earns he supports her and also provides drink for himself. Though his love for the Church and its principles is still great, his prospects are blighted and his talents are fast becoming dim.

Let this be a warning to all. While this man is censurable for allowing himself to be led away because of barriers which were placed in his path, his wife is also to blame in some degree for the part she took in the affair. All can, however, realize that it is dangerous to either allow obstacles to turn us from the path of duty, or to place stumbling blocks in the way of those who are endeavoring to serve the Lord. D. V.

STYLES OF CONVERSATION.—Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical. Butler was sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company. Milton was unsociable, and even irritable, when pressed into conversation. Kirwan, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was a model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor satiric and reserved. Corneille in conversation was so insipid that he never failed in wearying; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Johnson used to sit silent in company and suck his wine and their humors. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox, in conversation, never flagged; his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bentley was loquacious. Grotius was talkative. Goldsmith wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll. Burke was eminently entertaining, enthusiastic and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity; he soared into every region, and was at home in all. Dr. Birch dreaded a pen as he did a torpedo; but he could talk like running water. Dr. Johnson wrote monotonously and ponderously, but in conversation his words were close and sinewy; and if his pistol missed fire, he knocked down his antagonist with the butt of it. Coleridge, in his conversation, was full of acuteness and originality. Leigh Hunt has been well termed the philosopher of hope, and likened to a pleasant stream in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects and constantly demurs. Fisher Ames was a powerful and effective orator, and not the less distinguished in the social circle. He possessed a fluent language, a vivid fancy, and a well-stored memory.

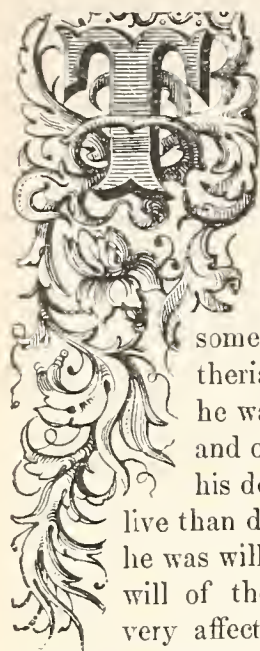
SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.—Much of our knowledge is like that of the poor philosopher, who defineth riches exactly, and discourseth of their nature, but possesseth none: or we are as a geometrician, who can measure land exactly in all its dimensions, but possesses not a foot thereof. And truly it is but a lifeless unsavory knowledge that men have of Christ by all books and study, till He reveal Himself, and persuade the heart to believe in Him.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



HE death of a beloved son of Andrew and Jane McKay Smith, of the Eighth Ward, in this city, a boy aged thirteen years, six months and twenty-six days, whose name was Robert Nephi, was attended by some remarkable manifestations. From all accounts he seems to have been a youth of remarkable promise, and through faith some time since was healed of an attack of diphtheria. On Monday, the 10th of August last, he was taken violently ill with the same disease, and on the following Thursday he died. Before his death he told his parents that he would rather live than die, but that if the Lord wanted him to go he was willing, and expressed entire resignation to the will of the Lord. He prayed considerably, and was very affectionate to his parents and his brothers and sisters, imploring the blessings of the Lord upon them, and also upon many friends and those with whom he had been associated. He requested the family never to forget him, to hold him in constant remembrance, and desired that he should be buried at three o'clock the following day (Friday). He told his parents just previous to his death, to be sure and mark the time he should die, as it would be exactly at four o'clock, and he wished the notice to be published in the *Deseret Evening News*. He said that he saw some personages in the room and they were all in good order. If they should leave before four o'clock he said he would get well; but if they stayed until four o'clock he would have to go with them. He remarked that he saw a number of boys, whom he had known to be good boys, standing before him. One personage he spoke of, and whom he said he saw, was the messenger who had come to take him. He was very desirous that the rest of the family should see this personage also. For an hour and a half before his death he was occupied in this manner, talking to, praying for and blessing his family and friends and the Bishop and his counselors. All his conversation impressed those who heard him as being much more intelligent than had been customary with him. In fact, his conversation was like that of a mature man, full of wisdom, rather than a boy thirteen years old. When the fingers of the clock reached the hour of four he announced that the time had come for him to go. He turned over, straightened himself out and slightly quivered as his last breath left his body.

This youth is described by those who knew him as being of a very affectionate and loving disposition—a good boy, and impressed himself as such upon all with whom he came in contact. These manifestations that he had were of a very interesting character. Such death-bed scenes strip death of its terrors. Though the parents of this youth must have felt sad at the thought of parting with him, yet such testimonies as he bore must have had the effect to fill them with great joy,

and to take away from them the sting of death and the deep sorrow which only attends the loss of a beloved one. His words would be a testimony to them that it was the will of heaven that he should go. And that he would go to a place of happiness there can be no doubt, for the spirit of happiness and of peace was with him and was breathed forth in every word.

How delightful it is to contemplate the departure of those who have been faithful, as far as their knowledge permitted, to the truth which God has revealed! There is no sting, nor gloom, nor inconsolable sorrow about the departure of such persons. Holy angels are around their bedside to administer unto them. The Spirit of God rests down upon them, and His messengers are near them to introduce them to those who are on the other side of the veil. There is no doubt that Robert Nephi Smith, at his death, was completely emancipated from the dominion and power of Satan. So is every faithful Latter-day Saint. Satan has power here over us to a certain extent. He can afflict us; he can tempt us; he can annoy us in many ways. These are the consequences of the fall, and for a wise purpose belong to our probation here in the flesh. But if we listen to the Lord, if we strive to keep His commandments, if we seek to be governed by His Spirit, when death comes Satan's power ceases. He can no more afflict, or torment, or tempt, or annoy those who are thus faithful. His power over them ceases forever. But not so with those who disobey God, who keep not His commandments, who yield to the power and spirit of Satan. They are his servants; they are under his influence. He takes possession of them when they pass from this mortal existence, and they experience the torments of hell.

How many inducements there are for mankind to cling to God, to seek to carry out His will, to obey Him in all things! Satan, who seeks to lead the children of men astray, is a miserable being. He delights in everything that is wicked. His sole aim is to destroy the work of God, and he cares not what havoc he commits in striving to accomplish his purposes. He would have mankind shed blood, destroy one another, be guilty of the most abominable deeds, and rejoice in these things, because of his hatred to God and His purposes, and to those who listen to the Lord.

We were very much touched in reading this account of the death of Robert Nephi Smith. Our sympathies went out for his afflicted parents and brothers and sisters. Nevertheless these feelings were mingled with joy and satisfaction at so blessed a departure. We trust that all the children of the Latter day Saints will so live that the Spirit of God will always be their companion; that they will not listen to Satan nor yield to his influences, but resist him and witness unto God that they are determined, with His help, to perform the mission He has given them on the earth to His acceptance, so that when they meet Him He can rejoice in their faithfulness, and they can rejoice at being permitted once more to behold His face.

READ not much at a time; but meditate as much as your time, and capacity, and disposition will give you leave; ever remembering that little reading and much thinking little speaking, and much hearing, frequent and short prayers and great devotion is the best way to be wise, to be holy, to be devout.

OUR domestic behavior is the main test of our virtue and good nature.

BILL MCCOY'S HONOR.

BACKWOODSMEN and "pioneers" are proverbially a rough sort of folk, but everywhere their history presents instances of rugged virtue that go far to redeem their failings. The story of Bill McCoy and his bail-bond illustrates the self-respect that was sometimes exhibited in the adventurous old times.

Bill was a stalwart Kentuckian, who lived alternately by hunting and flat-boating. In one of his trips he got into trouble during a stop-over at some sand-bar, far down the Mississippi.

Some violent fellows provoked a fight. Bill, who was always a champion, interfered for the weaker party. The affair did not end till one man was killed.

The real villains escaped. But the excitement of the people on the shore was great, and some one was wanted to make an example of. Honest Bill happened to be the victim.

He was arrested and held to answer at the court sessions in Natchez. It was near the time of summer adjournment, and his case was put over till October. The prospect looked gloomy enough. Bill would have to lie in jail through June, July, August and September, unless he could procure bail.

He had no friends in court; no man within a thousand miles who would be likely to offer himself as his bondsman. But the prisoner made one appeal for sympathy. It was the only time in his life that Bill McCoy was ever eloquent.

He pictured the hardship of his position—a man used to the free life of river and forest, to be shut up all the long hot months in a cell! It would kill him, he said. He would promise to return in October and give himself up, and he would keep his word. Would they let him go?

One man was moved by his appeal. Col. Wainwright, a rich planter, against the protests of his friends, and against the advice of the judge himself, declared that he would answer for the appearance of the prisoner.

"If he is not here on time, I will pay five thousand dollars. Let him go."

The summer passed—September came; and the generous colonel heard nothing from Bill in his "old Kentucky home." But Bill had not forgotten. As the time for his trial approached, he repaired to Louisville, and hired himself out as a hand on a flat-boat to go down the Mississippi again.

The weeks rolled by, and the people in Natchez began to talk about the coming case, for the whole city had heard of Col. Wainwright's bond. Nothing had been heard from Bill.

Court day came, and he had not appeared. The colonel's friends chaffed him. He might bid goodby to his money. He would never see his man. But the colonel was confident.

Forenoon passed. Afternoon. Then just as the day's proceedings were about to close, a tremendous cheering was heard outside, and through the gathering crowd a haggard looking man was lifted up the steps of the court-house. The next instant Bill McCoy, with tangled hair and bloodshot eyes, staggered forward to the bar, and fell exhausted on the floor.

Col. Wainwright threw his arms around him, and his eyes moistened, as did many other's besides, when the returned prisoner revived and told his story.

Finding that he would certainly be belated if he came by the slow flat boat, he went ashore, he said, and felled a cottonwood tree, and made him a log "dug-out," and in this wretched trough canoe he had paddled *one thousand three hundred miles*, working day and night, till he reached Natchez.

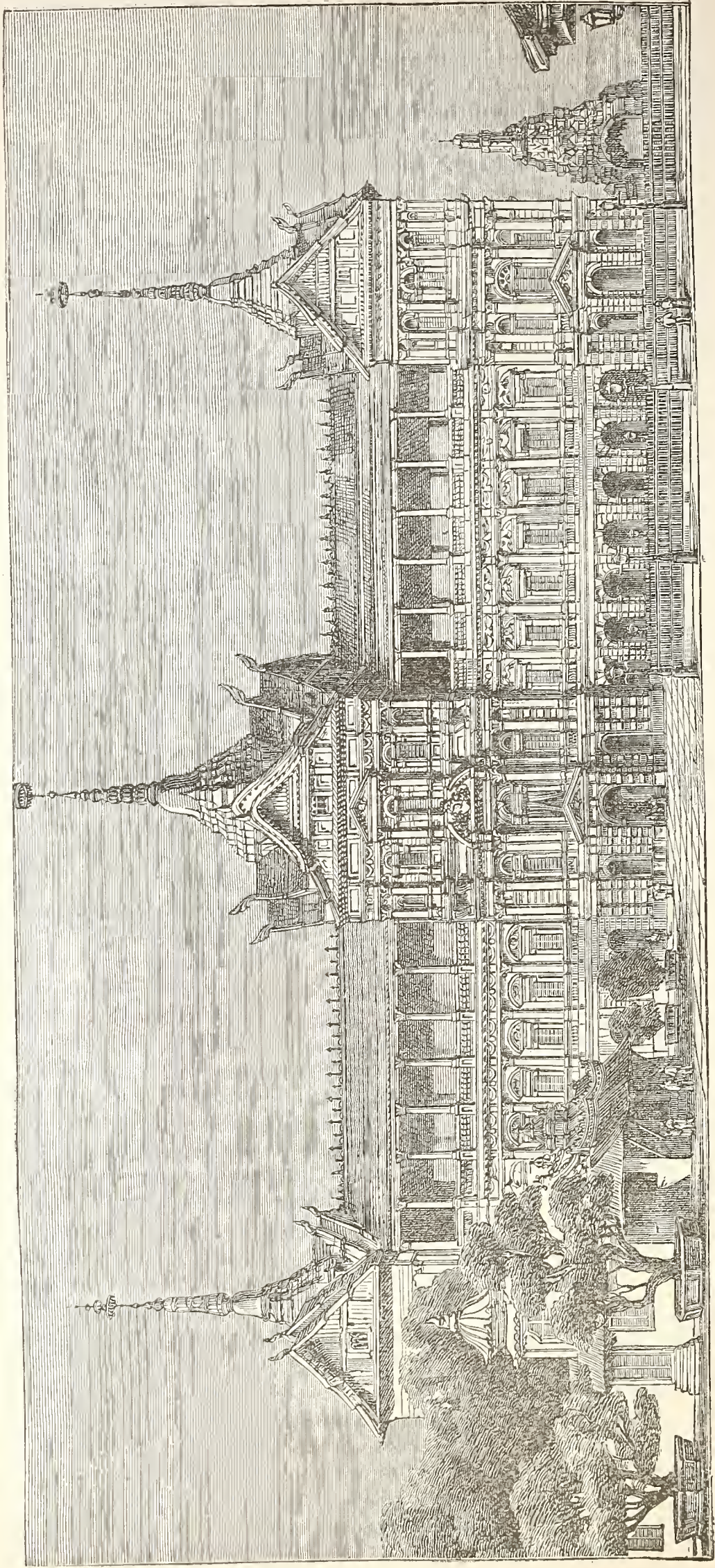
It is pleasant to add that Bill's trial was a short one, and entirely favorable to himself. There was no evidence to convict him of any crime. The jury acquitted him without leaving their seats, and the crowd in the court-room applauded the verdict, and went out hurrahing for the man who so bravely kept his word.

INDUSTRY AND CONTENTMENT.—A noble instance of contentment is given in the life of the late William Roscoe, Esq. That gifted man was almost entirely self-taught, and indebted to his own efforts for his rise from a very humble station, his father having been the master of a public house and a bowling green, at Liverpool. Mr. Roscoe afterwards represented his native town in Parliament, was universally respected, and became distinguished as the author of the "Life of Pope Leo the Tenth," and of the "Life of Lorenzo de' Medici." In an account of himself, he says "Having quitted school at twelve years I now began to assist my father in his agricultural concerns, particularly in his business of cultivating potatoes for sale, of which he every year grew several acres, and which he sold, when produced early in the season at very advanced prices. His mode of cultivation was entirely by the spade; and when raised early they were considered in that part of Lancashire as a favorite esculent. When they had attained their proper growth, we were accustomed to carry them to market on our heads, in large baskets, for sale, where I was generally intrusted with the disposal of them, and soon became a very useful assistant to my father. In this and other laborious occupations, particularly in the care of a garden, in which I took great pleasure, I passed several years of my life, devoting my hours of relaxation to reading my books. This mode of life gave health and vigor to my body, and amusement and instruction to my mind; and to this day I well remember the delicious sleep which succeeded my labors, from which I was again called at an early hour. If I were asked whom I considered to be the happiest of the human race, I would answer, those who cultivate the earth by their own hand."

WORKING FOR AN EDUCATION.—One of the most instructive parts of Dr. John Todd's biography is the account of his struggles to obtain a college education. He had nobody to encourage or to help him, but his own intense energy triumphed over the most formidable difficulties. He walked from Charlestown to New Haven, with his entire wardrobe under one arm, and his entire library under the other.

Reaching New Haven early in the afternoon, he was at once examined, and found wholly unprepared to enter, but was admitted, under the condition of making up his deficiencies by subsequent study. He then started for Guilford to see an uncle, having three cents in his pocket, but hungry as a hawk, having tasted nothing since breakfast. Two cents were paid for toll at a bridge. When night came on, he lay down to sleep under a cedar tree, and woke in the morning, stiff, sore, and almost frozen, but with energy and hope unshaken.

During his college course, he was obliged to support himself by teaching, and in various other ways; but in spite of imperfect preparation, and of incessant work to pay his way, he was one of the best scholars in his class, and graduated with high honor. His success proves that a resolute will can conquer all obstacles.



THE ROYAL PALACE AT BANGKOK.

(See page 267).

THE SIAMESE AND THEIR BUILDINGS.

IT is not necessary to dwell to any great length upon the character of the buildings of Siam. The picture, which represents the royal palace at Bangkok, will give one a very good idea of the style in which its best specimens of architecture are constructed.

The Siamese take a great interest in building temples, and spend great sums of money upon them. All their edifices of any pretensions are decorated and ornamented in the most elaborate manner. That this is the case can be seen by the engraving. The doors and windows, the roof and all parts of the building are fantastically ornamented. The door-ways and gate-ways are also adorned with sculptured works representing different objects. At one of the doors of the royal palace are two figures carved in granite, which measure sixty feet in height. This palace is surrounded by a high wall which encloses a plot of ground nearly one mile in circumference. Within it are temples, public offices, quarters for several thousand soldiers, a theatre, and rooms for the king's six hundred wives, besides some two thousand attendants. The interior of the palace is supplied with elegant and costly furnishings.

The buildings occupied by the masses of the people are of humble appearance. They are small in size, and generally constructed of wood. There is a peculiarity about many of the houses of Bangkok, the capital of Siam. This city is situated about twenty miles from the Gulf of Siam, on the bank of the Meinam River, and is partly under water. A great number of the houses are therefore built upon rafts, and can be moved about from place to place. Others are raised upon piles from six to eight feet high. It is necessary to have them built in this manner on account of the daily tide from the gulf causing the water in the river to rise and surround them. Then there is an annual overflow of the river, during which time they are continually surrounded with water. All traffic in this part of the city is carried on by means of boats and canals. There are only a few streets in the part of the city where the palaces and temples are situated that can be traversed by horses and carriages.

The Siamese have many habits and customs of life peculiar to themselves. Some of these we will here mention. The men are in the habit of having their heads shaved, leaving only a small tuft of hair on the top, and this is cut short, making it resemble a brush. When a young man becomes of age his head is shaved with considerable ceremony. The family relatives are called together, and priests come to make prayers and wash the young man's head. The moment the shaving is commenced a gun is fired to announce the event. Women also wear a tuft of hair on the crown of the head, but it is allowed to grow to a greater length than that of the men.

In the matter of etiquette the Siamese are very particular. Their manner of salutation is thus described by a traveler:

"Should a man of low degree meet a nobleman, the former will stoop at the distance of thirty or forty yards, sink on his knees as his superior approaches, and finally prostrate himself on his face. Should he wish to present anything to his superior, he must do so by pushing it along the ground, and, indeed, must carry out in appearance the formal mode of address in which he likens himself to a worm. Just as the peasants grovel before the nobles, so do the nobles before the king; and if either of them has a petition to offer, he must put it in a jar, and so crawl and push it along the ground as humbly as if he were a mere peasant. Siamese artists are fond of depicting

the various modes of approaching a superior, and never forget to indicate the great man by two points. In the first place, he sits erect, while the others crouch; and, in the second, he leans on his left arm, and bends the left elbow inward. This most strange and ungraceful attitude is a mark of high birth and breeding, the children of both sexes being trained to reverse the elbow-joint at a very early age."

The dress of both male and female is very simple and scanty. As the climate is warm, but little clothing is needed. Usually the people wear no shoes nor head dress, and cover their bodies only with a strip of cloth thrown loosely about them.

In Siam there are two personages who hold the kingly office at the same time. But the executive power belongs to the chief one, the other only figuring as a royal subject.

They have a pretty complete code of laws which are very strict and severe, and are administered by regularly-appointed officers. A curious custom prevailing among them is that, when a murder or suicide is committed, of making the people living within eighty yards of the spot where the crime is perpetrated responsible for the deed, and punishing them by a heavy fine. This peculiar law makes the people exceedingly cautious about permitting quarrels to occur for fear the parties might become so enraged as to commit a rash act.

Another strange practice among the Siamese is that of burning the bodies of deceased kings or members of the royal family. For this purpose a building made of combustible materials, such as wood, cloth and paper saturated with oil, is constructed after the pattern of a temple. Into this edifice the body is placed and then set fire. In a few moments the whole mass is changed into ashes and smoke.

Buddhism is the religion of the people, to which they have added the worship of the white elephant.

A CULTIVATED MIND.—The age of a cultivated mind is even more complacent, and even more luxurious, than the youth. It is the reward of the due use of the endowments bestowed by nature; while they who in youth have made no provision for age, are left like an unsheltered tree, stripped of its leaves and branches, shaking and withering before the cold blasts of winter. In truth, nothing is so happy to itself, and so attractive to others, as a genuine and refined imagination, that knows its own powers, and throws forth its treasures with frankness and fearlessness. Our thoughts, our reminiscences, our intellectual acquirements, die with us to this world; but to this world only. If they are what they ought to be, they are treasures which we lay up for heaven. That which is of the earth, earthly, perishes with rank, honors, authority, and other earthly and perishable things; but nothing that is worth retaining can be lost. Affections, well placed and dutifully cherished; friendships, happily formed and faithfully maintained; knowledge, acquired with worthy intent; and intellectual powers that have been diligently improved, are the talents which our Lord and Master has committed to our keeping; these will accompany us into another state of existence, as surely as the soul in that state retains its identity and its consciousness.

THERE is nothing that makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and therefore men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

AN examination into the condition of affairs in this Territory and the troubles with which the people are now beset brings to light, in the most conclusive manner, the correctness and divine origin of the counsels which have been given to the Latter-day Saints during their settlement of these valleys. There is not one evil which exists to day in this Territory, and which is injuring the people, that does not owe its existence to a neglect of counsel that has been plainly given.

When this city was settled the feeling was general that our inheritances were from the Lord and were not to be disposed of to those who were not of us. Look around to-day and see the results which have followed a change of feeling among the Latter-day Saints upon this point! While inheritances were of little pecuniary value men could retain them and could talk in favor of such retention by all the Saints; but when they became valuable and they were offered good prices for them, how many there were who succumbed to the temptation! They cast aside their old views and all their scruples and worked themselves up into the belief that their action was justifiable because of their necessities, real or imaginary. This has been and is one fruitful source of trouble. There was no need for us to disobey this counsel. We need not have been guilty of any discourtesy to any citizen of the United States in declining to sell our property to him. The country was open for him. He could obtain land as we obtained it, and make the necessary improvements as we have made them; and the Saints could have remained a compact body, with neighbors on every side who felt like themselves and with whose children their children could associate on terms of intimacy and equality. But, by the disobedience of counsel on the part of some, many families have been rendered uncomfortable and been subjected to much annoyance. Their neighbors have sold their inheritances, in many instances, to disagreeable people, who are not of their faith. In this way much injury has been done.

But this is not all. The people have been counseled from the beginning to live within themselves; to endeavor, in every possible way, to make themselves self-sustaining; to patronize their own people and not their enemies; to live plainly and economically and, as far as possible, upon that which they produce. How widely we have departed from these counsels! Bitter enemies have been fostered, patronized and enriched by the money and trade of the Latter-day Saints. They have used their means, in many instances, to the injury of the people, seeking in every way possible to destroy us and to rob us of our country.

Many of the evils under which we groan at the present time are directly traceable to disobedience in these directions. We have to contend with them; and however discouraging it may be to see the lack of wisdom and the selfishness of those who are called Latter-day Saints, still we must keep up heart and battle with the evils which exist, and seek to produce a better condition of affairs.

The day will most assuredly come when cities of Zion will be built up in so perfect a manner that iniquity will have little chance to obtain foothold in their midst. One of the difficulties that we now have to contend with is the imperfection of the system under which we live and which has been handed

down to us from generations of our forefathers. As land is now held among us and among the nations from whence we have sprung, the temptation to speculate in it is almost irresistible; but some day there will be a change in this. When we view the land that we occupy as an inheritance, not to be disposed of unless by the consent of the community, then a great step will have been taken in the right direction. When a city of Zion is laid out, and each person receives an inheritance, the whole are interested in the preservation of all the rules and laws connected with the building of a city in Zion. If a man obtains an inheritance in such a place he virtually enters into a contract with the rest of his fellows to use that for the purposes upon which they all agree. A departure from that agreement should lead to the forfeiture on his part of whatever rights he might have, for those rights are conditional upon his observance of the compact between himself and fellows. In this way cities of Zion can be kept pure and the rules which God designs to have enforced can be maintained.

So long, however, as the adversary has power over the hearts of the children of men, so long will these evils continue. The righteous will have to suffer with the ignorant and careless. The tares will grow with the wheat until the harvest comes. There will be a time, however, when the tares will be plucked up. It is encouraging to think that that time is not far distant. Satan will be bound. Truth and righteousness will prevail. The meek, and the lowly, and the humble, and those who love peace, will have their rights on the earth, and wickedness will be banished from among men. Until that day shall come we must stand firm, contending earnestly for the right and doing all in our power to resist the encroachments of evil.

WHY is it that when men array themselves against the work of God they must always descend to falsehood and slander? Nothing more plainly exhibits the character of the warfare in which we are engaged than this disposition on the part of our enemies towards our Church. Jesus said that Satan was a liar and a murderer from the beginning, and whoever yields to his influence partakes of that disposition. During this recent election campaign we hear of young men, born of "Mormon" parents, who have become apostates, who, in their anxiety to gain their ends, resorted to the most abominable falsehoods. There was a time, doubtless, when these young men were truthful. Some of them have been on missions; others, though they may not have been on missions, were zealous in the performance of their duties as Latter-day Saints. They would have been horrified in those days had they been told that they would be apostates and that they would publicly declare falsehoods such as they now glibly utter against the people with whom they were connected. There was a cause for this change in their expressions and conduct. Their cases should be a warning to all the youth of this Church. They never reached their present depth of degradation at one bound; but step by step they have gone the downward road until they have lost all sense of honor, of truth and of propriety in their eagerness to destroy the people whom they once loved. In the great day of accounts it will be found, when the secrets of all hearts are laid bare, that something was done to grieve the Holy Spirit, to cause its departure, and to make them subject to the spirit of the evil one. Of course, it is not for me to say what these acts were. All I know is that no man ever denies the faith of the Lord Jesus without a cause. There must have been some secret sin

to lead to such a dreadful result, but however secret it may be, the Lord, through His Spirit, manifests His disapproval. The Holy Ghost will not dwell in an impure tabernacle; it will take its departure therefrom. It is a beneficent provision connected with the Church of Christ that this should be the case, for if it were not so, evil would overpower good, the wicked would outnumber the righteous, and the Church would completely fall into apostasy; but as it is there is a constant process of purification. Trials bring wrong-doers to light; they expose the hypocrite and unfaithful. In this way they are a real blessing to the Church of Christ. Those which we are now passing through are answering a most excellent purpose in this respect. In days to come we will look back to the present and see the wisdom of our God in permitting such a condition of affairs to exist as we now witness. The faithful will rejoice, but the unfaithful, who, by breaking the commandments of God, have subjected themselves to the influences of the evil one, will have cause for sorrow and for mourning.

Lesson for the Little Ones.

BRAVE.

BRAVE was a wise dog that lived in Alton, Maine. He belonged to the oldest boy in a family of ten children, so you see that he had a good many little masters and mistresses; but he loved them all dearly, and served them faithfully, and protected them, and defended them whenever they needed him, until he died.

There is many a pleasant story to tell of him, for though he was large and strong, he was so gentle and good-mannered that the neighbors and the school children would say, "What a good dog Brave is!"

When the baby was learning to walk, she would pull herself up and cling to his back, and he would wag his tail and look lovingly around at her, and walk slowly and softly about with her, accomodating himself to her uncertain step. And once when she lost her hold and fell back, he expressed the tenderest sympathy for her, and licked her bumped head until she laughed with delight again.

I am going to tell you one story about Brave.

Once when Nan and Nell were strawberrying down by the stream in the meadow, the sheep got out of the pasture and came trooping past them, with the cross old buck at their head. The little girls dropped their baskets and ran, for they knew he would attack almost everything he saw, and

only a few days before he had broken the neck of a neighbor's buck in a fight.

There was a large stump near, upon which they climbed and sank down breathless, but they were ready to faint with fear when they saw that he had stepped out from the flock and followed them, and was stamping and shaking his head, and making other threatening signs.

For a moment they hoped his attention was taken by the baskets they had dropped, but after smelling of them and finding nothing to his taste, he put his head down and charged upon the stump. The shock almost sent them off, and a large piece of rotten wood dropped out of the side of the stump and fell off.

The children were frantic. The wide flat stretched west nearly a half-mile, then there was a hill, and on the top of this was their home. They could only see the back of the barn, and there was no one stirring in sight.

Again the old buck came on, and the stump shook to its foundations. They were certain that it could not stand many such assaults, and they were in the greatest fear of falling off.

"Oh," sobbed Nan, "if we had only taken Brave!" and at thought of him she drew up her breath in sheer desperation, and imitated the peculiar, piercing whistle, by which her brother always called the dog from a distance.

Then she strained her eyes toward the house, but oh! it was so far, and it seemed so hopeless! Again the buck struck the stump, and again, above Nell's screams, she called louder than before, and whistled for the dog.

And this time through her tears what did she see? Was it a brown ball rolling with lightning speed down the hill, or could it be Brave coming? And now it has reached the flat, and in a straight line for them; hugging the ground it comes flying across.

Nearer and nearer, and faster and faster it came, until the old buck, just gathering himself for another spring, was suddenly rolled into a heap on the ground, and amid the joyous cries of the children, and the hoarse growls from a strong mouth that was tearing the wool from his throat, he scrambled to his feet and scampered away with the frightened flock.

And Brave trotted back to the thankful children wagging his tail, and licking their tearful faces as they hugged him, and when they had picked up their baskets and made themselves ready, he escorted them proudly home.

LOTTY'S WALK TO BOSTON.

IT was nine o'clock in the morning. By the road-side sat a little child. A rough-looking man came driving slowly by. He had red hair, a thick red beard, and light blue eyes, so light that they seemed almost white.

The man was nearly at his journey's end, but something in the child's face attracted his attention. Perhaps it was because he had a little girl in his rough home that he had left a few hours ago, and the pitiful expression in this young face touched his father-heart.

Almost instinctively he stopped his tired horse, and looked down upon her. He saw that she was pretty. Her large, dark eyes were raised fearlessly. The little blue check sun-bonnet had fallen to her shoulders, and the thick, flat, brown curls were plastered on her forehead by the perspiration caused by walking in the sun.

Presently a clear, musical little voice reached his ear.

"Is Boston very far off now?"

"My next stopping-place, puss. Are you going to Boston? There's only the long bridge, 'way yonder, to cross, and you're there."

The child drew a long sigh of relief. "I'm so tired!" she said. "Guess I'll rest a little longer."

"Where d'ye come from?" asked the drover.

"'Way from Thornville," mentioning a town about twelve miles off; and she lifted her old sun-bonnet to its proper place, and tied the strings.

The drover took his basket, which was filled with crackers, and ham, and cheese; and, as the place happened to be somewhat secluded, he elambered down from the high wagon, and seated himself beside the child.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said she, simply.

"Then eat," and he filled her hands with crackers. "So you're goin' to Boston—sich a mite as you? Well, well!"

"I'm going to see Dr. Iris. Do you know him?" queried the girl eagerly. "He lives on Tremont street, and he fixes people's eyes. That's all he does do. One of the neighbors told my mother about it, and she said that he almost makes the blind see. I walked all the way from Thornville."

The drover paused in the act of taking a huge bite of his improvised sandwich.

"You walked!"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you set out?"

"Yesterday, in the afternoon. Mother thinks I spent the night at Cousin Sara's, and I did mean to, 'cause I wanted her to go with me; but she was sick, so I came right on."

"Whew! Walked from there, eh? Where'd you spend the night?"

"In a barn."

"What! In a barn? Well, you are one of 'em. Your mother must hev a sight o' faith in you."

"O, she don't know it. I mean she don't know I've come all this way. I stay days sometimes at Cousin Sara's. And there's Betty at home—she's my sister—and, though she is lame, she can do a good bit; but I couldn't bear to see mother suffer so."

"If that don't beat all!" exclaimed the drover, after a long stare of admiration. "She's the pluckiest little critter ever I did see. Well, all I hope is that you may do what you come for; but I don't know. Dr. Iris, I s'pose, is one o' them rich fellers that wants big fees."

"But I don't want him to come for nothing," said the child. "Don't?"

"No, I'll pay him when I am grown up."

The drover threw back his big head, opened his huge mouth, and uttered two or three explosive sounds, that were, I suppose, laughter to him.

"Well, that's too good!" he roared. "I'm blessed if I ever saw anything so funny in all my born days. A kitten like you talking about paying when you're grown up. How old may you be now, miss—miss?"

"My name's Lotty, and I'm nine next May," said the child, with a serious manner, and nothing daunted by his air of amused interest.

"Well, well, I never!" muttered the drover, rising and stretching his brawny frame. "But come, I'll give you a ride as far as Boston, anyway;" and the next moment he lifted her, as if she had been a feather, and placed her on the seat beside him.

So they jogged along behind the staid old horses, while the man pointed out the sights. Everything was novel and delightful to the little woman. The long bridge, the sparkling water, the vessels, and sail-boats, and steam-tugs; the glint of the sun upon the river; the fine earriages that rolled past them. Everything she saw she treasured, that she might carry the picture home fresh to her mother, and beguile the long, dark, painful hours, with the story of her experience.

Leaving her with some pennies in her hand, and as near to the place of her destination as he conveniently could, the drover went on, quite lost in admiration of this brave little soul, and Lotty began to look about her.

The noise of the streets, the hurrying, jostling throngs, the cries and clamor of the news-venders and street merchants, disconcerted her a little. In all her life she had never seen such bewilderingly beautiful things as the shop windows displayed. It was as good as a trip into fairy-land, and a thrill of genuine pleasure caused her for a moment to forget the responsibility of the errand she had taken upon herself.

It was a long time before she found the location she desired, and then, poor child, she lingered about the door with the sensitive fear of a novice. She had pictured to herself so terrible an object, terrible mainly because of the dignity and power with which she had invested the skillful oculist, who could do, it seemed to her, almost what he would with disease—she had so pictured him, I say, that the thought of meeting such greatness, embodied, probably, in the form of a tall, princely personage, who would scarcely deign to look upon her, caused her poor little heart to throb almost to suffocation. At last she summoned sufficient courage to pull the door-bell. A handsome, motherly-looking woman opened the door, for the doctor's servant, who usually attended that duty, was busy putting the doctor's horses in harness.

"I don't think the doctor can see you now, little girl," said the housekeeper, looking somewhat disdainfully upon the small figure and the homely cape-bonnet, in whose disfiguring shadow the soft brown eyes were almost hidden from sight. Lotty faltered then. What should she do in the great, crowded city if her mission had been in vain?

"O, please let me speak to him just a moment! I came all the way from Thornville, and haven't anywhere to go."

She burst into tears. The sob, and the pathos of the child's tones had penetrated into the interior of the house.

"Who is it, Mrs. Sanderson?" spoke up a singularly manly voice, as some one crossed the hall.

"Only a little girl, sir. She's come a good distance, she says, but as it's after hours, I thought"—

"Never mind; let her come in. I'll give her a minute or two."

Another second, and Lotty, her brain all in a whirl, found herself breathless and trembling in a bright-looking room, standing in the presence of a slender, light-haired gentleman, whose smiling eyes, like two benignant suns, seemed to send light and cheer into her poor, cold, frightened little heart.

"Well, anything the matter with your eyes, little woman? Come here and let me see."

Lotty, too much frightened to speak, went forward mechanically.

"They don't look like it. Suppose you take off your bonnet and let me examine them more closely."

Lotty pulled off the dingy head-dress, disclosing one of the sweetest and fairest faces that heaven ever lent to earth.

"It isn't *my* eyes, sir, it's mother's," she said, falteringly.

"O! And who is mother?"

"It's Mrs. Gaddis, sir, and we live in Thornville."

"We do? But that's a long distance from here."

"Only a few miles, sir. I walked in since yesterday."

"Walked?—coming, John, in a few moments," he added, as the servant came to the door. "Did you say you walked?"

"Yes, sir. I felt so bad for mother, because she can't sew any more, and that's the way she earns our living. For Betty is lame in the hip, and can't go out to service, and mother, now she can't see very well, cries a good deal to think she can't work, and that makes her eyes worse. I thought if you would give me something for them that would cure her, I would thank you so much! And if you'd please wait till I'm grown up, I would *surely* pay you the money for it—I'd be certain to pay you every cent."

The doctor looked her all over, from the curly crown to the coarse shoes, all dusty and travel-worn. Then something came into his eyes which he winked away, and he put his hand on the child's head.

"You're a very brave little girl," he said, and that was all.

She dared not raise her eyes to his face while he drew on his long riding gloves. She did not see the pressure of his lips, and then the half-amused smile that curved them, as he looked forward to the growing up of the mite who stood trembling before him.

"Come!" he said, in a voice that made her start and thrill to the heart with joy, though she did not know why. But she looked up and saw that he was moving towards the door.

"I am going to see your mother," he said, smiling like a prince, and O, what pleasant eyes he had! They seemed as if they might look life into poor eyes that were dead.

"Seven years ago," he said, "I was in Thornville, and wearied out with a long walk. I was a student then, and I stopped at a cottage door and rested. A sweet-faced woman, with a little girl in her arms, gave me some cool, fresh milk to drink. Who knows but it was your mother?"

He took her hand in his, and, to the surprise of the portly housekeeper, led the little girl, with her homely frock and her old sun-bonnet, to his wide, substantial buggy. Then, placing her carefully upon the seat, he got beside her, and they went off together.

The afternoon sun sent his mild beams over the country lanes and fields, when at last little Lotty, her scheme triumphant, drove up to the cottage home.

They found the widow in terrible consternation, and Betty, the lame girl, crying; for news had just come that Lotty had

gone off to the city by herself; and the fond mother-heart pictured all sorts of catastrophes for her child. But when the doctor told his story, and presented the brave little girl, the mourning was turned into joy.

No pains were spared to restore sight to the eyes, diseased from over-work and tears. The doctor adopted the whole family, in fact; procured help for Betty, a nurse for the mother, and the benefit of a good school for little Lotty. And sometimes he tells her that he is waiting very patiently for her to grow up, that she may fulfill her promise, and pay him for having restored her mother's sight; and I have not the least doubt in the world but she will do it. *Selected.*

HOW I CEASED USING TOBACCO.

BY JAMES CLOVE.

THE early portion of my life was spent in herding the village milch cows, in company with other lads of the same age as myself. In our associations on the herd-ground we habituated ourselves to many evil and degrading practices, one of which was smoking tobacco. This habit we thought, as boys of our age generally did, elevated us to the pinnacle of manhood.

Yet, with this hypothetical exultation, I could not but feel conscious that the practice was not pleasing before God; and I certainly knew that if my parents became aware of it they would have punished me.

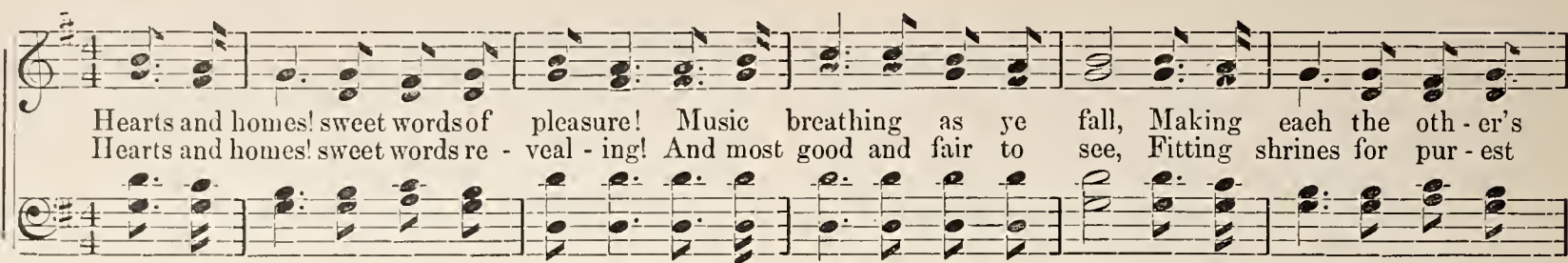
But I reasoned that they would not become acquainted with the fact when I indulged on the secluded herd-ground. God's holy angels, I had been told, watched over us, recording every act of our lives, so if my parents did not know that I smoked, God certainly did; therefore, I was in constant fear of being chastened by God in some way.

There were a great many rattlesnakes on the grounds where we were herding, and they were a constant terror to all of the herd-boys. These, I many times thought, would be apt to bite me because of my sinning. But with all my fears and apprehensions, I was not intrepid enough to leave off, in the very face of my comrades, the evil habits I had contracted. For if I did they would ridicule me greatly for being, as they would say, such a coward. The mere idea of being thought cowardly by my companions I could not for one moment entertain.

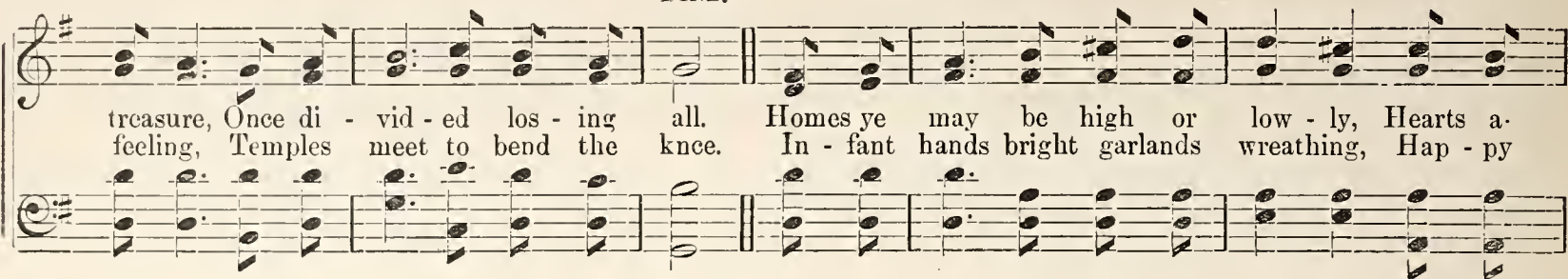
One day while sitting in the pleasant shade of some willows, enjoying, as we termed it, a large cigarette, I remarked to my companion, "What if a rattlesnake would get after us for smoking." I had but uttered the words, when I heard a hissing sound directly behind me. I turned my head to ascertain from whence the sound came, when, to my astonishment, I beheld a large rattlesnake in the very act of springing upon me. I moved aside and luckily escaped, but learned thereby a lesson and from that day to this, I am very happy to say, I have never used any more tobacco.

KNOWLEDGE TURNED TO ACCOUNT.—There is no kind of knowledge which, in the hands of the diligent and skillful, will not turn to account. Honey exudes from all flowers, the bitter not excepted; and the bee knows how to extract it.

HEARTS AND HOMES.



FINE.



D. C.



CHARADE.

BY MARY.

My first is a fondness at heart,
That enters at everyone's door;
It heeds not one's station in life,
Whether he is wealthy or poor.
In tragedy it often displays
A daring or prominent part;
It cheers and revives a sad mind
Or breaks the unfortunate's heart.

My second is simple and small
And covers a very small space,
But denotes that my last's near at hand
Which will find for each person a place;

My whole, if arranged and prepared,
(Though the answer is not very long),
You will find, if you've made no mistake,
Is the name of a beautiful song.

THE Charade in No. 15 is solved thus: There are 5 letters in the word Three, and this number doubled makes the 10; the word Ten contains 3 letters, and so on to the end. Correct answers have been received from Leroy Young, Wasatch; Geo. F. Paxman, Nephi; Angeline B. Freeman, Elizabeth E. Bodell, Sarah E. Walker, Charlotte L. Dansie, Herriman; J. W. Booth, Alpine; Brigham A. Scare, Salt Lake City.

MEN'S AGENCY.—Labor produces its desired effects only by conspiring with the laws of nature. There is no commodity, or thing produced for consumption, which labor provides in any other way than by co-operating with the laws of nature. It is found that the agency of man can be traced to very simple elements. He can do nothing more than produce motion. He can move things towards one another, and he can separate them from one another: the properties of nature perform all the rest. He moves ignited iron to a portion of gunpowder, and an explosion takes place. He moves the seed to the ground, and vegetation commences. He separates the plant from the ground, and vegetation ceases. Why, or how these effects take place, he is ignorant. He has only ascertained by experience, that if he performs such and such notions, such and such events will follow. In strictness of speech, it is matter itself which produces the effects. All that man can do is to place the objects of nature in a certain position.

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MODES OF LOCOMOTION.

THE methods of traveling by land and water which are now in vogue in civilized countries are probably the most perfect that have ever been devised by man. For speed, safety and comfort they are unsurpassed by anything we know of either ancient or modern.

Since the discovery was made that steam could be utilized as a motive power, a great change has taken place in the methods of transporting goods and passengers from place to place. Instead of being obliged to move about by means of conveyances drawn by horses or oxen, one can now board a train of cars, to which the "iron horse" is attached, and fly over the surface of the earth at the rate of from forty to sixty miles an hour! In place of the slow-going sailing ships which formerly were the only vessels that traversed the mighty deep, and which had to depend for speed upon the uncontrollable elements of nature, we have steamers that plow through the ocean at a much greater speed, regardless of wind or weather. To be in keeping with the rapid means of travel now in use, it has also been discovered possible to transmit messages over land or sea at lightning speed.

Being surrounded by these modern contrivances, we cannot help smiling at the way in which persons in such countries as China and Japan, and many other places, move about. These peoples are still under the necessity of resorting to the same

means of locomotion as were in use among their ancestors hundreds and perhaps thousands of years ago, except in some instances where Europeans have introduced modern inventions.

As a specimen of the awkward and uncomfortable devices used by semi-civilized peoples, we refer our readers to the accompanying picture. This shows one of the methods of traveling which is practiced in China. Another vehicle very common in that country is the sedan chair, which is made

similar to the palanquin of India, and which was at one time used in Europe. This consists of a chair or seat covered in on all sides and placed upon poles which rest upon the bearer's shoulders.

As instances of other peculiar ways of traveling, we might call attention to the practice of the Laplanders, who move about in sledges drawn by the reindeer; again, to the Esquimaux who ride in sledges pulled by dogs; and also to the Africans, who are carried upon the backs



of ostriches. Such animals as horses, oxen, camels and elephants have been used for carrying persons as well as merchandise from time immemorial, and no doubt most peoples rested contentedly with the belief that they could not be superseded by anything better. At any rate, it appears they were satisfied with the speed of traveling that could be attained by these animals, for we know of no such agencies being utilized as are at present among civilized nations until quite recently.

The people of to-day, however, are not satisfied with anything less than perfection in the mechanical line. Inventors are continually at work seeking to improve upon every useful contrivance known, as well as to discover new appliances and plans to benefit mankind. The result is, a revolution in almost every avocation of life has been effected, so that the mechanic or tradesman of a century or two ago would be entirely lost at his particular calling should he find himself in a modern workshop. A man accustomed to driving animals would know nothing about running a steam locomotive; no more would a sailor be able to manage an iron-clad ocean steamer. Not even shoemakers, tailors or weavers of the last century would understand their respective trades as they are carried on now-a-days.

Much of the advancement made in mechanical pursuits is due to the adoption of steam as a motive power. Before it was known that such a thing could be accomplished, labor as well as traveling had to be done in a slow way. Many things that are now done by machinery, with great dispatch and at little cost, were, years ago, wrought very tediously by hand.

To give an idea of the difficulties and inconveniences the people of England had to put up with while traveling before railroads came into use, the following account of a short trip made by a royal personage, in the year 1703, is appended:

"We set out at six in the morning, by torchlight, to go to Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches (save only when we were overturned or stuck fast in the mire) till we arrived at our journey's end. It was a hard service for the prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day without eating anything, and passing through the worst ways I ever saw in my life. We were thrown out but once, indeed, in going, but our coach, which was the leading one, and his highness' body coach, would have suffered very much, if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders, from Godalming almost to Petworth; and the nearer we approached the duke's house the more inaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours to conquer them."

Many of the people of Utah know of the hardships and difficulties encountered in early days, when they made the journey across the plains, from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains, with ox teams or hand-carts. But it is quite different now. The ox team caravans and the Great American Desert which they traversed are unknown, having vanished before the approach of civilization on its westward march.

We cannot estimate the benefit the discovery of such powers as are possessed by steam and electricity have been in bringing about the advanced civilization of the present day. The degree of perfection reached by mankind in things pertaining to their physical comfort and convenience is indeed wonderful. But in matters concerning their spiritual welfare, and that tend to fit and prepare them to enjoy the hereafter, the world of humanity have made no improvement. And it is sad to contemplate their condition in this respect when their progress in other things is so marked. It further shows the need of revelation and of the true gospel among them; and the fact that the gospel has been restored in this age of enlightenment is an evidence to us of the mercy and goodness of God. It also exhibits His wisdom in inspiring men with a desire to bring about a better condition of affairs among mankind, so that His designs might be accomplished; for it is clearly evident the Lord intended that the modern improvements made in the methods of traveling and of spreading knowledge, as

well as in other things, should be for the special purpose of facilitating the establishment of His work on the earth, and the gathering of His chosen people. E. F. P.

GIVING AWAY JIMMIE.

BY MAC.

IN the city of Nottingham, England, lived a poor cobbler, whom we will call Smithies, who had a wife and six children, a large family for a poor man to support in that country, and many times Smithies had little enough to give them to eat and scarce enough to buy clothes for them. But with the little amount his wife earned with her needle, and that made by their eldest son Robert by selling newspapers and periodicals for one of the printing firms, added to that he made by his own trade, enabled him to keep his family out of the reach of misery or starvation. He was the tenant of a man named McConnel, that is, the house he occupied was owned by McConnel, and for the rent of which Smithies paid him a certain amount yearly.

The beautiful home of McConnel was not far from the house in which Smithies lived and the friendship between the two men was very great, a thing that seldom occurs between landlord and tenant.

At length hard times came for the poor cobbler; his wife became sick with fever, and so much of the husband's time was taken up in waiting upon her and caring for the smaller members of his family, that he had a poor chance to ply his trade, so when the cold days came and the rent became due he had nothing laid by with which to pay the obligation. McConnel, however, not only generously forgave the amount due but also assisted him to pay a debt he owed the apothecary for medicines, and many little conveniences in the way of food and clothing had often found its way from the home of this generous family to that of the poor cobbler.

That winter, however, was a hard one for poor Smithies. Misfortune seemed to hang upon his track; his wife had recovered from fever but still remained an invalid. Then Robert, while assisting in the removal of goods at a warehouse, had the misfortune to get his leg broken; thus as time wore on the chances to gain a sustenance for his family grew still more meagre, and many times they all retired supperless to bed. One evening Smithies received a call from McConnel and the two remained a long time in conversation together. After McConnel's departure the cobbler entered his home with a very sober face, sat down to his scanty evening meal without saying a word. When all had been cleared away and the family had gathered around the hearth for their usual pleasant evening, the father after casting a doubtful look upon his wife and one of tenderness upon the group of interesting children before him, cleared his throat and in a hesitating manner began to rehearse to his wife the conversation he had had that evening with McConnel. This latter had taken advantage of poor Smithies' situation to make known to him a wish that had long been talked over by himself and wife—that of taking one of the cobbler's children and rearing it as one of their own; for rich and surrounded as they were by every earthly comfort they lacked that one heavenly tribute, a family of children, their costly and elegant rooms had never echoed to the tread of little feet nor the sound of childish laughter. The only two that heaven ever gave them died in

their infancy, and left a desolation in their hearts and home which they sought to repair by taking to their bosoms one fledgeling from the happy brood of the poor cobbler.

"He promises," said the cobbler to his wife, "to treat the child as if he were their own, give him a good education and make him heir to their estate; we will have this house free of rent, besides he will allow us ten pounds yearly for the support and education of the rest of the children."

The cobbler and his wife talked the matter over seriously; they loved their little ones dearly and many reasons were brought up to bear against complying with their neighbor's wish, and were again overruled when they took into consideration the benefit it would be to the child to have an education and many other advantages they thought he deserved, that they were unable to give him. "Besides," said the father, "it will be giving the rest of them a chance, and as he would live so near to them it would not seem so much like giving him away after all," and so they decided it was best to comply with McConnell's request.

The child the McConnell's had chosen was the second son, Jimmie, a pretty, bright, intelligent boy of ten years, who during the conversation between his parents had sat looking earnestly into the fire made from fagots gathered from the hedges that day by his own industrious little hands, which now supported his chin between them. His brown hair fell in curls over his broad, white forehead and his large, brown eyes so beautiful in their expression filled with tears that trickled down through his fingers when he heard the decision made by his parents to give him away.

His father noticed his grief and said, "Why Jimmie, don't you want to go and live in McConnell's fine home?"

"No, father," said Jimmie, "I don't want to leave you and mother and—baby"—and here he broke quite down in his sorrow.

"But Jimmie," urged the father, "you will be treated nicely in that rich man's family, and they will love you dearly."

"They will not love me as you and mother have done," said he.

The mother's eyes filled with tears and she thought, "What if he should lack that tender affection and care there that goes so far towards making a young life bright and beautiful. But no, the warm, loving heart of Mrs. McConnell could not fail to bestow affection upon one so good and sweet tempered as Jimmie," so she checked the rising tears and put by the forebodings his words had called up.

"Besides," said Jimmie, "if God had wanted me to be Mr. McConnell's child could He not have sent me to him in the first place?"

The parents winced at this argument of the child, but still they argued,

"We are so poor, Jimmie, we can never give you an education and such advantages as you will have there. Besides, think how it will enable you to help your brothers too."

"God knew you were poor when He sent me to you, didn't He father? But I don't think we are so very poor, at least I am not."

His words struck deep into their hearts and they thought, "Surely we have no right to barter away what God has only given to our keeping."

His words had caused a light to creep in upon their minds that had not shone there before, and the little fellow went to his bed with a happy heart in his bosom for he knew he would not be given away on the morrow.

The next evening when McConnell called for his answer, and learned that he was not to receive Jimmie into his keeping, he could scarcely repress his anger and disappointment.

He did not attempt to dissuade the Smithies from their decision, for the settled look in the father's face and the force of his reasoning satisfied him that further persuasion would be useless, and when he took his departure, Smithies knew that in him he had lost a friend. Afterwards his manner was very cool towards the cobbler, and soon he became rigorous and even harsh.

Smithies struggled on in his poverty. Often his family went a whole day without food, but no privation they endured ever caused him or his wife to feel sorry they had not made the breach in the circle of their little ones, when they were tempted to do so; and Jimmie seemed doubly dear to them now.

After that, McConnell pressed Smithies for his rent with undue precision, never allowing him any favors, but He who maketh the sun to shine upon the poor as well as the rich was mindful of the poor cobbler, and whenever the rent came due the necessary funds were on hand with which to settle it, and the landlord could never find sufficient cause against his tenant to justify him in turning him into the street.

(To be Continued.)

CHINESE SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

THORNTON, in his history of China, brings forward evidence that one thousand six hundred years ago, the Chinese had sufficient mechanical science and skill to invent and build suspension bridges. He says:

According to the concurrent testimony of all their historical and geographical writers, Shangleang, the commander-in-chief of the army under Kaoutsoo, the first of the Hans, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous province of Shan-se, to the west of the capital. Hitherto, its lofty hills and deep valleys had rendered communication difficult and circuitous.

With a body of one hundred thousand laborers, he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into the valleys, and where this was not sufficient to raise the road to the required height, he constructed bridges, which rested on pillars or abutments. In other places he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another, across a deep chasm.

These bridges, which are called by the Chinese writers very appropriately, "flying bridges," and represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high that they cannot be traversed without alarm. One still existing in Shan-se stretches four hundred feet from mountain to mountain, over a chasm of five hundred feet.

Most of these "flying bridges" are so wide that four horsemen can ride on them abreast, and balustrades are placed on each side to protect travelers. It is by no means improbable, as M. Pauthier suggests, that, as the missionaries in China made known the fact, more than a century and a half ago, that the Chinese had suspension bridges, and that many of them were of iron, the hint may have been taken from thence for similar constructions by European engineers.

INNOCENCE finds not near so much protection as guilt.

OUR BIRTHRIGHT—WILL WE FORFEIT IT?

BY J. E. TAYLOR.

TO have the privilege of being born at a time when the fullness of the gospel is restored, with its ordinances, gifts and powers, is an inestimable blessing that should be valued as among the greatest that could be conferred. But to inherit by virtue of birthright these blessings, that millions, nay, billions of the human race have not been privileged to receive in the least degree in the flesh, seems to me to be the very highest endowment that God could bestow, and should be appreciated as such.

There is no ordinance of the gospel nor power of the priesthood necessary to salvation but has been given into the keeping of this people, and the children that are born in the new and everlasting covenant are entitled thereto by right of birth, and can come into their possession by observing the law that the Lord has revealed; for they can inherit them only on these conditions.

Everything is governed by law, and is sanctified and glorified by the same: consequently it is all important that we should not only understand but should also keep the law of the Lord. Jesus, whose rightful place was and is at His Father's right hand, and than whom no purer being ever lived, was baptized of John in Jordan. When John wished to decline baptizing so pure a being, Jesus remarked that it was necessary in order "to fulfill all righteousness." In other words, this was a part of the law of the gospel which He knew He must observe or He would not be acceptable to God; and it must be remembered that Jesus was an ensample in all things. We reason, then, that while the children of the Latter day Saints are entitled to the privileges and blessings of the gospel, they must receive them through the channel that God has appointed, for they cannot now, nor at any time in the future, reach out their hands and take them at pleasure.

Further, birthright is not all that is necessary to entitle them to possession. They must be pure in the practices of their lives or they will lose their right, for impurity is a barrier to all blessings. Esau sold his birthright to gratify his appetite when hungry, and the first-born of Jacob lost his by committing sin with his father's wife, and it was divided between Judah and Joseph: Judah receiving the kingly power and Joseph the fullness of the Melchizedek Priesthood. Not only these, but many others in different dispensations have forfeited their right to these blessings, some forever and others for the time being.

A man can forfeit his wife by committing adultery (see forty-fourth verse of the revelation on celestial marriage). Notably was this the case with David, who committed adultery with Bathsheba, and added the crime of murder thereto in order to cover his shame, for he lost all of his wives. And, in the language of the revelation, "he shall not receive them out of the world, for I gave them unto another, saith the Lord."

It will be seen from this that not only can we forfeit our right to receive blessings, but also forfeit those blessings after they have been bestowed upon us.

The object of this article is to warn the youth of Zion, who are legal heirs to the blessings of God's Priesthood, against any act which will bar them from possession. There are in our midst many avenues to evil that are wide open, and the entrances thereto are made most inviting. The wicked one

knows full well that if he can get the children of the people of Zion to indulge in wrong doing his purposes are in a measure accomplished, for to the extent that they partake of evil are they unfitted to receive these blessings.

The gospel provides all the necessary safeguards, and if we will only avail ourselves of them we can be protected from evil of every kind. We shall not be freed from temptation, however, for this will follow us as long as the enemy is permitted to exercise his power upon this planet. The Word of Wisdom should be especially observed by the youth of Zion, for its strict observance will largely secure immunity from disease and give long life to the observer of its principles. A total abstinence from the use of tobacco and strong drink, named therein, will preserve, where other natural conditions are favorable, such a healthy equilibrium of the body as to greatly prevent passionate desires and unnatural appetites that tend only to evil.

The adversary finds the easiest victims among those whose passions are the most easily aroused, for be it remembered that his only way of approach is through the organs of the body, hence the necessity of their being well fortified, as the weak and unguarded places are the chief points of attack. It was to fortify us against the attacks of the adversary that the Lord gave us this Word of Wisdom, as well as to correct evil in those who were (unwittingly perhaps) violating its provisions. In fact, our real safety consists in keeping all the commandments of God. It was said by an ancient prophet that "our fathers inherited lies and vanity, and things wherein there is no profit." A strict observance of the law of the Lord will enable us to supplant the evils that we have inherited from the fathers, and to establish in their stead such principles of purity and truth that tend to the salvation of the body, the enlargement of the mind, as well as to the final exaltation of body and spirit in the celestial world.

The departure from the plain path of duty by many of our young sisters in marrying those not of our faith is a matter of serious regret, and has seldom been known to result in good either to themselves or their offspring; but the contrary has followed in almost every instance so far, and I assert unqualifiedly that it is only a question of time when others who thus yield themselves will experience the same disappointment and the same sad results following this unequal yoking with unbelievers. Not only do they by this cut, themselves off from the blessings to which they are entitled by birth, but their children suffer the same loss: for if ever they receive the blessings to which the legal born are entitled it will not be until they are adopted into the family of a righteous man, for it is a very rare instance indeed where an unbelieving husband has after marriage received the gospel. On the contrary they have generally developed such bitterness of feeling and opposition to the faith as to merit in nearly every instance the appellation of "our worst enemies."

Female vanity is too often flattered with polished manners, devoted attention, persistent declarations of love, together with the glitter of promised wealth, all of which too frequently hide such ignoble traits of character that the sacred marriage tie cannot conceal. Then follow regret, repentance, estrangement, and finally abandonment, involving a life of sorrow which cannot be evaded; and the father and mother who were probably entirely ignored in the onset are made to feel the burden of this sorrow, and often at a time when they are illy able to bear the load. When will our daughters learn by the bitter experience of others to avoid the rocks and shoals upon which

they have been broken to pieces, and steer clear altogether of these ever existing dangers? For the word to ancient Israel is equally applicable to us, which reads: "Neither shalt thou make marriages with them: thy daughters thou shalt not give unto his sons."

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MISSION.

BY J. W.

(Continued from page 230.)

IN the month of February, 1875, myself and Elder P., who was laboring with me at that time in the Leeds Conference, received an invitation from the President of the Sheffield Conference to visit them there and assist in the opening of a room the Saints had just rented, called Brunswick Hall. As the place of my birth was in that district, and it was in that conference I first received the gospel, and quite a number of my relatives still lived in Sheffield, the visit gave me much pleasure. We also met on that occasion a number of Elders from Utah, and thus the opportunity was offered of comparing and exchanging our ideas and experiences.

No where, better than in Sheffield, can the effects of the gathering, and the change in public sentiment towards the gospel, be seen. At the time I left there, in 1851, the work had reached its highest point, both in interest and number of members. The branch alone numbered nearly a thousand members. The Saints occupied one of the best halls in the town. The attendance at our meetings was very large, and great interest in the work was manifested. At the time of our visit the branch numbered about two hundred members. The Saints had but a poor hall for the holding of meetings, and were it not for the fact that nearly every city, town and village in Utah contains a portion of the formerly numerous membership, we might regret the change. The interest of the people in the work was also changed. On the occasion of our visit, after the Saints had spent a large amount in placarding the town and advertising in the papers of our meeting, only about fifty strangers attended.

Several papers sent reporters, but they represented us in an ignorant and a prejudiced manner. One of them commenced by saying that most writers who undertook to oppose or expose "Mormonism" knew but little about it, hence their failure. His chief object was to give correct information on the subject. He then went on to say that Brigham Young was an Englishman by birth, that Nauvoo was the first settlement of the Saints, that Brigham Young sent the first missionaries to England after he became President of the Church, with quite an amount of other matter equally foreign to the truth.

I will omit giving a synopsis of our meeting, and proceed to give an account of some of the curiosities to be seen at Rogers & Sons' show rooms. Rogers and Sons are famous and extensive manufacturers of all kinds of cutlery, as well as gold and silver and plated ware, also workers in silver. They are one of the oldest firms in the world. For over one hundred years the name of Rogers & Sons has been famous for articles in their lines. Their premises have been very much extended of late years.

Visits to their rooms are free of charge, but at their discretion as to admittance. I will try to describe a small part only

of what is to be seen. We first saw twelve pairs of scissors, the total weight of which was only half a grain. It was calculated that it would require 11,520 pairs to weigh an ounce. And yet we are assured they would all cut; but to try them another very fine pointed pair was needed, putting the points of the larger pair into the bows of the smaller and thus opening and closing them. These were all perfect in shape, and there were other scissors of very fine make, and varying in size from half an inch up to four feet long.

We next saw a pocket knife, one inch long, with thirty blades of different varieties in it, and all perfect in form; a pocket knife ten inches long and eight inches broad, with seventy-four blades in it, all different in shape, and consisting of blades in actual use by surgeons, mechanics, etc. Each blade had engraved on it a beautiful picture of some famous building. Another knife had one hundred and fifty blades, no two of which were alike. The scales or handles of these knives were of ivory, and were carved in a very intricate and beautiful manner.

We now come to what is generally considered the greatest wonder of all—a knife with one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five blades. All of them were perfectly formed and made of the best material, and could all be opened or closed. This knife was made for the first world's fair, held in London, in 1851, and then had in it one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one blades. A blade had been added every year since up to the time of our visit. The knife was about eighteen inches long and eight inches in breadth and thickness.

Besides these mentioned, there were vast collections of specimens of other knives of all ages and makes. There was also on exhibition a large amount of gold, silver and plated ware of elaborate workmanship and finish. Then there were horns and tusks to be seen, which had been reserved from their materials on account of size and beauty. One was an elephant's tusk, eight feet long, and weighing one hundred and sixty-one pounds.

The foregoing is but a very brief description of the wonders of ingenuity and mechanical skill to be seen at this establishment. No other place that it was my lot to visit gave me so much pleasure, as there we see the results of human skill, ingenuity and perseverance.

After our meetings and visits around, the Elders dispersed to their various fields of labor, feeling refreshed as well as entertained by their visit to Sheffield.

FIRST STEP OF KNOWLEDGE.—A mouse that had lived all its life in a chest, says the fable, chanced one day to creep up to the edge, and, peeping out exclaimed with wonder, "I did not think the world was so large."

The first step to knowledge is, to know that we are ignorant. It is a great point to know our place: for want of this, a man in private life, instead of attending to the affairs of his "chest," is ever peeping out, and then he becomes a philosopher! He must then know everything, and presumptuously pry into the deep and secret councils of God: not considering that man is finite, he has no faculties to comprehend and judge of the great scheme of things. We can form no other knowledge of spiritual things, except what God has taught us in His Word, and where He stops we must stop.

A JUST person knows how to secure his own reputation without blemishing another's, by discovering his faults.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 258.)

EVERY Maori settlement in the Hawkes Bay section of country was visited and the gospel was preached to the inhabitants, and many embraced the truth. After they had been sufficiently tutored in the duties of the Priesthood, and the responsibilities connected with branches of the Church, it was deemed expedient to effect branch organizations among those who had identified themselves with the Church.

In keeping with established customs of long practice among them, when anything of importance is going to transpire in a general way, elaborate preparations are made previously. Food, wood, etc., are made in readiness for those who anticipate taking a part therein. Consequently, when branches of the Church were about to be organized, a large Maori building previously abandoned, was cleaned out. The Maori women made many flax mats for carpeting, wood was hauled, and potatoes, birds, shell fish and other eatables were procured for the coming event.

On Sunday, the 29th of June, 1884, the Maori Saints from various settlements of the locality having assembled at Pakohai, two branches of the Church were organized: one at Pakohai with Hohepa Otene Meihana as president, with two counselors. The other at Korongata with Oterene Rapi as president, with two counselors. Besides this, on that occasion, two Priests and three Teachers were ordained, and nine others baptized. Many others, who did not belong to the Church, were present and witnessed the proceedings, which had considerable effect upon them.

When any of these people were placed in office, they made it a study to become acquainted with their duties, and in the majority of instances, they soon became sufficiently advanced to enable them to preside intelligently over those who were under their watchcare.

On the sixth of the following July, after the organization of the two branches referred to, four women were baptized and confirmed members of the Church at Taonke; and on the 13th of the same month, having proceeded to Korongata, we had the opportunity of preaching the gospel to many Maoris from the north. The coming forth and establishment of the Church of Christ in the primitive apostolic age, the apostasy that followed and the restoration of the gospel through Joseph Smith, the great prophet of latter-days by a heavenly messenger, was proclaimed to those assembled, in simplicity and with demonstration of the Holy Ghost, which seemed to impress the truth upon their minds, for nearly all heartily endorsed the doctrines advanced, and on the following day, Sunday, we were instrumental in adding nine more to the Church. These were unanimously admitted members of the Korongata branch. The Sacrament was administered to the members of that branch in a meeting held for that purpose. That evening the time was spent enlightening their benighted minds in the things pertaining to life and eternal happiness.

The following day, accompanied by many of our Maori Saints and friends, we proceeded to a place called Ngataraua, four miles distant over a beautiful, level tract of country. As usual we were made welcome by the old, familiar mode of reception. A young couple were to be married in accordance with the rites of the "Mormon" Church, which event brought many together to witness it.

At 2 p. m., necessary steps having been taken for the consummation of the marriage, the ringing of a bell summoned all hands to the "church," an old primitive Maori house, with one room, a portion of which was occupied by sacks of chaff, oats, harness, chains and saddle, while the remainder was utilized for dwelling purposes. We took seats on our rolls of blankets. Many of the aborigines were present. Takerei Kaipipi, sixteen years of age, with a youthful appearance, clad in a black suit of clothes, and Maora Hui, fifteen years of age, with round, pleasant features of womanly aspect, dressed in a light, rich dress and beautiful hat, all of European style, entered the room, followed by a short procession of relatives and friends. The two who were to be joined in wedlock approached the place where we were sitting on our blankets and kneeled immediately in front of us. The ceremony opened with singing and prayer. I pronounced the marriage ceremony in the Maori language. Remarks were then made upon the nature and covenant of marriage, the blessing flowing from the observance of those sacred vows, and the condemnation following a breach of them.

We also upon that day administered to a Maori afflicted with a species of leprosy, which dire affliction was rebuked by the power of God.

The following day we baptized four and blessed five children of Ngataraua. Having added thirteen to the Church in this place we returned to Taonoke, with hearts full of joy, knowing that God in His infinite mercy had abundantly blessed our efforts to reclaim that fallen and down-trodden people.

After the organization of those branches we alternately on Sundays, visited them and strengthened them in the truth. However, in spite of our zealous endeavors to bar the evil one from contaminating their clean souls, made so by the waters of baptism, the satanic power would lead some of them into some of their old, wicked practices. Still when overcome in sin, they were willing to confess and repent.

(To be Continued.)

BRAVE LITTLE YANKEE.

IT happened in 1776 that the garden of a widow, which lay between the American and British camps, in the neighborhood of New York, was frequently robbed at night. Her son, a mere boy, and small for his age, having obtained his mother's permission to find out and secure the thief, in case he should return, concealed himself with a gun among the weeds.

A strapping Highlander, belonging to the British grenadiers, came, and, having filled a large bag, threw it over his shoulder. The boy then left his covert, went softly behind him, cocked his gun, and called out to the fellow,

"You are my prisoner; if you attempt to put your bag down, I will shoot you. Go forward in the road."

The boy kept close behind him, threatened and constantly prepared to execute his threats. Thus the boy drove him into the American camp, where he was secured. When the grenadier was at liberty to throw down his bag, and saw who had made him prisoner, he was extremely mortified, and exclaimed,

"A British grenadier made prisoner by such a brat—by such a brat!"

The American officers were highly entertained with the adventure, made a collection for the boy, and gave him several pounds. He returned fully satisfied for the losses his mother sustained. The soldier had side arms, but they were of no use, as he could not get rid of the bag.

THE FAITH AND TRANSLATION
OF ENOCH.

BY D. JOHN.

"BY faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God." (*Heb. xi, 5*).

The substance of these words is taken from the writings of Moses. We have before us the life, the faith, the obedience and the glorious removal of a great and good man from the earth. Limited is the account given in the Bible of this faithful servant of God: that he lived on earth, that he walked with God, and after a pilgrimage of three hundred and sixty-five years "he was not, for God took him," is nearly the whole history given of him in that sacred book.

The principle by which he was so highly honored and singularly taken was the principle of faith. This gift of God has made the grand distinction of all who have served their country and their God in all generations. With a few exceptions all the sons of men have fallen asleep and seen corruption throughout the ages past; but this was a victory over death, brought about by faith. Heaven has not designed to confer this honor upon all those who are partakers of the heavenly faith: though heirs of the same kingdom, men must die. But through the death and resurrection of the Holy One of Israel and the power of the Holy Ghost, the possessor of faith may look beyond the vista of time for the recompense of reward, when, with Enoch, and with Him that "liveth, and was dead, and is alive forevermore," he shall reach his final abode where death shall be unknown, and life shall never end.

Enoch, while on the earth, was surrounded by infidels and idolaters. The earth was becoming more and more corrupt daily; the flood of water to cleanse the earth from sin and corruption had been spoken of, and no doubt by him in his warning voice. In his public ministry for many years he had kept nothing hid in his bosom that would benefit the people, had they heeded the warning voice of a man of God. But their hardness of heart no doubt vexed his righteous soul. He sowed and watered, but there was but small increase on account of corruption and unbelief; still his faith and hope never faltered.

The testimony given him, that he "pleased God," is a memorial of him to all generations. His memory is preserved in records that will never fade. We have read of the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, the strength of Samson, and the faithfulness of Peter; but all these are not unmixed with evil. Their history is shaded with some besetting sin, but in the case of Enoch, so far as recorded, it is quite the reverse—there is no darkness beclouding his faith.

"By faith he was translated, that he should not see death." This was something new in the history of the world—a strange display of majestic power. Before his day men had attained to the good old age of eight and nine hundred years, but at last they died. But there is no record of the death of this man—"He was not, for God took him."

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles!

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER XV.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

ON May 1, 1854, my thirty-fourth birthday, Elder John McLean, Brothers Thomas McDonald and Peter Hays, with their regiment, 1,000 rank and file, marched on board of one of her majesty's men-of-war to sail up the Mediterranean sea and take part in the Crimean war. In the midst of thundering shouts of enthusiasm the gallant ship with her precious burden of souls steamed out of the beautiful bay of Gibraltar to do honor to Briton's flag. A solemn reflection crossed my mind on this occasion with a mental question, who of this one thousand will ever return home again to fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters or wives?

Many tears were shed over the wounded and slain during this cruel war, which lasted about two years. My blessings went with the brave boys in red, especially the three brethren mentioned. These were instructed to remember their prayers as they were in the hands of the Lord who could protect them even in the hour of fierce battle, and also to use their influence to spread the gospel among their comrades. A subsequent letter brought news that Elder McLean had organized a branch of the Church in a Turkish burying ground, and while doing so, bottles and other missiles were thrown at him and his companions. The branch was named the Expeditionary Force Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Frequent letters revealed many of the horrors of warfare, such as being compelled to lie in the trenches before Sebastapol, in a mass of filth and vermin with no one to prepare them a change of linen. Elder McLean stated that he had been in the heavy charges at the battle of Inkerman and Alma. So pressed was the charge from both sides that the soldiers were crushed together and faced each other with crossed bayonets being unable to use them for some time. He, however, came out with only a slight bayonet wound in the arm which only kept him from duty five days. Brother McDonald was wounded by the bursting of a shell, but with his handkerchief bound up his head and continued the encounter until another shell burst close by and this time disabled him so that he was taken from the field, but soon recovered. Corporal Hays lost his arm, but his life was spared; so the lives of all three of the brethren were spared, while often the ground was strewn with the dead and dying. Thus, even in this war, the hand of the Lord was plainly seen and acknowledged.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

FUTURE and ETERNAL JOY.—The sufferings of the just may well be likened to fleeting shadows or passing dreams. As soon as the bright morning of eternity begins to dawn, the shadows of mortality are forever dissipated; and they forget at once, in the glorious light of God's majesty, the tribulations which they have endured for His cause. The unspeakable joys of which they partook so absorb all their faculties, that there is no room left for sorrow or suffering. If, indeed, their past trials are remembered by them, it is but to swell with fresh rapture, and to tune their voices to louder anthems in the praise of Him who has given them, in exchange for the cross, such an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

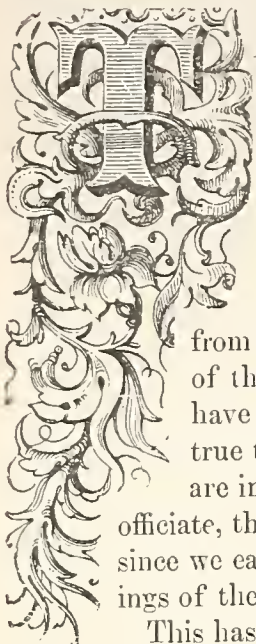
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



THESE are peculiar times we are living in. At no time since the organization of the Church have the Latter-day Saints been exposed to such a variety of influences as they have had to contend with for the past few months. The First Presidency and many of the Twelve and other leading Elders, have been compelled to refrain from appearing in public, because of the designs of their enemies. As a consequence the people have been left measurably to themselves. It is true there are some of the local officers who still are in a position to act; but even with them to officiate, the people have been left, as never before since we came to these mountains, to follow the teachings of the Spirit as manifested to themselves.

This has brought to the surface the good qualities of the faithful; the weaknesses of the unfaithful have also been exhibited. One class of the people feel stirred up to increased diligence. To them this is a time which calls for increased watchfulness and devotion. They are more prayerful, are more attentive to meetings, and are impressed to attend more strictly to every duty of their religion.

The other class seem to throw off restraint. They abandon themselves to worldly ease and pleasure and neglect the duties of their religion. There have been as many excursions and as much frolicking, and as great and wide-spread indulgence in pleasure seeking this season as during any previous season since the Latter-day Saints came to these mountains. A visitor who did not know the true situation of affairs in this Territory, would never imagine from the deportment of a great many of the people, that we were suffering from the most cruel of persecutions, that a number of our beloved brethren were in prison in various places, thrust into the society of the most wicked and abandoned thieves and murderers, or that the principal officers in the Church were in concealment to avoid arrest and punishment. A traveler visiting Utah would not imagine this to be the condition of affairs, from any external sign that he might notice. But this is the situation in truth.

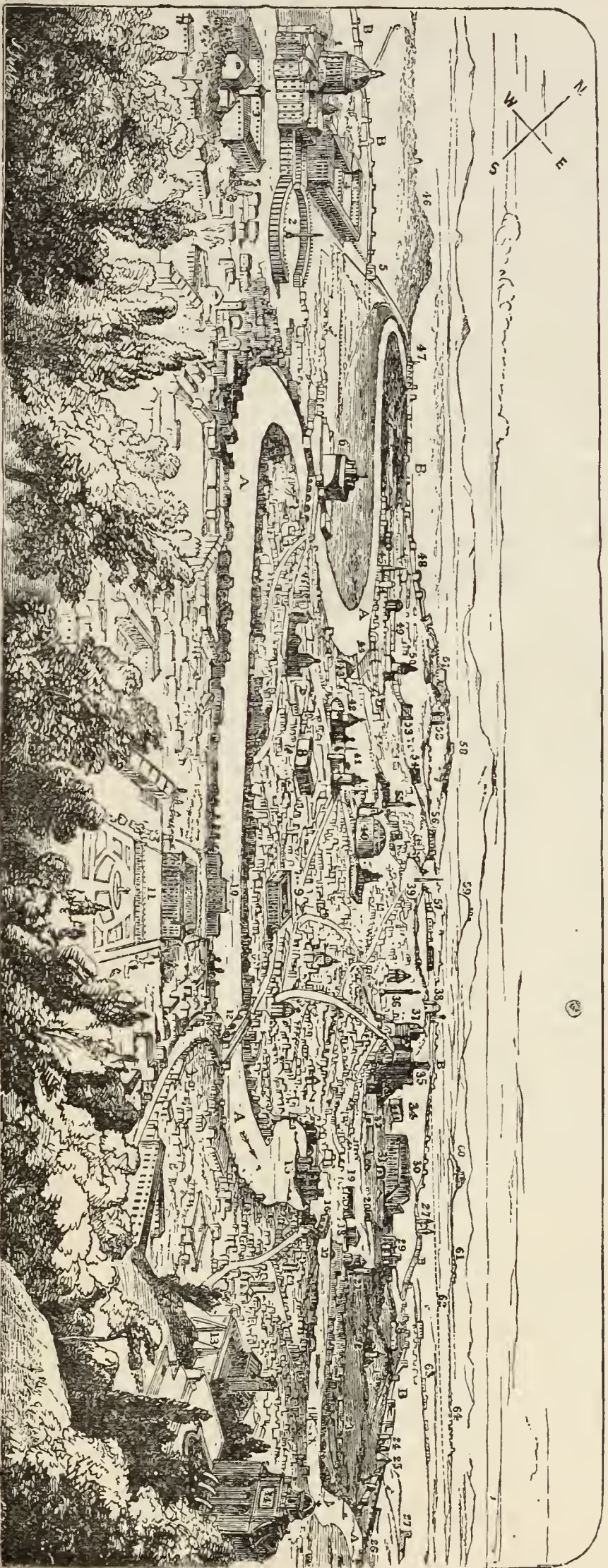
While our brethren and sisters bear up under the wrongs and oppressions to which they are subjected, and are cheerful and full of courage, the situation is nevertheless one of great gravity. We cannot think about our brethren in prison in Detroit, in Yuma, in Idaho or in this Territory without being moved with profound sympathy and commiseration for them. We feel that this is no time for Latter-day Saints to indulge in levity and junketing and frolicking; but rather it is a time for them to humble themselves in mighty faith before the Lord, to fast and pray, and to call upon Him in behalf of Zion, and to plead for His arm to be stretched out for the deliverance of His people.

Occurrences such as are now taking place among us are designed for our profit. We should feel chastened by them,

and instead of treating them as unworthy of notice we should seek to penetrate the design which God has in view in permitting them to take place. In old times, when affliction came upon the people of God, they sought the favor of the Almighty by repentance; they humbled themselves before Him, and frequently clothed themselves, in their self-abasement, with sackcloth and ashes. This certainly was more appropriate than the conduct of wicked nations of which we read—nations which despising all warnings, heedless of all scourges and judgments, continued in their wicked careers, revelling in their sins until they were finally cut off. It is a bad condition for any individual, community or nation to be in when they are so blind as not to see, and so hardened as not to feel that which is intended by the Lord for their warning and profit. This is not our condition, and we trust it never will be. Still with some who call themselves Latter-day Saints there are many lessons in present events of which they do not seem to take sufficient heed.

LEVITY on the part of parents and officers of the Church in permitting drunkenness, profanity, Sabbath-breaking and other evils to prevail in their families and in their wards is very inexcusable. There is too much neglect upon these points in many places. Bishops close their eyes to drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking, and pass them by as light offenses. Parents also think their boys a little wild, and if they do get drunk once in awhile it is a boyish folly that is not very serious, and they pass it by as a thing of naught. The result is that in some wards there are drunkards in the Church. Again, men think they are hurried in their work and must use the Sabbath to finish their labor, and justify themselves in so doing. But this is a violation of a command of God, and no man who claims to be a Latter-day Saint should be guilty of such an act. If a young man gets drunk he should be dealt with, and if he does not repent publicly he should be cut off from the Church. His confession should be as public as his sin; and if this rule were strictly enforced we believe drunkenness would be checked. So with Sabbath-breaking. A man who breaks the Sabbath is a transgressor of God's law, and he should be dealt with if he wishes to retain his standing in the Church. He should arise in public meeting, confess his sin, and obtain forgiveness of his brethren and sisters, or, if he refuses to do this, he should be disfellowshipped. And so with profanity and vices of every kind.

Bishops, Teachers and parents who permit such sins without calling those who are guilty of them to an account take upon themselves a heavy responsibility, and condemnation will fall upon them. The Church should be kept cleansed from transgressors, for if it is not, condemnation rests upon those who are members, and they have to bear the consequences with those who are guilty. The Lord has given certain laws respecting the government of His Church. They are very plain. He expects those who bear His Priesthood and represent Him to obey His laws and see that they are enforced, or He will not accept them and the people who act with them. It is most painful to see young people, who ought to know better, who have had opportunities of learning correct habits and that which is acceptable unto the Lord, guilty of excesses and wrongs that are in plain violation of every law of God. Even respectable Gentiles, who are properly brought up, look upon drunkenness, profanity, Sabbath-breaking and vices of this description as wrong, and they teach their children to refrain from them. But how much more important it is for Latter-day Saints to receive such teaching, and for Latter-day Saints to see that the rules of the Church upon these points are enforced!



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| <p>A. A. The Tiber.
 B. The Walls of Rome.
 1. St. Peter's.
 2. Piazza and Obelisk of St. Peter's.
 3. Palace of the Inquisition.
 4. Palace of the Vatican.
 5. Porta Angelica.
 6. Castle and Bridge of St. Angelo.
 7. Piazza dell' Orologia, and Church of Santa Maria Valhella.
 8. Palazzo della Camellaria, or Court of Church Chancery.
 9. Farnese Palace.
 10. Palazzo and Giardino Farnese.
 11. The Corsini Palace.
 12. Ponte Sisto.
 13. Church and Convent of St. Peter in Montorio.
 14. Fountain of Pius V.</p> | <p>15. Island of the Tiber.
 16. Ponte Rotto, or the Broken Bridge.
 17. Cloaca Maxima.
 18. Temple of Vesta.
 19. Temple of Fortuna Virilis.
 20. Arch of Janus.
 21. Church of Santa Maria in Cosmodin.
 22. Church of Santa Sabina Aventino.
 23. Ruins of the Emporium.
 24. Gate of St. Paul.
 25. Pyramid of Caius Cestius, in the Protestant Cemetery.
 26. The Civita Vecchia Railway Bridge.
 27. Basilica of St. John Lateran.
 28. Baths of Caracalla.
 29. Palace of the Caesars and Mount Palatine.
 30. The Colosseum.
 31. Arch of Constantine. } In the Forum Romanum or Campo Vaccino.</p> | <p>32. Arch of Titus.
 33. The Three Columns of Jupiter Tonans.
 34. Temple of Peace.
 35. The Capitol.
 36. Trajan's Column.
 37. Church of Santa Maria in Celis.
 38. Santa Maria Maggiore.
 39. Obelisk and celebrated Horses on Monte Cavallo.
 40. The Pantheon, with Church of Santa Maria Minerva in Piazza—Minerva to the right.
 41. The Roman University.
 42. Church of St. Agnes in the Piazza Navona.
 43. The Mausoleum of Augustus.
 44. Port of Ripetta, or little Port of the Tiber.
 45. Obelisk in the Piazza dell Popolo, and Terraces of the Pincian Hill.
 46. Monte Mario.</p> | <p>47. Ponte Molle and Via Flaminia.
 48. Muro Terzo, or the Twisted Wall.
 49. The Corso.
 50. Church of St. Carlo on the Corso.
 51. The Villa Medici on the Pincian Hill.
 52. Church of La Trinita de Monte.
 53. Fountain of the Barcaccia in the Piazza di Spagna.
 54. Fountain de Trevi.
 55. Antonio's Column.
 56. Palace on the Quirinal.
 57. Baths of Diocletian and Central Railway Station.
 58. The Villa Borghesi.
 59. Tivoli.
 60. Palestrina.
 61. Colonna.
 62. The Central Railway to Naples, &c.
 63. Ruins of the Aqueducts across the Campagna.
 64. Frascati.</p> |
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BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF MODERN ROME.

A CHAT WITH THE BOYS.

THE writer always remembers his own struggles when young, and has a tender spot in his old heart for boys. Consequently, he feels like giving a bit of fatherly advice, hoping thereby to help them on the way, encourage and make them better men, for they must very soon take positions in life, fight its battles and conquer or be conquered.

For those who wish to "be somebody," to make their mark and a high one, to be respected, honored, and secure standing and wealth, he would lay down a few rules, which, if followed, will make life a thing to be desired, and leave behind a memory to be kept green when their race is run and they have gone to their reward.

Integrity in all things must be observed. There must be no dodging, no double-dealing. Every act must be so performed that you can look the world squarely in the face with the consciousness of a pure heart.

Good manners must be cultivated. Kind words go very far toward making friends, and the boy ever polite will never be wanting in this respect.

Learn to be patient. Trials will certainly come. Perplexing and annoying circumstances are as frequent as clouds, and, like clouds, will pass away. Learn to endure, to be patient, and not get excited and "fly all to pieces" about what cannot be helped.

Be prompt in every undertaking. The boy who is known to be on time, who does what he is set to do without loitering, will be trusted and have hours for leisure. Business does not brook such a thing. Its demands are too imperative for delay, and with a reputation established for promptness and correctness, the foundation-stones of fortune are laid.

Don't get discouraged. It is the brave-hearted that win. Remember the story of Bruce and the spider. Read the lives of the truly successful men and see how they never gave up. Take "there's no such word as fail" for your motto, and ever press onward and upward.

Dare to do right. No matter what others may think or how much they may sneer, listen to conscience and obey its dictates. The right always wins in the long run; the wrong can only triumph for a time and will bring with it sorrow and punishment.

Principle should be higher than money. The latter is good, but the former is better. Keep in mind that the best of all books says, "A good name is better than great riches," for life will prove the truth of the words.

Be a man under all circumstances. Be master of yourself and your passions. Don't be one of the "dumb driven cattle" of earth. You were formed in the image of your Creator, and live up to your birthright high and holy.

Don't have any leisure time. Human life is too short to be dawdled away in idleness. If you have but a moment, improve it by study. One can never know too much, and the greatest scholars have ever mourned over their ignorance.

Be master of your business. Learn it in all its details. Don't be foolish enough to dream that because you have worked for months or years you know it all. You don't, by a good deal, you can find out something new every day.

Be temperate. As you love your parents, as you care for honor, for riches, for your own comfort bodily, and the future of your soul, *never touch anything that can intoxicate*. Have no "commerce" with drunkards. Avoid the grog-shops as you would small-pox. Their evils cannot be numbered and their touch is death.

Much more might the writer say out of the plentitude of his regard for you, but he forbears inflicting a sermon. Yet keep what he has written in mind, act upon it, make for yourselves names and fortunes, be true to your birthright, and, "it doth follow as the day the night that you will not be false to any man."

Boys, the writer would have you be better in the year to come than in the year just finished. He would have you learn to love your work even as he does. With heart and hand he stands ready to assist you. Will you do your part?

A SOLDIER'S ADVENTURES.

BY C. H. W.

(Continued from page 259.)

THE next work was that most disagreeable to any soldier—"clearing of the battlefield"—which was commenced as soon as we had a few hours' rest. The doctors and the ambulance corps care for the wounded from the commencement of the fight, but are not able to attend to all the work, so the different battalions assist as soon as they are at liberty. While in battle, all the finer and humane feelings will leave a person, and a soldier in time of action is nothing but a demon in human form. He has no sympathy for the sufferings of his comrades; all he cares for is to destroy. I have seen soldiers use the dead for pillows and card tables. Whenever a lull or cessation of firing occurred for a short time in the line, I have seen them rifle the pockets of those who had fallen, and strip them of such clothing that happens to be a little better than their own; in fact under this influence there is nothing too cruel and low for them to do.

But after the carnage is over this spirit leaves, a better one takes possession of the soldier and then he is a man again, with all his nobler attributes predominating. You may then imagine his feeling when called upon to assist in taking care of the wounded and the dying, who perhaps have been lying all day in the scorching sun or the chilling rain, as the case may be, without any assistance whatever, not even a kind hand to give them a drop of water to moisten their parched and burning lips.

It is most heartrending to see the horribly mutilated forms still living in the throes of death. Some crying for help; some begging to have an end put to their misery; some uttering the most agonizing groans; some praying, while others are cursing and swearing in the vilest manner. Then again the shrieks and utterances of pain when taken hold of to be removed into the hospital is beyond description; and I have always felt that I would rather be in two or three engagements than to assist in one clearing of the field.

The burying of the dead is soon accomplished. Large, deep, square pits are dug, the dead are placed therein in layers, and if lime is handy a covering of it is put upon each layer, together with a cloth or blanket, to separate them from each other. In the absence of lime dry earth is used. After a pit is filled in this manner it is covered with earth, the chaplain will say a few words of prayer, if time and circumstances will permit, a volley of musketry is fired over the grave, and the funeral is ended. Frequently as many as a hundred or more are thus placed in one hole.

But I will leave this unpleasant picture and return to the life in camp, which is to a young man full of interest and

amusement, though connected with a great many privations. The diet, for instance, is one day pork and beans with plenty of coffee and hard bread; the next day rice and beef are served, then beans and pork again for a change; hence the frequent robbing of hen roosts and pig pens by the soldiery. The poor farmer that chances to live near the seat of war is always to be pitied; but a soldier will do most anything for a change.

Plenty of fun and amusement are indulged in, such as singing, dancing, music, athletic sports, etc., also a great deal of drinking and gambling, which of course are always demoralizing. Anything is done to pass away time as pleasantly as possible, for with the greater portion the maxim is, 'Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you may die.'

During the year 1848 several battles were fought, but nothing of any moment occurred. We took our winter quarters at Hadersleben, and had a general good time, with plenty of drill and guard duty.

The Spring of 1849 opened with a skirmish on the third and fourth of April, near Sundewitt, which resulted in the retreat of the Danes into their own country, Jutland. They took position at Kolding, which place we attacked on the twenty-third of April. The bridge crossing a small river, which is the dividing line between Jutland and Schleswig, was barricaded and had to be taken by storm. It was then the hand to hand fight began in the narrow streets of Kolding, in which the citizens took part, women as well as men. They would throw boiling water, rocks, bricks and even the tiles of the roofs down upon us, and make things very unpleasant for us in general. But we succeeded in routing our opponents and took possession of the town, to the great discomfort of the inhabitants.

They had acted hostile towards us, and as a punishment to them we were permitted to "sack" the town, or in other words, allowed to do as we liked for three hours. During these three hours the people suffered terribly. The soldiers were infuriated against them. Several of our comrades had been poisoned by citizens: having asked for something to drink they were given water with poison mixed in it. Some had been scalded, while others received wounds and bruises from brick-bats and tiles. The saloons and whisky shops were visited first, and in a short time almost every man was drunk or under the influence of liquor. This, of course, made them more wild and cruel. Houses and furniture were demolished, valuables taken, women ravished, and all manner of cruelties and wickedness were committed. If anyone interfered he was simply cut down.

A scene like this beggars description, and the people upon whom such a fate falls are indeed to be pitied.

During this day's engagement, a portion of our company, numbering one hundred, had become severed from the body of the regiment by some mistake of our officers, and almost became surrounded by the enemy. While this movement was being made, a body of hussars, the finest men and horses I ever saw, prepared to make a charge upon us in order to make short work of us. Our position was behind a low embankment, running nearly parallel with the turnpike, upon which the horses came dashing along at full speed. It was an awful, grand sight.

We had received strict orders not to fire until the command was given; but for every one to cover his man.

In a few moments they were upon us, and almost simultaneous with the command, "right wheel," of their captain, the word "fire," from our captain was heard, and only one man

remained in the saddle, he made good his escape; all of the others were slain.

The captain was not killed; his horse was shot from under him. He "played the 'possum," and as soon as some of our men made towards him, they were forbidden to do him any harm. "Let him alone," shouted our commander, "he is a brave man and deserves to live."

At the time, I thought it was the grandest sight I ever beheld, to see a fine body of men sent to eternity in one stroke, but now it is terrible to contemplate.

Here in this little encounter, I realized more than ever before, the necessity of obedience and implicit confidence in my leader.

As I have stated, we were commanded not to fire until orders were given, under penalty of death. This was very trying under the circumstances, seeing a body of horsemen, the flower of the Danish army, with drawn sabres, glittering in the sunlight, rush down upon us like an avalanche, expecting every moment to be cut to pieces and trodden under the horses' feet, and no liberty to fire.

But obedience was our salvation. Had we been permitted to use our guns we would perhaps have disabled a few before they reached us, but the main body would have been upon us when our guns were empty, and our doom would have been sealed. In those days it took longer to load a rifle than it does now. Breach loaders were then unknown to us.

We had proved our leader and had implicit confidence in him, we would have done and dared anything he commanded, not because we were obliged to, but we loved him, and understood his ability, wisdom and courage.

I frequently compare our position as Latter-day Saints, with a well organized army. We have our commander-in-chief, our generals, colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants and non-commissioned officers, all of us have enlisted under the banner of Jehovah, and made a covenant with Him to serve Him with all our might, mind and strength.

As good soldiers we should love our officers, have implicit confidence in them and yield obedience to their wishes and commands. They receive their orders from the great Captain of our salvation for our good, for our benefit and for our safety. From them they are given to us, and the prompter we are in carrying them out the better for us, the faster will we advance and the more abundantly will we be blessed. There is nothing more pleasant than to have confidence in our leaders, no matter what condition of life we are placed in, and there is nothing that I know of, that will weaken our faith and blight our hopes quicker than to lose confidence in them. A Latter-day Saint should train himself to be blind to the faults and failings of his superiors and always remember that he cannot judge them from his standpoint.

Our only safety and deliverance from our enemies is based upon the condition of obedience. "If you will do my will and keep my commandment I will fight your battles and will lay low all your enemies," says our Commander-in-chief, and we know He can do it. But if we are disobedient and instead of keeping His laws break them, we must suffer the consequences, and I think we do at the present time. My opinion is that there will be no deliverance until Israel will humble themselves, repent of their sins and do as they are told.

How often within the last few years has General John Taylor together with his staff and field officers cried to the people, "set yourselves aright, put your houses in order and serve God with full purpose of heart."

If these orders had been strictly carried out we would now behold different results.

MANIFESTATIONS OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

BY M. F. C.

AT the exodus of the Saints from Nauvoo, my father engaged to drive a team for President Taylor on the journey westward, to find a resting place for the Latter-day Saints. In his journal, the circumstances are recorded about as follows:

"It was winter, and I made as good preparations as I could for the trip. The river was frozen over—the ice being about three feet thick. I drove one of the first teams across on the ice, the width being about one and a half miles. The contents of the wagon weighed nearly thirty hundred pounds, and had two yoke of oxen attached, which caused the ice to crack, and we did not know the moment it might break and let us in.

"On arriving at the camp ground, about five miles west of the river, I was severely attacked with fever and ague. Brother Taylor thought it better for me to return to Nauvoo, which I did, and stayed with my parents. My illness lasted thirteen months.

"Shortly afterwards the blood-thirsty mob of Illinois, not satisfied with what they had already done, drove the remaining Saints, who were able to leave, from Nauvoo. Those who could, made ready and started westward. My father and family were not able to fit up and go with the Saints, therefore, after selling some articles of furniture, food and clothing, we procured enough cash to pay our way to St. Louis, Missouri. We spent three nights on the cobble stones on the bank of the river, expecting each night that the mob would enter Nauvoo. On the fourth night, the steamboat *Osprey* came along, upon which we secured passage to St. Louis. In this place father obtained work at a mill and I in a book-bindery. We labored in these positions until we had earned sufficient means to pay our way to Council Bluffs.

"We took passage on a steamboat with a company of Saints for Winter Quarters. When about one hundred and eighty miles on our journey up the river, while the pilot was taking a glass of brandy and talking with some ladies, the steamer dashed violently upon a rock which the pilot had not observed. This made a hole in the boat about one foot in diameter, creating a consternation among the passengers, as there was apparently nothing to keep the boat from sinking. She backed off the rock and ran ahead about the length of herself when she suddenly struck a snag, which ran directly in the hole made by the rock, and thoroughly stopped it up, fitting as well as if done by human hands.

"Had it not been for this last circumstance we would have sunk in very deep water, and doubtless have been completely lost. After this the boat reached the shore without much difficulty. We landed, the boat was unloaded and sent back to St. Louis for repairs. When it was placed on the stocks the carpenters could hardly remove the snag, it was so thoroughly fastened in the boat. The circumstance was then pronounced a 'Mormon miracle.'

"We knew that we had been preserved by the providence of Almighty God, and thanked Him for His protecting care. We were one month on the bank of the river, in wet, stormy weather. At length the boat arrived, we went aboard and proceeded on our journey. A few days after, we reached Winter Quarters, feeling well in health and spirits."

There is an important lesson to be learned from the incidents related above, which everyone should have indelibly impressed

upon his or her soul, that is, that the Lord is ever at hand to preserve the lives of His people when it is not His will that they should pass behind the veil, no matter how meagre are the apparent opportunities of escape. Here He thwarted the design of the adversary, preserved the lives of His Saints, added strength to their faith, and gave them another testimony that He would sustain them in doing His will.

BLAKE'S MISTAKE.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

"HERE they come," said Julius Blake, with kindling eyes. "They don't know I'm back, and I'll pop out on them."

The boy secreted himself behind a large spruce tree. He had been at home a fortnight, and it was pleasant to meet his schoolfellows again. The two who were coming down the walk were among his best friends, Phil Walker and Jack Hooper. He was just on the point of bounding out upon them, when his own name caught his ear.

"Don't ever trust Julius Blake," said Phil. "He's an out-and-out cheat. Don't lend him your money; you'll never see it again if you do."

"Phil, are you sure?" queried Jack.

"Sure! Didn't I lend him two dollars, months ago? He has promised to pay again and again, but he never means to."

The hot blood rushed to the face of Julius. Should he rush out and confront them? The blood boiled in his veins, but before he had an opportunity to speak, they were gone.

Was that the friend he had trusted so entirely? Could it be possible that Phil Walker was both mean and treacherous? To be sure he had borrowed two dollars of him, and had twice offered to return it; but Phil would not take it, saying that when he wanted it he would let him know.

And yet the old love for Philip trembled in the balance with the new hatred, born in a moment. The tears, hot and thick, came to his eyes as he remembered the sweetness of their friendship. If Philip could be false to him, then all the world was false. He would never believe in boy or man again, never. It was his first disenchantment.

But by degrees anger gained the upper hand. How should he revenge himself? Be quiet under the insult? No, that he could not be. Hot blood counselled him. He knew that both boys were on their way home. The road would soon divide, and Phil would then take a narrower and less frequented path to Maple Hill, the place where he lived.

Not a moment was to be lost. Julius hurried across lots, and came upon Philip a moment after Jack had left him, Phil heard the loud, unsteady footsteps, and turned. A bright, eager smile lighted his face as he bounded forward with outstretched hand.

But quite as suddenly, Julius drew himself up and put both hands behind him.

Phil stopped; the smile faded from his lips, giving way to a look of perplexity. For a moment the boys eyed each other; then in a hard, cold voice, Julius said,

"Phil, I have nothing to say to you. You are a liar, and beneath my notice!"

"What do you mean, Julius Blake?" cried Phil, who was quick tempered, and could not reconcile the bitter, stinging words with their previous relations; "what on earth do you mean?"

"I repeat, you are a mean, miserable liar, and I'll be even with you yet!"

"You and I have always been good friends," said Phil, hotly, "and I don't understand this sudden attack upon me. But I don't propose to let anyone, friend or foe, call me a liar! Now what do you mean?"

"I mean you have slandered me to John Hooper, and every word that you said against me is false! I'll make you eat them, too!" he added, with bitter emphasis.

"I have never said anything against you to anyone. Why should I? We have always been friends."

"But what I heard with my own ears, I must believe."

"According to your showing, then, you're an eavesdropper. Well, you know the old adage. But what's the use of wasting words? You could not hear what I never said."

"You need not deny it!" said Julius, fiercely. "You lie if you do."

"Come, this is getting serious again." Phil's face grew red. Forbearance was exhausted. He was irritated and angrier than before.

"If you say that again," he added, "I'll knock you down!"

"I do say it again, and I wish all the fellows were here to hear me. You are a liar!"

Phil sprang forward, but received a well directed blow, aimed with fierce energy, which, before he could recover himself, was repeated.

Julius was older and stronger than Phil, but the two boys, owing to Phil's suddenly-roused fury, backed by pain, were nearly matched. The struggle was fierce and desperate. Both boys were covered with wounds and bleeding.

The wonderful glow of the sunset, tinting the piled up clouds along the whole western line of the heavens, the soft glitter of the crimsoned river, the beauty of the fields under this tender illumination, the fragrance of the dewy flowers and fruit blossoms, all these were lost upon the two furious combatants, whose angry passions marred the beautiful repose of the hour. Suddenly they found themselves seized in a strong grasp and pushed violently assunder.

"Fighting! Julius Blake and Philip Walker! Can I believe my eyes? You two of all the school! Shame on you!"

It was the voice of Mr. Winslow, one of the assistant teachers, who had been detained at the school-house, and who boarded with Phil's father.

"What does this mean?" he continued, looking from one to the other. "The model boys of the school, as well as fast friends! Why, it was only last night that Phil was singing your praises, Julius Blake, and preparing a little surprise for you when you should return to school."

"He called me a liar, and stood to it!" cried Philip, with fierce emphasis. "I told him to take it back, but instead, he repeated it."

"Philip," said Mr. Winslow, mildly, "did you not say only yesterday, in my presence, that there wasn't a boy in town you'd trust sooner than Julius Blake?"

"Yes, I did, and I felt so, too. He and I have been fast friends from the beginning. But no one shall call me a liar, not even he!" he added, glaring again.

"Julius," said Mr. Winslow, looking at the disfigured face, "Philip has always, to my certain knowledge, been a true friend to you. Once, if you deign to remember, he saved your life," he added, with mild irony.

Julius could not speak. The flood of his wrath was fast subsiding. He remembered that bright spring morning, when a party of boys had rode up a swift tide, and he, leaning over

the edge of the boat, had fallen in the water. It was Phil's strong arm upholding him, and his words of encouragement that he had heard, as the cold waves seemed to suck him under to cruel death.

"And can you now accuse this friend of slandering you, of that worst of all vices, lying?" asked Mr. Winslow, reproachfully.

"I can't bear to believe so meanly of Philip, Mr. Winslow, but I heard his own words. I can't be mistaken," replied Julius, in low, shamed tones.

"What did you hear?" cried Phil. "I've not mentioned your name to-day to any one. And you must have heard it to-day for you weren't here yesterday."

"I was behind the spruce tree at the gate," said Julius, in a low voice. "I wanted to give you a surprise when I saw you and John coming down the avenue. As you came nearer, I heard my name, and then you said, as distinctly as I am speaking now, 'Julius Blake is an out-and-out cheat. He don't keep his word one time in a hundred. Don't lend him any money; you'll never see it again.' And then you spoke of what you lent me, when you know I've offered it to you time and again."

Phil's battered face lighted up. A sparkle of the old smile gleamed in the corners of his bruised eyes. He laughed and said,

"You are right, old fellow, in everything but the name. I said Junius Blake, not Julius Blake. Junius is a full-blooded rogue, as you know. Neither you nor I would trust him with a penny."

Julius stepped back a step or two, astonished and humiliated.

"And you lent him money?"

"I did, indeed; two dollars, before I found out his meanness, and I can't get it back. I lent *you* two dollars, but I knew I could have it whenever I wanted it, so I told you not to hurry, in fact, I wouldn't let you pay me. Have you anything else against me?"

"O, Phil, Phil, what a rash fool I have been!" cried Julius, with real contrition. "It's as clear as daylight now; and I've had such base, mean thoughts of you! I should have asked you frankly for an explanation, instead of allowing myself to be carried away by my feelings. I am sorry for every blow I struck you. What can I do to show you how sorry I am?"

"O, never mind. It's no matter," said Philip, heartily. "I'm not the first one who has suffered for a mistake, I reckon. Let bygones be bygones. I suppose I'm as much to blame as you are. I should have questioned you more closely. If I'd had my wits about me, I might have remembered my conversation with Jack; but you see we'd been talking about other things, and I was so surprised to see you!"

"Well, boys," said Mr. Winslow, "I'm glad there's a truce, and the war is ended without much bloodshed. I hope, at all events, if you square off again, you will have a clear idea of what you are fighting about. But remember that blows never convince. Fury is always blind, hatred ever unjust."

"There is a better way of settling feuds than by breaking noses or blacking eyes. Many a worse trouble than this has come of a slight misunderstanding. Many good friends have been parted through an unfortunate mistake. Always remember that one has said, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath'; and this rule is best."

Saying this, Mr. Winslow walked on, and the boys went down the bank to wash their faces in cooling waters. Their

reconciliation was complete. Slowly they walked down the road, arm in arm, talking as earnestly and confidentially as if nothing had occurred to disturb the harmony of their relations. But they never forgot the lesson of that day.

Lesson for the Little Ones.

FOR THE BOYS.

As THIS is melon time, I thought a few words to the boys who are so fond of them might not be amiss.

A few weeks ago, while in company with a few intimate friends, one of them, a gentleman, made this remark: "I think there are not many things recorded against me in the book of life so far. To my knowledge I have never uttered a falsehood, never taken the name of the Lord in vain, nor committed any higher offenses." "But," said he, "there is one little act which prevents me from saying that I never committed a theft; and many a sad, regretful thought do I now cast back upon that unhappy moment of my life."

He then related the incident which he referred to, and which gave him such remorse.

From a child, he said he was very much averse to doing wrong, in fact, was naturally religiously inclined. But when about ten years of age, he was in the habit of passing to and from school, past a watermelon patch. As he was very fond of melons, he was greatly tempted to go and take some. He finally gave up to the temptation, went into the melon patch, took not only one but two, and sat down and began to eat them.

He had not been there very long before the owner of the melons came and caught him in the act. Just imagine his feelings in being caught in such an act! The owner of the melons reported him to his father, who gave him a severe punishment, and then compelled him to go and pay for the melons and ask the owner's pardon for trespassing on his property.

This was the worse punishment that could have been inflicted upon him, and it so impressed him that he never after committed a like offense.

Boys, through permission of this good man, I am permitted to write this little incident for your benefit, that you may take warning by it.

Boys, whenever you are tempted to go into a watermelon patch to commit theft, or to do any-

thing wrong, just pause to think of the consequences of such acts.

If you are good boys you will make noble men; and then you will be accounted worthy to go upon missions to preach the word of God to the people of the world. This is something that all young boys should live for.

IDA.

A BOY WHO GAVE HIS NOTE.

A BOSTON lawyer was called on a short time ago by a boy, who inquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer had a crisp, keen way of asking questions, and is, moreover, a methodical man. So pulling out a large drawer, he exhibited his stock of waste paper.

"Will you give me two-bits for that?"

The boy looked at the paper doubtingly a moment, and offered fifteen-cents.

"Done," said the lawyer, and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag of the boy, whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the mighty mass.

Not till it was safely stowed away did he announce that he had no money.

"No money! How do you expect to buy paper without money?"

Not prepared to state exactly his plan of operations, the boy made no reply.

"Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; if you consider your note is good, I'd just as soon have it as the money; but if it isn't good I don't want it."

The boy affirmed that he considered it good; whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for fifteen cents, which the boy signed legibly, and lifting the bag of papers, trudged off.

Soon after dinner the little fellow returned, and producing the money, announced that he had come to pay his note.

"Well," said the lawyer, "this is the first time I ever knew a note to be taken up the day it was given. A boy that will do that is entitled to note and money too;" and giving him both, sent him on his way with a smiling face and happy heart.

The boy's note represented his honor. A boy who thus keeps his honor bright, however poor he may be in worldly things, is an heir to an inheritance which no riches can buy—the choice promises of God.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

GREAT stress was laid by the Lord in ancient times upon the importance of His people making proper marriages. Speaking to Israel He said, concerning the inhabitants of the land to which He was leading them:

"Thou shalt make no covenant with them. * * * Neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son. For they will turn away thy son from following me that they may serve other gods."

Joshua, afterwards in speaking upon the same subject, says:

"Else, if ye do in anywise go back, and cleave unto the remnant of these nations, even those that remain among you, and shall make marriages with them, and go in unto them, and they to you: know for a certainty that the Lord your God will no more drive out any of these nations from before you; but they shall be snares and traps unto you, and scourges in your sides, and thorns in your eyes, until ye perish from off this good land which the Lord your God hath given you."

Many of the evils which came upon Israel were traceable to their violation of this counsel of God. Solomon's troubles were directly due to his intermarriages with women of other nations, and in no instance that we know of did prosperity ever follow the marriage of Israel with strange women, or the marriage of the daughters of Israel with strange men. Such marriages led to idolatry. We see this clearly illustrated in the history of God's people. To begin with, many of these nations were not the chosen seed. They were of races not entitled to the blessings of the Priesthood. Hence Abraham, while dwelling in Canaan, instead of allowing his son Isaac to select a wife from among their neighbors, sent his steward back to his brother's house, and secured a wife for Isaac of his own blood—a family that was entitled to peculiar promises through the covenants of God to their fathers. Abraham was thus particular because he knew that much depended upon a correct alliance. Jacob took his first two wives from the same family; and Esau, his brother, displeased his parents by taking to wife daughters of the land in which they lived—women who were not of the covenant seed, and whose parents probably were worshippers of strange gods.

A very interesting chapter might be written upon this subject. There are many facts which have come down to us in the ancient records which clearly establish the pains that the Lord took to preserve His people from improper intermarriages. He always appears particular upon this point, and to intermarry with some races would be productive of the most serious consequences. For instance, Abraham says in his record, speaking about Ham, that from him sprang that race which preserved the curse in the land. He says that Noah, in blessing Ham and his descendants, blessed them with the blessings of the earth and with the blessings of wisdom, but cursed them as pertaining to the Priesthood. The Pharaohs, kings of Egypt, were of that lineage—a lineage by which they could not have the right to the Priesthood, notwithstanding they would fain claim it from Noah, through Ham. Now, here is a race which we are told is not entitled to the blessings of the Priesthood. Intermarriage with such a race would undoubtedly bring very serious evils upon every one of the chosen seed who should be so unwise as to do so; because if a man or a woman were to marry into such a race, however much they

themselves might be entitled to the blessings of the Priesthood, it is very apparent that their offspring, being descendants of this race to whom the Priesthood is denied, could not inherit its blessings.

Upon all of these points the ancients were very particular. The Latter-day Saints cannot be too particular, either, because upon correct marriages the happiness of posterity and their blessings here and hereafter, to a very great extent, depend. There are some races who are clearly the heirs of the Priesthood. They seem to be particularly favored of the Lord for reasons which we cannot fully understand at present. But we see it illustrated in our Church. There are families who appear to be natural Latter-day Saints. The blood of Israel seems to be so strong within them that they are blessed in a peculiar manner. The Lord has given them great faith, and they appear to be natural heirs to the Priesthood. How much better it is to intermarry with such families than to form alliances with Gentiles and unbelievers! I look back as far as the first settlement of this valley and I can scarcely recall an instance of a marriage of a man or a woman outside of the covenant where it was attended with blessings and prosperity; but the cases are innumerable of unhappiness, of loss of faith, of alienation from the truth and from the covenant; and the offspring of such people, in many instances, inherit the unbelief of the parent who is out of the covenant. What an unhappy condition for a woman to place herself in, if she has any faith! She has children; but those children, instead of imbibing faith from her, seem to inherit unbelief and hardness of heart. They are alien to her; they are alien to her faith, and seem to belong to an entirely different race to herself. I have many such instances in my mind while thinking upon this subject, and I never see an illustration of it without being filled with pity for the woman or the man who has placed herself or himself in such a position.

Latter-day Saints should be exceedingly careful in making marriages, and be especially careful to not connect themselves with any family that is not entitled to all the blessings of the Priesthood. We may pity those who may be descended from Canaan. We may feel to do everything in our power in their behalf. This is right. They are of the family of our Father in heaven. But our pity need not lead us so far as to bring ourselves or our posterity into the predicament their fathers have brought them.

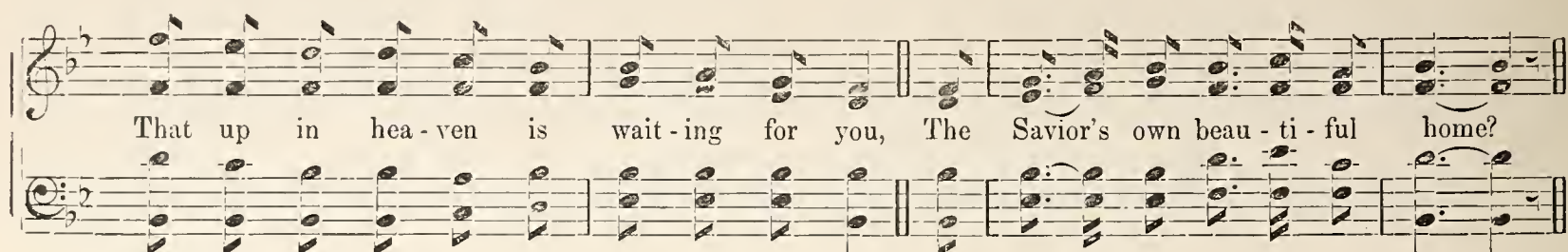
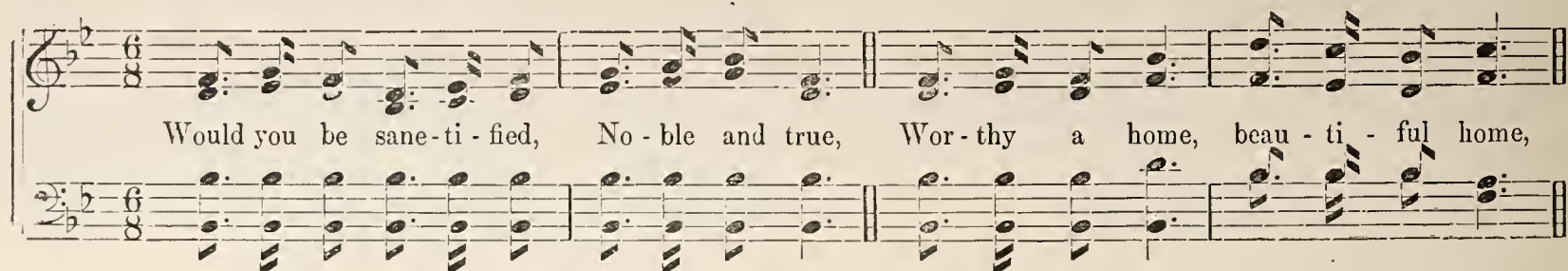
HARD FARE IN COLLEGE.—In Scotland, a college education is highly esteemed, and the number of graduates, in proportion to the population, is larger than in any other country in Europe, or than in the United States. But the majority practice a more rigid economy than is known in our country, and many spend less in their entire course than the average expenses of a single year in American colleges. Dr. Guthrie in his autobiography, tells several touching anecdotes of the hardships cheerfully endured by some of his fellow-students.

A stout country lad came to the University of Edinburg, bringing with him a large chest. For three months he took no meal at any hotel or restaurant, and asked nothing from his landlady except hot water. It turned out that his chest was filled with oatmeal, brought from his country home, and he himself cooked it with the hot water received from the landlady, adding as a relish a little butter and salt. A student who is willing to submit to such privations, in order to obtain an education, is likely to make the best of his opportunities at college.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

WORDS BY J. L. TOWNSEND.

MUSIC BY WILLIAM CLAYSON.



CHORUS.



There by the banks of the river of life,
Beautiful home, beautiful home,
Love and sweet peace never broken by strife
Reign over this beautiful home.

There is the city where all is divine,
Beautiful home, beautiful home,

Where ev'ry mansion with glory will shine,
Forever a beautiful home.

Can you not strive this sweet home to obtain,
Beautiful home, beautiful home,
There with the Saints to rejoice and remain
In God's own beautiful home?

THE answer to the Charade published in No. 16 of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is JOHN TAYLOR. We have received correct solutions from Frank Pickering, Payson; Ezra Christianson, Manti; Wm. Brewer, Hennefer; Leroy Young, Wasatch; Clara B. Hudson, Isabella Laycock, Kaysville; Hannah Spence, Wellsville; Anne M. Peterson, Lauritz Peterson, Erastus Geertson, Huntsville; Josephine Workman, Egin, Idaho; Chas. Jarvis, Woodruff, Arizona; John V. Bluth, Ogden; Elizabeth A. Mumford, Wm. Lavender, Julius Billea Jr., Carl Bassett, James B. Watson Jr., T. C. Jones, C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City.

THE highest mine in the United States, and probably in the world, is the Present Help, situated on Mount Lincoln, in the main range of the Rocky Mountains, Park County, Colorado. According to Prof. Hayden's government surveys, the mountain is 14,297 feet high, and the mine's boarding-house, built

alongside the main shaft, is only 140 feet below the extreme summit. This leaves it 14,157 feet above the sea level, and makes it undoubtedly the highest inhabited house in the world.

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ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

ALL THY GETTING GET UNDERSTANDING. Solomon.

AKUPEPA CITY

VOL. XX.

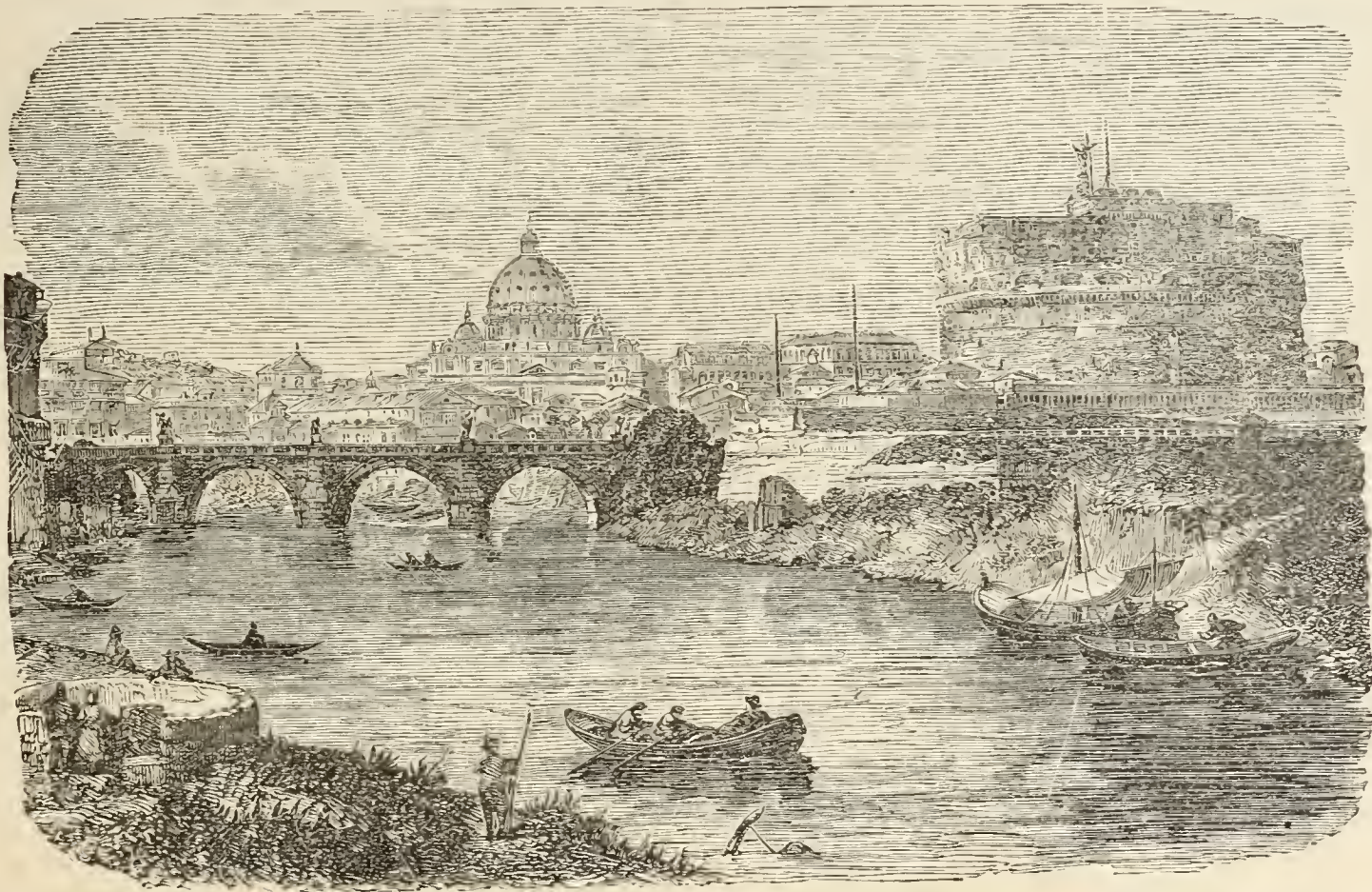
SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1885.

NO. 19.

A VIEW IN ROME.

IN our last number we gave a bird's eye view of modern Rome—a city that is considered the most notable of any of either ancient or modern times. The city indeed deserves to be regarded as the most celebrated one in the world. It has been in existence for more than two thousand years. During this long period it has of course gone through many changes. Innumerable events both strange and interesting have trans-

pired within its walls; scenes the most tragical and cruel the world ever beheld have also been witnessed in this great, wonderful and wicked city. At the beginning of the Christian era it was the capital of the Roman empire—that great power that subdued the whole of the then known world. Its inhabitants and rulers at that time were well versed in the arts and sciences, as well as the vices and evil practices of civilization. During the reign of the



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Many of the ancient Roman edifices and monuments are still to be seen, some tolerably well preserved and others in ruin, in the modern city. These, with the buildings and improvements of later times, go towards making the place one of great interest to travelers and visitors.

Aside, however, from the numerous points of interest the city possesses in the shape of magnificent buildings and stupendous ruins, it affords innumerable attractions to lovers of

sculptured works and paintings to be found within the Vatican and other places is alone worth a visit to this celebrated city. The specimens of art to be seen in the city of Rome are among the most notable to be found anywhere. Within its churches and palaces can be found masterly works of art by the greatest of Italian painters and sculptors.

As it would be impracticable to describe at this time the many objects of note within the city of Rome, we will speak only of that part of the city which the accompanying picture represents, which, by the way, contains the greatest attractions to tourists.

In the foreground of the engraving is represented the Tiber river which divides the city into two parts. The bridge that spans the river at this place is that known as the Bridge of St. Angelo, and connects the main part of the city, which lies on the east side of the river, with the Castle of St. Angelo, that massive structure seen towards the right in the picture. This castle is now used as a state prison. From it there is an underground passage which leads to the Vatican, a part of which can be seen in the view here given, rising between the castle and St. Peter's Church, whose exalted dome is represented in the central background.

St. Peter's at Rome is the largest cathedral in the world. It covers in all 240,000 square feet of space, or more than one half of the ground occupied by a square block in Salt Lake City. It is 613 feet long and 286 feet wide. The height from the pavement to the top of the cross which is placed above the dome is 434 $\frac{3}{4}$ feet. The dome itself measures 195 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter. This immense structure was built at a cost of more than \$50,000,000. Work on it began in the year 1450, and it was not completed until 1626—176 years afterwards. The interior of this building is adorned with statuary, paintings and mosaics. The latter are designs or pictures made of small, square pieces of glass, stone or other substances, of various colors, cemented to a wall or other groundwork. The most celebrated of these represents Peter walking on the sea. It is a relic preserved among others, of an old church which once stood upon the spot now occupied by St. Peter's. The floor of the building is of differently colored marble slabs arranged in neat patterns. The church contains numerous monuments erected in memory of the popes of Rome and some of the kings of England, while beneath are buried the remains of other dignitaries.

The principal attraction in Rome at the present time is the palace of the Vatican, which is in near proximity to St. Peter's. It is said to contain 16,000 apartments. It is the residence of the pope, and possesses many features that are of interest to beholders. Some of the rooms in it present an exceedingly beautiful appearance. The walls of several of them have been decorated with fresco paintings by celebrated artists, such as Michael Angelo, Raphael and others. The library is said to be unsurpassed in beauty and extent by any in Europe, although some others have a greater number of books. Its museum of sculpture is the richest in the world. Then there are galleries of antiquities, of paintings, medals, vases, etc.

E. F. P.

JUST in proportion as a man becomes good, divine, Christ-like, he passes out of the region of theorizing, of system-building, and hireling service, into the region of beneficent activities. It is well to think well. It is divine to act well.

Horace Mann.

A SOLDIER'S ADVENTURES.

BY C. H. W.

(Continued from page 282.)

ON the seventh of May, 1849, we had a skirmish at Gudsae, the Danes retreating to Fredericia, where a continuous skirmishing was kept up from the eighth of May until the fifth of July, resulting in the loss of many a precious life. Fortifications of the strongest kind were thrown up on both sides, which indicated that some day a terrible battle would be fought there. Preparations to this end were made by both parties, and all available forces were drawn together.

On the evening of the fifth of July, we noticed the city of Fredericia becoming very lively and noisy, and it grew more tumultuous as the night advanced. Singing of war songs and the shouting of the soldiers indicated that they were freely indulging in something stronger than water.

A little before day-break, they made the attack on our works and were met with a vigorous cannonade of grape-shot, which mowed them down at a fearful rate, but the reserves kept pressing on filling up their ranks, and it seemed that nothing could turn them. In one instance that came under my observation, they took the fort with an overwhelming majority, entering by the gate. Our men were all slain but a few. These few turned the mouth of one of the cannon, which was loaded with double grape-shot, towards the gate. The moment the gate gave way, and the Danes crowded in, our men fired, making a clean sweep of everything in the way. Then they ran through the opening over the dead bodies, to a place where a train of powder had been laid, connected with a magazine under the fort. By the time this was accomplished, hundreds of the enemy had gathered in the fort. A match was put to the powder, and the scene that followed was horrible. Not a soul was saved! Arms, legs and other parts of the bodies of the victims were scattered around for a considerable distance.

A great many cavalry charges were made that day, as well as a great deal of hand to hand fighting, with the sword, the bayonet and the butt end of the gun. Every inch of ground was bravely contested and the loss on both sides was terrible. Of course our enemies suffered the most on account of the position we were occupying. We were on the defensive and they were the attacking party.

Another incident occurred to which I was an eye-witness, although not a participant. I happened that day to be detached as one of the couriers, consequently was with the commanding general on some elevated position, which by the way, is the best place in the battle. The duty of these couriers is to carry orders from the commanding general to any part of the line of battle, and is at times very dangerous.

A battery of mounted artillery, consisting of eight pieces, had been cutting their way through a grove of timber. On entering the open ground and before forming a line, the enemy mistook them for cavalry, and in a moment formed a solid square. This chance was not neglected by the commanding officer of our artillery. He immediately made a dash upon them, and when within a short distance sent a shower of grape-shot from his eight pieces into them. The slaughter was fearful, for in the confusion it took the square sometime to scatter, thus giving plenty of time to repeat the dose.

The day was full of incidents. The fight continued until late and the slaughter was great. We had to retreat for the first time since the war commenced, hence our stubbornness.

But in reality it was no victory for the Danes. Their losses were heavy. Several of their best generals had fallen, and when we gave way they were glad to let us alone, following us but a very short distance. No troops could have fought more violently than they did on that day, especially, where all the odds were against them. And let me say in connection with this that it is hard to find a nation that will do any better work in the battle-field than the Danes. They will act very deliberately and stand fire almost like trees, rooted firmly in the ground. They have only one fault, and that is, if routed once they are slow to take position again, and if the victorious party takes advantage of the situation, they can keep them on the retreat all day.

In relating these incidents that were disastrous to our foes, the reader must not imagine that our party did not meet with similar defeats, for we certainly did, and as often and disastrous. I am only telling my side of the story.

This battle was the last of the season of 1849, and it seemed that with it our good star had left us. Negotiations for peace were commenced, during which time some of our regiments went into winter-quarters at Altona, while some were stationed in other cities. The Winter was spent in the usual way. On the 24th and 25th of July, 1850, we had the first engagement of the season. Both parties suffered heavily, and on this occasion the captain of the little body of hussars I made mention of in my last, made another similar charge which terminated the same way, and cost him his life.

In this engagement I was forty-eight hours in the saddle. Two horses were shot from under me, and I was obliged to go on foot after we were beaten and had to retreat. The enemy followed us a distance of ten miles and harassed us considerably. We were terribly used up, and I came to the strange conclusion that advancing is far more pleasant than retreating.

At one time during these two days our company, numbering two hundred men had possession of a large brick-yard, I mean an old country one, with plenty of necessary buildings on it, for brick in that country cannot be dried in the sun. We were attacked, and after a stubborn resistance, were compelled to retreat. Then we made the attack and took possession; and so it was repeated four times. At the last charge I was the highest ranking non-commissioned officer that was left, and it fell to me to take command. We retook the yard and maintained it until the whole of the army was beaten, and a general retreat sounded.

I think about seventy men were all that were left of our two hundred. The contest lasted about three hours. After the battle, I was promoted, and received a token of honor, of which I am proud to this day.

On the 8th of August, we had a skirmish at Duvenstedt and Sarrebruck; on the 8th of September, another one at Suderstapel; on the 12th of September, one near Missunder; and on the 29th of the same month, one at Touning.

The next battle, and the last one of that war, was a charge on the city of Fredrickstadt, situated in a marsh on the river Eider.

The Danes had had thirteen weeks time to fortify the city and had done it most effectually. We besieged the place for seven days, keeping up a constant cannonade at their works.

Our company was stationed all this time with a battery of artillery and were constantly exposed to the shells of the enemy. For protection we would get into ditches waist-deep in water.

On the morning of the seventh day, we were released to have a chance to dry our clothes and rest a little. It was my birthday, the 5th of October, and I had made up my mind to

have a good time that evening with a few of my particular friends. Just as we were getting ready to sit down to supper, an alarm was sounded. Of course, everything had to be left in order to be on time at the place of gathering. A charge on the city had been agreed upon by our commanders, and we were ordered in quick-time to the front to act as flankers to one of the storming columns.

The night was dark, but at and around Fredrickstadt it was light enough. Fifty pieces of battery had bombarded the city and set it on fire. Several wooden steeples of churches were ablaze, rockets were sent up constantly, and a person could easily see to read within a mile of the town. Shells were filling the air with their tails of fire until they exploded, and on the ground could be seen a steady glimmering of musketry fire.

Several columns were formed for the attack; several charges were made without success, and after very heavy loss and hard work, we were compelled to give it up. It was then about two o'clock in the morning. A more grand and awful sight cannot be imagined than was this night's work of destruction. I shall always remember that birthday of mine. This was the winding up of hostilities. Prussia and Austria compelled us to lay down our arms and accept the terms they chose to make with Denmark in our behalf, by sending a hundred thousand men into our country.

I well recollect how I felt. Death would have been preferable to the majority of us. We felt disgraced and betrayed by our own countrymen; and it seemed as though we had nothing left to live for. Under this feeling, after we were discharged, a great many of our men enlisted under the Brazilian government, which had by permission, established a recruiting office in Hamburg and other places. Prussia was very glad to have all liberal-minded men leave the country.

My captain and I also enlisted, he as major and I as first lieutenant. But my father, finding out my design, entreated me to desist, which I did; for which I am to-day more thankful than I was at the time.

(To be Continued.)

LUCK AND LABOR.—If the boy who exclaims, "Just my luck!" was truthful, he would say, "Just my laziness!" or "Just my inattention!" Mr. Cobden wrote proverbs about "Luck and Labor." It would be well for boys to memorize them:

Luck is waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eye and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chances.

Labor, on character.

Luck slips down to indigence.

Labor strides upward to independence.

HE who is taught to live upon little, owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left to him does to his father's care.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is no topic of such exciting interest just now as the conduct of the courts in the prosecution of cases of plural marriage. I cannot say that I regret the condition we are in. It is not one of unmingled evil. True, it is in many respects painful. It is not pleasant to be confined in prison and be forced into the companionship of vile criminals, to be under the authority of inferior men who are clothed with a little brief power. It is not pleasant to be under bonds to answer the charge of breaking the Edmunds law, with the almost complete certainty of merely having a farce of a trial previous to being sentenced to the penitentiary. It is not pleasant to have to keep concealed to avoid arrest. None of these positions is pleasant even to the most innocent. But I repeat, nevertheless, that these circumstances, though painful and unpleasant, are not altogether evil and only to be regretted. They are having one most excellent effect upon our community—they *make the people think*. Whatever leads to this is not to be deplored and viewed as an affliction or a misfortune.

Our enemies have accused us of being led by the authorities of the Church; they have said that they have done the thinking for the people. This can be said with less truth about the Latter-day Saints than about any other people. If they had not been a people of independent thought and remarkably firm, they never would have been Latter-day Saints. But it is true that the people have great confidence in their leaders. And have they not had good reason for this confidence? With such experience as the Latter-day Saints have had, and the testimonies they have received concerning the divinity of their doctrine and their Church and its Priesthood, it could not be otherwise. A time has now come, however, when men are called to think and act for themselves to an extent not known among us since we started into the wilderness to find a new home and gathering place. Many are brought into a position where their decision as to what they will do or not do involves very grave consequences. We have seen this illustrated in several cases before the courts. The conduct of some men have been most heroic. Every right-feeling man and woman in the community has felt proud of them and been strengthened by their words and demeanor. In other cases they have felt chagrined and mortified at the manner in which men have paltered and shrunk and shown craven fear at the prospect of imprisonment in the penitentiary.

The people, in looking at these occurrences, have been compelled, by their very nature, to reflect upon them and speak about them. Discussions have arisen respecting the right and wrong of such actions. The doctrines which are in question have been argued as never before. The views and feelings of many people, which have been quite plastic upon these disputed points, have, under the influence of persecution, become crystallized. Upon the young (especially the effect of these persecutions has been to force them to conclusions which they might not have reached in years of ordinary life. Even children, who might not be expected to reflect much upon such topics, or to be decided in their views concerning them, show by their expressions that their minds have been exercised, and that the excitement around them has not been without its effect even upon them. I have not had the opportunity, since this raid commenced, of traveling to a very great extent among the people, but I am convinced, from my observation

where I have been, that many young people, through their reflections and the influence of the Spirit of God upon them, have reached a condition of positive conviction respecting the doctrine of plural marriage. They are firm believers in its rightfulness and divinity. One other result, also, I have noticed among my friends, that men who have plural wives never were more tender in their feelings for them, nor never felt a stronger love and sympathy for their families, than they have done since these attacks have been made. I have noticed the same effect in families, also. The wives and children of men who have been attacked manifest a greater solicitude for, and a greater love and devotion to their husbands and fathers than they ever exhibited before.

Such events as have taken place among us during the past ten months stir people up from the depths of their hearts, and bring to the surface many good qualities which might under ordinary circumstances be concealed. So also, on the other hand, if there is a disposition to be untrue or to betray, these ordeals are apt to bring that disposition to light. To the praise, however, of the women of this community it should be said that they have exhibited a courage, a devotion, and a spirit of self-sacrifice that has been most admirable, and which, I am sure, will call forth the approval of heaven. I might relate many instances that have come to my knowledge which show the fidelity and the unbounded love of women for their husbands, and their willingness to suffer in any form, if by so doing they could save their husbands.

Shall we not, then, recognize the hand of God in these events that are now taking place? Shall we not seek to comprehend the design that He has in view in permitting such a condition of affairs to exist? Will we not know ourselves much better after having passed through such ordeals, than we did before encountering them? Will not the confidence of men in their wives and women in their husbands, where they prove faithful, be wonderfully strengthened by these trials? Undoubtedly these results will follow, and they will have their effect upon the community. Every man who goes to prison, and does so in the right spirit, is an example to the rising generation, and when they reach manhood and womanhood, inspired by these examples, they will in their turn show that heroism and devotion to the truth.

As to which course is right for men to take there is no difference of opinion among true Latter-day Saints. Every man, woman and child in the community, who is living according to the spirit of the gospel, comprehends intuitively that which is right, and can pronounce judgment upon that which is wrong. The power to do this is increasing, also. People who exercise their own powers of thought learn to think correctly and soundly upon such subjects as are now presented before them. One thing is clear: no man need expect to have influence among the Latter-day Saints, who endeavors by any kind of subterfuge to escape the consequences, before the courts, of his obedience to the law of God. He may deceive himself, or he may deceive the court, but he cannot deceive the people of God. They weigh men in a light furnished by the Spirit of God, and their conclusions, when all the facts are before them, are never far from right. There is but one course that, as a people, we can pursue with safety, and that is to cling to the truth and obey God with perfect trustfulness. The world may threaten, as it has done, and it may seem sometimes as though there was no escape for us from destruction. There have been many such times in the history of this dispensation. There will, doubtless, be many such times in the future. But God will not desert His people, neither will He forget His promises.

The case of Bishop John Sharp, recently before the court, is one that has excited considerable interest and created a profound sensation in the community. Yet the majority of the people of the Church, no doubt, take a correct view, and have come to correct conclusions respecting this case. It is apparent to them, as it is to every one who reflects upon this subject, that if all the members of the Church who have plural wives were to do as he has done there would be a complete surrender of the principle, and it would be virtually abandoned. Whatever reasons he may have had for taking this course, one thing is certain—that the great bulk of the men who have plural families cannot do as he has done, unless they break their covenants—covenants made in the presence of God with their trusting wives.

BOYS' NOTIONS.

BY W. J.

BOYS have their notions, and it is their privilege to have them. They have the right to think, to reason, to plan, and to make their calculations. It is well for them to exercise the powers of their minds in a proper direction, for the mind-work is good, although only a soap bubble which is soon punctured and exploded may be the result. Their seniors build no more substantial air-castles sometimes; but it is their privilege to think out, to plan, and to arrange something more enduring than the ephemeral soap-structure, and sometimes their ideas and notions are very good when age and experience are taken into account.

Here are some boyish ambitions in poetic form:

"I'll be a soldier when I'm a man!"
Cried Jack, with a tum-tum-tum
On the battered sides of his old tin pan—
A taste of the future drum.
'But I'll be president. People say,'
Said Johnny, with eager eyes,
'He's nothing to do but sit all day
And try and look grand and wise.'
But Tom—a baby of five was he—
Had settled it long before;
'When I'm grown up, I'm going to be
The man in a candy store.'"

And here are other boyish notions worth reading:

"I'm a boy 'bout as high as a table;
My hair is the color of flax;
My name isn't Shakspeare, nor Milton,
Nor Byron, nor Shelley, nor Saxe.
By-and-by it will be 'Mr. Daniel,'
They all call me now 'little Dan,'
I'll tell you in rhyme what I fancy
Will happen when I am a man.

"I'll have a big garden for peaches,
And cherries, and everything nice;
With the cutest of fixings for rabbits,
And pigeons, and dogs, and white mice.
I'll have a big house, and a stable;
And of horses the handsomest span
That ever you feasted your eyes on,
'Tis likely, when I am a man.

"A cane I will twirl in my fingers,
A watch-guard shall garnish my vest,
No fear of expense shall deter me,
My raiment shall be of the best.

A ring on my finger shall glisten,
And the eunniest, sleek black-and-tan,
Shall trot at my heels as I travel,
I'm thinking, when I am a man.
"No poisonous drinks will I swallow,
From foul smelling pipes I'll be free,
My nose wasn't made for a chimney,
No snuffing or chewing for me.
Now my soul I'll possess with great patience,
And as well as a little boy can
I will set them a better example—
Won't I lecture them when I'm a man!
"I'm a boy, so there's no use in talking;
People snub me as much as they please;
For the toes of my shoes are of copper,
And my stockings come over my knees.
I've told you the whole of my story,
As I promised to when I began;
I'm young, but I'm daily a-growing—
Look out for me when I'm a man."

Dr. Livingstone, the great African missionary and explorer, when he was a boy of ten years, was sent to work at a cotton factory near Glasgow, Scotland, and he also had his notions and desires. "With a part of his first week's wages he purchased a Latin grammar, and began to learn that language, pursuing the study for years at a night-school. He would sit up studying his lessons till twelve or later, when not sent to bed by his mother, for he had to be up and at work in the factory every morning by six o'clock. In this way he plodded through Virgil and Horace, also reading extensively all books, excepting novels, that came in his way, but more especially scientific works and books of travel."

He studied botany. He carried on his reading and studies while he was at work, placing his book on the spinning-jenny in such a position that he could catch a sentence at a time as he passed it. In this way he persevered and acquired much useful knowledge. As he grew older he desired to become a missionary to the heathen, and to accomplish this he worked as a cotton-spinner a part of the year, and then attended medical and Greek classes, and divinity lectures, during several Winters, economizing his hard-earned means to sustain him while doing so, acquiring, in time, a fine education, without financial aid from anyone.

Now, you see, boys, Livingstone differed from many boys of his age. Instead of buying a Latin grammar, or any other useful book, many would have thought more about buying marbles, or balls, or toys of some kind. But what did Livingstone become? And what kind of men will boys become if they think of nothing but the nonsense, the sports, the follies, and the fashionable vices of the age and country in which they live? It may not be reasonable for boys to think as soberly, nor as seriously, nor as deeply as men, but they can think, consistently with their age. As they advance in their teens, it is their privilege, and it is their solemn duty, too, to study themselves; to learn their own inclinations and desires; to learn the laws God has given for the government of their whole beings; to shun the company of the wicked; to heed the wholesome advice of their parents and other good men and women; to map out for themselves, assisted by the advice which cometh of experience, and by the light of heaven within them, an honorable course of life, such as they can be proud of and the Lord can approve; and then bend their energies to work out the plan, improving it as they can, and doing all things under the guidance and subject to the over-rulings of a divine providence; and the results they can meet with joy in this life and in that which is to come.

INFLUENCE OF ASSOCIATION.

BY W.

WHILE laboring in England as a missionary, I was placed in a very good position to learn the great effects that association has upon the minds and characters of individuals, in shaping their opinions, controlling their actions, etc.

One of our chief duties while spreading the gospel among the people, was to teach those who had embraced the truth the doctrine of the gathering, and to encourage them to save their means, and use every possible effort to get to Zion. Most of those who get the spirit of the work are only too anxious to gather with the body of the Church, for after tasting of the joys of the gospel they soon discern that the world and its association has no further attractions for them. But desirous as they may be to leave the land of their nativity for the gospel's sake, there are many obstacles in their way. The Saints are generally poor and many have large families, with probably only one to provide for their necessities, so that a number of years frequently elapse before a ray of hope shines upon their path. But when an opportunity comes for their deliverance they embrace it as one of the most precious gifts they could anticipate in this life, even if it be but one member of the family, which is frequently the case. What joy fills their hearts when the father or one of the boys has the privilege of gathering with the people of God, in hope of being the means of assisting the balance to follow in due course of time. For they have long learned that the society of the world is not congenial to them, and that their neighbors, shopmates and all former associates have turned a cold shoulder towards them since they have been chosen out of the world by the sound of the gospel.

I well remember an incident that occurred in the district where I labored. A young man, not twenty years of age, was selected from a family to pioneer the way to Zion. When the time came for his departure, many tears were shed by the family. The natural ties that bound them together were to be severed, and the boy, young in years, and who had never lived away from under his parents' roof, was to be separated from them by thousands of miles of land and sea. But this temporary grief was more than offset by the great joy and hope that filled their hearts, for they looked forward to him as the means of their future deliverance from Babylon.

After his departure they counted the days and the weeks until they received the first news of his arrival. The first letter confirmed their hopes. The boy told of the kind friends who met him at the depot and took him along with them to share their home. They were former acquaintances of his parents; and being faithful Saints they took him to Sunday school and the meetings where he met associates who were congenial to him, and who, like him, although not born in a foreign country, had the interest of the kingdom at heart and were laying the foundation of a useful and honorable life. Our new-comer was encouraged, and realized that he was indeed in Zion, among the people of God, and expressed himself so in his letter to his parents.

As time rolled on, they continued to receive letters, in which was manifest a growth and development in the mind and character of the boy, that was encouraging. He became a power and an attraction which seemed to draw them to him. He not only strengthened the hopes and faith of his parents by

his good reports, but imparted new impetus to the efforts of the Saints composing the little branch of which he formerly was a member.

In the course of two years, by his patient and persevering toil, accompanied with sober and frugal habits, he managed to accumulate means enough to emigrate the whole family. Who can imagine the joy and gratitude of those parents in meeting that boy! It was complete. This little incident, though not very striking, serves to illustrate hundreds of occurrences of a similar nature.

Many instances might also be produced to show the results of taking a contrary course to the foregoing. Many whose hopes and anticipations were as sanguine as were those of the parents referred to, and whose boys had aims and desires fully as good and pure, have had them blighted. They have left their homes with the same object in view. When arriving here they have met friends at the station also. But instead of being in fellowship in the Church, as they were, no doubt, when they first arrived here, they are apostates. They take a young man home, and instead of encouraging him, they poison his young and unsophisticated mind, by filling it with all manner of lies about the Church and its authorities. They find fault with everything pertaining to the Church. At first the young man may revolt at such expressions, but in time he becomes accustomed to them and begins to believe them to be true. Instead of going to meeting and being introduced into the society of the Saints, he mingles with these apostates in their society, and seeks pleasure that is not elevating. After awhile he becomes initiated into habits and practices that are unbecoming a true man, let alone a Latter-day Saint.

Being disappointed when arriving here, he hesitates in writing to his fond parents who are eagerly looking for a letter from him. Finally he writes, and instead of inspiring their hopes, he blasts them. He tells them of the wickedness that abounds here, and ridicules the idea of the place being called Zion and the people Saints. A continuation of discouraging reports from him causes the family to lose faith in the gospel. They think the things they have been told concerning Zion were only the vain exaggerations of the Elders, and were told them with a view to deceive.

I was often made to feel sorrowful when conversing with people who had thus become dissatisfied and distrustful. After considerable reflection upon this matter I came to this conclusion: that contradictory as these reports appeared, both were true. The difference of opinion was all due to the association that the persons had been thrown into. Society is a great educator. Mankind, no matter how strong they may be, are subject to surroundings. Nothing tends so much to modify their minds and direct their actions as the company they keep. It has more to do in shaping our lives and moulding our characters than any other agency we knew of. If we associate with the wicked and those who are low in their instincts, and who only seek those avocations and pleasures that gratify their baser natures, we are sure to become contaminated, to a greater or less degree according to our moral force of character or the time we continue in their company.

Next to associating with individuals is our familiarity with literature. A good advice to the youth is to always associate if possible, with those who are better than yourselves, and if you cannot associate with good and noble characters, read the biographies of great men whose lives have been famous for their honor and integrity. It will awaken your better feelings and arouse an ambition in you to be honorable citizens.

Many a bright and promising life has been made a human wreck and untold misery has been the result of evil associations, whether it be found in literature or individuals whose company we keep. We should shun these for they are enemies to our soul, and will prevent us making our lives a success, and our being in the world a benefit to it.

Stories for the Little Ones.

STORY OF THE SQUASHES.

I KNOW of two little boys, twin brothers, who are just five years old. They are so near alike that their best friends can scarcely tell them apart. Sturdy little men they are; so strong, and fair, and stout. I fancy their mother sighs often over their torn pants, their battered hats, and their spoiled boots; but for all that, they must play, and things will wear out.

One day in the fall, their papa sent up to the house a farmer's wagon full of beautiful squashes, to be put into the cellar for the Winter's use. The farmer put the squashes on the ground close by the cellar door ready for storage. But, when their papa came home, the squashes had disappeared, and he enquired who had put them into the cellar, and went down to see if they had been properly stored.

But there were no squashes there. He enquired again where they were; but no one knew. He called to the boys, who were playing horse on the sidewalk, to ask if they knew anything of the squashes. "Oh, yes!" they said, and ran to the barn, he following; and where do you suppose the squashes were? In the pig-pen—every one of them!

They had toiled and tugged, and carried every squash—and many of them were large—out there, and fed them to the pigs.

The mischief done, who could scold those two bright, hard-working men? I think their papa had to console himself with thinking if only they would work as well at something useful when they were grown up, he would forgive their rather wasteful business when they were little.

A CLEVER FOX.

ON one summer day, a man was lying under the shelter of some shrubs on the banks of a river, when he saw a large flock of ducks, which had

been made to rise on the wing by the drifting of a branch of a tree among them. After circling in the air for a little time, they again settled down on the feeding-ground.

There was a pause for a few moments, and then the same thing occurred again. A branch drifted down with the stream into the midst of the ducks, and made them take to flight once more. But when they found that the bough had drifted by, and done no harm, they flew down to the water as before.

After four or five boughs had drifted by in this way, the ducks gave no heed to them, and did not try to fly out of their way on the stream, even when they were near to being touched.

The man who had been watching all this now looked for the cause of the drifting of the boughs. At length he saw, higher up the bank of the stream, a fox, which, having set the boughs adrift, was watching for the moment when the ducks should cease to be startled by them.

This wise and clever fox at last seemed satisfied that the moment had come. So what did he do but take a larger branch than any he had yet used, and, spreading himself down on it so as to be almost hidden from sight, set it adrift as he had the others!

The ducks, now having ceased to fear the boughs, hardly moved till the fox was in the midst of them, when, making rapid snaps right and left, he seized two fine, young ducks as his prey, and floated forward in triumph on his raft. The ducks flew off in fright, and did not come back.

That fox must have had a fine dinner that day, I think. The man who saw the trick pitied the poor ducks, but could not help admiring the fox's cunning.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

ONE day, passing through a meadow, I saw a sheep much troubled by flies. Presently I saw it walk to a small pond where there were some young ducks, and stand there quietly. Soon the ducks took notice of the flies, and, coming out from the water, began snapping them up, as if to punish them for worrying the poor sheep.

This, thought I, is a clear case of putting into practice the golden rule of "Help one another." Perhaps you will say that the ducks wanted to make a meal of the flies; but I like to think that some less selfish motive was mingled with their work.

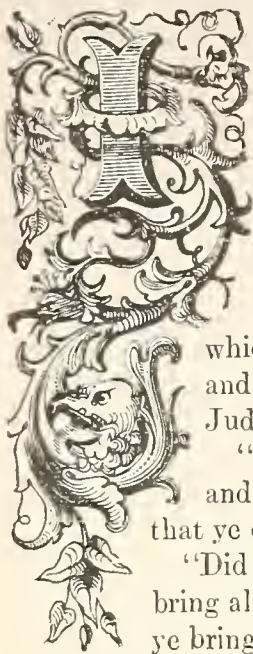
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



IN those days saw I in Judah some treading wine presses on the Sabbath, and bringing in sheaves, and lading asses; as also wine, grapes, and figs, and all manner of burdens, which they brought into Jerusalem on the Sabbath day: and I testified against them in the day wherein they sold victuals.

"There dwelt men of Tyre also therein, which brought fish, and all manner of ware, and sold on the Sabbath unto the children of Judah, and in Jerusalem.

"Then I contended with the nobles of Judah, and said unto them, What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath day?

"Did not your fathers thus, and did not our God bring all this evil upon us, and upon this city? yet ye bring more wrath upon Israel by profaning the

Sabbath.

"And it came to pass, that when the gates of Jerusalem began to be dark before the Sabbath, I commanded that the gates should be shut, and charged that they should not be opened till after the Sabbath: and some of my servants set I at the gates, that there should no burden be brought in on the Sabbath day.

"So the merchants and sellers of all kind of ware lodged without Jerusalem once or twice.

"Then I testified against them, and said unto them, Why lodge ye about the wall? if ye do so again, I will lay hands on you. From that time forth came they no more on the Sabbath.

"And I commanded the Levites that they should cleanse themselves, and that they should come and keep the gates, to sanctify the Sabbath day. Remember me, O my God, concerning this also, and spare me according to the greatness of thy mercy." (*Nehemiah xiii, 15-22.*)

We quote the foregoing passage of scripture to show how righteous men in other times looked upon Sabbath-breaking. It was then a sin against God and a violation of one of His commandments. It is the same to-day. The lapse of time has made no change in this law of the Lord. Sabbath-breaking should cease among us. Every officer of the Church, who acts as a Teacher, Counselor, Bishop or President, should see that this commandment is observed, and men should be dealt with, who violate it. Upon the rising generation especially the impression should be made that it is sinful in the sight of God to break the Sabbath. When the officers of the Church cleanse the Church from impurity by dealing strictly with transgressors, then may we, as a people, approach the Lord and ask His blessing with a faith that cannot be denied. But who can reasonably expect the Lord to bless us, if we permit Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, profanity, whoredoms, dishonesty or any other sins to exist in the Church without rebuke or censure?

That which is needed on our part to-day, as individuals and as a people, is deep and contrite repentance. We should humble ourselves before the Lord. Officers in the Church should examine themselves and see that their lives are right and acceptable unto the Lord. Parents should examine themselves and set their households in order, and not tolerate in any form, in any person however dear to them, words and acts that are inconsistent with the profession of a Latter-day Saint.

ONE of the evils with which many of the families have to contend, in Zion, is their unfortunate connections. They, perhaps, have sons who are unfaithful, or daughters who have married improper persons, and these interfere with harmony in households. They frequently have an influence that leads to bad results, and under the best of circumstances they are exceedingly painful. Sympathies are created which should have no existence in the breasts of Latter-day Saints—sympathies for wrong doing, and a spirit to palliate and make light of transgressions which in others would be readily condemned. How many there are who manifest a disposition to cover up the conduct of members of their families, or of persons who are connected with them by friendship or blood! In some instances they wink at conduct that is most offensive to God and righteous men. They do not have the firmness necessary to treat them or deal with them as they would with other transgressors. In some instances they cover up their iniquities, and if they are spoken to about them they either defend their conduct or make excuses for it. In this way they bring themselves under heavy condemnation, and very frequently are made to mourn bitterly over their own folly.

On this account parents are held to a great responsibility. They have the control of their children when they are young. If they would devote their attention to their cultivation, to training them correctly in the principles of the gospel, the chances are more in favor of those children being faithful than they would be if they neglected them and suffered them to grow up without their parental watchcare.

In our "Topics" of last number we spoke about the evils of intermarriage. This same Nehemiah, whom we have already quoted, has some very plain remarks upon this subject. He says:

"In those days also saw I Jews that had married wives of Ashdod, of Ammon, and of Moab:

"And their children spake half in the speech of Ashdod, and could not speak in the Jews' language, but according to the language of each people.

"And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God, saying, Ye shall not give your daughters unto their sons, nor take their daughters unto your sons, or for yourselves.

"Did not Solomon king of Israel sin by these things? yet among many nations was there no king like him, who was beloved of his God, and God made him king over all Israel: nevertheless even him did outlandish women cause to sin.

"Shall we then hearken unto you to do all this great evil, to transgress against our God in marrying strange wives?

"And one of the sons of Joiada, the son of Eliashib the high priest, was son in law to Sanballat the Horonite: therefore I chased him from me.

"Remember them, O my God, because they have defiled the priesthood, and the covenant of the priesthood, and of the Levites."

This record shows how this servant of God felt respecting these marriages, and how plainly he foresaw the evils which result from them. The fact is, if we would be the people that God designs we should be, we must put away all associations that would wean us from the covenant, or that would have a tendency to lead our children astray.

IF we review the counsel which has been given unto us, as a people, from the beginning, and read the words of the servants of God, which have been so abundantly printed, we can form some idea of how much has been done for which repentance is needed. There is nothing connected with our organization, with our conduct, or connected in any manner with the building up of Zion, about which we have not had counsel. There has been an astonishing variety of subjects dwelt upon by the servants of God since we came to these valleys. Who can think of any subject concerning which counsel is needed where it has not been given? So if this people have not done that which God requires at their hands, it has not been because they have not been informed as to what the will of God is. We never can plead ignorance as an excuse, for knowledge has been poured upon us as a constant stream. By examining ourselves in the light of this knowledge we can see the causes we have to repent; and certainly this is a good time in which to seek the favor of God. When Jonah was sent to Nineveh to warn the people, he declared, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." His record says that the people of that city believed God, proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest to the least. The king of Nineveh himself laid his robe of royalty from him and covered himself with sackcloth and sat in ashes; and he published to the people:

"Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste anything: let them not feed, nor drink water: but let man and beast be covered with sackcloth, and cry mightily unto God: yea, let them turn every one from his evil way, and from the violence that is in their hands."

God saw their works and that they had repented, and He withheld from them the threatened judgment.

We serve a God who knows the hearts of His people and who has respect unto their supplications and accepts true repentance. Let every one arise, as the king of Nineveh did, and put his household in order; repent himself of everything that is evil, and call upon his household to do likewise; and in this way we shall obtain the favor of our God, and strength and grace to endure all the afflictions which the wicked may be permitted to put upon us.

ERRATUM.—The first word in the second part of the "Editorial Thoughts," in the last number, (page 280), should be *Laxity*, instead of "Levity."

BUSINESS OF EDUCATION.—The business of education is not to perfect a learner in all, or any of the sciences but to give his mind that freedom, that disposition, and those habits that may enable him to obtain any part of knowledge he shall apply himself to, or stand in need of, in the future course of his life.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER XIV.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

SOON after receiving permission from the governor to open a public place of worship, I was called upon at my residence by a policeman, and requested to call at the secretary's office. This I refused to do without being notified officially. Soon afterwards I received a polite official notice, which I answered on the following day. I was informed by the secretary that the governor had reconsidered the matter of my holding meetings and had concluded that I should neither preach nor hold meetings. It was a time of war, and he would not allow a new religion to be introduced on the rock of Gibraltar; and if an attempt to do so should be made I would be taken up by the police.

When I took into consideration that several of the brethren I had baptized upon the rock had gone into the Russian war, and that two others were about to go to Great Britain and the spirit of war that prevailed in the garrison, I felt impressed to ask the governor for a free passage to England, which, through the colonial secretary, was cheerfully granted, as I had already learned that the governor had expressed himself willing to give me a free passage on one of her majesty's mail packets, in order to get rid of one who had stirred up so much of a religious excitement.

As I could take my departure at pleasure, the steam packets plying twice a week between that point and England, some twelve hundred miles, I at once began preparations to leave the few remaining Saints under the care of a proper officer. To my surprise I was again called to the colonial secretary's office, and after going through the inquisition, because I would not compromise principle, my free passage was rescinded, and I was left to depend upon the Lord to open up my way. A saying of the Savior, while instructing His disciples came to my mind:

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek): for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." (*Matt. 6:28*).

I repaired to the open sea, where I had baptized the first members of the branch, and there washed my feet and cleansed my garments as a witness before God against the cruel authorities of this strong garrison; and felt to rejoice that I was counted worthy to be cast out for the gospel's sake.

You can, perhaps imagine my condition, over eight thousand miles from home, on a little island of only three miles by one half of a mile in size, without purse or scrip and almost friendless.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

PERSONAL ORNAMENTS.

THERE are observable among humanity certain traits and customs that are not confined to a nation or race, but are to be seen among all peoples, whether of high or low degree. One of these is the wearing of jewelry and other ornaments with which to adorn and beautify the person.

Go among the wild barbarians of Africa, or the savages inhabiting the lone islands of the sea, or even in America, among our own dusky natives, and you will find this trait

manifested in the way they bedeck and adorn their persons with trinkets made of glass, shell, metal or wood, and from them throughout all the grades of civilization, until we arrive at the highest standard of intelligence and culture among our own race, we will find this custom of wearing jewelry. Neither is it confined to any particular age or epoch in the world's history, as the manufacture of jewelry, no doubt, dates as far back as the discovery of metals.

The style, quality and character of these ornaments, and the mode of wearing them, forms a good index of the wealth, taste and artistic ability of the race who adorn themselves with them.

Among the uncivilized tribes, their personal adornments are in many instances hideous and unsightly. The native women of Vancouver's Island have an ugly ornament which they wear in their under lip. As the size of the ornament is gradually increased from childhood, the lips of an old woman will contain an oval ornament three inches long by two wide. There is a shallow groove round the edge so as to keep it in its place, and both sides are slightly concave. Sometimes it is used as a spoon, the woman putting on it a piece of meat that is too hot, and, when it is cool, turning it into her mouth by a contraction of the lip.

The value that is set upon this horrible disfigurement is almost ludicrous, a woman's rank being due to the size of her lip ornament. Some of them wear a shell ornament, like the stem of a clay tobacco pipe, one or two inches long, stuck through the lip and projecting forward at a considerable angle with the chin.

In some parts of Africa, the natives exhibit some taste in their jewels and wear earrings, bracelets, etc., made of gold. The wives of the chiefs are very extravagant, however, in the use of jewelry, and would scarcely think themselves dressed unless they had gold ornaments worth about four hundred dollars. Then nobles wear on state occasions, bracelets of such weight that they are obliged to rest their arms upon the heads of little slave boys, who stand in front of them.

A tribe living near the equator, called the Bolonda seem to go more on quantity than quality in their display of metal.

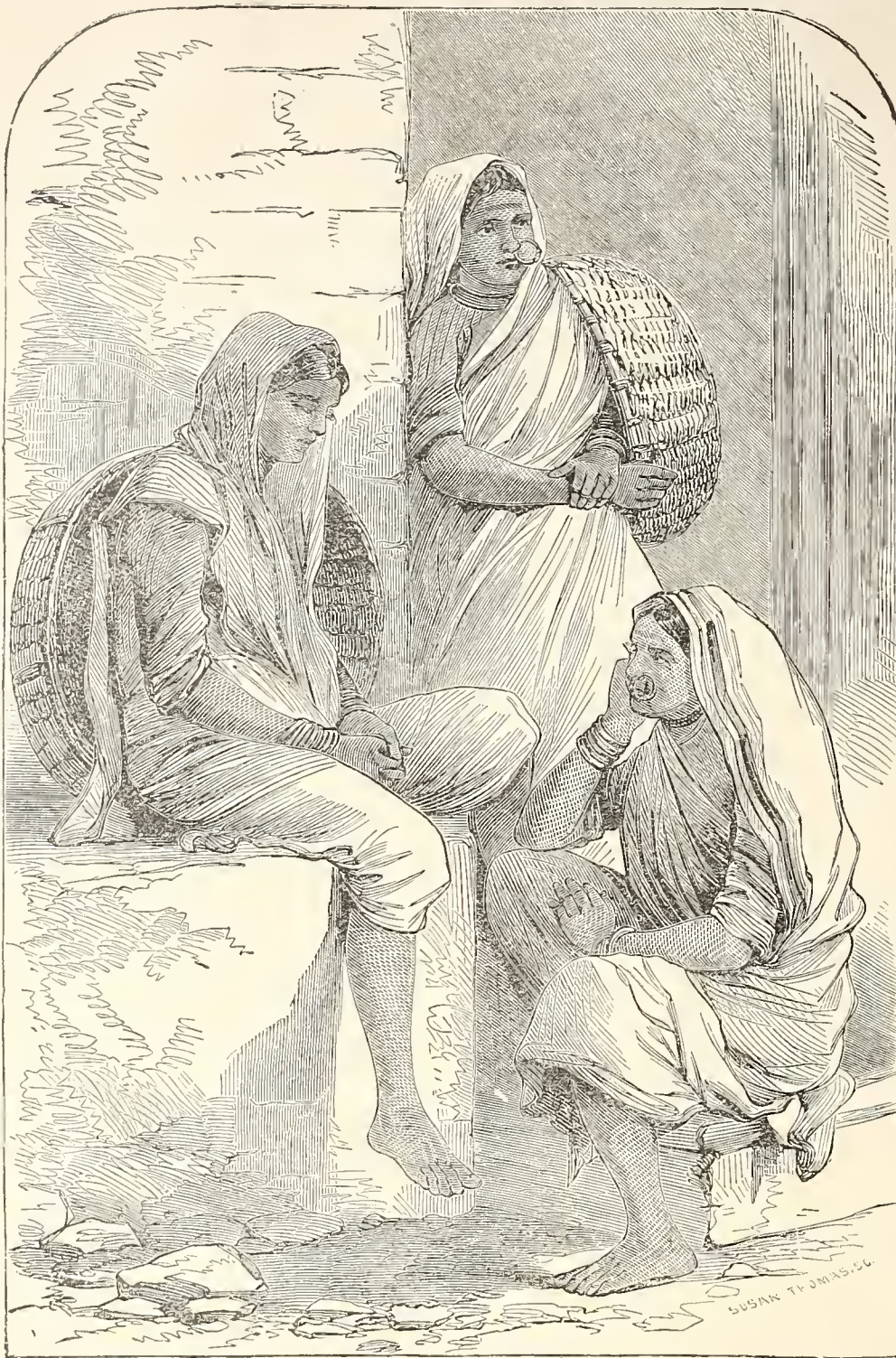
The distinguished among them wear six or seven heavy, copper rings on each ankle, each ring weighing about two pounds. The gait of a rich man is therefore singularly ungraceful, the feet being planted widely apart so that the massive rings should not come in contact. This peculiar gait is much admired among them, and is studiously imitated by those who are not wealthy enough to possess rings of such weight.

Another tribe living in the same country place no value upon metal ornaments but prefer one they make from the spoils of slain monkeys. A part of the upper jaw, containing the incisive and canine teeth, is cut off, cleaned and dried; a whole row of these is then sewed on a strip of leather, each overlapping the other, so as to form a continuous band of glittering teeth.

On an island east of Australia ear ornaments are quite in favor among the natives, and some of them enlarge the hole in the lobe to such an extent that it forms a long loop, the end of which falls on the

shoulders. These natives are not at all fastidious in their taste for they wear anything in their ears from a ring of any metal, to a large leaf or a roll of bark. These natives remind us of those of the Solomon Island, near the Fiji group. Some of them make their earrings of large sea-ear shells, grinding out the middle and rounding the edges. These are hung upon an elastic hoop which depends from the ear, and which often drags it down to such an extent that the lower tips of the lobes almost rest upon the shoulders.

Many other modes of wearing jewelry, if such it can be called, might be mentioned if we had space. The women in



the engraving, which suggested the subject of this article, have rings in their noses, which is quite a modest way of wearing ornaments compared to many of the styles of personal adornment indulged in by many of the lower races of humanity. Some wear ornaments so large in their noses as to obstruct the way to their mouths. Others have the center of the nose, between the nostrils, pierced and hang therefrom a string to the end of which are fastened teeth, shells, etc.

Among the semi-civilized, jewels and ornaments exhibit considerable taste and artistic powers, and are worn in a more graceful manner.

As before stated, the origin of jewels is of very ancient date, and must have come into existence among the ancient civilized nations soon after pieces of precious metals were used as a circulating medium. A mere hole drilled through the small pieces of gold or silver, to enable them to be strung around the waist or neck, would be the first stage; then, when the ductility of the metals became known, they would be beaten probably into bands or rings, giving rise to ring money; these rings, when increased in size, would be used for the waist, neck, arms or ankles, and smaller ones for the ears and fingers. As refinement and art increased, these articles would be made more and more ornamental; and the original object of mere convenience and safety in carrying the much valued metals, would be lost in the secondary one of personal adornment. The art of the jeweler would be called into play, and the taste of the nation would be marked by the good or bad designs, in demand for this purpose. Jewels being mere articles of luxury and taste, their possession always indicates, to a certain extent, the wealth of nations.

In the South Kensington Museum, London, can be seen specimens of jewelry from ancient to modern times, arranged, as near as possible in the order of the date of its manufacture. In this collection can be seen the jewels of the ancient Egyptians, which were found in their tombs decorating the mummies of ladies of distinction. One is much impressed with the advanced state of this ancient nation by the nice art and refined taste exhibited in their jewelry. Indeed modern art, with all its wondrous advances, cannot do more than equal the exquisite workmanship of those elegant golden jewels.

There is an essential difference between the jewelry of ancient and modern times. Our jewelers depend very much upon the process of casting, drawing, stamping and other mechanical operations, and produce thereby great accuracy of outline and high finish. The ancients wrought by hammering, chasing and engraving, and depending entirely upon the taste and skill of the workman instead of the perfection of his tools, and mechanical arrangement. Consequently, their works bear the stamp of artistic productions, while modern works, however beautiful, have usually the character of mere manufactures, executed with mechanical precision rather than artistic taste.

W. J. L.

WORK for the good that is nighest;
 Dream not of greatness afar;
 That glory is ever the highest
 Which shines upon men as they are.
 Work, though the world would defeat you;
 Heed not its slander and scorn;
 Nor weary till angels shall greet you
 With smiles through the gates of the morn.

A FAT BOY AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE Baron de Lesseps, the originator and promoter of the Suez canal, though seventy-nine years old, is still young in the thoughts of grand designs and in physical activity. He brings up his children, of whom he has a large number, as the old Spartans did theirs. They go about barefooted, endure fatigue and exposure, and, though quite dirty, are never ill. M. de Lesseps had retired from a long diplomatic service in Egypt, and was engaged in farming, when one day he asked himself why the little neck of land between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean could not be dug through. He knew that the usual answer to the question had been that there were two formidable obstacles, one, the difference in level between the two seas, and the other the shifting sands of the desert, which would fill up a canal as fast as it was made. Careful observation and inquiry satisfied him that there was no great difference of level, and that stream-dredging machines could take care of the desert's sands. In 1852 he tried in vain to convince the sultan of Turkey and the viceroy of Egypt of the practicability of the canal. But his opportunity came in 1854. A writer in a London journal tells what the opportunity was.

One day that year, when he was busy on a scaffolding, looking after the building of a new house on his farm, word was brought to him of the succession of Mohammed Said to the viceroyalty of Egypt.

Said Pasha was an old friend of his. When M. de Lesseps was a consul in Egypt, Said was a great fat boy, and his father, Mehemet Ali, annoyed at seeing this fatness increase, had him put on restricted diet, and used to send him for two hours a day to walk round the city, to skip with a rope, to row, and to climb the masts of ships. The boy made friends with M. de Lesseps, and got secret meals of macaroni from his servants.

This was the beginning of a friendship which led to such memorable results; and it is a curious instance of how great things and small are interwoven in the web of life, that if Said Pasha had not been a fat boy with a severe father, M. de Lesseps' scheme might have been treated by him with as little attention as it was by the porte, and we should have had no Suez canal. As it was, he had an admirable introduction to the new viceroy, talked him out of his fears regarding the intrusion of foreign capital into his country, gained the respect of the viceroy's counselors by showing his skill in horsemanship, and finally obtained the long-desired concession on Nov. 30, 1854.

AMONG all the accomplishments of youth there is none preferable to a decent and agreeable behavior among men, a modest freedom of speech, a soft and elegant manner of address, a graceful and lovely deportment, a cheerful gravity and good humor, with a mind appearing ever serene under the ruffling accidents of human life.

THE aim of education should be rather to teach us how to think than what to think—rather to improve our minds so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

IN THE year 1790, when western New York was first colonized by white settlers, three brothers, named Clark, from Vermont, settled on a small farm in Erie County. As sawed lumber was then very scarce, they built a saw-mill on Cayuga Creek, which ran through a portion of their land, and in addition to farm labor they sawed out planks in their mill. These they floated down stream, and sold to parties who could afford the luxury of a boarded house, in place of the usual log hut with clay-filled chinks.

Their nearest white neighbor resided three miles west, down the creek, while two miles south was an encampment of ten or twelve so-called friendly Indians, who lived on the plunder they stole impartially from the settlers within a radius of twenty miles.

One Sunday in September the brothers, who usually kept the Sabbath by remaining in-doors, were startled by the barking of their dog. On going out to the door, they saw, half-way to the creek, an Indian and two squaws. The latter were carrying between them a heavy sack of corn, which they had evidently just stolen from the corn-crib near the cabin.

The two younger brothers, George and Daniel, accompanied by their dog, started at once in pursuit, while Ebenezer, the oldest, who was also the most reckless, ran back to the house for his gun.

The two white men overtook the Indians on the bank of the creek, which there sloped down almost perpendicularly for eight or ten feet. The squaws were on the point of throwing their burden over the bank when the onslaught of the dog caused them to drop it and spring behind their companion for safety.

The dog, a fierce mastiff, rushed at him and received a death blow from his tomahawk. Filled with rage, George sprang upon the Indian, and both rolled over the bank together, while the tomahawk flew from the hand of the savage a distance of several feet.

When they reached the creek-bed, which was nearly dry, the white man was on top; but he had hardly recovered his breath when the two squaws fell upon him tooth and nail, and but for the interference of Daniel, would have scratched all the skin from his face.

Daniel, having drawn the fury of the dusky ladies upon himself, was having his hands full in defending himself, when the hot-blooded Ebenezer, angered by the sight of the dead dog, leaped over the bank with a double-barreled shot-gun. At sight of him the squaws walked hastily away, but quickened their speed to a run when he fired a charge over their heads.

George's captive was then let up, and after receiving a severe admonition (of which he did not understand a word), was allowed to depart, which he did very hurriedly. The brothers then dragged the corn back to their crib, and supposed they had heard the last of the matter,

In this they were mistaken. The same afternoon, towards evening, two Indians appeared and demanded the blanket which the squaws had to carry the corn in. This was refused them, and they wrathfully departed.

The next evening, Monday, when the cattle came up from the pasture, where they roamed during the day, the "bell-ox" was not with them, and Daniel, thinking he might have become mired, started into the woods to look for the animal.

He had not gone far when he heard the tinkling of the bell. He followed the sound for a quarter of a mile. All the time

it seemed to keep about the same distance in front of him, though he increased his speed to a run.

It was becoming dark, when he was on the point of giving up the chase, as he thought no harm would come to the beast, for it certainly was not mired, when he heard a stick crack behind him. Turning quickly, he saw a dusky figure dart behind a tree.

In a moment his situation flashed upon him. The Indians had driven the ox before him to draw him into ambush, and the savage had crept up behind to cut off his escape in case of his turning back.

Unused to scenes of danger, his peril paralyzed him, but for an instant only. Then he turned to the right and made for the creek at his best speed, while two or three arrows whistled near him.

It was now quite dark, and the Indians were obliged to follow him by sound only till he reached the clearing. He looked back but once, and estimated his pursuers to be eight or ten in number.

Giving up his hopes of reaching the house, he turned towards the saw-mill. This, as well as the house, had been fitted to withstand hostile attacks, and in it there was kept a gun. He reached the mill ahead of the savages, threw open the door, shut it and slammed the bar down as the foremost Indian ran against it.

With his courage revived by comparative safety, Daniel took down the gun, which was ready loaded, and fired it in the direction of the Indians, in order to let them know he was armed.

He then felt for the ammunition in its usual place when, to his horror, he found it had been removed, and remembered he had carried it away but a few days before.

He then groped around for an ax, which he finally found, and sat down in the darkness to await developments.

Suddenly, a bright glare lit up the gloom, and he knew the savages had fired the pile of *debris* which lay close to the mill. The mill itself, though firmly built, was dry, and would burn like tinder.

It was but a few minutes before the fire reached the building.

The young man in the meantime had been lying quiet, thinking of some way of escape, though his chance of escaping seemed almost hopeless, for the place could be easily surrounded by the savages.

Nevertheless, a plan occurred to him. He was a good swimmer, and if he could only open the big gate from the flume, the water would fill up the creek-bed below in a few seconds, and he stood a good chance of being able to swim through his enemies in the confusion and darkness.

The gate was held in place by a "tail," which was kept in position by a pin driven through it. To let the water escape, it was only necessary to drive this pin out, when the gate would fall, and be carried down by the water.

The fire made it so light outside that he could not hope to drive the pin out without being seen, and his only other resource was to saw the "tail" off below the cross-bar to which he was confined.

He took a small hand-saw, which was used in the mill to even off the log butts, and leaped into the saw-pit. Here he took off his superfluous clothing, and silently let himself into the water, still holding the saw, and swam towards the gate.

He had not accomplished half the distance when he was discovered, and three or four savages plunged into the water

after him. There was no time for thought, and the young man turned, gained the saw-pit, and dove from it into the flume and under the axle of the mill-wheel.

He came up under the burning building, entirely baffling his pursuers, and ran down the creek-bed till he came opposite his brother's hut.

Between him and the hut was a stump-plot, and he carefully crawled into it, keeping on the shadowy side of the stumps (for the burning mill made it almost as bright as day). In this manner, he endeavored to reach the hut.

He had accomplished half the distance when he heard the sharp report of a rifle, and cautiously lifted his head to reconnoitre. The sight filled him with dismay, for between him and the house were five or six savages, and while he looked, a puff of smoke came from the window, followed by another rifle crack, which did not seem to have any effect. Though the Indians retreated, a few rode back.

Daniel was determined to go for help to their neighbor, Bower, down the creek, who, with his two sons, would be able to vanquish the few savages who surrounded the hut, after which it would be an easy matter to dispose of the rest.

He silently made his way to the Indian path along the Cayuga, and as soon as he got out of hearing, started on a run, which he kept up until his neighbor's farm was reached.

He found them at home, and they immediately prepared to accompany him back, and furnished him with a shot gun, their only extra fire-arm.

The four men soon traversed the three miles between the two farms, but when they reached the place, the savages had left, and the smouldering ruins of the mill were the only evidence of their visit.

Daniel found his brothers just starting to look for him. The Indians had surrounded their hut soon after setting fire to the mill, and had made several unsuccessful attempts to fire it.

The following morning, the six men made a raid on the Indian camp, but found it deserted by the savages, and occupied by a couple of half-starved dogs. Later, they received news that the same body of savages had gone through the Cayuga Valley, eastward, plundering and depredating as they went.

The Clarks did not rebuild their mill, and the removal of the ruins, but a few years since, brought to light this account of its destruction.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 278.)

ON the 12th of August, 1884, agreeable to pre-arrangements, in company with Elders W. T. Stewart, Ira N. Hinckley, Jr., and our guide, Takerei, a Maori brother, I took my departure from Taonoke, Hawkes Bay, under gratifying though peculiar circumstances.

On the morning of the above date, while we sat at the breakfast table, conversing upon various topics, three Maori women entered the room carrying mats with them, and which they presented us with, informing us that they were expressive of their love, respect and esteem for us. Each of us replied in appropriate terms, informing them that we entertained a high appreciation of their most valuable gifts, and a full recip-

rocation of all their esteem. While we were talking to them their sentiments were made more emphatic by a copious flow of tears accompanied by sobs, which gave forcible expression of an inward, sincere sorrow, impressed therein by the contemplation of our departure from them, in all probability until all mankind will be called to appear before the judgment seat of Christ to give an account for the deeds done in the body. We had come among them as perfect strangers, to teach them the way to excellency and glory. They shook off the fetters of iniquity and the shackles of sin, and yielded obedience to the gospel.

Just before mounting our horses for leaving, the Maoris sat in a row on the green grass for a farewell shaking of hands and rubbing of noses. After doing honors to those kind friends we rode out of the place amid crying and yelling. For over a mile away we could hear the moaning sound, as it died away on the morning's balmy air—*haere rei*—meaning, "farewell: go in peace to your homes and friends."

After a twelve mile ride we arrived at Napier, a European town of some considerable proportions, situated in close proximity to the ocean. After transacting some business we journeyed northward along the ocean's beach. In the evening we arrived at a Maori settlement named Patene, where the chief of the place made us welcome by keeping us and our horses over night. Next morning, notwithstanding the rain was falling, we left Patene, traveling over a level tract of country skirting the vast ocean, which dashes angrily against the beach. Ascending a small promontory, a beautiful view of Hawkes Bay was afforded us.

Quitting this eminence and leaving the ocean we followed a small dale which led to Tongioia where we took dinner with the natives. Takerei, our Maori guide, proved of great value in causing the Maoris generally to favor us.

After dinner, our little company, swelled by twelve natives, continued its journey. The road was reduced to a trail very much broken, winding up and down precipitous hills and through deep defiles. Some of the time we traveled upon the very summits of the mountains. Towards evening, ourselves and our horses being weary, we arrived at Aropawanui, where we put up for the night. Here we were afforded the opportunity of delivering our message to many natives, who almost universally endorsed our sentiments.

Next morning our company was increased to about fifty natives, men, women and children, all on horseback. This company of natives were going to Waikari to mourn over a Maori who had met his death in the ocean, while in a state of intoxication. The gorges increased in depth and the hills in height as we traveled on. Thus making it more laborious for our horses and dangerous for us. At length, near the sea, we traveled on the tops of the mountains, which form mighty promontories whose faces seaward are made perpendicular by the action of the ocean's waves. In some places they loom up from three hundred to four hundred feet high.

Finally we neared Waikari, the place where the "tangi" (mourning) was to be held. The Maoris before entering the place decked their heads with a plain wreath of leaves, which is emblematic of Maori mourning.

We took our position on a hill overlooking the town, so that we could get a good view of the whole performance. When the natives, who had accompanied us, had formed into a single file, headed by a female, a piteous moan, "*haere mai ki te tangi mo tatau mati*," (meaning: come here and mourn for our dead) announced to the procession to advance to the grave. This cry was responded to by the strangers. For about one

hour the air was rent by horrifying groans, and hands and arms were brandished in every form.

The *tangi* ended, the food was prepared and partaken of. Then came the speeches. In the evening we applied for an opportunity to preach, but the church of England leader refused abruptly. This action caused a discussion which brought out some of the principles of the gospel.

(*To be Continued.*)

GIVING AWAY JIMMIE.

BY MAC.

(*Continued from page 274.*)

ABOUT two years after the time before mentioned, there came one night a rap at Smithies' door, and a plainly-dressed, but very intelligent-looking man entered. He asked to be allowed to rest himself there that night. The cobbler drew him a chair near to the fire and they all did what they could for his comfort. The traveler made known to them that he was a missionary sent out by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and he had the gospel of life and salvation to give to all who would receive it.

His words were received with joy and wonder by this family, and the Elder perceiving that in these poor people he had an audience who were hungering after the things of righteousness, proceeded to explain to them the first principles of the gospel.

Upon the hearts of the cobbler and his wife the words of that Elder fell like a holy healing balm; it seemed like a repetition of rich music and sweet visions they had before seen and heard and had forgotten again. Their conversation lasted till far into the night, and with the early dawn of morn it was resumed again and continued throughout the day; but still the listeners were not filled, they desired to learn still more of the glad tidings that this Elder had traveled thousands of miles to give them.

Jimmie hung upon the words of the missionary like one entranced as he related the visions of the Prophet Joseph, and the wondrous workings of the Almighty through him.

The next day the Elder took his departure promising to return again in a week and baptize the Smithies' family if they continued in their belief. He left some tracts to be distributed among those who felt inclined to hear the gospel.

"Father," said Jimmie one morning, "let me carry some tracts to Mr. McConnel, I'm sure he would like to hear about the Prophet and the Church the Lord has established."

His father consented, and his mother gave him the tracts he desired. He put on his cap and taking his tracts set out upon his errand. He found McConnel standing at his gate talking with two men. He waited respectfully at a distance till the gentlemen had finished speaking, when he approached and raising his cap addressed him: "I've brought you some tracts to read, sir."

McConnel looked at him in surprise and repeated, "Some tracts!"

"Yes, sir; father said I might bring them." And Jimmie commenced to tell to the best of his ability of the Elder's visit to them, when one of the men exclaimed, "He is the man whom I told you I put from my door a week ago. So that is his lurking place is it?"

McConnel was greatly enraged. "And he has found a hearer in Smithies, has he?"

He had heard of this Elder before. He threw the tracts rudely into Jimmie's face, saying, "Begone Jimmie! Don't let me hear of this vile trash again, and don't be a fool, boy, because your father is one."

"My father is no fool," said Jimmie, warmly.

"Well," said McConnel, "when you are grown, Jimmie, you may look well in a white robe; then you may bring your tracts to me and I'll read them, but go now and don't let your father make a booby of you again."

Jimmie walked sadly home; he had learned the lesson that Elders of the Church have to learn who go on missions, that the Spirit of God which warms their bosoms with a heavenly fire and makes plain to them the glorious principles of the gospel, so pure and precious, does not find a place in everyone's heart; but that in many instances the good seed they sow falls on stony ground and gives back no reward for their labor.

The next day Smithies received a notice that he must turn the Elder from his house. McConnel also sent word to him that if he continued to listen to the trash this "worker of mischief" was preaching he would have to find another dwelling place, for he would not allow a "Mormon," he said, to abide under a roof he owned. When the Elder returned to Nottingham, Smithies received him, but did not tell him of the prejudice that had been aroused against him.

McConnel was true to his word. Two days after the Elder's return Smithies' possessions were moved into the street and from thence he moved them to a miserable hovel a few streets distant.

One day the Elder informed Smithies that he was soon to return to Utah, and that some of his friends there had raised a fund by subscription and sent him sufficient to emigrate one person from England, and he might have the benefit of it if he wished.

"Oh, father," cried Jimmie, when it was determined that one of the cobbler's children should accompany the Elder to Utah, "send me will you, please, father?"

So it was settled that Jimmie should go to Utah.

On the morning of Jimmie's departure, as Smithies took the hand of the Elder in token of farewell, he said, "I tried once to give Jimmie away but did not succeed, in consequence of the child's unwillingness to go, but if I am never able to follow him to Utah, which may be the case, I give him cheerfully and willingly to the people of God and to the work of building up His kingdom on the earth."

His words were prophetic, he never came to Utah, but his wife and children came, he died a few months after Jimmie's departure from England. Happy indeed was the meeting between Jimmie and his family. He had grown a head and shoulder taller than he was when they bade him good-bye seven years before.

We will pass over the incidents of a few years of Jimmie's life, though they would make an interesting chapter were they told, and see him now a missionary to England, having been counted worthy to leave home, wife and children to carry the gospel of Christ to his native land, to the town in which he was born and in which he had in his early life seen so much of poverty and distress, and where the sweet gospel truths had first been made known to him when a mere boy. The place was changed but he could recognize many things that had been familiar to his boyish eyes, but no one greeted him that he

had known; he was veritably a stranger in old Nottingham now.

One day his attention was attracted towards an old, gray-headed seissors grinder whom he had often met on the street before, who asked these questions, "Sir, please tell me, is your name Smithies, and do you live in Nottingham?"

"It is," was the answer, "and when I was a boy I lived in these parts, but I do not recognize in your face anything familiar."

"My name is McConnell," said the man, "and if you are Robert Smithies' son, which I take you to be from the resemblance you bear him, you cannot have forgotten me."

"I am Robert Smithies' son. Jimmie they used to call me; I remember you well; I enquired for you when walking through that part where you used to live, but I could get no satisfactory information concerning you."

"No," said McConnell, "that property passed out of my hands many years ago. None of my old friends know me now. My riches have all vanished, I cannot tell how, but they gradually slipped away from me and for several years I have been following this trade to get enough to live on."

"If you will direct me where to find your habitation, I will call upon you," said Elder Smithies.

The old man gave him the number of the street in which he lived, and the next day the Elder found his way into the old man's wretched quarters.

He made known to McConnell his mission to England. The old man raised up his hands, while his eyes swam with tears, and said: "I have been very wretched since the day I turned your father's family into the street for harboring an Elder of your Church, and I repented when it was too late to repair the wrong I did. I prayed that the Elder might again cross my path, but he never came. My life, you see is nearly spent, and it gives me sorrow to know that to me it is entirely lost." And the old man covered his face with his hands and sobbed.

"No," said Elder Smithies, "your life is not lost. McConnell you promised me when I was a child that if I should come to you as a minister when I was a man, you would listen to my teachings, I am through the grace of God, the bearer of the words of life and salvation to the people of this land, and this stream of living waters flows freely to all who will drink of it; therefore even now if you will repent and listen to the voice of God which has been spoken from the heavens you will find eternal life. He cries repentance to all, youth and aged alike, for it is necessary that all should listen to His voice and abide its teachings.

The old man's tears continued to flow as Elder Smithies proceeded to pour into his listening ear the glorious truths of the gospel, and he feasted like a hungry child upon them. From that time he visited the old man frequently and taught him the plan of life and salvation. Finally, when he became thoroughly convinced that he was sincere in his belief and had truly repented, he took him down into the waters of baptism and confirmed him a member of the Church.

Having entered into the new life, McConnell desired to leave England and go to Utah. His fathers for many generations were born and had died in the same shire where he was born and had spent his life, but he desired that his body might rest with the Saints. Elder Smithies secured him a passage with some other Saints on board a vessel bound for the United States. But he never saw America, he died before he reached New York and was buried in the ocean. Jimmie remained in England several years and returned home to wife and friends after having accomplished much in the labor of bringing souls

into the kingdom of God, and is still a highly respected member in the Church.

ANECDOTES OF MISERS.

THE miser is a victim of a depraved passion. It is not luxuries, the power, or the independence of which money can purchase that he loves, but gold itself. The following anecdote shows forth the intensity of the miser's passion:

When Sir William Smith, a wealthy English miser, was, at seventy years of age, deprived of his sight, he felt it to be a terrible affliction. He was persuaded by Taylor, the celebrated oculist, to be couched; who was, by agreement, to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight.

Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was enabled to read and write without the aid of spectacles during the rest of his life. But no sooner was his sight restored, than the baronet began to regret that his agreement had been so large a sum; he felt no joy as others would have felt, but grieved and sighed over the loss of his sixty guineas.

His thoughts were on how to cheat the oculist; he pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing distinctly; for which reason, the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time.

Taylor was deceived by these misrepresentations, and agreed to compound the bargain, and accept twenty guineas instead of sixty. Yet Sir William was an old bachelor, and had no one to care or provide for. At the time Taylor attended him, he had a large estate, an immense sum of money in stocks, and thirty thousand dollars in the house.

When the government desired to borrow a large sum of money from the immensely wealthy miser, Foseue, he refused the loan on the plea of poverty. Fearing, however, that some of his neighbors, among whom he was very unpopular, would report his immense wealth to the government, he applied his ingenuity to discover some effectual way of hiding his gold, should they institute a search to ascertain the truth or falsehood of his plea.

With great care and secrecy, he dug a deep cave in his cellar. To this receptacle for his treasure, he descended by a ladder, and to the trap-door he attached a spring lock, so that, on shutting, it would fasten of itself.

By-and-by the miser disappeared. Inquiries were made, the house searched, woods explored, and the ponds were dragged, but no Foseue could they find; and gossips began to conclude that the miser had fled with his gold to some part where he could be free from the hands of the government.

Some time passed on. The house in which he had lived was sold, and workmen were busily engaged in its repair. In the progress of their work, they met with the door of the secret cave, with the key in the lock outside. They drew back the door, and descended with a light.

The first object upon which the lamp reflected was the ghastly body of Foseue, the miser, and scattered about him were heavy bags of gold and ponderous chests of untold treasure. A candle-stick lay beside him on the floor. The worshiper of mammon had gone into his cave to pay his devours to his golden god, and became a sacrifice to his devotion.

The master-piece of knowledge is to know
But what is good, from what is good in show.

THE SPIRIT'S CRY.

WORDS BY J. H. WARD.

Serioso con espressione.

MUSIC BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

*Rit.**A tempo.*

O, my Father whom angels en - vi - ron, One gift from Thy bounty im - part; Not for
wings nor for sinews of i - ron, I ask but Thy life in my heart. I
walk in the darkness and blind - ly, There's no one to teach me the right, E'en my
queries none answer me kind - ly— Thou on - ly canst lead me to light.

From Thee I derive my existence;
To Thee I return at Thy will—
I but ask Thee for strength and assistance,
Thy law and my task to fulfill.
Give me strength, O Strong One and tender,
The wisdom that comes from above:
Grief has taught me that none else can render
What we need for life's labor of love.

In life's sorrows no more I'll be lonely,
In conflicts no more be afraid,
I shall triumph, and triumph aye only,
If Thou wilt but give me Thine aid.
Let me lean on Thy bosom, O Strong One,
O, Wise One, I am not afraid,
For I know that Thou never wilt wrong one
Of those whom Thy goodness hath made.

THE answer to the Charade published in No. 17 is LOVE AT HOME. Correct solutions have been received from John V. Bluth, Ogden; William Brewer, Hennefer; Anna M. Peterson, Huntsville; Charles A. Workman, Virgen City; Ellen Bishop, Paradise; Charlotte S. Pead, Garden City; Eliza B. Parker, Hooper City; Elizabeth A. Mumford, Sarah McMurrin, C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City.

WE have a number of Enigmas on hand, received from different individuals, which have never appeared in print. Some of these are of considerable merit, but have been withheld from publication on account of the subjects chosen. The names of prominent men of our community, of principal cities in the Territory, etc., have been used repeatedly in forming Enigmas. If those who send us original Enigmas will bear this in mind, and seek to get different subjects for their productions of this character, we will be pleased to publish them.

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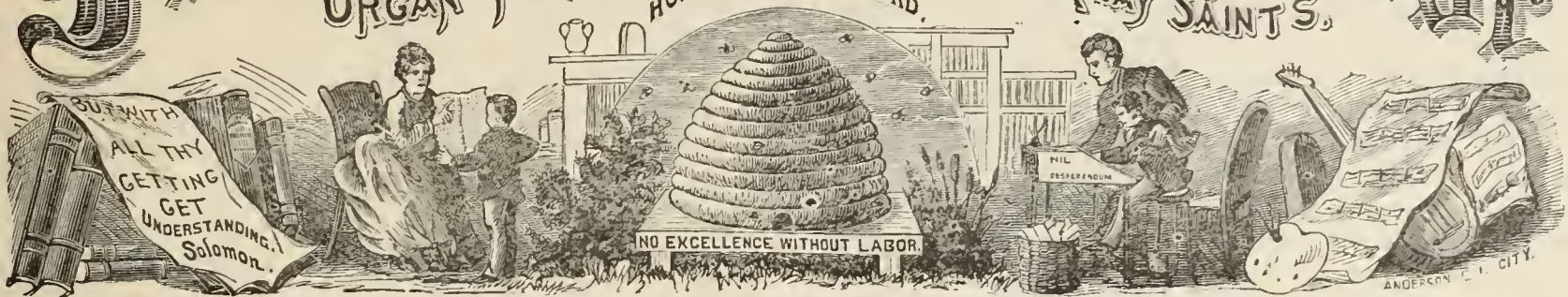
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ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XX.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 15, 1885.

NO. 20.

CATHEDRALS.

TO the visitor traveling in England, her famous old cathedrals present great interest. If he be a lover of grand and antique specimens of architecture, they have a special attraction, for in their construction is exhibited the best skill and genius of the builders and architects who lived during the period of their erection.

The term cathedral is derived from the Greek word *ca-thedra*, signifying a seat, or a chair; appropriately, the chair or seat of a person in authority. In England, as no doubt, most of our readers are aware, the church and state are united, that is, the Episcopal church is the religion established by the law. All other denominations, however, are at perfect liberty to promulgate their doctrines.

The established church is divided into ecclesiastical divisions known as dioceses, each of which is under the direction of a bishop, whose

chief seat or throne is in the principal church of the diocese. This church is called the cathedral, thus you see the application of the term. The place in which the cathedral is erected is

called a city. To our young readers who are natives of this country, a little explanation may be necessary. In the United States, a certain number of inhabitants, who are incorporated and governed by a mayor and aldermen is called a city, but in England, an incorporated town, which is or has been the seat of a bishop, or the capital of his diocese is the only one entitled to be called a city.

In England there are twenty-nine cathedrals, the greater number of which are noble and costly edifices, standing as monuments of the taste, architectural skill and religious devotion of the people who erected them. Many of them date back to the early part of



the twelfth century, which was a great age in England for splendid churches. Some date back farther than this, while some were erected later.

Our engraving presents a view of the great edifice known as the Peterborough Cathedral, of the city bearing that name in Northamptonshire. It holds a high, if not the highest rank among English cathedrals of the second class. Like all others, its general outline is in the shape of a cross. The eastern part was built as early as 1133, and is of early Norman style of architecture. Other parts were added to it as late as 1528, at which time it was considered finished. The beautiful western front, which is the view exhibited to us in the cut, consists of three arches, 81 feet in height, supported by triangular piers detached from the west wall. Each is surmounted by a beautiful pediment and cross. On each side of this front are turrets, 156 feet high and crowned with pinnacles. The roof of the nave or main aisle is painted in lozenge shaped divisions, containing figures of kings, bishops, grotesques, etc., in colors. The entire length of the cathedral is 476 feet, by 78 in breadth. The height of the ceiling is 78 feet; and that of the central tower, from the ground, 150 feet.

In the north aisle a slab of blue stone still covers the remains of Catharine of Aargon, queen of England, the first wife of that cruel, lecherous old king, Henry VIII. On the stone is carved the simple inscription, "Queen Catharine, A. D. 1536."

She occupies a prominent place in English history, not for what she herself was, though her personal character was unimpeachable and her disposition gentle, but what she was the occasion of—the Reformation. She was married when scarcely sixteen to Arthur Prince of Wales, but was left a widow within a year. Shortly after, a second marriage was projected for her by her father-in-law with his second son, Henry. A dispensation enabling such relations to marry was obtained of the pope, and the marriage took place immediately after Henry's coronation as Henry VIII. She lived with him for several years and bore him a number of children, but when he conceived a passion for Anne Boleyn, he expressed doubts as to the legality of the marriage; and set about obtaining a divorce. Pope Clement VII. refused to grant the divorce, but granted a commission to Campeggio and Wosley, to inquire into the validity of the marriage; but before these prelates Catharine refused to plead, and appealed to the pope. The pope now summoned the king to Rome, but Henry haughtily refused to appear either himself or by deputy, which he maintained would be a sacrifice of the prerogatives of his crown; and setting the pope at defiance, married Anne Boleyn.

Cranmer, shortly afterwards, declared the first marriage void, and Pope Clement annulled Cranmer's sentence, making the separation from the Romish church complete.

In July, 1587, the remains of Mary, Queen of Scots, were brought here from Fotheringay for interment, and here they rested until, twenty-five years after, they were removed to Westminster Abbey, the burying place of the royalty and other distinguished personages of England.

One peculiar feature about these old cathedrals to those accustomed to see so much wood enter into the construction of buildings, is the almost entire absence of this material. The floors are of stone, as is also the ceilings which are composed of intersecting arches, formed from the massive, stone pillars which support them. Even the sash in the windows are made of stone.

W.

THE true work of art is but a shadow of the divine perfection.

Stories for the Little Ones.

BUTTERCUP'S CIRCUS.

FRED and Bertie, two little black-eyed boys, were visiting their Aunt Susan in a beautiful country village. The large, old-fashioned house, under a giant elm tree, was full of wonders to them; but their greatest delights were in driving the old gray horse, or feeding and petting a calf which their Uncle Henry was raising.

This "baby cow," as little Bertie called her, was kept away from its mother most of the day, and tied to a cherry tree in the side yard. The boys named her Buttercup. They were allowed to feed her with meal and water; and she soon grew so tame that they could pat and caress her as much as they pleased.

One day Fred found an old saddle in the stable; and he proposed to Bertie to help him put it on the calf, and have a ride the length of her rope. They succeed in fastening it upon Buttercup's smooth back; and Freddie exclaimed with delight, "Now we will have a first-class circus!"

They brought a chair from the house, and placed it by the side of Miss Calf, she looking wonderingly at them with great round eyes. The boys both stood together in the chair, and Fred said, "Now I will count, and when I say three, we must spring upon the saddle. One—two—three;" and on they went.

But, before they had time to get fairly seated in the saddle, the calf's heels were flying in the air and her head was near the ground. Master Fred slid off into a tub of rain water that stood under the eaves of the wood-shed; while Bertie went head foremost into a pan of meal and water.

A slight noise followed their fall. Their uncle and aunt appeared. The saddle was sent back to the stable, and the boys did not engage Buttercup for any more circus performances that summer.

ONLY A WORD.

ONLY a word, do you tell me? Yes;

And it matters so little, as you believe.

Only a word! Yet you cannot guess

The mark on a life a word may leave.

"Only a word!" Oh, I know it well—
That glib excuse for a thoughtless speech!
And yet remember you cannot tell
How far or how deep a word may reach.

Only a word! But a word may harm,
And open a wound with its ceaseless smart;
And a word may heal with a magic charm,
If it comes direct from a loving heart.

And "only a word," for all we know,
May hinder a sin, or save a soul,
For the words we utter, they live and grow,
Though they pass in a breath beyond control.

'Tis nothing but tiny drops that fill
Yon river that rolls so strong and deep,
And life's whole teaching, for good or ill,
Is made of the words we hold so cheap.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

"PRETTY butterfly, stay!
Come down here and play,"
A grasshopper said,
As he lifted his head.
"Oh, no! and oh, no!
Daddy Grasshopper, go!
Once you weren't so polite,
But said, 'Out of my sight,
You base, ugly fright!'"
"Oh, no! and oh, no!
I never said so,"
The grasshopper cried:
"I'd sooner have died
Than been half so rude.
You misunderstood."
"Oh, no! I did not;
'Twas near to this spot:
The offense, while I live,
I cannot forgive."
"I pray you explain
When and where such disdain,
Such conduct improper,
Was shown by this hopper."
"I then was a worm:
'Tis a fact, I affirm,"
The butterfly said,
With a toss of her head.
"In my humble condition,
Your bad disposition
Made you spurn me as mean,
And not fit to be seen.

In my day of small things
You dreamed not that wings
Might one day be mine,
Wings handsome and fine,
That help me soar up
To the rose's full cup,
And taste of each flower
In garden and bower.
This moral now take
For your own better sake:
Insult not the low;
Some day they may grow
To seem and to do
Much better than you.
Remember; and so,
Daddy Grasshopper, go!"

A YOUNG HERO.

YOUNG persons often wish they had the chance to show themselves heroes. This story suggests how the young may not unfrequently become heroes, if they will:

"Three! four! five! How funny!" cried the girls. "Hurrah!" shouted the boys. What were they counting? Yes; the patches on poor little Constance's dress. She heard every word and the boys' loud laugh. Poor little heart! At first she looked down; then the tears came with a great rush, and she tried to run home.

"Cry-baby!" said the boys.

"Don't want her to sit next to me," said Ella Gray.

"What right has she to come to our school?" whispered proud Lily Gross.

"There! don't mind a word they say!" exclaimed Douglas Stewart, leaving the group of rude boys and trying to comfort Constance. "Let me carry your books," he continued. "Cheer up! It is only a little way to your home, is it?"

Constance looked up through her tears to see the bravest boy in school at her side.

"I live in the little house under the hill," said Constance. "It isn't like your grand house."

"No matter for that. It has pretty vines, and climbing roses, and it's a very nice house to live in," said Douglas. "I dare say you are happy there?"

"Yes; I don't want to come to this school again," said Constance, softly.

"Oh, things will be all right in a day or two," said the boy, kindly. "Never mind them just now."

They had been talking of heroes a little while before; they had been wishing to be like Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon. There was not a hero among them except this same Douglas Stewart, who dared to stand out before all his school-mates and befriend this poor, forlorn little girl.

THE vanity of loving fine clothes and new fashions, and valuing ourselves by them, is one of the most childish pieces of folly that can be.

FREAKS OF CHILDHOOD.

IT is always interesting to observe the cunning simplicity of children at play. To witness their odd ways and doings and listen to their "cute" sayings afford any amount of innocent enjoyment to those who are fond of children—and none but the most depraved are not.

It often causes considerable merriment to see children imitate, in such peculiar ways, the actions of those who are older than themselves; and it is remarkable how they can and do very frequently, by a stretch of imagination, turn any object they can get into whatever they desire. For an instance, a little boy will get astride of a stick or willow which he will call a horse, and away he goes at full speed, and apparently enjoys the ride as well as if he were on the back of a real, live poney. Little girls will also enjoy themselves in a similar way by taking a shawl, rolling it up into a bundle and imagining it to be a genuine baby; and they will care for it as tenderly as though it actually had life. An incident of this nature is very beautifully illustrated in the picture here presented, though the little girl here has a nice wax doll with hair on its head and eyes that will open and close.

Little Annie, for this is the young lady's name, feels very proud of her doll, as it was presented to her by her father on her third birthday. She usually takes the best of care with it. After playing with it as long as she cares to she places it tenderly in the little cradle which one of her larger brothers made for it, and rocks it to sleep. The cradle is always kept in a corner of her mother's bed room, where it will not be disturbed. But one day a sad misfortune happened to poor dolly, and it caused little Annie a good deal of anxiety and sorrow. We will tell you how this came about:

One morning, as usual, the little mother was busying herself dressing and fixing up her doll baby for the day. Before she had quite finished this task she was called out of the house by her brother Freddie, who was nearly two years older than she. Freddie wished her to accompany him into the back garden to witness the sportive pranks of his pet calf, which was tied to a tree. There was no time to finish the doll's toilet, so she left everything on the parlor floor and proceeded with her brother to see the strange and amusing sight. In leaving the room the two children thoughtlessly left the doors open as they went from the parlor through the dining room and out to the back yard where the calf was. Annie's thoughts were so taken up with the young calf, which was performing all sorts of playful tricks, that she entirely forgot all about her doll, not thinking for a moment that any harm would befall it. But it was

scarcely a minute after she left the room when Willie, the baby, seeing the door open, which led from the dining room where he was to the parlor, toddled in. His mother was busy at something and did not notice where her baby had gone or what he was doing, and so he was left to himself in the parlor, surrounded by all kinds of beautiful things.

The first object that caught his eye was the wax doll which lay upon the floor. Willie at all times seemed to be fond of babies that could laugh and cry, but he was not to be deceived by imitations. He showed no signs of love for his sister's wax doll that could do nothing but roll its eyes. He could not fancy it looked like a baby or that it was in any way beautiful. As soon as he got to it he seized it by the arm and commenced beating the floor with it. It did not take him long to break its neck and arms and pull out considerable flax from its head. Willie was discovered, however, before he entirely demolished the doll, and taken back where he could be watched more closely. As he was so young, of course he received no punishment for his cruel treatment of the doll.

When Annie learned of what had happened she was grieved very much, still she did not have any ill feelings towards her baby brother, for she knew he intended no harm and was unable to realize what mischief he had done. Instead of crying and fretting over the matter, she went about, looking as cheerfully as possible, and did all she could for the doll. Her brother Freddie deeply sympathized with her, and did what he could to help her. After bandaging the broken limbs of the doll, Annie called upon Freddie to come and attend it as a doctor. He was quite pleased with this suggestion, and accordingly got his little



chest of tools, which took the place of surgical instruments, and proceeded to the kitchen where the suffering doll lay. After feeling the doll's pulse and examining the wounds he prescribed a medicine which should be given it to drink. A preparation was therefore made, consisting of soap, salt and water, with a little sugar to sweeten it. The doll, however, did not seem to like the mixture, any more than the children did the drinks their mother gave them when they happened to be sick. Finding that coaxing had no effect they proceeded to force the medicine into the doll's mouth, just as was done with them sometimes. They finally concluded the doll must have swallowed some of the medicine, and so they put it to bed and left it there until the next day. When they examined the wounds the following morning they found them no better. The little doctor could not account for this, and could think of nothing better than to repeat the dose of the day before, which they did.

Little Freddie continued to give the doll medical attendance for more than a week. But the condition of his patient did not seem to improve. At last the case was given up as hopeless, and Annie concluded that her doll would have to remain a cripple. So she contented herself with it as it was. She ever afterwards regarded it as being infirm and in delicate health, and therefore handled it very tenderly. Thus the doll with its broken arms and neck lasted her longer probably than it would if had not met with such an accident.

THE MYSTERIOUS POTATOES.

WHO of us was ever so hungry as to thank God for a dog or a kitten for our dinner?

Will you listen to the story of a little French woman.

She suffered almost the pangs of death by starvation during the siege of Paris in the late Franco-German war, when for five months all supplies of food were cut off from without, and thousands died daily from hunger.

Even those who had plenty of money could not get all the food they wanted. The authorities, to prevent the rich laying in a large stock of stores, and thus depriving the poor of food, issued daily to all classes, tickets for so much meat and bread, and no one was allowed to purchase one ounce more than his ticket allowed to him.

Weeks and months wore on, and the articles that we call "food" were nearly exhausted. People of every rank were eating their house-hold pets, dogs, cats and birds. The hind leg of a good-sized dog was selling at the shambles for twenty-five francs, or five dollars. The poor, who had no money for such luxuries, were seen in crowds at the mouth of the sewers, watching the snares they had set, and rejoicing or quarrelling over the great rats they found in them!

Our friend had, at first, both supplies and money, but these were rapidly vanishing. She had in her cave, or cellar, three or four pet rabbits. She fed them with potato skins and other scraps from her table as long as there were any scraps; but she knew that the day was rapidly coming when she should have nothing to give them, and when they would have to be killed to satisfy the hunger of her family.

Next door to her there lived a hard-hearted, miserly man, who was said to have stores of potatoes which he refused to sell at any price, hoping, oh, what a fiendish hope! that the siege would continue till they would bring almost their weight in gold.

His good little neighbor went in to see him, and plead for herself and others, and offered him two dollars a peek, the ordinary price of potatoes in Paris being seventy cents a bushel. But he scorned her offer, and declared he would not sell a potato till he could get forty dollars a bushel for them!

She was in despair, for the tickets, even while she could buy them, brought in too little for the wants of her family. She soon felt that the day had come for eating the pet rabbits. She took a plate of withered, outside cabbage leaves, and went into the cellar to give them their last dinner.

What was her amazement, on looking into their little pen, to see them jumping and springing about in high glee, and nibbling away at five potatoes, of which there were about two quarts scattered on the floor of the pen.

She fancied it a delusion of her hungry brain; but reaching over, she took up one, two, three, a dozen of these rare treas-

ures in her hand. Slipping them into her apron, she looked upon them as a gift of God just as truly as if she had seen them fall from heaven, and with them well cooked, she astonished her husband and child at the noonday meal.

She told the story, but her husband listened incredulously. "It is positively impossible," he said, "for the rabbits to get them; for they are shut within tight stone walls, and could not go out for them, and surely no man has enough potatoes to throw these in through the street bars."

But there were the potatoes! No argument could convince them that they were not eating potatoes, and feeling the comfort of a good, full meal. You may be sure the peelings were all carefully saved for the rabbits' next day's dinner, when the few potatoes that were left would be gone.

In their gratitude, forgetting for the moment the pangs of hunger, they both declared that they would never kill or eat the little friends, "underground angels," they called them, who had fed them in so mysterious a manner.

The next day they began to feel how little the three remaining potatoes were for their dinner; breakfast was out of the question in those days.

With her ticket and a dollar, madame went out and bought about eight inches off a long sausage—even the French shuddered in those days at the thought of a sausage. She herself had found bits of the hide of some unknown animal in them, besides a large proportion of bone and gristle, which could yield no possible nourishment.

When she came home, she cut up the doubtful mess into fine pieces, and picked it over (perhaps to make sure there were no wood and stones there), peeled potatoes, and put them all into a pot together, with a quart of water, to boil into a sort of soup.

This done, she gathered up the skins of the potatoes, and went down with the poor offering to her little friends in the cave.

What was her amazement to find about the same number of potatoes again in the cage, while the rabbits, having had their fill, were huddled up in a corner of their pen, fast asleep.

Madame thought a miracle had been wrought for her deliverance from famine. She filled her apron as before, and, fearing that her neighbors in the lower apartments might discover her secret and visit her rabbits, she covered the treasure over with coal, and so went up stairs undiscovered.

Day after day she found her dinner all waiting her, and carried it up in a basket under her coal.

Perhaps she did not care to make any investigation into the source of her supply. She knew she needed all she could get, and that she had been enabled many times to feed a very poor widow at the top of the house. She could not feel that she was doing wrong in taking what was sent her, seemingly as the manna and the quails were to the children of Israel. For days and weeks the rabbits fed this little family just as the ravens did the prophet Elijah.

But one day madame sent her husband down to the cave for the potatoes, and he proved to be of a more inquiring mind than she. He stepped over the boards of the pen, and began to examine the premises. For some time he saw no possible way of solving the mystery.

But, on close examination, he found that the little fellows had been proving the truth of the old adage, "Hunger eats through a stone wall."

The rabbits had gone to work like a small detachment of sappers and miners, and dug a subterranean entrance to the cave of the miser next door, and drawn his potatoes from day

to-day into their little pen. And although all Paris was starving they were as plump and as fat as in the times of plenty, besides playing market-men to the starving.

Almost immediately after this discovery the siege was raised, and the little family went off joyfully, taking their "underground angels" with them in a basket, to visit relatives on a farm. You may be sure they enjoyed the sweet bread and butter, and the milk and eggs there.

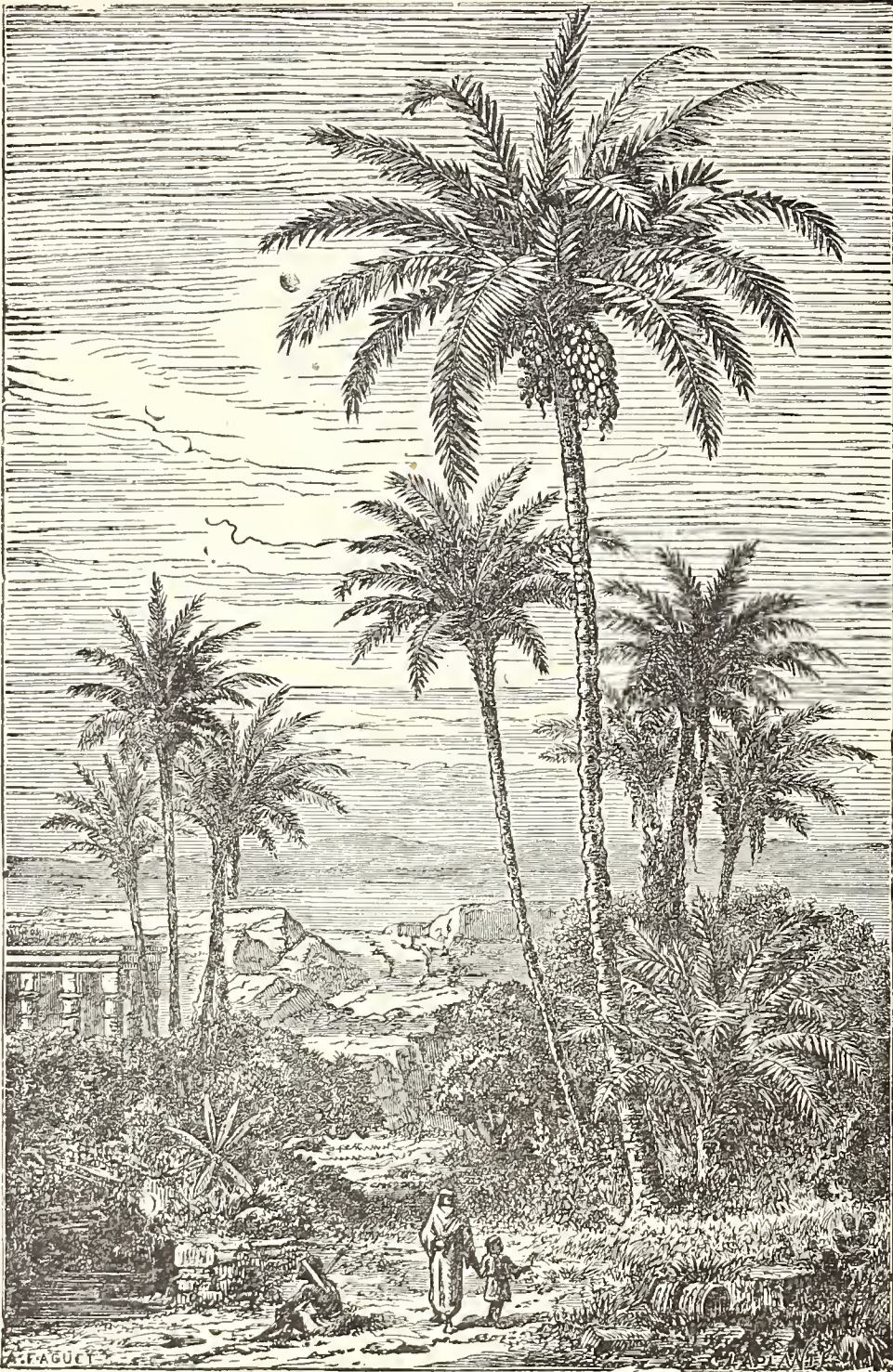
When their visit was over, they came home to take up their work again as before the war. The first sight that met their eyes on nearing their home was a row of baskets before the miser's store, from one of which rose a stick with a placard

If the rabbits, which good little madame carried in the basket, could have done so, they would have laughed in his face as he marched nervously up and down before the barrels, with his hands clasped behind him, crying to passers-by, who never looked at him:

"Good potatoes, three francs (sixty cents) a bushel!"

PALMS.

ON one Christmas day as I watched the firelight shining on a pile of golden-brown dates in a green desert dish, I



THE DATE PALM.

which announced that the best potatoes were for sale here at three francs a bushel.

So the miser, who might have made thousands of dollars from his cave full of potatoes, had made nothing; and now the rush of provisions from the outside was so great that he could not sell them at the regular price in times of peace. He was of the class mentioned in the scriptures as "they who withhold the corn and the oil."



THE COCONUT PALM.

amused myself by wandering away in imagination from this snow-covered, frost-bound country to the sunny lands where the dates come from.

All palms are more or less beautiful, and there are several kinds that are useful. There is the palm from which the Australian black fellows cut cabbage and Australian bushmen plait hats. There is the palm out of whose pith the New Guinea people make cakes and English people make sago puddings.

There is the palm from which you get the shaggy-skinned, white-fleshed cocoanuts. According to the old story, monkeys save men the trouble of climbing for those by flinging them down in spite when men fling up stones at the monkeys.

There is the gommti-palm that gives jaggery sugar, and the fan-palm that is tapped for toddy.

But, both for beauty and use, the palm that should bear the palm is, I think, the date-palm. Wine is made from its juice—*lagmi*, the Arabs call the luscious liquor; and though they are Mohammedans, and, therefore, ought to be teetotallers, they drink it pretty freely. *Lagmi* they say, "is not wine, and the prophet's prohibition refers to wine.

It is so easy to find an excuse for doing what we like!

But though the date palm yields wine, it is very fond of water. When weary wanderers over the sandy wastes of Africa, who, perhaps, have been fearing that they must kill their camels to obtain the water those precious ships of the desert carry stowed away in their holds, or, peradventure, that the dread desert wind would sweep over them, and bury both camels and masters in its blinding, suffocating sand, see in the distance slim trec-trunks, crowned with graceful, drooping leaves, they recover courage, and, pressing forward, rejoice in the oasis as the Israelites wandering through the Arabian wilderness rejoiced when they came to Elim, with its threescore and ten palm trees.

Here, too, there are wells of water, bubbling silvery up from rich green herbage. Flowers gem the grass and wreath the palm stems. It must be hard to strike tents and launch out into the dreary desert again, leaving a place where so much beauty invites to rest.

I was talking about the many uses of the date palms. Its juice, when first drawn, is as white and sweet and unisour as milk. Houses are built of its wood; and baskets, and mats and string are made out of its leaves; and then just think of the fruit!

You like to eat dates at desert, but they are food like bread and butter and beef to the people who live where the date-palms grow. The Arabs eat them fresh and eat them dry; and they make flour of them, and live for days on that and water. They get honey as well as milk from the date-palm—the juice of the fresh fruit—and sweeten their rice with it; and they crush the stones and feed their camels with them.

This is the way they get the dates:

A man comes out of a house made of palm wood and roofed with palm leaves, and spreads a mat woven of them under the tree he intends to climb. Then he puts a rope made of palm fibre under his armpits, and ties the two ends on the other side of the trunk in a tight knot, and slips it over one of the notches that old leaves have left all the way up the tree like steps.

When he has climbed up as far as he can get by the help of the rope, he hitches it on to another notch, and shins up once more, and so on he goes until he reaches the fruit, which he either flings down on the palm mat, or lowers with another palm rope in a palm basket.

TEMPERANCE and labor are the two best physicians of man; labor sharpens the appetite, and temperance prevents him from indulging to excess.

THE more a man denies himself, the more he shall obtain from God.

KEEPING ON THE FARM.

THE census tables suggest serious thoughts to every true patriot. In the older States the cities are growing very rapidly, while the country population is diminishing. The young men leave the farms and crowd the stores of the city. Many farms are deserted, and houses are going to decay, while in the cities thousands of young men are vainly seeking for employment.

One reason for the desertion of the country is that young men grow weary of a monotonous life. Farm-houses have few papers and fewer books; no public libraries are within reach, and there are no lectures or concerts. It is all work and no play, and the young men long for more variety in life.

A farmer of superior intelligence and refinement, who has kept all his boys at home, tells how he has done it.

"My eldest is near twenty-one, and the other boys in the neighborhood younger than he have left their parents. Mine have stuck to me when I most needed their services, and I attribute this result to the fact that I have tried to make their home pleasant.

"I have furnished them with attractive and useful reading, and when night comes, and the day's work is ended, instead of running with other boys to the railroad station and adjoining towns, they gathered around the great lamp, and became interested in their books and papers."

If farm-houses are made attractive to young people they will cling to them, and think little of emigration. Pleasant homes, with a little amusement to relieve hard toil, will hold the sons to their father's occupation.

ADVANCEMENT AMONG THE JAPANESE.—The Japanese are a wonderful people. Prior to 1854, when our government sent Commodore Perry to open the ports of this mysterious land and make a treaty with the people, no matter how much they might protest that they did not want one, the world knew nothing of Japan and it nothing of the world. But this strange land no sooner got its fingers into the jam of nineteenth century civilization than it fairly set up a howl for all of the good things of the outside barbarians. Since our treaty was gently forced upon them they have made twenty others with different nations of the world. Telegraphs, railways, printing presses, firearms, electricity, books, and science in all of her departments have been absorbed by these wonderful people with a stupendous power of mental and physical digestion and assimilation. And now, the latest triumph, comes the news of their abandonment of their ancient but clumsy and difficult system of ideographic language and adoption of our Roman alphabet. The "Society of Romanization" has been formed and work upon a dictionary has begun. The government warmly supports the reform. Of course, it will be necessary to modify, or rather amplify, our Roman letters by special accents so as to render sounds peculiar to the tongue. This reform opens up a new field for American enterprise which should be exploited at once.

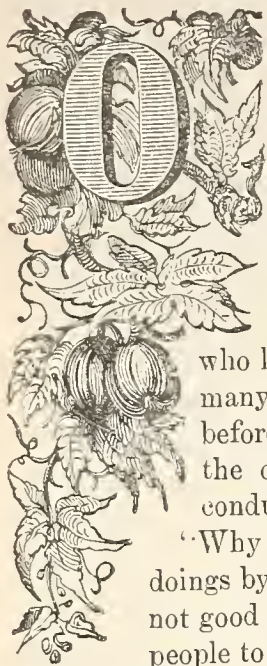
LET the ground on all religious actions be obedience; examine not why it is commanded, but observe it because it is commanded. True obedience neither procrastinates nor questions.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



ONE of the most striking illustrations that we have of the displeasure of the Lord against a parent for his neglect in training his children, is that of Eli, who was high priest in Israel at the time of the Prophet Samuel's birth and childhood. Eli had two sons, Hophni and Phinehas. They are described as sons of Behal, men who knew not the Lord. They were guilty of many outrageous acts and abused their positions before the people, so much so that men abhorred the offering of the Lord. Eli heard of their conduct and he said to them:

"Why do ye such things? for I hear of your evil doings by all this people. Nay, my sons, for it is not good report that I hear: ye make the Lord's people to transgress."

They would not listen to his words; but kept on in their wicked career. A man of God came to Eli, and gave him the word of the Lord concerning himself and sons. He foretold to Eli what their fate would be, and also the fate of his posterity and the dreadful calamities that would come upon them because of the conduct of his sons and his neglect to correct them. The first communication which Samuel, the prophet, (then in his childhood), received from the Lord was a message which he also was told to deliver to Eli. The Lord repeated in that message the evil He would bring upon Eli and his family, "Because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not."

Every word which was told to Eli from the Lord was fulfilled. His two sons were killed in the one battle on the same day. When the news of the capture of the ark of God and the death of his two sons reached Eli, he fell backwards, being a very old man (98 years), and broke his neck; a wife of one of his sons also died at hearing the news. Some years afterwards Saul commanded Doeg, the Edomite, to kill a number of his posterity. At that time there were eighty-five who wore linen ephods who were killed, besides women and children whose number is not given, and all the oxen, asses and sheep belonging to them. His posterity were nearly all killed off; one only escaped. He became the priest of Israel; but he was thrust out of the office afterwards. Calamity of the most dreadful character fell upon the house of Eli, and his family weltered under the curse for generation after generation.

Why, it may be asked, was all this? Did not Eli tell his sons they were doing wrong? And if he remonstrated with them, and they did not obey him, was he to blame?

It appears that the Lord thought so. The Lord cursed Eli's house, because *he did not restrain his sons*. It was all very well, as far as it went, for him to talk to his boys, and mildly reason with and gently reprove them. But this was not enough. The Lord was not satisfied with that. More than

this was expected from a man occupying his station; and, indeed, it was expected from every parent in Israel. Every parent was expected to restrain his children from doing wrong and proving a snare and a stumbling block to others. But, perhaps some one will say, suppose a parent told his son what to do and reasoned with him and did his best to correct him, would he be to blame if he should be as wicked as Eli's sons were? It seems that this was not all that a parent ought to do. Perhaps Eli did all this.

God had given through Moses a law unto Israel upon this subject:

"If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not harken unto them:

"Then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place;

"And they shall say unto the elders of his city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton, and a drunkard.

"And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die: so shalt thou put evil away from among you; and all Israel shall hear, and fear." (*Deuteronomy xxi. 18-21*).

We can understand, after reading this, that there was a way, provided by the Lord, to restrain disobedient and rebellious sons such as Eli's were. If they persisted in their wickedness and rebellion, the duty of the parents was clear: they were to bring them out to the elders of the city and inform them concerning their misconduct and they would then be stoned to death. This was a severe punishment; but disobedience is a dreadful crime. If a son was disobedient, he knew the penalty he was incurring, and it was his own fault if he was stoned to death. Had Eli respected this law, and his sons been sure that he would have had it executed upon them, they might have paused before pursuing their careers of wickedness and have taken his counsel; at any rate, if they had not, and he had called for the penalty of death to have been inflicted upon them, it would have been better for him; it would have been better for them; and how many woes his descendants would have escaped! The Lord would have blessed and honored him and his posterity after him. But by his weak indulgence of his sons, by permitting them to pursue their wickedness unchecked, he sacrificed the promises God had made to his fathers, and not only that, but his posterity lost them also and suffered from the curse of God.

Let us now apply this lesson to ourselves. Ought parents in our day, and in our Church, to bear with children who commit sin, break the commandments of God and are disobedient? Does not the Lord hold them responsible? But, it may be said, disobedient or rebellious children cannot be stoned now. No; they cannot; but they can be dealt with in other ways. And every father, who has such a child, owes it to himself, to his family and to the Church of God to have him dealt with according to the laws of the Lord now in force. He is no more justified in shielding him and covering up or palliating his sons than Eli was. This is so clear that it ought to need no argument to bring it home to us. But not only is the father responsible, but the mother has duties to perform in this connection. We have heard of cases where mothers have concealed from the fathers the wrong-doings of their sons and daughters. With mistaken affection they have covered up their conduct and become their sympathizing aids. The results have been terrible to themselves, their children and to all con-

cerned. Such mothers have a heavy burden to bear, and they will feel its effects in eternity as well as here.

There is too much of this leniency towards children in wrongdoing among us. Parents should look well to their children, and not imagine when they indulge them in words and acts that are improper that they show them marks of affection and kindness. It is not so. They are marks of folly.

The esteem in which the Lord holds those who govern their households properly is shown in the language of the Lord on one occasion respecting Abraham. He said:

"And the men rose up from thence, and looked toward Sodom: and Abraham went with them to bring them on the way.

"And the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do;

"Seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him?

"For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." (*Genesis xviii. 16-19*).

THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

BY E. F. P.

THE study of nature and its laws forms one of the most interesting pursuits that one can engage in. Besides being very fascinating, it is also exceedingly instructive. In short, nature is the only source from which beneficial knowledge is originally obtained, aside from revelation from God, through which we are made acquainted with the higher laws by which mankind are governed. Hence all knowledge comes from our Heavenly Father, either directly, by revelation, or indirectly, through studying the works of His hand.

In every part of the vast field of research which nature presents, we will find abundant evidence that there is an Alwise Creator. But it is by revelation alone that we can know of the existence of a Supreme Being. His works which surround us merely strengthen our faith in His existence, or confirm the testimony of Him which we receive through direct revelation.

By acquainting ourselves with nature's laws we get a meagre idea of the power, goodness and wisdom of the Almighty. We can comprehend to some extent the wisdom of the Creator by observing the wonderful and beautiful harmony that exists with all things in nature. It is the present object to illustrate this by examining some of the laws that govern matter, that is, so far as these laws are understood by us.

Let us begin with the smallest molecule, or atom of matter. It has been discovered that all substances are composed of innumerable small particles, which, by the power of cohesion they possess, unite themselves together and form large bodies. These particles are so small that it is impossible to see an individual atom, even with the aid of a microscope; but if you take a white sheet of paper and rub a piece of soft metal on it some of the particles of which the metal is composed will separate from it and adhere to the paper, making a dark stroke upon it. All metals and many other substances, by being subjected to a certain degree of heat, can be dissolved: that is, the minute particles of which they are formed lose to some

extent their cohesive power, and cease to cling so closely together. When in this liquid state a substance can be easily cast to any shape desired by being poured into a suitable mold.

Now, if it so happened that the action of heat would not produce this result, and no other agent could be obtained to convert metals into a molten state, they could only be put to a comparatively few uses. In fact, if such should be the case, we would be unable to obtain pure metals, as they have in the first place to be melted in a furnace in order to separate them from other substances with which they are found in their native state. But as it is, the various substances which are found in the earth can be utilized in innumerable ways, by being fashioned, through the skill of man, into articles that are useful and ornamental, as it was designed they should be by the Creator.

Thus, you can see what a great benefit this one principle in nature is to mankind. However simple it may seem at first to our minds, upon reflection we will realize how important it is to the welfare of humanity, and how imperfect nature would be if it did not exist.

Again, all substances have certain specific qualities. These qualities differ according to the nature and condition of the various substances. For instance, some are hard and brittle, such as glass; some are soft and malleable, as gold or silver; others are elastic, like india-rubber, and so on. Different substances also require different degrees of heat to change them from a solid to a liquid state. Were it not for these facts they would still be almost useless. Hence, we see the great wisdom and foresight of the Creator exhibited in furnishing the earth with substances possessing different properties, thereby enabling man to procure suitable materials with which to manufacture everything he may require or desire for his comfort and convenience.

Next let us examine some of the peculiarities of water. It is needless to describe the elements of which it is composed, but we will pass on to the wonderful phenomenon which it presents. As everyone knows, water is generally in a liquid state, but a certain degree of cold will change its character, and it becomes a solid. Most substances, when in a liquid state are more bulky than when solid, and are consequently lighter in weight. But it is not so with water. Instead of contracting as it becomes solid, or freezes, it expands and becomes lighter in weight. Without reflection, one might think that this peculiarity possessed by water was of little or no consequence, yet our lives depend upon it. If it happened that water should contract as it froze, the ice thus formed, being heavier than the surrounding water, would sink to the bottoms of our rivers, lakes and seas. This would give an opportunity for the water above it to freeze, and it would also sink. Thus the beds of the rivers and lakes would become filled up with ice. This would cause the water to overflow, and the face of the earth would be covered with ice or submerged, and the most disastrous results would follow.

There is a power in nature called capillary force. The character of this force can be illustrated by placing a small glass tube in a basin of water, when it will be seen that the water will rise higher inside the tube than its level in the basin. Any small tube or porous substance possesses this power. It is by capillary action that a sponge absorbs water, and a piece of blotting paper laps up ink. The earth also retains moisture by means of capillarity. Were it not for this the earth would be dry and unproductive as the sandy desert. The rain that falls upon it would immediately sink until it reached some hard formation through which it could not penetrate, and would

there remain. But through the capillary attraction of the loose, porous soil upon the face of the earth the moisture is retained near the surface, where it is needed to sustain vegetable life.

This is another beautiful illustration of the harmony and perfection of the wonderful works of God.

It is needless to dwell at any length upon the law of gravitation—a power the earth possesses, by which everything upon or near it is attracted towards its center. The reader can readily conceive what terrible results would occur if this force should cease to act for a single moment.

(To be Continued.)

A SCENE OF EARLY DAYS.

BY AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON.

Out of their peaceful slumbers
The little children woke,
When the tramp of armed and angry men
The night's deep silence broke.
And shuddering, they listened to
The threatened doom they swore,
And their father's step, as he rose to meet
The mobbers at his door.

'Twas cold, and dark the night looked,
But colder, darker yet
The hearts and faces of the men
The "Mormon" father met.
Many a month of hardship,
Many a sleepless night,
While the hungry cried and his dear ones clung
Around him in their fright,

Had worn his strength to weakness,
And now he stood at bay,
A hunted soul—and in despair
Heard what they had to say:
"Bring out your Mormon children!
Nor dare our word defy,
For we are firm, and the oath is sworn,
That you and they must die."

No anger kindled in his eye,
His cheek was wan and thin;
But pity melted not their hearts,
As he went slowly in.
The feeble candle threw its light
Upon the dooryard bare—
Shone on their rifles, steely cold—
Their stern eyes' evil glare.

He spread a quilt before them,
Then from the lowly bed,
Without a kiss, without a word,
Lifted each little head.
In his true arms he bore them,
And 'neath the midnight sky,
Placed one by one his children dear
Before their God to die!

And standing 'mid them, faithful,
With bared and reverent head,
"Now, shoot them if God will let you,"
Were all the words he said.

The mobbers looked in each other's eyes;
Not one had voice to say
The answering word, but each one turned
And silent rode away.

From hate and power of mobbers
Their guiltless lives were spared;
Their steps were led through desert paths,
And perils wild they dared.
Then followed years of peace and joy,
Of plenty and sweet rest—
His children's children throng his home,
His name is honored, blest.

But hark! his soul so long on watch,
Hath caught a far off sound—
The foeman's step; oppressions might
Approach our rightful ground.
O, Father, reach out Thine arm again,
Thy children still to save;
Make strong thy hosts, Thy banners bid
O'er all Thy temples wave.

SLANDER.

BY W. J.

SLANDER is defined thus: defamation, villification, calumny, or false accusations or reports maliciously uttered or circulated. It is a powerful principle of evil among the human family. No class or individual is exempt from it. Shakspeare describes it as a monster evil, "Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath rides on the posting winds, and doth belie all corners of the world: kings, queens and states; maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave this viperous slander enters." And yet how prone the children of men are to speak evil of one another!

Solomon says: "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." He also says: "A false witness shall not be unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall perish." The Apostle James says: "If any man offend not in words, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body. Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us; and we turn about their whole body. Behold also the ships, which, though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth. Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the whole course of nature, and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind; but the tongue can no man tame—it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be." And the Lord, in the midst of the thunderings and lightnings of Mount Sinai, gave this standing and yet unrepealed law unto His children: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor!" And yet who can tell the number of times this law is violated in each

twenty-four hours of the earth's existence? And who can estimate the vast amount of evil that is produced in the world through the violation of this law? Surely, as mere man cannot tame this "unruly evil," how necessary it is that man should so live, every minute of his existence, that the power of God may rest down upon him, governing his tongue, and causing him to praise his Maker, and speak the truth about his fellow-beings.

When the false accusation is made, when the vile report is repeated and circulated—when the lie has gone forth on its damning mission, who can control it? And who can tell the fearful consequences to him or her who is calumniated? No mortal can do it fully and effectually. And one of the best illustrations of this was recently published in an eastern paper, the substance of which is here inserted for the benefit of those who are willing to be benefited thereby: "A certain poor man had a very bitter enemy, who, to gratify malice and hatred, put into circulation a variety of injurious reports concerning this poor man, who was effected so much by them as to bring on him a severe illness, and his life was endangered. His slanderer heard of this, and was struck with remorse. He determined to visit him and ask his forgiveness. He found him as he had been represented, dangerously ill. After having expressed his sorrow and repentance, he earnestly begged forgiveness. 'Well,' said the sick man, 'as a Christian I cannot refuse to forgive you; but, as a proof of the sincerity of your repentance, I require that you shall fulfill two tasks that I shall prescribe to you.'

"'What are they?' asked the calumniator; 'if it be at all possible to accomplish them, I will not fail to do so.'

"'Well, then,' replied the sick man, 'the first is that you shall take this pillow with you to the top of the church tower, and there open it and shake out all the feathers it contains to the winds.'

"'That,' replied the other, 'is very easy. I will at once fulfill the request.'

"Accordingly he proceeded to the church tower, and having shaken out all the feathers, soon returned with the empty pillow-case. 'Now,' said the sick man, 'the second task is this: *Go and gather up all the feathers that were in the pillow!*'

"'That,' replied the calumniator, 'is impossible. The wind has carried most of them far away, and has dispersed them in every direction. No man living can accomplish such a task.'

"'Well,' said the sick man, 'you see what you have done by your calumnious reports concerning me. You have set a machine in motion which you have no power to stop. Your calumnies have gone from mouth to mouth, and, like the dispersed feathers, have been carried far and near, and scattered in all directions. I forgive you as I before said, but let me exhort you never again to set in motion a power of evil which you will afterwards find it totally out of your power to control.' " Comment is unnecessary.

Jesus said: "Blessed are ye when men shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." Therefore let the righteous rejoice. Let the covenant people of God be careful not to "bear false witness against their neighbor," and thus escape the penalty of the law, and the wrath of the Law-giver. False accusers will go down to their own place, while many of the accused God will exalt to thrones on high.

"'Twas but a breath—
And yet a woman's fair fame wilted,
And friends once fond grew cold and stilted;
And life was worse than death,

"One venom'd word,
That struck its downward, poisoned blow,
In earthen whispers, hushed and low—
And yet the wide world heard.

"'Twas but one whisper—one—
That muttered low, for very shame,
That thing the slanderer dare not name—
And yet its work was done.

"A hint so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power—
A human soul in one short hour,
Lies crushed beneath its blight."

RELICS OF THE INCAS.

ALL along the valley of the Rimac are the remains of Inca towns, temples, fortresses and cemeteries, vast reservoirs of earth in which these prudent people used to hoard their surplus harvests for the time of scarcity, irrigation ditches carved out of the living rocks, and terraces along the mountain sides, walled up with stone to catch and keep the drifting soil, every atom of which was necessary to sustain a people whose numbers were as the sands of their own deserts, and whose struggle for existence surpasses the wonder of modern times. There was no niche of sod from the mountain's base to its summit too small or too inaccessible to be utilized. Wherever a grain of maize could be lodged it was planted, and even with this perpetual war against the opposition of nature, they accumulated a wealth which it took a century of Spanish indolence and extravagance to waste.

These hanging gardens, these rows of terraces around the mountains, as well as the ruined cities whose walls are a perpetual defiance to destruction and decay, teach a lesson that modern Peru will not profit by. The people of this republic have been too proud to work, but their ancestors were not too proud to steal and live for centuries upon the profit of Inca industry. The Chilians have been here and despoiled them as they despoiled the original inhabitants of this republic, a race superior to them in morals, in ethics, and in the science of self-government.

A visit to the Inca cemeteries, where millions of bodies are buried in the drifting sand, gives a clue to the extent of the original population, as well as to their arts, their religion and their customs. The dead were preserved after the custom of ancient Egypt, and a few moments' toil with a shovel will disclose mummies whose features are perfectly preserved, whose eyes are petrified, whose fingers are clasped with rings, and who are surrounded with such implements and utensils as those who buried them thought they would need in the other world. As the soldier takes his blanket and his cooking kit, his food and his portable treasures, so did the doctrine of future life cause the dead Incas to be equipped in their departure from one world to another.

In this rainless region, protected by the magnetic sand, nothing can decay, and the contents of the Inca graves are as well preserved as if their age was counted by days instead of centuries. Wood, vegetables, and flesh petrify; fabrics and articles of similar character are preserved. There is no moisture to produce decay, and there are no insects to consume. The contents of their sand hills are protected from every form of destruction, and their extent has never been measured.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is very gratifying to see the firmness exhibited by so many of those who are brought before Judge Zane on the charge of unlawful cohabitation. The judge sentences them to imprisonment in the penitentiary and to fine. This is a physical punishment and he has the power to do this; but beyond this his power does not go; he cannot imprison or bring into bondage their spirits. They are free. They soar above and beyond his reach and he can do nothing with them. That he cannot subdue them, or make them cower and cringe before him makes him angry. He has started out to make the Latter-day Saints abandon the doctrine and practice of celestial marriage. All the authority he can wield is used to accomplish this end. He not only inflicts all the punishment the law allows, but he adds to this the additional punishment of having to listen to a tirade of abuse and insult from him without the opportunity of replying. In this he shows himself to be a brutal coward. He knows that the accused whom he thus abuses is helpless before him. He is in his power, and can be made the victim of his malice to any extent he chooses. He can lash him and torture him as he pleases, and he appears to take delight in this mean, cowardly business. He uses language towards the men who will not surrender to him that he dare not use to them if they were free. He has spoken to them about themselves, their wives and their children in a manner that he would never dare to do if they were outside his court-room. In his fury he forgets the ordinary decencies of life. In all this he shows himself to be the mean coward that he is.

It is very remarkable the manner in which "Mormonism," or more properly speaking, the gospel, brings the true character of men to the surface and shows it to themselves and to all who observe them. Had Judge Zane remained in Illinois he might have passed through life and gone down to his grave with the reputation which I understand he had there—of being a moderately good judge and a fair man. But unfortunately, he accepted the appointment of chief justice of Utah. In the short time he has been here he has wrecked his reputation. If he continues to do as he has done, he will establish for himself a character for tyranny, vindictive brutality and heartlessness such as has been seldom known among men of our race. I regret this, for I was of the opinion when he came that a residence here would have the effect to remove his prejudices and show him how mistaken they were. But so far, his animosity to the people exhibits itself more and more. He gives way to rage when he cannot frighten men and women into compliance with his views and wishes. Well, he will perform his part and it will be overruled for good and for the accomplishment of the purposes of the Almighty.

But it is not only Judge Zane's character that is brought to light by the operation of the gospel; the characters of all connected with it are more or less exhibited. The experience of all Latter-day Saints teaches them that their own characters are revealed to them under its influence as they could not be by any other means. During this persecution, men and women have shown traits which their most intimate friends, perhaps, did not know they possessed. Who could have imagined that the women, who have with such courage and calmness gone to prison rather than submit to the tyranny of the court, had such firmness, devotion and bravery as they have shown?

And, on the other hand, who would have thought that the men who have submitted to the dictates of the court, would have shown such a want of faith and manly courage as they have done?

The husbands of the women who have been so willing to suffer for their sakes and to screen them from punishment, ought to love and honor these wives after this as never before. They have shown themselves to be worthy of all praise; for no greater love can one human being have for another than to be willing to die for him. And though these wives have not been required to die, the spirit of self sacrifice which they have shown would sustain them in dying for their husbands and friends. In all the trials which have yet taken place I have not heard of a woman failing to do her duty, and even more than her duty, or of one showing regard for her own safety and happiness at the expense of her husband. There may be such women, but, so far, I have not heard of them.

But this cannot be said about all men. Some of them have shown a disposition to hedge. Perhaps some of their wives, in their spirit of self-sacrifice and love, have been willing they should do so to escape the penalty of the law. They would, perhaps, rather suffer themselves than have their husbands suffer. One cannot help admiring such devotion as this; but what must be the feeling towards those who are willing to take advantage of it?

The men who have faced the consequences of their acts, and have submitted to the full penalty inflicted under the law, have taken a course to most effectually secure the love and confidence of their wives and children and all their associates. They have done all that could be desired under the circumstances, and every one who takes interest in them is proud of them. Even those who are not of our faith cannot withhold their admiration from men who are so true and steadfast and who honor their covenants as these men do. Their names will live in history and, with their deeds, will receive honorable mention in the archives of eternity; while with their posterity their memories will be cherished with fondness and pride.

THE world is watching the development of events connected with this persecution of the Latter-day Saints with more than ordinary interest. We and our religion, it may be said, are on trial. The question as to what is our religion—whether plural marriage can be called religion or not, is now being tested. We have thought that it was our right to say that this was a part, and a very important and vital part too, of our religion, or the plan of salvation revealed by the Lord to us. Many have disputed this right of ours. They have said, "Your system of plural marriage is not religion. We will not permit you to practice it. We do not care if you do think it essential to salvation and exaltation." And some have gone farther than this. They have attempted to punish men who *believe* in the doctrine, but who go no farther. The test has now come. On the one hand we have God and His command; on the other we have the government and its laws. The Lord says we shall be damned if we do not abide His law on this subject. The officers of the government say we shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary and be heavily fined if we do obey it. The issue is plain and direct. Whom shall we obey?

Some of our brethren, when brought before the court, think it safer and better to bow to the laws of man and the officers of the government. They agree to no longer comply with the command of God. By this action they convey the idea that they think it safer to be in favor with man than in harmony

with the Lord and His laws. What is the result of this action of theirs? They make the load a heavier one for all the rest to carry who refuse to take the course they have done. Some of my readers may perhaps ask: "How can that be?"

In this way: If a number of persons of our faith yield to the demands of the courts and renounce plural marriage, they virtually admit that they do not think it a vital part of their religion; for it is not to be supposed that if a man really believed a certain practice essential to secure him eternal salvation he would agree to renounce it.

If, then, a portion of the members of the Church look upon their salvation as certain if they cease the practice of celestial marriage, why not all do the same? This is the way the people of the world reason upon this subject. Hence, I say, every man who agrees to yield this practice makes the load heavier for the rest to bear, and encourages our enemies in their attacks upon us.

The world must be made to see the truth concerning this doctrine and practice—that it is a law of exaltation which must be obeyed by all who desire to dwell eternally in the presence of God and the Lamb. This probably can only be done through just such sacrifices as many of the brethren are now making, and perhaps through other greater sacrifices yet to come. Every man and woman who goes to prison bears testimony to all mankind that this doctrine is a part of religion. All such persons help bear in common the load heaped upon us by our enemies. They do more than this. They relieve the leading men of the Church from much responsibility they otherwise would have to bear. The enemies of this Church have said that if the First Presidency and Twelve Apostles would give up this doctrine, all the other members of the Church would abandon it. When they see a number of men giving it up in court rather than go to prison, they are more than ever confirmed in their view. They say "the Mormons would all give it up if their leading men would let them."

But when they see men and women standing firm to the principle, without trembling or faltering in the least, rejecting the tempting offers of the court, and ready to go to the penitentiary, they see that there are more than the leading men who are true to the principle. Their anger is diverted to a certain extent from the leading men, and they do not feel so much inclined to single them out as the objects of their vengeance.

The men who falter and yield to the demands of the courts, as I look at their action, incur a fearful responsibility in more ways than one.

A TURKISH COURTSHIP.

IN Turkey a man may choose his wife or he may buy her. Marriage by choice is union with a free-born girl of Mussulman parentage. Marriage by purchase is that which is contracted either with slaves, or girls reputed to be such. But as the man cannot personally court a free-born girl, his mother does it for him. A French book tells how the mother of Izzet Bey found him a wife.

She makes it her first business to inform herself about the young marriageable girls who might suit her son. This information she gets from her friends, her acquaintances, and also among those women who make a trade of carrying the gossip of the day from house to house.

Furnished with the addresses of a certain number of marriageable girls, she gets into her carriage, and knocks at the doors of certain habitations.

No previous notice of such visit is necessary. Still less does it enter into her plans to furnish herself with a letter of introduction.

She is sure, whenever she may present herself, of the most warm and courteous welcome.

Custom has decreed that it shall be at the moment when the slaves approach to take off her veil and cloak that she tells them of the object of her visit.

The young girl's mother, made aware of the object of the visit, makes haste to join the stranger, and place herself by her side on the divan.

Already, however, she has given her commands that the young lady shall be dressed, and her hair arranged with all possible care, in order to produce a first startling effect upon the mother of her future husband.

The young girl enters. Blushing and embarrassed, with uncertain step, she approaches the stranger, bending downward with graceful action, in order to seize and then to kiss the hem of her garment.

She then retires a few steps, and remains standing in the humble attitude of a slave subjected to the inspection of a purchaser.

As soon as Izzet's mother has set eyes upon the young girl the first words which escape her are: "*Mach Allah! Mach Allah!*" the meaning of which is, "A miracle from God! a miracle from God."

After the inevitable "*Mach Allah!*" a minute examination of the young girl begins. Izzet's mother, with the eye of an expert, begins her examination with the face, and exclaims, with enthusiasm:

"*Mach Allah!* madam, your daughter is like the moon, the full moon! How black are her eyes and her hair. *Mach Allah!* Her hair reaches down to her feet; her well-rounded figure is perfect; and what a skin, like ivory. *Mach Allah!* Were she a slave she would be well worth a thousand purses!" (about \$20,000).

The young girl retires; money matters are hinted at, but nothing definite is settled, for upon leaving the house Izzet's mother immediately goes elsewhere for the purpose of enacting a similar comedy.

No sooner is the old lady at home than she repairs to her son, who is full of fun and cajolery, anxious to know the result of the proceedings.

She then tells all that has occurred on her tour of inspection. One by one she enumerates the houses she has visited, and the fair hours she has seen.

In such-and-such a family there was a "sweet blonde," yet one who in certain respects is hardly suitable. In another I have seen a charming creature, daughter of a rich Egyptian merchant.

Yet the mother does not feel disposed to receive a son-in-law into her establishment; her object is to get rid of her daughter.

"Oh, my dear boy," cries the mother, with emotion, "I think I have really found the wife you want. She is the daughter of Hadji Usam Effendi, whose house is on the El Meidan. She is pretty; she is charming.

Then follows in detail such a description of her person as I have already given to my readers. Naturally such a portrait inflames the young man's imagination, who already dreams of paradise.

"In a word, dear Izzet," says she, "to cut short all inquiry, this girl is a real gem. As to her connections, all I can say is, that the young man would be in good luck who enters such a family."

THE SITUATION DIFFERENTLY VIEWED.

THE view which people take of the conflict now going on between the Saints and their enemies, or between truth and error, and their assurance as to the outcome as accurately indicate the condition of their minds as the thermometer does the temperature. Those who have no faith or possess no spiritual discernment see no possible escape for the Saints except by a total abandonment of their religion, while the faithful Saints, who enjoy the light of the Spirit are full of hope and have no fear as to the result.

Of course worldly-minded people attribute this feeling which the Saints have to fanaticism, and claim that they are being lured on to their destruction by a phantom, just as the thirsty traveler sometimes is by the mirage in the desert. They look at things naturally, and reason from the evidence which their natural senses present to them, without taking into consideration any supernatural power or believing for a moment that such a power is going to be exercised in behalf of the Saints, or indeed that it can be. That others should be able to see farther into the future than they do, or obtain assurances from a source that they have not access to, is to them incomprehensible. It is nevertheless true. The Psalmist says, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will show them His covenant." The Prophet Amos also says, "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets." We may infer from these quotations that there are some things in the economy of the Lord which are hidden from all except the prophets and those who fear Him. The Savior doubtless alluded to these things when He said to His disciples, "It is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given." Paul also had reference to this same difference of ability among men for comprehending things when he said, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

The assurance which the Saints have as to the outcome of their present difficulties may not be so generally the result of their ability to discern the future as of their faith in the Lord interposing in their behalf, but whichever it be it is the result of the Spirit of the Lord operating upon their minds. That some are enabled to discern spiritually things which the natural eye cannot behold, is illustrated in the scriptures in a number of instances, but in none more plainly than in the experience of Elisha. He was a prophet of the Lord, and the Lord revealed His secrets to him. When the hosts of Syria came up against the Israelites to battle the movements and intentions of the enemy were made known to Elisha, and by telling the king of Israel of them he was enabled to save him and his people from destruction. Chagrined at his failures, the king of Syria called his servants together to learn which of them had been turning traitor and betraying his plans. "And one of his servants said, None, my lord, O king: but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber." Determined to put a stop to that, the Syrian king inquired where Elisha was, and, having learned that he was in Dothan, sent an army there to take him. The Syrian host surrounded the city by night and when Elisha's servant arose early the next morning he was greatly alarmed at seeing the enemy, and ran

to the prophet, exclaiming: "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" Elisha, who probably knew beforehand of their enemy's operations did not share in the alarm, but answered, "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

This doubtless seemed an inconsistent statement to the servant, who looked at things naturally and not by the light of the Spirit; but "Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

If the spiritual eyes of the faithless and doubting in this age were opened they would doubtless be able to see an equally mighty host ready to come to the deliverance of the Saints when necessary. If our Father in heaven was able, as the Savior in the time of His great trial intimated, to send twelve legions of angels to His assistance, He can do so now in behalf of His people. It was not according to His righteous purpose to do in the case of the Savior, whose life had to be sacrificed, but He has promised to preserve and deliver His faithful Saints in the latter days, and He most assuredly will.

Not only is it in the power of the Lord to quicken the spiritual senses of the faithful for their comfort and encouragement, as He did in the case of Elisha's servant, but those of the wicked also, for their confusion and dismay. An instance of the latter is recorded in the history of ancient Israel (*II Kings vii*, 6, 7), where it is said, "The Lord made the host of the Syrians to hear a noise of chariots, and a noise of horses, even the noise of a great host: and they said one to another, Lo the king of Israel hath hired against us the kings of the Hittites, and the kings of the Egyptians, to come upon us. Wherefore they arose and fled in the twilight, and left their tents and their horses, and their asses, even their camp as it was, and fled for their life."

The history of the Latter-day Saints affords examples of the Lord magnifying His people in the eyes of their enemies; as for instance when "Zion's Camp" was journeying towards Missouri, it is recorded that many times people who were hostile to them attempted to count the members of that organization, but were unable to do so because of their being so greatly multiplied in their eyes, although in reality they numbered but few.

Again just prior to the final expulsion of the Saints from Nauvoo, when the remnant of the brethren remaining there and the "new citizens," who were friendly to them, only numbered about seventy-five persons, a numerous army came up against them; but after a siege of several days, during which the beleaguered citizens were so multiplied in their eyes that they despaired of overcoming them, they were glad to effect a treaty instead of totally exterminating them as they had intended to.

To come back to the beginning, the faithful Saints who possess any faith and spiritual discernment never fail to see that the Lord is just as able and willing to save His people now as at any time in the past; and though the whole world seem to be arrayed against them, they have the assurance as Elisha had that "They that be with us are more than they that be with them."

The readers of the INSTRUCTOR should strive to cultivate faith and obtain this power of discernment that they may be supported thereby in the hour of trial and not be left in darkness and despondency in view of the present situation, as many people are at the present time.

G. C. L.

STRANGE CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE OF EQUADOR.

THE population of Equador is about one million and the nation owes twenty gold dollars per capita for every one of her inhabitants. The president is compelled to live at Guayaquil so as to see that the custom duties, the only source of revenue, reach the government, and to quell the revolutions that are constantly arising. Three hundred thousand of the population are of Spanish descent. One hundred thousand are foreigners, and six hundred thousand native Indians or persons of mixed blood. The commerce is in the hands of foreigners entirely, and thus have a mortgage upon the entire country. The Indians perform all the common labor. Over the doors of the residences or the business houses, and both are usually under the same roof, are signs reading: "This is the property of a citizen of Germany." "This is the property of an Englishman." and so on, a necessary warning to revolutionists, who are thus notified to keep their hands off.

The Spaniards are the aristocracy, poor but proud, very proud. The mixed race furnishes the mechanics and artisans, while the Indians till the soil and do the drudgery. A laborer gets from four to six dollars a month and boards himself, except when he is fortunate enough to have a wife out at service. The Indians seldom marry, because they cannot afford to. The law compels them to pay the priest a fee of six dollars—more money than most of them can ever accumulate. When a Spaniard marries, the fee is paid by contributions from his relatives.

It is a peculiarity of the Indian that he will sell nothing at wholesale, nor will he trade with you anywhere but in the market-place, on the spot where he and his forefathers have sold garden truck for three centuries. Although the travelers on the highways meet whole armies of Indians, bearing upon their backs heavy burdens of vegetables and other supplies, they can purchase nothing of them, as the native will not sell his goods until he gets to the place where he is in the habit of selling them. He will carry them ten miles and dispose of them for less than he was offered at home. An old woman was trudging along one day with a heavy basket of pineapples and other fruits, and we tried to relieve her of part of her load, offering ten cents for pineapples which can be had for a *quartillo*, or two cents, in market. She was polite, but firm, and declined to sell anything until she got to town, although there was a weary, dusty journey of two leagues ahead of her. The guide explained that she was suspicious at the high price we offered, and imagined that pineapples must be very scarce in market, or we would not pay so much on the road; but it is a common rule for them to refuse to sell except at their regular stand.

The same rule exists in Guatemala. A gentleman who lives some distance from town said that for the last four years he had been trying to get the Indians, who passed every morning with packs of alfalfa, (the tropical clover), to sell him some at his gate but they invariably refused to do so; consequently he was compelled to go into town to buy what was carried by his own door. Nor will the natives sell at wholesale. They will give you a gourd full of potatoes for a penny as often as you like, but will not sell their stock in a lump. They will give you a dozen eggs for a real (ten cents), but will not sell you five dozen for one dollar. This dogged adherence to custom can not be accounted for, except on the supposition that their suspicions are excited by an attempt to depart from it.

In Equador there are no smaller coins than the *quartillo*, change is therefore made by the use of bread. On his way to market the purchaser stops at the bakery and gets a dozen or twenty breakfast rolls, which cost about one cent each, and the market women receive them and give them as change for small purchases. If you buy a cent's worth of anything and offer a *quartillo* in payment you get a breakfast roll for the balance due you.

The Indians live in villages and communities, which are presided over by an *alcalde* or governor. The native women all wear black. One never finds a glimpse of color upon a descendant of the ancient race. They are in perpetual mourning for Atahualpa, the last of the Incas who was cruelly murdered by Pizarro. Their costume is a short black skirt and a square robe or mantle of black, which they wear over their heads and hold in place by a large pin or thorn between the shoulders. They look like nuns, and walk the streets with burdens upon their backs or heads in processions as solemn as a funeral. They never laugh, and scarcely ever smile; they have no songs and no amusements. Their only semblance to music is a mournful chant which they give in unison at the feasts which are intended to keep alive the memories of the Incas. They cling to their traditions and the customs of their ancestors. They remember the ancient glory of their race, and look to its restoration as the Aztecs of Mexico look for the coming of Montezuma. They have relics which they guard with the most sacred care, and two great secrets no amount of torture at the hands of the Spaniards has been able to wring from them. These are the art of tempering copper so as to give it as keen and enduring an edge as steel, and the burial place of the Incarial treasures.

It will be remembered that Pizarro offered to release Atahualpa if the Indians would fill with gold the room in which he was kept a prisoner. They did it. Pizarro thought there must be more where this came from, and demanded that the ransom be doubled. Runners were sent over the country to collect the treasure of the kingdom, and were on their way to Caxamarca, where the Inca was a prisoner, loaded down with gold to buy his freedom, when they heard that Pizarro had strangled him. This treasure was buried somewhere in the mountains of Llanganati, northwest of Quito, and has been searched for ever since.

Selected.

FORKS A MODERN FASHION.—Three hundred years ago, forks were unknown in England. About the first English sovereign who is known to have had a fork was Queen Elizabeth. Several forks were presented to her, but it is doubtful whether she used them on ordinary occasions. A writer thus describes the way in which our ancestors ate:

Each man had his own knife, and at dinner seized the joint with his hand, and cut off what he wished; the dish was then passed on to the next, who did the same. The knife then cut up the portions into small pieces, which were put into the mouth by the fingers of the hand unoccupied by the knife.

In many parts of Spain, at present, drinking-glasses, spoons and forks are rarities; and in taverns in many countries, particularly in some towns in France, knives are not placed on the table, because it is expected that each person has one of his own, a custom which the French seem to have retained from the old Gauls. But as no person will any longer eat without forks, landlords are obliged to furnish these, together with plates and spoons.

LET ZION IN HER BEAUTY RISE.

MUSIC BY L. D. EDWARDS.

Let Zi-on in her beauty rise, Her light begins to shine; Ere long her King will rend the skies, Majestic and divine.

The gos-pel's spreading thro' the land, The gos-pel's spreading thro' the land, The gospel's spreading

The gospel's spread - ing thro' the land, The gospel's spread - ing thro' the land, The gospel's spreading

thro' the land, A peo-ple to pre-pare, To meet the Lord and Enoch's band, Triumphant in the air.

Ye heralds, sound the gospel tramp
To earth's remotest bound;
Go, spread the news from pole to pole,
In all the nations round,
That Jesus in the clouds above,
With hosts of angels too,
Will soon appear, His Saints to save,
His enemies subdue.

But ere that great and solemn day,
The stars from heaven shall fall,
The moon be turned into blood,
The waters into gall,
The sun with blackness will be clothed,
All nature look afright,
While men, rebellious, wicked men,
Gaze heedless on the sight.

The earth shall reel, the heavens shake,
The sea move to the north,
The earth roll up like as a scroll,
When God's command goes forth;
The mountains sink, the valleys rise,
And all become a plain;
The islands and the continents
Will then unite again.

Alas! the day will soon arrive
When rebels to God's grace
Will call for rocks to fall on them
And hide them from His face.
Not so with those who keep His law;
They'll joy to meet their Lord
In clouds above, with those who slept
In Christ, their sure reward.

The glorious rest will then commence,
Which prophets did foretell,
When Christ will reign with Saints on earth,
And in their presence dwell
A thousand years; O, glorious day!
Dear Lord, prepare my heart
To stand with Thee on Zion's mount,
And never more to part.

Then when the thousand years are past,
And Satan is unbound,
O Lord, preserve us from his grasp,
By fire from heaven sent down,
Until our great last change shall come,
To immortalize this day,
Then we in the celestial world
Will spend eternal day.

FIRMNESS of purpose is one of the most necessary sinews of character, and one of the best instruments of success. Without it, genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.

LOOK not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

HE who hath not forgiven an enemy has never yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life.

THE consideration that human happiness and moral duty are inseparably connected will always continue to prompt me to promote the progress of the former by inculcating the practice of the latter.
Washington.

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A VENERATED BOULDER.

MORE than two hundred and fifty years ago, a sea-worn and storm-racked vessel found a haven of rest in the harbor of Cape Cod on the eastern shore of America. It was

in the season of bitter gales and icy sleet. Cold and forbidding appeared the surface of the bay, broken into green and white masses by the tempestuous winds which swept fiercely from desolate shores bound in the grasp of the snow-crowned frost-king. But if the little *Mayflower* had possessed sensibilities and the power to make them known, she would have said that, rough as were the waters and bleak as were the looking shores of Massachusetts Bay, she was glad to drop her anchor in a place which promised protection from the wilder gales and higher tossing billows of the cruel Atlantic. What the frail vessel might have felt in all her strained but nobly staunch timbers at reaching this severe

harbor of safety after her many perils, every one of her devoted crew and passengers sensed in his inmost soul. The pilgrims had encountered such storms of life and persecution as could well match the ocean's tempest. Before them stretched

a country harsher than they had sought, but yet so merciful in comparison to the lands from which they had fled, that nature's cruel repose of Winter was welcome to them.



PLYMOUTH ROCK.

ated under the guise of law. They had been made to feel the biting rancor of unfriendly judges and prosecutors. They could not appeal to any written guarantee of their rights which their enemies were bound to respect; but they felt that their

On the 21st day of December, 1620, the little band of one hundred and two Puritans landed upon Plymouth Rock. With prayerful hearts they established themselves as a pure, God-fearing colony. The granite rock upon which they had set their firm but wearied feet was sacredly preserved. To-day it is the object of much semblance of veneration by the descendants of the Puritan Fathers and by Americans in general. It still stands upon the ocean-swept shore, and is protected by railings and a granite canopy.

Plymouth Rock is a tangible portion of Freedom's foundation. The men whose footsteps made it sacred had been the victims, in their native land, of the persecuting hate of religious bigotry oper-

God-given authority to live holily was invaded, and rather than yield those principles which can never be justly alienated from the individual to the government, they sought a new land and a freer air. So they set their faces to the west, resolute in their grand purpose to establish themselves under God's protection in the distant, almost unknown, western wilds. While the *Mayflower* rode at anchor in the bay—before any one of the party was permitted to land, a solemn compact was signed; by the terms of which they all were bound to submit "to such just and equal laws as should be enacted for the general good."

Around the names of Plymouth Rock and Plymouth Colony hover many of the most endearing recollections of the early days of America. It was here that the spirit of freedom was cherished and permitted to grow to its full stature. The descendants of the pilgrim fathers were among the noblest patriots of revolutionary times. Many of the later descendants have been among the foremost of true and righteous reformers.

But, unhappily, not all of the men who proudly trace their ancestry back to the pilgrim fathers are worthy the name of "Puritan stock." Some of these men hold exalted station, and are never tired of boasting of their lineage. They claim that the spirit which prompted their fathers to oppose tyrannical and proscriptive edicts was the noblest which can animate the human heart. Base, indeed, in their opinion would be the creature who could question the virtue, the sublimity, or the rightfulness of the course taken by the Puritans. And yet these self-praising, vain descendants are among the foremost in a bigoted warfare upon other people who only do as the Pilgrims did. The only point of similarity between the Puritan Fathers and some of their degenerate descendants is wherein each party drives its Roger Williams forth to find a refuge in the wilderness, among savages, for daring to preach "soul liberty."

I never read the speech of a New England senator or representative, in which he calls for the annihilation of any class of conscientious reformers, without feeling that I would like to reply to his lengthy, illogical tirade by the simple words, "Plymouth Rock."

KENNON.

THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

BY E. F. P.

(Continued from page 314.)

IN the previous chapter the peculiar character of some of Nature's forces was dwelt upon for the purpose of showing the harmony that exists with the unorganized elements which surround us, and how well they are adapted to the wants and requirements of man, whom the Lord placed at the head of His creations. The same beautiful and perfect harmony will be found to exist in all of God's creations, both in what is called organized and unorganized matter—in either the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom.

There is a nice and pleasing illustration of this displayed in the vegetable kingdom with all its variety of forms. The beauty of landscape scenery is produced by the harmonious blending together of the colors and tints in the different varieties of vegetation which the earth brings forth; together with the symmetrical forms and outlines of the objects presented. Where the course of nature is unobstructed there is found in the design it presents no abruptness or sudden change that is offensive to the eye: everything in the form of vegetation has a tendency to add beauty to the view.

But while the products of nature in the vegetable kingdom are so well adapted to please and gratify the sense of sight, they are at the same time suited to be of the greatest utility to the animal creation. As, for instance, grasses and herbage, which form the principal food of beasts, grow close to the ground, where they are within easy reach of the quadrupeds that feed upon such vegetation.

Some perhaps may think the animals that eat grass or herbs do so because nothing else is within their reach, and not from choice. This, however, is not the fact. Upon examination it will be discovered that their constitution is most admirably adapted to a diet of this kind, and it would be next to impossible for them to live upon food of a different nature.

Fruits, again, are generally found hanging from the branches of trees, at an elevation from the ground, where they are out of the way of animals that would trample them under foot, and where they can better receive the needed sunlight; at the same time they are partially protected from the scorching rays of the sun, which would otherwise destroy them, by the surrounding leaves that the trees produce. Birds and those animals which live upon fruits have the ability to climb or fly to the branches upon which they grow and ripen, and thus secure the food necessary to sustain life. Animals that subsist upon roots have also the power to burrow into the earth for them.

There is another important provision in nature that truly cannot be looked upon as merely accidental. It will be found that in warm, tropical countries a great variety of fruit and spices abounds throughout the year. As it is generally known, the eating of such things has the effect of keeping the blood cool and thin. The inhabitants of warm countries are thereby better enabled to endure the heat by living upon the diet which nature provides than if they ate food of a different character. In extremely cold countries, again, fruit does not grow. The climate is not adapted to its production. The people therefore live mostly upon animal flesh and oil, with what grass or weeds they can procure. A diet of this kind imparts a great deal of heat to the system, which is very necessary to sustain life in such a climate. In the temperate climates, where both warm and cold weather are experienced to some extent, a variety of fruits grow and grain of different kinds yield abundantly. The fruit, which is most suitable for a summer diet, abounds only in the warm part of the year; and as most fruits are perishable and cannot be kept through the cold weather only by artificial means, it is evident that nature does not intend that they should be used then to such an extent as in summer time.

The harmony that exists with the manifold creations of our Maker is also manifested in the fact that all animals are provided with some means of escape from their foes; while at the same time those animals which prey upon others are also gifted with power or sagacity to enable them to secure the creatures they prey upon. If the case was different—if the weaker animals had no way of escaping the attacks of their enemies, the latter by their ravages would soon bring about the extinction of the former. Or if the stronger of the carnivorous, or flesh-eating, animals had no way of procuring food they would also become extinct unless they could subsist upon a vegetable diet. As it is, however, there is an equilibrium maintained in the animal kingdom.

Only a few illustrations of the harmony existing in nature have been given in these sketches. By observation it will be found that throughout the whole of nature's domain the same beautiful harmony is traceable. The object in writing this was not to exhaust the subject, for that would be impossible,

but merely to awaken thoughts within the minds of young readers that they may better appreciate the goodness of God in providing so well for their wants and requirements. Any number of examples of the perfection of nature might be discovered by a person who observes or takes notice of his surroundings. A thinking person will find something new to him in nature, which calls forth his admiration, almost every day of his life.

THE RELATION OF OUR YOUTH TO THE CHURCH OF GOD.

BY JOS. E. TAYLOR.

THE youth of Zion must be considered in a very different light from the youth of the civilized world in general, and that, too, for many reasons, prominent among which may be quoted their very close relationship to the Church of God as established upon the earth, most of them having been born, as it were, in the Church. Receiving from their birth all the privileges and blessings which the Church affords, should they not also be considered as subject to its ecclesiastical authority from their youth up?

Much has been said by writers and public speakers denunciatory of our ecclesiastical administration, either as a whole or in part, but assertion is not proof, neither is declamation evidence. It is not designed in this article to sustain our right as an organized Church to an ecclesiastical government for we ourselves are satisfied upon that point. Neither do we wish to criticise or copy the discipline, rule, government or administration of any religious denomination in existence, because that which we possess has been given to us direct from heaven, though we might quote many things that are praiseworthy among them in relation to this question.

But to our text—"The relation of our youth to the Church of God." In the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 20, verse 70, we find the following: "Every member of the Church of Christ having children, is to bring them unto the Elders before the Church, who are to lay their hands upon them in the name of Jesus Christ, and bless them in His name."

In Sec. 68, verses 25 to 28, also verse 31, read as follows: "And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or any of her Stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents; for this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her Stakes which are organized; and their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of the hands, and they shall also teach their children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord."

"Now I the Lord, am not well pleased with the inhabitants of Zion, for there are idlers among them; and their children are also growing up in wickedness; they also seek not earnestly the riches of eternity, but their eyes are full of greediness."

The first quotation is from a revelation given in April, 1830, the same month and year in which the Church was organized. The blessing of children was made an imperative duty to be attended to by the parents, the Elders, (possessing ecclesiastical authority), were named as the ones to confer the blessing. The second quotation is from a revelation given one year and

seven months afterwards, and was equally as imperative and binding as the first. The blessing of the children of parents belonging to the Church appears to be the first exercise of this ecclesiastical authority or more correctly speaking the authority of the Priesthood. But it does not stop here, for parents are commanded to teach their children faith, repentance, baptism, the laying on of hands for the Holy Ghost and also to see that they are baptized when eight years old, to neglect which is pronounced a sin. The 26th verse says, "For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her Stakes which are organized." We learn then that the authority which revealed the Church of Christ and the order pertaining thereto, also revealed the relationship existing between the Church and the children of its members as well as the duty of parents to their children and dictated in relation to the rights of children to receive the ordinances of the gospel as well as their parents.

This brings us to another point, namely: if the children of parents who are members of the Church are eligible to the rights, privileges and blessings thereof in their own proper persons, are they not also amenable to the Church in regard to their conduct and acts as are their parents? We answer, yes, in proportion to their capacity to understand and comprehend the law of God, for are they not members of the Church after baptism and confirmation? Most assuredly they are. Hence they must answer in their individual person to the Priesthood of God without being relieved in the least from their responsibility to their parents.

We find in the commandments that were given to ancient Israel the following: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." The Lord was revealing Himself to the people and giving them commandments, and this one I have quoted is directed particularly to the children. In Deuteronomy, 21st chapter and from the 18th to the 21st verses, we read of a law that Moses gave in regard to a rebellious son—that he was to be stoned to death. Paul in his Epistle to the Ephesians enjoined upon the children, obedience to their parents. In fact, parental authority has been sustained from the beginning of time and always will be when the Almighty speaks and His servants administer to the people. A father might disinherit his son but he cannot cut him off from the Church though worthy to be thus dealt with. The authority of the Church only can sever him therefrom. The rebellious son in the days of Moses had to be turned over to the elders of the city by his parents; and why? Because his crime was not against his parents only but against the law of God, which commanded him to honor his father and his mother. Thus while the rights of children from infancy by virtue of their relation to parents who belong to the Church are as well provided for and so carefully guarded, at the same time the Church will always exercise its authority upon the wrong doer, child as well as parent.

This brings us to another question: "To what extent are parents responsible for their children?" We answer, no further than the Lord has made manifest in His revelations to us. This duty done, the child must answer to the Church for its entire conduct, good or bad. On the other hand, the wrong doing of a father will not affect a well-doing son, no more than did the apostasy of Abraham's father prevent him from receiving the Priesthood and becoming the father of the faithful and the friend of God. From the moment we become partakers of the gospel through obedience to its ordinances we assume an individual responsibility and are individually amenable to the authority of the Church, both child and parent.

ICELAND AND THE GEYSERS.

IN the arctic regions, between latitude 65 and 70, there is an island but little known to the rest of the world. It is larger than Ireland, but does not contain more than about 70,000 inhabitants. It is called Iceland, but its original name was Snowland. This name was given to it by Naddodr, a famous pirate, who was driven there in the year 860. He describes it as a country without inhabitants, and entirely covered with snow. It was visited soon after by Gardar Sverison, a Swede, who sailed around it, and on returning to Sweden, called it after his own name, Gardar's Isle. The name was changed to Iceland by Floki Vilgerderson, another pirate, who spent a Winter in the bay; but when Spring came, he was blocked in by mountains of ice, supposed to have drifted from Greenland.

Iceland was first peopled in 870, by a colony of Norwegians, headed by two noblemen, Ingolf, and his brother-in-law, Hiorliof. They found no inhabitants; but crosses and some other symbols of the Christian religion, which were discovered in the south of the island, are supposed to have been left there by some Irish fishermen. On this discovery is founded the tradition which says that Iceland was conquered by King Arthur. The laws and religion of the Icelanders were the same as among the Norwegians until the introduction of Christianity, which took place in 982. The chief deity was Thor, who was worshiped with sacrifices, generally of beasts, but sometimes of men.

At the Reformation, one of the two bishops of the island took the side of Luther. The whole of the inhabitants since that time have followed the religion of the Lutheran Church. The government was at first a republic, but, owing to the contentions of the chief men, the people agreed to recognize the King of Norway as their ruler.

In the fourteenth century Iceland and Norway were united to the crown of Denmark.

There is but little in the history of Iceland beyond a record of calamities. In the thirteenth century, there were six volcanic eruptions, which destroyed most of the cattle, as well as the dwellings of the people, and rendered a great part of the land unfit for pasture. In the fourteenth century, two-thirds of the population were swept away in one year by the "black death." The third that survived had to endure the miseries of famine; for the disease that had destroyed the people destroyed nearly all the cattle. "The last century, however," says the Hon. Arthur Dillon, writing in 1840, "seems to have concentrated the horrors of the preceeding ones, and has, perhaps, been altogether the most terrible that has passed over Iceland. In 1707, the small-pox found its way into the island, and out of a population of 47,000, swept 16,000 into the grave in one year. In 1759, after a succession of inelemt years, the almost entire loss of their cattle brought on a famine, and another gap was made in the numbers of the people, who were barely recovered from their last scourge. Starvation succeeded disease, and 10,000 fell victims to this second visitation. The third and greatest calamity was the unparalleled eruption of several volcanoes in 1783. The waters of the river Skaptaa were suddenly dried up, and a torrent of liquid fire rolled in their stead. This was followed soon after by other streams of lava, that came down with such rapidity as to drive the inhabitants from their houses; frequent earthquakes were felt, and a phenomenon, not before witnessed in such cases, appeared in the form of a dense cloud that covered the whole island, and involved it in total darkness. The consequences were terrible: the air became infected; the ground, covered with volcanic

ashes, produced grass that poisoned the cattle that fed on it. The inhabitants of the country near Skaptaa Jokul were attacked with an epidemic of a putrid nature. The loss of cattle brought on a famine; and, to crown the whole, the small-pox made its appearance a second time. Since that period no physical revolution has disturbed the tranquility of Iceland; the volcanoes have ceased from their labors, and, with the exception of one that emitted smoke about six or seven years ago, have remained in a quiescent state."

The Spring of 1783 is described as having been remarkably mild. Vegetation had advanced so much that by the month of May there were prospects of an unusually bountiful harvest. A bluish mist was, however, noticed in the sky, and many persons were speculating concerning its cause. By the first of June there was a terrible earthquake, which was repeated daily for a week. On the eighth day a dark bank appeared in the air, moving from the north. It was followed by showers of ashes that covered the ground to the thickness of an inch. Noises also were heard issuing from the mountains, like waterfalls, and the boiling of vast caldrons. For two days the bank remained stationary. On the third it rose higher in the air, and discovered columns of fire issuing out of the Jokuls, accompanied by frequent shocks of the earth. The Skaptaa had been very full the whole of the Spring. On the ninth and tenth it rose still higher. On the eleventh it was dried up, and its bed filled with a torrent of boiling lava, that overflowed the banks, and bore destruction along with it. The farms that it passed were overwhelmed, and rendered forever incapable of cultivation. In this way it continued till the eighteenth, fresh streams rolling over the old, melting it in its passage, and forming one solid mass. On the level ground the stream of lava was from twenty to thirty feet high. To escape its fury, the peasants fled, with their cattle, to Afrettur; but safety was not to be found even there. The sheep, which had always been observed in Iceland to turn to the wind, were now unable to face its sulphurous streams, and many rushed madly into the liquid lava, and were destroyed. The lakes turned blue, and sometimes yellow. Their banks were strewn with fish killed by the ashes and brimstone that had flowed into them. The grass that grew where the ashes had fallen poisoned nearly all the horses, cattle and sheep; while thousands of the inhabitants died from plague and famine.

The most remarkable natural phenomenon in Iceland at the present time is the geysers, or boiling springs. They are to be found on a slightly elevated table-land in the valley of Haukadal. In the small space of about twenty acres there are no less than one hundred and fifty, reckoning pools and jets. It is supposed that the whole of these twenty acres is a crust covering a boiler, and that these springs are the safety valves. The first object that the traveler notices is a shallow stream, fed by the overflowing of a pool of unfathomable depth. This stream has the power of encrusting whatever is left in its current. Even its bed has undergone this process, and might be mistaken for white cement. The pool from which it issues is filled to the brim with the clearest water imaginable, of a temperature bordering on boiling. Its sides expand as it deepens, leaving the impression that it is part of a vast caldron covered with a thin crust.

The principal fountain is the great geyser, which is at the extremity of the eminence. The basin resembles a shallow bowl, gradually deepening to the orifice of the pipe in the center, where it reaches the depth of three feet. The diameter measures about fifty-six feet. It is, however, not quite circular, there being an indentation in the circumference. The pipe

is perfectly round, and about twelve feet across. The depth is reckoned to be more than sixty feet. Mr. Dillon saw two eruptions of this geyser: one was of more than ten minutes' duration, and presented a column, or rather pyramid, of at least ninety feet. The day was calm, and consequently the jet was not broken into parts. After raging with incredible fury, it at once burst, and leaving the basin empty, deluged the outside with hot water, which, running down in numberless rills, joined again in a stream at the foot of the geyser. The first glance at the geyser is said to be all-absorbing. It holds the spectator, as it were, under the influence of a spell, only broken by the final bursting of the giant column.

The other very remarkable geyser is called the Stokr, which means in Icelandic the piston of a churn. It is higher than the great geyser, but not so large. It has no basin. There is seen merely a round hole, about ten feet in diameter, with water boiling at a depth of fifteen feet. An eruption is sometimes effected by choking this hole with earth. Mr. Dillon and his two companions collected about a wagon-load of turf and peat. They put it around the edge of the hole, and, on a given signal, tumbled the whole of it into the pipe. For a second or two the boiling ceased, the water then suddenly rose to the top, and, darting through the air, formed a column about 120 feet high. The turf was hurled out, and lifted even higher than the water. The violence of the eruption exceeded that of the great geyser; and the column was much smaller in diameter. For thirty-five minutes it continued in an uninterrupted jet, tossing up large stones which were thrown at it, and casting them out like cannon balls from a cannon. The column at first was as black as ink, but gradually it became paler, and during the latter half of its eruption was as white as that of the Great Geyser.

The height of these two fountains has been estimated variously by different travelers. Some have given it at 340 feet, and others at 70. Sir John Stanley measured them with a sextant, and found the Great Geyser to be 96 feet, and the Stokr 130. The eruptions are not always the same height, but it is believed that they have not varied much for many years.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 301.)

ON the 15th of August, 1884, we took our departure from Waikari, not having received much encouragement from some of the natives in charge. We led our horses on a very dangerous trail, which wound around a very precipitous mountain, at the foot of which ran a river of great depth. Had we or our animals missed our step there would have been little show for escaping death.

Finally, we reached the ocean in safety. We followed its shore some time and then penetrated the mountain fastnesses by a narrow trail, which lead up from the ocean. But, finding the deep gullies and rugged hills impossible of travel, we returned to the beach, which was followed with a great degree of timidity, as we were compelled to proceed on a narrow strip of soft, sandy soil. On one side were towering promontories whose faces, seaward, were made perpendicular by the wearing process of the ocean's waves, while on the other, was the ocean whose billows would dash up under our horses' legs; and this, too, when the tide was out, for, when the tide was in, it dashed up against the foot of the promontories.

The horse on which I rode, being somewhat of a broncho, became so frightened that it fell down with me close to the edge of the briny deep. Providence seemed to favor me, as this accident happened when the waves were out; had the waves been in, we would in all probabilities, have been both carried away into the merciless deep, and furnished eatables for some great sea monster. This episode in my missionary experience so impressed my mind that I probably shall never forget it.

After traveling for some distance on this peculiar road, we reached Mohoka, where we remained for some few days, but without much success. We delivered our message to them, thus leaving them without an excuse, so far as the latter-day work is concerned.

We proceeded to the Wairoa, a district of comparatively large extent, inhabited by many Maoris. With them we at once commenced our work of preaching. We would go to each settlement, remaining over night, thus getting good opportunities to present the gospel to them. Here our treatment was all that could be expected. They allowed us to use their churches, provided us the best food and sleeping conveniences they could afford; and our preaching and example tended to impress them very favorably towards us, and the cause which we were trying to represent.

Since my return from New Zealand, I have learned, with much pleasure, that many, subsequent to my sojourn in the Wairoa section of country, have come forward and yielded obedience unto the truth.

Leaving Wairoa, we proceeded to Nuhaka, twenty miles distant. On arriving, the natives were all in readiness, took care of our horses, and marched us at once into the chapel of the Church of England, and would have us preach to them before having any refreshments. During our stay at Nuhaka we held three meetings, and were instrumental in the hands of God in initiating thirteen into the fold of Christ. At that time apparently, the work was opening up in every direction. Numerous invitations were coming to us to go and preach to the Maoris of many places.

Having made arrangements to have one of the home Elders, then located at Hawkes Bay, follow up and look after the new converts, we took leave of the Saints of Nuhake, and traveled over a low range of mountains some distance, we then made a steep ascent and reached an eminence which afforded us a magnificent view of Hawkes and Poverty Bays. We descended to the sea beach and crossed the narrow neck of land between these two bays, on to the Poverty Bay side, to a place called Kopuawhara, where we were received with open arms. In the afternoon they called a large number together and we preached to them. In the evening we preached again.

Next morning we baptized nine people and blessed seven children. In the evening following we baptized and blessed one child. After this, the same evening, Brother Stewart talked for some time on the ordinance of baptism for the dead, and twenty more applied for admission into the Church. In their baptism I officiated, completing this pleasant labor late at night. It was a most gratifying spectacle to see those dusky natives thronging the bank of that beautiful river to be immersed beneath its waters for the remission of sins. The evening was magnificently illuminated by the queen of night, whose reflections lighted up the calm surface of the river.

Immediately following baptism, the Maoris made a big fire in the open air. We assembled and confirmed the twenty and blessed four more children, and retired, worn out, at midnight.

(To be Continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE manly stand taken by several of the brethren who have been accused of unlawful cohabitation, in explaining their positions in the courts, has called forth the admiration of every unprejudiced man, both "Mormon" and non-"Mormon." The remarks, as they are reported, which they made will live in history and will be read with delight as illustrations of manly courage and a zeal for religious liberty, and for the truth that will be worthy of emulation. I read with the greatest pleasure the remarks made by Elder John Nicholson, Elder Andrew Smith and Elder Aurelius Miner. With the last judge Zane entered into controversy, much to his disadvantage, for I think that Brother Aurelius Miner was exceedingly happy in his remarks and that he had altogether the best of the argument. But, of course, argument with a man on the bench who has the power which the judge of the Third District Court has, places a man in an awkward position, for the judge has the last word, and, in addition to that, he can give vent to his malice in a way that is thoroughly conclusive and cuts off all debate in a very summary manner—that is, by sentencing the accused to imprisonment and to fine.

The Latter-day Saints are making history, or, at least, those of them especially who are called to answer to these charges before the courts, and their example will yet be quoted by posterity with admiration.

In the reply of Judge Zane to Brother John Nicholson, he indulged in the usual platitudes about the Hindoo mother, the ear of Juggernaut, etc. Did ever any sane man use weaker arguments than these—as though there was the least comparison between the act of the Hindoo mother in casting her child into the Ganges, or in prostrating one's self before the ear of Juggernaut and permitting it to roll over one's body! The comparisons are far-fetched and without the least analogy. With just as great propriety a man might compare the ordinance of baptism or the sacrament, or any other ordinance of salvation, as to compare plural marriage with such hideous practices as these. But Zane seems to look upon whatever is said before the U. S. Supreme Court as of far higher importance than anything that the Bible teaches, or any utterance of a holy prophet or apostle, or of the Son of God Himself. Attorney General Devens used these comparisons in his argument in the Reynolds' case when it was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. They have been a thousand times refuted, and their inappropriateness has been exposed. But, we suppose, men of Zane's calibre will continue to use them as long as there is any need for their use, apparently not having discernment enough to perceive how inapplicable they are to the case under consideration. He shows striking ignorance, also, in quoting what the sages who lived in the days when the Constitution was framed thought about religious liberty. Among others, he quotes the "immortal Jefferson." Now, nothing can be more clearly shown than that Jefferson entertained very different ideas to those which Zane and others—among them, Chief Justice Waite, of the U. S. Supreme Court—attribute to him. To say that Jefferson, or Madison, or any of the strong men of the revolutionary period who contended for religious liberty, only confined that liberty to belief and worship, is to misapprehend entirely and to distort, also, their views; for they have, in their own writings, made it so plain that there is scarcely room for argument upon the

subject—that where religious faiths find expression in acts not inconsistent with the rights of others, they should be permitted, and those who perform them should be protected in the exercise of their religious liberty. It is egregious folly for any man to say that belief and worship, as Zane understands these, are the extreme limit of religious liberty. With as great propriety he might say that circumcision is a barbarous practice and that it should not be permitted. There would be much more propriety in assuming that position in regard to the rite of circumcision among the Jews than there is in his assumptions concerning plural marriage.

One of the chief charges brought against Jefferson by Dr. Hawks, author of the *Ecclesiastical History of the United States*, is that he aimed a blow at Christianity, because of Jefferson's explanations concerning his motives in framing an act for establishing religious freedom in Virginia. Hawks, in speaking of this act, says it "was viewed by many as utterly subversive, in its declarations, to the Christian religion, and called forth at the time [1785] the severe animadversions of some who still revered the faith of the apostles." Dr. Hawks denounced Jefferson because he did not favor Christianity. He accused him of endeavoring to degrade it "to a level with the creed of Mecca." His reason for this was that Jefferson, in his autobiography, says, in regard to this act of religious liberty that he framed and was successful in having passed through the Virginia Legislature, that he intended the law "to comprehend within the mantle of its protection, the Jew and Gentile, the Christian and Mohammedan, the Hindoo and infidel of every denomination." The Doctor, in his history, argues that it was obviously the dictate of justice, of humanity, and of enlightened policy, to protect these various classes in personal property; but it was not necessary in securing them protection to degrade "Christianity itself to a level with the voluptuousness of Mohammed, or the worship of Juggernaut."

These were Jefferson's views. He intended that if a Mohammedan should come to Virginia, or a Hindoo, or a Jew, or a Gentile, or an infidel of any kind, he should be protected in his belief and the practice flowing from that, in that State. This was the kind of liberty that he advocated—the same kind of liberty that Madison defined in a letter to Edward Livingstone, of New York, giving religion immunity "from civil jurisdiction in every case where it does not trespass upon private right or the public peace." This was Madison's view of the bounds of religious liberty, agreeing with Jefferson, who says, in his notes on Virginia, that "the legislative powers of government extend to such actions only as are injurious to others."

These men had comprehensive views of religious liberty and did not confine it to mere belief and worship alone. Judge Zane talks about "overt acts against society." Jefferson uses the words, "overt acts against peace and good order." Now what is there in plural marriage that is antagonistic to peace and good order? Who has been injured by this practice? Has society? Let a comparison be instituted between our society and the society of other communities, and need we shrink from the issue? Has there not been, at least, an equal amount of peace and good order in our communities to that which exists elsewhere? If we take the testimony of unprejudiced men not of our faith, the evidence is overwhelmingly in favor of the greater degree of peace and good order which we enjoy over communities similarly situated. However much Zane and men of his class may prate about the injury that is done to society by our belief and practice of this principle, God knows, and so does every

unprejudiced man know, that such accusations are false. It is men like himself who have disturbed the peace of society, and who have endeavored to introduce disorder and confusion, and to break up families and destroy peaceful communities.

I suppose, however, it is no use reasoning with such people. We shall have to trust to the logic of events to convince them of their errors. They belong to a class that, if they had lived in the days of Jesus, would have been on the side of the high priests in crying out for the crucifixion of the Savior. If they had lived in the days of pagan Rome they would have applauded most heartily the decrees against the Christians, and would have clamored most loudly for them to be cast into the arena to contend with wild beasts. If they had lived in the days of the Inquisition, when it was popular, they would have been its warmest supporters and advocated the application of torture to its victims. At every time and in every age, and under all circumstances, such men are found on the side of the majority, no matter what the views may be, or how cruel or unholy the policy that might be adopted. Whether, if truth were triumphant, they would have purity enough to advocate, defend or live by it, is very questionable, except so far as it might be profitable to them to join with the majority. The same arguments that Zane uses have been used in every age by the advocates of tyranny, though the mouthings of men who would defend the most atrocious acts of wickedness if only performed under a show of legality or by the authority of the courts of law. But history will pronounce sentence upon him and others like him, and he has acquired an infamous notoriety. Unless he changes, his name will go down to posterity as one of the most odious oppressors of a free people.

In the meantime the true heroes and heroines of the day are consigned to prison. Posterity will view their course with admiration, and cotemporaneous history will yet do them justice, because no fair man or woman can fail to perceive that those who submit to such wrongs as our brethren and sisters have done are truly noble. It would be an easy matter, all must admit, for men and women, if not actuated by the highest motives, to compromise on questions of this kind, especially when the courts are so willing to relieve them from imprisonment if they will comply with its requirements. A man has only to express his willingness to cease living with his wives as such, and he is free. He may make mistresses of them; he may have every kind of association with them except that pure and holy one sanctified by marriage. It is against that relation that the whole force of this persecution is directed.

A STORY OF STEEL PENS.

FEW persons who use steel pens on which is stamped "Gillott" have any idea of the story of suffering, of indomitable pluck and persistence, which belong to the placing of that name on that article.

A long depression in trade in England threw thousands of Sheffield mechanics out of work, among them was Joseph Gillott, twenty-one years of age.

He left the city with but a shilling in his pocket. Reaching Birmingham, he went into an old inn and sat down upon a wooden settle in the tap room. His last penny was spent for a roll. He was weak, hungry and ill. He had not a friend in Birmingham; and there was little chance that he would find work.

In his despondency he was tempted to give up, and turn beggar or tramp. Then a sudden fiery energy seized him. He brought his fist down on the table, declaring to himself that he would try and trust in God, come what would. He found work that day in making belt buckles, which were then very fashionable.

As soon as he had saved a pound or two, he hired a garret in Bread Street, and there carried on work for himself, bringing his taste and knowledge of tools into constant use, even when working at hand-made goods. This was the secret of Gillott's success. Other workmen drudged on passively in the old ruts. He was wide awake, eager to improve his work, or to shorten the way of working. He fell in love with a pretty and sensible girl named Mitchell, who, with her brothers, was making steel pens. Each pen was then clipped, punched and polished by hand, and pens were sold consequently at enormously high prices.

Gillott at once brought his skill in tools to bear on the matter, and soon invented a machine which turned the points out by thousands, in the time that a man would require to make one. He married Miss Mitchell, and they carried on the manufacture together for years.

On the morning of his marriage, the industrious young workman made a gross of pens, and sold them for thirty-six dollars to pay the wedding fees. In his old age, having reaped an enormous fortune by his shrewdness, honesty and industry, Mr. Gillott went again to the old inn, bought the settle, and had the square on which he sat that night sawed out and made into a chair, which he left as an heirloom to his family, to remind them of the secret of his success.

BEETHOVEN'S HABITS OF COMPOSITION—Beethoven, the eminent musical composer, was quite eccentric in his habits of composition. After he became deaf—for some of his greatest works were composed when he could not hear a note—he would wander for hours in solitary places, silent and abstracted. His appearance and habits were so well known, that people when they met him would exclaim, "There is Beethoven!" Once a troop of charcoal-burners meeting him in a country path, stood on one side, though laden with bushels of charcoal, to let him pass, for fear of disturbing the great composer's meditations.

On one occasion, when composing in his own room at home, he walked about in a reverie, pouring cold water over first one hand and then over the other, until the people below came running up stairs to know why they were subjected to a small deluge.

While composing one of his magnificent sonatas, he took a long walk with a pupil. They walked for hours, but not a word did Beethoven speak, but kept humming. Reaching home, he seated himself at the piano without taking off his hat, and for some time played out his composition, regardless of the fact that he and his pupil had had nothing to eat for hours.

He was a man of great genius, and of a fiery temper, but he worked patiently at his compositions, going over them again and again, until they were perfected. His works are great, and are admirable illustrations of what hard work can do when aided by genius.

THE most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

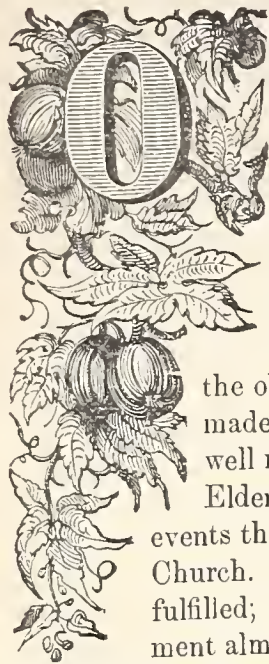
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



ONE glorious feature of the work of God in these days is that there has nothing, so far, happened to the people connected with it for which they have not been prepared by the counsel and revelations of the Lord. The Saints have not been left to uncertainty and doubt as to the future. Many details may not have been plain, but the general features of the work and the obstacles to be contended with have been made exceedingly plain. The writer of this well remembers how plain the teachings of the Elders were in his early boyhood concerning events that should take place connected with the Church. He has lived to see a great many of them fulfilled; but they were as plain before their fulfillment almost as they are now that they are realized. The Elders have always been led to teach the Saints that they would have many difficulties to contend with and much persecution to overcome. We are witnessing, to-day, the fulfillment of the great predictions made by the Prophet Joseph in the early days of this Church respecting the character of the opposition that it would have to contend with. Our present trials, instead of being a cause of discouragement, ought to be a cause of sincere and heartfelt rejoicing, because the words of the Lord are so plainly being fulfilled. When this Church was very small and insignificant in point of numbers Joseph predicted that it would continue to roll forth, exciting increased hatred and opposition, until the whole world would be arrayed against it. Persecution should grow from the active antagonism of a small neighborhood to a county, and afterwards a state, and then the United States, and eventually other nations. This prediction has been marvelously fulfilled.

The Book of Mormon describes with exceeding great clearness the obstacles that would be in the pathway of the Saints in the last days. The Prophet Nephi saw our day and prophesied concerning it, though he lived twenty-five hundred years ago. If our children would read his words and ponder upon them, they would be impressed with the greatness of the revelations which he received. They would see increased evidences in favor of the divinity of the Book of Mormon. Our career, as a people, is plainly described in that book, though it was published before the Church was organized. If those who wrote in it concerning the last days had been living to-day and seen with mortal eyes that which they described, they could not have made it more plain. The prophets saw that the time would come, after God had established this Gentile nation and made it free, when the gospel would be revealed unto the people. If they received it they were promised great blessings. If they rejected it their fate was clearly pointed out. The course they should pursue towards the Church of the Lamb of God, which should be established in their midst, if they rejected

the gospel, is shown in great plainness in the Book of Mormon. But to the Saints the promises concerning that Church are of the most cheering character. We are assured that all that fight against Zion shall be destroyed. The Lord has made the most definite promises that He "will not suffer that the wicked shall destroy the righteous." He will preserve them by His power, even if it should be necessary that the fullness of His wrath must come and their enemies be destroyed by fire. The righteous are told that they need not fear, and the promise is repeated that they shall not perish, for "All they who fight against Zion shall be cut off."

This nation has had many great opportunities presented to it. The Lord, if this nation had received the gospel, would have made it the mightiest power on earth. But it has rejected it by degrees from the beginning, until to-day it seems as though the whole power of the government is pitted against the work of God. Joseph's words are being remarkably fulfilled in this respect. What will follow this rejection? One has only to read the Book of Mormon to see that destruction will be the inevitable fate of this and every other nation that fights against God. The Spirit of God will be withdrawn from the Gentiles and be poured out upon the remnants of the covenant people of the Lord. The work of the Father will commence among them. The Spirit of God will plead with the Jews and move upon them, and they will begin to gather in from their long dispersion. The Lord will reveal Himself also to the remnants of His covenant people who dwell on this land. They will be moved upon to receive His gospel when it shall be presented to them by His servants, and in this way the House of Israel will begin to be gathered in, and the favor of God will be shown unto it and be withdrawn from the wicked nations who persecute His people and seek to destroy the Priesthood that He sends among them.

WHAT a grand field presents itself before the rising generation of young men and young women in this Church! How vast is the work to be accomplished! What a glorious mission the Latter-day Saints have presented before them! There are millions of the seed of Israel on this continent, scattered from the regions of the frozen north, to the equator, and from the equator to the southern extremity of the continent. These peoples are remnants of the chosen seed. To their fathers the most precious promises have been made concerning their posterity. They will yet join this Church by thousands. We Gentiles will be a small handful, as it were, in comparison with their vast numbers. They will receive the gospel very differently to the Gentiles. They will be a people of far greater faith. The power of God will be shown among them as it has not been among the Gentiles, because of the promises made to their fathers, and in fulfillment of the Lord's covenant with them. A mighty power will thus be built up. Other nations, in which the seed of Israel predominates, will also be prepared to receive the gospel; and how vast is the field in this direction! Look at the map of the world and select the spots where the Elders have labored. Count the nations who have heard the glad message of salvation; and how comparatively few they are! From the Sandwich Islands one might travel to the Japanese Islands, and thence westward until he reaches the Straits of Bosphorus, and he will scarcely, throughout that vast region, peopled by millions of the human family, meet a man who bears the Holy Priesthood. There may be a few who have joined the Church in the East Indies. But throughout Japan, China and all the oriental nations, through the regions

where the old empires of ancient days flourished, and through Asia Minor, where the early apostles of Jesus labored with such great success, not an organized branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints exists. Truly, it may be said, the harvest is great, but the laborers are few. Polynesia opens her arms, inviting Elders to labor among her scattered islands. The success of our missionaries in converting the Sandwich Islanders, the gladness with which the natives of the Society Islands received the message, and the zeal now manifested among the Maoris of New Zealand, show plainly how easy it is for the seed of Israel to receive the testimonies of God's servants. If an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, filled with wisdom and the Spirit of God, were to land upon an island in Polynesia, peopled with that race, and free from sectarian influences and traditions, he would have no difficulty in baptizing the whole of the people. They are naturally predisposed to receive the principles of the gospel, and they believe them with entire readiness. And so it may be said of the red-skins on this continent. They only need to be taught the truth to receive it. Their hearts warm to the people of this Church, and they are open to receive the message of salvation which the Elders bear. How grand are these fields which now stretch before our young people, inviting them to labor!

TO THE YOUTH.

WE are permitted to print the following letter, which was written to the young brethren of Tottington Branch of the Church, in England, many years ago:

"NAUVOO, May 21, 1843.

"*Dear Brothers in Christ:*

"You are in the smiling season of youth. The variegated bloom of Spring beautifies your path at present, and your lively imaginations picture before you in glowing colors scenes of future uninterrupted enjoyment. Take heed my young brothers that ye be not deceived. Assure yourselves that to rational beings born to live forever, nothing is truly valuable in comparison with the principles of pure religion. They are at once your best defense and your brightest ornament. Your minds are not at present distracted by the cares of the world nor are your affections divided by the objects which it holds out to those in riper years. In your breasts habits of piety and virtue may soon be formed and strengthened. You may easily surmount the difficulties which attend a course of religion and may fully experience the calm and tranquil joys which it never fails to impart. But still you are exposed to many a snare and have great need of watchfulness and caution. If forbidden pleasure allure you, be deaf to her voice. She allures to ruin. She will lead to death and hell. One vicious compliance will overcast your fairest prospects with clouds of gloom. It will rob you of the sweet enjoyments and unbroken slumbers of youthful innocence. It will embitter your days when you become old and gray-headed. Make God then the object of your early deliberate choice. In Him put your hope and trust, for He alone is able to keep you from falling. When the morning opens upon you and when the evening encompasses you with its shadows, retire from every human eye and pour forth your hearts to Him who is the guide of your youth. Neglect not stately to join your fellow brothers in the house of prayer. Endeavor to be well

acquainted with the scriptures. They will make you wise unto salvation. Go to the gospel as the spring of heavenly love. Its gentle influence will calm the raging sea of passion, purify and sweeten the dispositions of the heart, and furnish the mind with those solid, attractive and permanent qualities which will render you amiable and happy in all the intercourses of life. If you regulate your temper and your conduct by its dictates, you will gain what is infinitely more precious than all the riches and advantages of the world; you will secure the favor of God; you will have a shelter amidst the storms of life, a source of unspeakable comfort when about to take your leave of earth and its concerns and an everlasting portion of felicity beyond the grave. If I thought this were not sufficient to convince you I would lead you into the chamber of the abandoned profligate, worn out in the cause of iniquity, his bones full of the sins of his youth and from his own lips as he lies on his expiring bed, oppressed with guilt and remorse, you should learn that 'the way of the transgressor is hard.'

"Let the young give attention to these things. The world you are entering upon, lies in wait with a variety of temptations. Unkind sentiments of religion will soon be suggested to you and manifold snares will be spread in your way. But be not deceived by the artifices of seducers, nor discouraged by any unfavorable reports that may be brought against your religion. Test and see how good the Lord is, and you will never repent of the experiment. Do but in earnest set yourselves to serve God, and you will soon confess that the merchandise of wisdom is better than the merchandise of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold. As you advance in holiness the consolation of religion will be multiplied unto you. You will reap comfort in this world and glory in the next. May God bless and keep you now and forever. Amen. SAMUEL HAMER."

BRYANT'S HEROISM IN EXERCISE.

A FRIEND meeting Mr. Bryant, the poet, after several years of separation, congratulated him on his robust health, and asked for his secret. The gentleman gives his answer in the following paragraphs:

He replied that he did not know that there was any secret about it, but he supposed he owed much of his health to a habit formed in early life, of devoting the first hour and a half or two hours after leaving his bed in the morning to moderate gymnastic exercise, after which he took a bath, and a light breakfast, consisting usually of milk, with some kind of cereal food and fruit, but no meat.

At dinner he ate pretty much what other people ate. His evening meal, when he did not dine late, was much the same as his breakfast. He drank sparingly of anything stronger than water. He avoided all condiments, he used neither tea nor coffee, and held tobacco in abhorrence.

He rarely allowed himself to be out of bed after ten at night or in bed after five in the morning. To these habits and regimen he said he attributed in a great measure his exceptionally good health.

Not many weeks before his death, and when recovering from a slight indisposition which he had been describing to me (he was then approaching his eighty-fourth year), I said,

"I presume you have reduced your allowance of morning gymnastics."

"Not the width of your thumb nail," was his prompt reply.

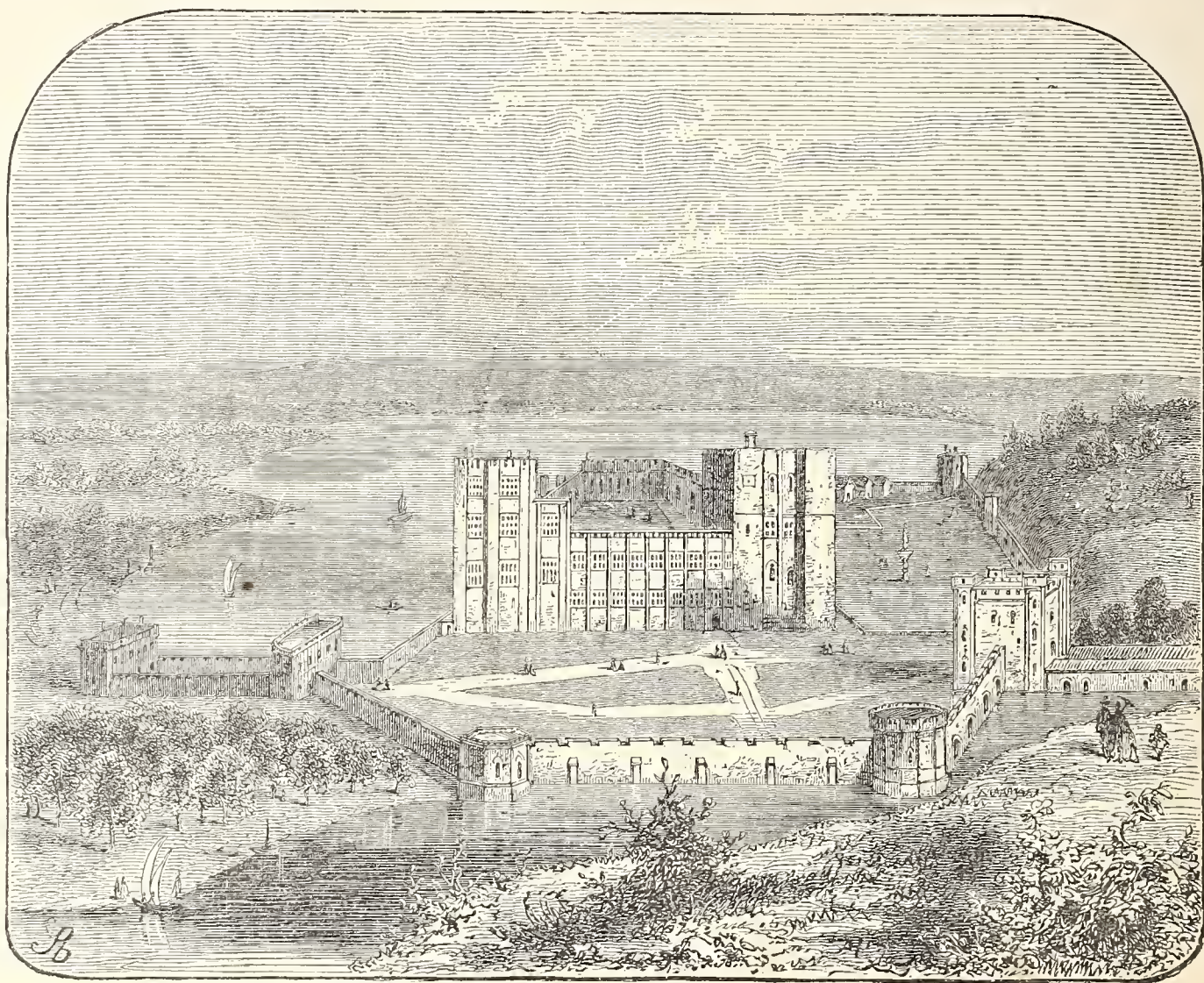
KENILWORTH CASTLE.

THE name Kenilworth is indeed suggestive. It calls up a host of curious thoughts, to any one at all acquainted with English history, but to many of the children, who read the JUVENILE, the picture alone would only attract a passing notice, unless they were told something interesting connected with it.

Kenilworth Castle, though now a ruin, is still a very massive and imposing structure, and has, perhaps, as many historical and romantic incidents associated with it as any building of the kind in "fair old England."

It is situated in a small market-town bearing the same name—Kenilworth—in the county of Warwick and five miles from the celebrated town of Warwick. It is also near the river Avon, of which the poets have sung ever since the days of the

soft neutral grey. The ruins represent specimens of the various styles of architecture, from the Conquest to the time of Elizabeth, all lofty in design, and the structure presenting as a whole a most imposing appearance. The castle proper is a gigantic pile of very pretentious castellated buildings surrounding an inner court. We are told there was once a massive "keep" the citadel of the castle bearing the classic name of Cæsar. The Gate House, which was erected by Earl Leicester, is still standing and is a castle in itself of most beautiful architectural design. There is also the Gallery Tower and a bridge of the same name extending to the opposite building called Martin-er's Tower, where ladies of rank and title were wont to assemble and witness feats of valor and chivalry in the tilt yard below, which had been constructed for the express purpose, and hemmed in by strong and high palisading. Near this is the lake, once noted for its beauty, but now changed to a swamp of



"gay Troubadours." The surrounding country is very beautiful, abounding in green fields, shady lanes and flowering hedges which call out the poetic and imaginative nature, and prepare the traveler for the historic grandeur of the ruined castle, with its towers, battlements, draw-bridges and old-fashioned appointments all in keeping with the ancient, royal style of England's days of chivalry.

It is said that the outer wall of this splendid ruin encloses seven acres of land. In times past a part of this was occupied by large and well-furnished stables, where handsome, and noble steeds were kept for the use and pleasure of the titled lords and ladies. There were also large pleasure gardens with lawns, arbors, bowers, shrubbery and flowers of every variety and all that could add beauty and enchantment to the grounds.

The famous castle stands in the center of the enclosure. It was built of sandstone, now mellowed and toned by time to a

rushes, and the majestic trees that towered heavenward, untrimmed and bent, like the castle itself bear unmistakeable tokens of age and neglect.

The great gateway through which the traveler passes into the inner court is between Cæsar's Tower and what is known as King Henry's Lodging and reminds one on entering of the grand archways into the ancient courts and palaces. Crossing the inner court there is a small tower called Mervyn's Tower, it is reached only by narrow winding stairs, at the top of which is a room said to have been used for the confinement of any unhappy person who had been so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of some royal personage or knight of distinction. Many a legend has been told of this lonely tower. Here it is said the exquisitely beautiful, but unfortunate Amy Robsart the wife of Earl Leicester once took refuge when she fled from Cumnor Hall.

There is also a small pleasure ground in view of the tower window, called *Pleasance*, once ornamented with monuments, fountains, arches, statues and such like, but now all gone to decay, reminding one "that the light of other days has faded."

Sir Walter Scott, the celebrated author and poet has immortalized Kenilworth Castle in his most talented manner, and made the lovers of romance and of history familiar with the story of the heroine of the tale, the charming Amy Robsart, of whom even Queen Elizabeth was intensely jealous. The visit of this famous, historic queen to Kenilworth was one of the events of the age, and so great was Earl Leicester's admiration of his sovereign and his desire to gain her favor that he would not allow her to enter his castle grounds by the common way, but had a bridge constructed especially for her and the train of followers that formed the queen's cavalcade. The Elizabethan bridge, however, has also now fallen into decay.

In this old and ruined castle many scenes of revelry and splendor have been enacted, and many historical events have transpired; but there is nothing left to tell the tales of misery or of happiness of all who have lived and died within its walls, except the legendary stories that have come down from the centuries, save the romance of Kenilworth, by Sir Walter Scott; and in this occurs the following sentiment which seems suitable as a closing paragraph to this hastily written sketch.

"The massive ruins of the castle only tend to show what the splendor once was, and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions and the happiness of those, who enjoy a humble lot in virtuous contentment."

E. B. W.

THE SCIENCE OF SAVING.

A WRITER addresses the following words of wisdom to those whose pockets are made of such materials that money burns a hole in them. He advises them to keep an account of every cent they spend, as putting down in black and white checks extravagance:

They must be put down in detail, and not classed under the general head of "sundries." The item "sundries" is never admitted into well-kept household accounts.

It is very difficult to realize fully the value of small sums. If the nickels and dimes that lie loose in the pockets were properly appreciated, there would not be so much pecuniary embarrassment in the world as there is.

"Many a mickle makes a muckle." This is true of nothing more than nickels and dimes.

These little savings, as a rule, must be made in personal expenditure more than in anything else. What is spent over the household is generally needed, but the small personal luxuries which cost so little are not.

When any saving is made in this way, the money should be put aside as saved, instead of being mixed with the spending fund, and additions made to it as often as possible.

This will make you understand as soon as anything what small economies amount to.

When money is set aside to be saved, it should be put in a place where it cannot directly be got at. I cannot speak too highly of the savings bank for this purpose.

The very fact that a little trouble and formula have to be gone through with before it can be obtained prevents it being spent many a time when it most certainly would be if it were close at hand.

There are two or three ways in which money can be saved. The first is by buying in large quantities. Of course the danger is when there is a stock of things to go to they will be extravagantly used. All that I can say on this point is that they must be used sparingly. A proper quantity should be portioned out and the rest put away. Then it will be found that articles may be bought both cheaper and better in large quantities than in small ones.

Another way to save expense is to pay for everything as you get it. If you do this, you avoid overcharge, and will buy for less.

If the money had to be paid at the moment, many an unnecessary purchase would be avoided.

People who have limited incomes are those who can least afford to live on credit; and unfortunately they do it more than any other.

THE BOY WHO KEPT OUT WELLINGTON.

AN English farmer was one day at work in his fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was especially anxious that they should not ride over, as the crop was in condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses.

So he dispatched one of his workmen to the field, telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bidden, but was scarcely at his post before the hunters came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened.

This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain. One after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result. The boy remained immovable in the determination not to open the gate.

After a while, one of noble presence advanced, and said, in commanding tones—

"My boy, do you know me? I am the Duke of Wellington; one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his hat and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, and answered firmly,

"I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor suffer anyone to pass but by my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat and said,

"I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed or frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers; I could not only conquer the French, but the world;" and the old duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice,

"Hurrah! hurrah! I've done what Napoleon could'nt do—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington!"

Do not think of knocking out another man's brains because he differs in opinion from you. It would be as rational to knock yourself on the head because you differ from yourself ten years ago.

Story for the Little Ones.

PETE THE PUGILIST.

"If you don't take that back I'll put a head on you!" in an angry voice and with raised fists, exclaimed young Peter Jones, who was known among his fellows as "Pete the pugilist," on account of his disposition to "lick" every boy that is foolish enough to accept his challenge. This threat was directed to Will Duncan, one of his associates, who had offended him in word as the two were discussing some matter of no great importance.

To avoid any blow that Pete in this moment of rage might direct towards him, Will stepped back, at the same time replying in a calm tone that he did not care to fight; "but," he added, "if I had a mind to I could whip you very easily."

This assertion, and the cool manner in which it was made, aroused Pete's anger more than ever, as he was a very quick-tempered fellow. Throwing off his hat and coat, he was about to give his offender, as he expected, a good, sound thrashing right there and then.

Will would move out of the way every time the young pugilist came near to strike him, saying over and over that he would not fight. Although he was about the same age as the other boy he could much better see the folly of engaging in a fight over so small a matter. He was a strong, able-bodied youth, and a truly brave little fellow; but he was wise enough to refuse to engage in any conflict whatever.

Pete, however, was anxious to end the matter in a brutal combat. He had already proven, by actual contests, that he was able to defeat most boys of his age who lived in the neighborhood; but it happened that those whom he had already whipped were all smaller in stature and lighter in weight than himself. As Will Duncan was about of the same size and weight, he was very desirous to have a tussel with him, which he expected would decide the championship in his favor. His greatest ambition or desire was to be the greatest bully of his companions; and now he thought was his chance to win this honor. He made several attempts to strike Will, in order to get him angry; but the latter dodged away each time, until at last a young man interfered and made the young "bruiser" stop. This young man began to reason

with him, and to show how foolish it was to act as he did.

"Well," replied Pete, "I never can stand it to hear a fellow say he can lick me."

Pete was rather low in his instincts; he had an idea that to be a man he should be able to whip any one who dared to offend him. He was also a very cruel boy, without any tender feelings or sympathies. He would often torment birds or small animals, and seemed to take a great delight in so doing. He was quite disappointed at being hindered in his design to thrash Will Duncan in order to be considered, as he thought, the bravest and most manly of his associates. This was his greatest aim in life, and he determined to accomplish his object.

This little incident mentioned was soon forgotten by all except Pete Jones. He was secretly planning a way to get Will Duncan to fight with him, and thereby win glory and fame. He at last decided upon a plan which he thought could be carried out.

He knew a place where he could meet his man in an out of the way part of the town. Here he could have a fair tussel without being disturbed. Accordingly, when his opportunity was near at hand he went to the place he had selected, and awaited the arrival of Will Duncan, whom he expected would pass that way. Pretty soon the boy came along, and Pete stepped in front of him, with doubled fists, and said,

"Will Duncan, I'm going to lick you whether you want to fight or not!"

Will felt rather annoyed at such an unexpected assault, but he simply remarked in a quiet tone, "You'll have to be able before you do it."

"I'll show you whether I'm able or not," retorted Pete, at the same moment falling upon him in real earnest, determined not to be put off any longer.

Seeing no peaceable way of getting rid of this impudent fellow, young Duncan dealt him a few well-directed blows which sent him reeling to the ground.

Pete soon cried out that he was willing to give up, and in humility he scrambled to his feet and walked home as best he could. After washing himself it was found that he had received several severe bruises. For a week or two after this he went about with his head ornamented by three pieces of court plaster and a surrounding border made of a cotton handkerchief. Of course, all the boys knew how he won the badges he wore, and he did not feel so proud of himself as he might have been had he gained the laurels he expected.

But the result turned out to be of more good to him than he had any idea it would. Feeling too much ashamed to mingle with the boys, he spent most of his time at home until the bruises on his head were healed. He now had plenty time to reflect upon his condition and the course of life he was leading. The more he thought upon his life the more he was convinced of the error of his way; and he finally determined in his mind to take a different course in the future. Instead of aiming to excel as a pugilist he set his mind on attaining to something more honorable. His associates were surprised at the change that had come over him and they instinctively dropped the title he formerly bore—"Pete the pugilist"—and called him by his proper name.

A SOLDIER'S ADVENTURES.

BY C. H. W.

(Continued from page 291.)

IT was with reluctance that I yielded to my father's wishes to give up my military career, for by this time I loved it, and was in a way, where I had reason to expect success and promotion, and, as I have already stated, fame and adventure were my motto. But I loved my father, and did not wish to hurt his feelings; so, after arranging matters with the officers of the Brazilian government, and bidding a hearty adieu to my brave and good captain, I started for home in company with my father and received a warm welcome from the family.

After a good rest and visit I returned to my old occupation, taking charge of one of my old master's mills.

Nothing of note occurred until the year 1853, when I married my present partner in life, bought a mill in Dahme, on the coast of the Baltic, and settled down, as I thought then, for life, as is generally the custom in that country when one gets married. But fate willed it otherwise. My Heavenly Father had a work for me to do of more importance than the one I was then engaged in, and to accomplish His object certain circumstances had to be brought to bear—I had to pass through the mill.

Prussia and Austria in their treaty with Denmark had given that power almost the same control over Schleswig and Holstein, as it had before the war. In order to punish and to subdue the liberal feeling prevailing in the dukedoms, all those who had served as officers in the war against them, were drafted to serve a term in the Danish army. I was honored with a prospect of a four year's position in the king's horse guard, and was to report at Copenhagen on a certain day in the year 1857. To this my pride could not submit, and instead of reporting at Copenhagen, I bid farewell to the land of my birth with the intention to join two of my brothers who were then in business in South America.

On arriving in England I met a host of old war-companions, who had left home and friends for the same reason as I had. We had a jolly good time as long as money lasted; and when at the end of several weeks I wanted to buy my passage for Buenos Ayers I found myself short of funds, having only

enough left to secure steerage on a sailing vessel for New York. Another new experience.

There were on board four hundred Irish emigrants and ten of us Germans. The second day out we found ourselves possessors of a considerable amount of live stock, imported fresh and direct from Ireland. The reader, if acquainted with the procreative powers of the flea, may imagine to what an extent the increase was by the time we landed in New York, being seven weeks, making the trip, and this in hot weather. I do not think I had a place on my body the size of a silver dollar that was not raw from scratching.

I landed in Castle Gardens with fifty cents and two trunks of good clothing; but I felt that everybody was awaiting my arrival and that to get work would be no trouble at all. However, a few days convinced me to the contrary. I was much disappointed, and for the first time in my life found myself without money and without friends, a stranger in a strange land. The language and customs differed so widely from those of my native home that I began to feel I did not know a great deal after all.

For a man of the world to be without money in a strange land is something serious, his situation is not like that of a Latter-day Saint, traveling and preaching without purse or scrip.

I had tried throughout my life, (German fashion), to make myself believe there was no God that would hear and answer the prayers of His children and look after them; consequently, when I found myself far away from home and friends, I was indeed without a friend. And I felt it so much that on several occasions I went into a church in New York to find comfort; but there was none for me.

Not so with a Latter-day Saint. He knows, when in distant lands that there is an all-seeing eye that looks after his welfare, that not a hair of his head will fall to the ground unnoticed; and that his Heavenly Father will provide for him when in straightened circumstances. He has a Friend indeed, one that will not forsake him, one that is not like the one I had been used to rely on—money. In hours of trial a Latter day Saint will seek his closet, bend his knees and empty his soul before his Maker, and receive comfort. His sorrows and troubles, will leave him, for he has received the healing and comforting balm that heals all sores.

My experience in that great city was a terrible one. Work I could not get, and money I had none, while the cravings of nature demanded satisfaction. I had never before in my life known want. Kind and indulgent parents had always provided me with plenty, and I never knew the value of a dollar until then.

I had passed two weeks in this way, when one fine morning the landlord where I roomed turned me out of doors, keeping my trunks for past expenses. On that day I think I offered my services to at least fifty persons for my board, but without success, it was not my Heavenly Father's plan for me to stay in New York.

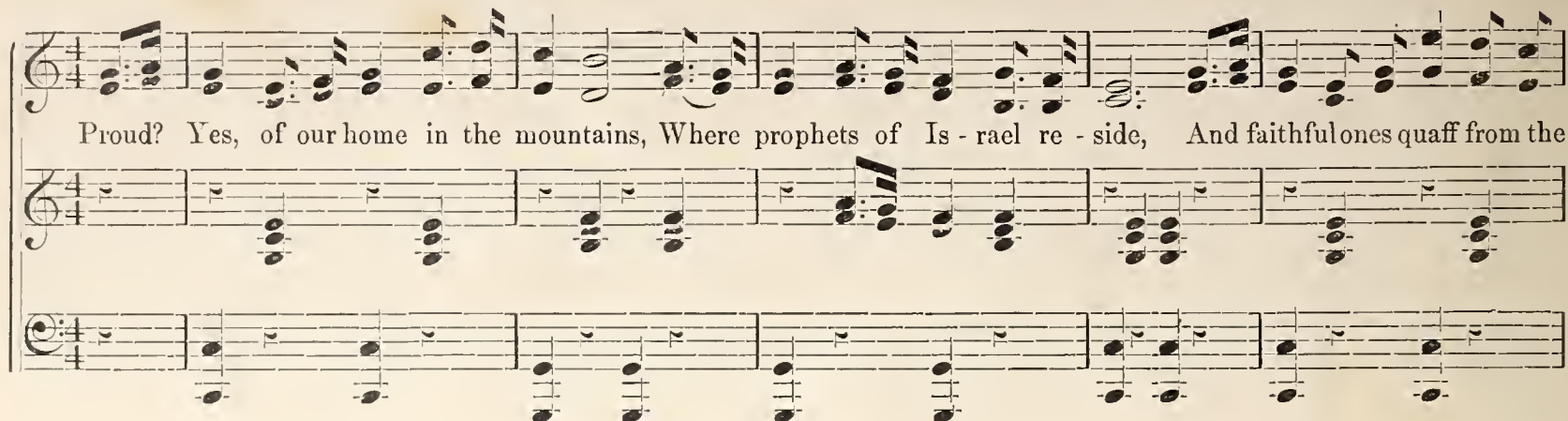
Towards evening, almost driven to desperation, I passed a recruiting office, and resolved to enlist rather than to spend the night upon the streets. Seeing a decent-looking fellow, the officers were glad to enlist me and soon found a government interpreter to do the talking.

Next morning I was shipped to Governor's Island, and soon transformed from a lone and friendless tramp to a U. S. soldier, enlisted for Utah, to wipe out the "Mormons." My temporary wants, of course, were at once relieved.

(To be Continued.)

OUR HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS.

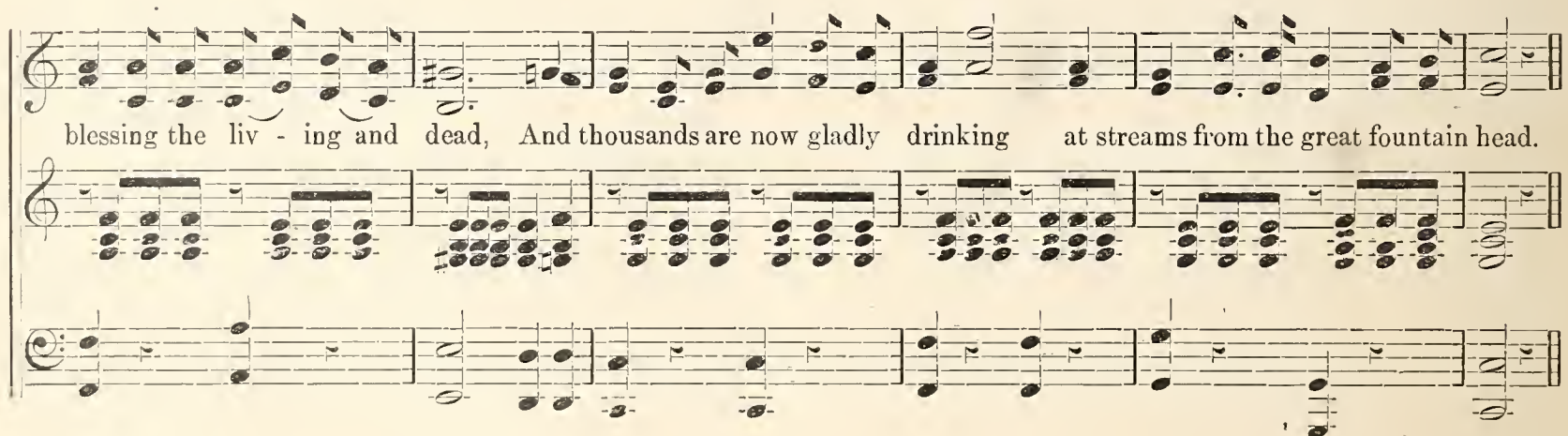
WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. S. LEWIS.



Proud? Yes, of our home in the mountains, Where prophets of Is - rael re - side, And faithful ones quaff from the



fountains, Where wisdom and virtue a - bide. The Lord is now pouring a blessing— Is

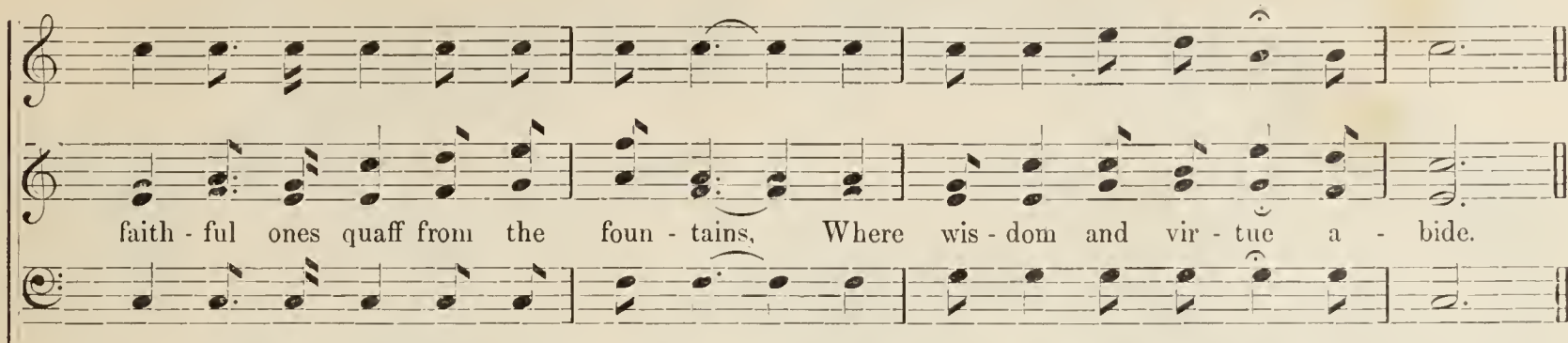


blessing the liv - ing and dead, And thousands are now gladly drinking at streams from the great fountain head.

CHORUS.



Proud? Yes, of our home in the mountains, Where prophets of Is - rael re - side, And



The Saints are inviting the nations
Unto chambers prepared of our God;
To join in the work of redemption,
Far away from the scourge and the rod.
Already the black horse is prancing,
Denoting that death is at hand;
Destruction is surely advancing,
To conquest in every land.

God's Zion is rich, and her blessing
The wide world will forever excel,
E'en now, see her people possessing,
More than poets or prophets could tell.
Like pillars of heaven her mountains,
Adorned with perpetual snow,
Their joy to replenish earth's fountains,
And fertilize valleys below.

HUNTING FOR A WORD.

THE following anecdote related of Moore, the Irish poet, shows how much pains a writer who does good work will take to put the right word in the right place. Moore was on a visit to a literary friend in France, and while there, wrote a short poem:

One day, while the guest was engaged in his literary labor, the two took a stroll into an adjacent wood, and his host soon perceived that his companion was given up to his own thoughts; he was silent and abstracted, noticing neither his friend and entertainer, nor the surrounding beauties of the landscape.

By-and-by, he began to gnaw the finger-tips of his gloves, pulling and twitching spasmodically, and when this had gone on for a long time, his friend ventured to ask him what was the trouble.

"I'll tell you," said Moore, "I have left at home, upon my table, a poem in which is a word I do not like. The line is perfect save that one word; and that word is perfect save its inflection. Thus it is;" and he repeated the line, and asked his friend if he could help him.

It was a delicate point. The friend saw the need, saw where and how the present word jarred just the slightest possible bit upon the exquisite harmony of the cadence; but he could not supply the want.

The twain cudgelled their brains until they reached the house on their return, without avail.

The rest of the day was spent as usual, as was the evening, save that ever and anon Moore would sink into silent fits in pursuit of the absent word. And so come on the night, and the poet went to bed in a deep study.

The following morning was bright and beautiful, and Moore came down from his chamber with a bounding step, with a scrap of paper in his hand, and a glorious light in his genial countenance.

The word had come to him! He had awoke during the night, and the kind genius of inspiration had visited his pillow, and he had got up and torn a scrap from his note book, and at the window, by the light of the moon, had made the thought secure.

"There," said he, when he had incorporated it into the text, "there it is, only a simple, single word, a word as common as a, b, c, and yet it cost me twelve hours of unflagging labor to find it and put it where it is; who could believe it?"

EXCESSIVE EATING.—"I live to eat," was said to an old Grecian sage. "I eat to live," was his reply. Now it is a well-known law that pleasure fails us in proportion as it is sought as an end. Socrates was right when he told the luxurious Athenians that, after all, he got more real pleasure from his plain food than they did from their richer viands.

But there is another fact in the case, that people who live to eat, eat to die; while those who eat to live, live on long after apoplexy, heart-complaint, or pulmonary congestion, has suddenly ended the lives of the former.

Most great eaters die in their prime. Few pass threescore years and ten. The long livers are the small eaters. Even in families remarkable for longevity, it is mainly those who are temperate in eating who inherit their birthright.

Says a medical writer in the *Herald of Health*, "In 1875, I spent some months in the British Museum library, reading up the subject of longevity, in the literature of which that library is surprisingly rich. I was struck with the testimony on this very point. Where anything was known of the habits of a person remarkable for longevity, it came out almost uniformly that he was a very small eater."

He adds, "It is a constant drain on the vitality to digest more food than is necessary to run the machine. Where one dies of too much drink, ten die of too much food."

KNOWLEDGE will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but, when you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.

THERE is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works.

THE GLASSY RAILROAD.

BY ALFRED OSMOND.

THERE is a glassy railroad
That's finished fine and bright,
Its trains are dashing onward,
Traveling swiftly, day and night;
No storm has ever stopped them,
They're ever seen to run,
And gay and giddy people
Are traveling just for fun.
They laugh, and are contented
To take this lovely ride—
The rich, the poor, the high the low,
Take passage side by side.

They know not when they started
And they know not how they came
To be traveling on this railroad,
That doth always run the same.
Some started in their youthtime,
And others in old age—
You know this glassy railroad
Has always been the rage.
Soon after the creation
'Twas built; and since that day
Had plenty hands to run it
Without a cent of pay.

"Would you like to buy a ticket
On this glassy road of mine,
With its neatly-finished cushions,
And its coaches grand and fine?"
"Yes, we'll go," replies the foolish,
"If all of this be true,
We will call and get a ticket,
And give our thanks to you."
Soon they get their tickets,
And quickly mount the train;
Having yielded to the tempter,
They're bound fast with his chain.

This chain will ne'r be broken;
'Twill hold them to the last,
And every victim captured,
Will be held strung and fast.
They have started on that journey
From which but few return.
And friends will sadly miss them,
When of their fate they learn.
Mothers' sisters' brothers' pleadings,
All, all have been in vain;
Hope on—thou canst not save them,
They are on that crystal train.

Would you know what is this railroad?
'Tis the habit of to-day;
'Tis intemperance, an infamy
That leads the downward way;
'Tis an easy thing to travel
Upon this glassy line,
But 'twil lead to certain ruin,
So step off while there's time.
There are many charms about this road
Of which its friends do boast.
Perhaps, this is the reason
It carries such a host.

Are you traveling on this railroad
Finished so fine and bright?
That is dashing heedless downward
To an abyss dark as night?
If so, pray get off quickly—
You say the trains don't stop?
Then jump, I would advise you,
Though you fall dead as you drop:
To die this way is better,
Then men will know you tried
To reform, and they'll regard you,
As a man who bravely died.

If you have an evil habit,
Even though it may be small,
Try now and overcome it,
Or it may cause your fall.
Remember God is watching
And that He helps the weak;
He's willing to assist you,
If you His aid will seek.
Then stand up firm and manly,
And to God's cause be true,
And Satan will be conquered
And his glassy railroad crew.

CHARADE.

BY J. LEON FRANK.

My first, the wealth of this broad land
Without me naught can be;
With me goes commerce hand in hand,
I spread from sea to sea.
My second terminates the words
That convey an action,
My last is just two thousand pounds
To your satisfaction.
My whole a town up north, ye ken?
In Davis County—find it then.

ENIGMA.

BY EQUATOR.

I AM composed of nine letters.

My 1, 2, 3, is a pronoun.
My 1, 2, 3, 5, is a great one.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, is what every bicyclist can do.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, is a mountain in Palestine.
My 4, 5, 6, 8, 1, is a part of our body.
My 9, 8, 5, 3, 4, is what we often dislike.
My 1, 5, 4, 2, is dear to all.
My 3, 5, 4, 2, is the name of an ancient city.
My 9, 6, 4, 8, 2, 3, is a noted place in this nation.
My whole is the name of a locality mentioned in the Book
of Mormon. Give the passage with the incident connected
therewith.

BEWARE of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great
ship.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XX.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 15, 1885.

NO. 22.

THE OLD MILL.

EVERY man whose childhood has been passed in the country or who has had some, no matter how small experience, in child-life outside of cities, must remember some one haunt that is dearer to him than all others. It is not apt to be the school-house, though it may be on rare occasions; it may possibly be the play ground, in which he used to pitch horse-shoes, play marbles, and spin his top; it is likely to be the blacksmith's shop; it is certain to be the mill. We wavered between the last two, for a short time, in our childish days. One of our earliest recollections, perhaps the earliest of out-door life, is of a village blacksmith's shop. It stood back from a dusty country road, and was, we have no doubt now, the merest apology for what it assumed to be. There



was a little forge in one corner, behind which we tugged, when we were allowed, as a great favor, to expend our wind in raising that of the bellows. In another corner was a stall wherein oxen were shod, the charm of which was two broad leathern bands, which were used to hoist the oxen up so that they could not kick, and in which, when they were not in use, we youngsters used to swing. It was a favorite corner till the day when we were driven to the mill. We haunted it less after that, though we rather liked it; at least—we swung no more! The smithy had lost its charm, and Vulcan himself could not have drawn us thither, even to see the cattle of King Admetus shod.

We took to the mill. It was on the side of the village road, which wound down to the edge

of the sea. A little river, running from somewhere inland, broadened into a small lake, and narrowed again as it neared the mill-dam. The water there was still, and dark, and was believed to be very deep. The village boys used to drop their lines into it, and there were traditions that fish were sometimes caught therein. Those who were not inclined to fish, and we were of the number, loved to stand and watch the old wheel—that treadmill which the river was forced to turn on its way to the sea, and which turned and turned from morning to night, on busy days, dripping diamonds all the while. They glittered and disappeared, and glittered again, an inexhaustable Golconda. This was the mill from without. Within all was dark and strange, to our dazzled eyes, and we were never weary of piercing through the open door, beyond which we heard the clatter of something, and saw the miller flitting round, covered with white dust. There were meal sacks on the floor, and meal was pouring from somewhere through the hopper, into other sacks. All was meal, and mealy.

We took to the mill hugely, and took away a huge deal of the mill in the shape of meal-dust on our garments, which would retain it when we tried to brush it off on the way home. It told the tale of where we had been loitering, and led to another drubbing of our jackets. A.

RELIGIOUS CREDULITY.

BY W. J.

MAN is pronounced a religious being. He must worship the true and living God, or a false god which he believes to be a true one, or the representation of something which he believes to be the Deity. And this is an age which furnishes him quite a choice of creeds and gods. In the absence of true prophets and divine revelation, religious creeds and systems have multiplied greatly on the earth, and it takes a large amount of credulity to believe the many inconsistencies and absurdities embraced in those numerous creeds.

The Shakers repudiate a physical resurrection as being repugnant to science, reason and scripture. They believe that living a spiritual and holy life, and dying daily to the generative nature, is the true resurrection. They consider themselves the children of the resurrection; that they occupy a higher plane than common mortals; that they are above the common order of natural human reproduction; that marriage is allowable in the children of this world, the followers of the first Adam; and that they, being of a higher order, viz., resurrected beings, should believe in celibacy, and they claim to be strict celibates. These are only a few of their doctrines, but submit them to a scriptural test and see what becomes of them.

Among the fourteen articles of the Jewish faith is one, that God is incorporeal, and cannot have any material properties; and another, that the Messiah has not come and atoned for man, but that He is to come as Ben-David, a victorious and powerful Prince; but Bible believers can find plenty of evidence to overturn these two articles of faith.

Last June, a Canadian paper clipped the following from an exchange: "Religious fanaticism is spreading among the peasants of Esthonia, Russia, at a very alarming rate, and they fall easy victims to all kinds of religious monte banks. Not long ago a fellow made his appearance in the village of Esthonia, and declared that he was able to perform baptism in

such a way that the baptized could at once enter heaven without any further ado. A great number of candidates soon presented themselves to the man of great promise and power, and cheerfully paid down the three rubles demanded for admission to the sweet by and by. The baptizer then cut a hole in the ice, and to this the dupes betook themselves, and there in the open Winter air removed every stitch of their clothing. Then they were submerged three times in the ice-cold water. After dressing they had to go through another cleaning, which also served as a proof of their faith in quite a different element. Brush was piled up and fired, and the believers had to walk through. If they cleared the flames without their clothes or hair getting singed, they were sure of the glory of heaven; but, if the contrary, they had to go to a place where the heat is said to be both scorching and everlasting. During three days over ninety persons were found foolish enough to submit to the ordeal. The results were such as could be easily foreseen. A number were laid on the sick-bed, and many died. The rascal who caused all this misery fled. The baptized dupes expected every moment to be taken into Abraham's bosom, but as the delay seemed to them too long, they climbed to the top of a roof, and, with hands out-stretched and fearful screams, they implored the Lord to realize the promise made by His agent. Later, some of them went into the woods, and there meeting a woman, they overpowered her and agreed to kill her as a sacrifice to the Lord, that he might listen to their prayers. Her outcry attracted the attention of some gentlemen hunting in the vicinity, who rescued her and had the poor dupes arrested." By comparison with scriptural principles of the gospel, this mode of baptism and fire test are found to be very inconsistent and absurd.

Mahometans believe that angels have pure and subtle bodies, created of fire. They believe that after the final judgement, and awards and punishments are decided upon, those who are destined for Paradise take the right, and those who are doomed to hell fire take the left, and both have to cross the bridge *Al Sirat*, which, they say, "is laid over the midst of hell, and is finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword." It is beset on each side with briars and hooked thorns, which, however, will be no impediment to the good, for they will pass over with ease and swiftness. Mahomet and his Moslems leading the way; but the wicked, in their attempt to cross, "on account of the narrowness and slipperiness of the bridge, the entanglement of the thorns, and the extinction of the light which lit up the path of the good, will soon miss their footing, and fall down headlong into hell, which is gaping beneath them."

After the righteous have crossed this bridge, and before they enter Paradise, they take a drink at "the pond of the prophet," which is supplied by two pipes from *Al Cawthay*, one of the rivers of Paradise, and whoever drinks of this water will thirst no more for ever. The earth of their Paradise is composed of the finest wheat flour, or of the purest musk or saffron. Its stones are pearls and jacinths. The trunks of its trees are gold, the most remarkable of which is called *tuba*, or the tree of happiness. Concerning this tree they say that "it stands in the palace of Mahomet, though a branch of it will reach to the house of every true believer. That it will be laden with pomegranates, grapes, dates and other fruits of surprising bigness and of tastes unknown to mortals. So that if a man desires to eat of any particular kind of fruit it will immediately be presented to him; or, if he choose flesh, birds ready dressed will be set before him, according to his wish. They add that the boughs of this tree will

spontaneously bend down to the hand of the person who would gather of its fruits, and that it would supply the blessed not only with food, but also with silken garments, and beasts to ride on ready saddled and bridled, and adorned with rich trappings, which will burst forth from its fruits; and that this tree is so large, that a person mounted on the fleetest horse could not be able to gallop from one end of its shade to the other in one hundred years." These are only a few of the absurdities of the Mahometan creed, which, however, like many other creeds, contains some good principles; and the majority of man-made creeds contain more or less glaring errors.

But sincerity must be conceded to millions who subscribe to these man-made fictions. Yet it is difficult to conceive how the human mind can endorse them. But the fact that they are believed by so many is evidence of the extent to which mortals can be blinded and duped by blind and fanatical leaders of the blind, who, in turn, are blinded and deceived by the "father of lies." In our day, however, God has spoken from the long-sealed heaven. The earth has yielded its treasure of truth as presented to the world in the Book of Mormon. Glorious truths have been revealed to man from the heavens above. A flood of light has been shed upon the scriptures of divine truth. Long-established fallacies should pass away like dew before a Summer morning sun. Truth should be welcomed as a priceless boon from heaven, and all should learn the true gospel of present and eternal salvation.

THE VOICE.

THE larynx, or vocal box placed at the upper end of the windpipe, is the means by which the voice is produced. In speaking there are tones and noises produced. Says a writer in the *New York Tribune*:

Noise proceeds from irregular movements of the sounding body; tone is sound caused by regular periodic vibrations of the sounding body. The crying of a child is a noise; in singing the child produces tone.

The whole body, with the exception of the extremities, is concerned in the production of voice. It is not surprising, therefore, that the voice of a person should be so perfect an index of his capacity, character and culture.

And this thought suggests the fulness of meaning there is in the name given to Christ, who is the word or voice of God, God speaking to us.

Tone has three properties, strength, pitch and quality; or, as the French term it, *timbre*. The *timbre* of a tone depends on the form of the waves of vibration; when the sound waves are sent out on the air in a round form, or in such a way as to allow their circulation in all directions without obstruction, the most pleasing effects are produced.

This is accomplished by a careful adjustment of the vocal organs, and it is in this adjustment that one musical artist excels another.

It is not possible for every woman to possess rare musical ability, but where can be found a sweet, lovely, talented woman whose voice does not betray her sweetness, her loveliness, her talent?

The production of the most simple tones of the voice requires the associated action of an extensive range of organs; for it is calculated that, in the ordinary modulation of the voice, more than one hundred muscles are brought into action at the same time.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER XVII.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

ONE night, after retiring to my bed for rest, it was made known to me by vision that my mission on the rock was fulfilled acceptably before the Lord, and I saw a scourge come upon the place soon after my departure, for it appeared to me that I was sailing out of the lovely Bay of Gibraltar on one of her majesty's elegant steam packets.

A short time after I had this vision shown to me I received a letter from a Mr. Lambel, a resident of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. In his communication, Mr. Lambel informed me of the serious illness of his brother-in-law. The doctors had given him up, as it was out of their power to effect a cure. He further stated that he and his family had read a great deal about the Latter-day Saints, and had learned of their faith in the ordinances of the gospel; and by communications from England he had been told of my mission to Gibraltar. He desired me to go to Lisbon and anoint with oil, and pray for this sick man, as they fully believed in the healing of the sick by the laying on of hands, as was customary among the ancient saints of which the Bible tells us. The gentleman furnished me nine pounds English money, with which to pay my passage to Lisbon and return, which was equal to a full fare from Gibraltar to Southampton, England.

Thus was my deliverance brought about. After the governor's unfaithfulness to fulfill his promise, the Lord opened up my way to accomplish what was shown to me by vision. This incident teaches us the lesson that the Lord is good and kind to all who put their trust in Him.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

RETALIATION.—A lady once, when she was a little girl, learned a good lesson, which she tells for the benefit of whom it may concern.

One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's farm-yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn around. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon the neighbor kicked, and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed and said—

"See what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning."

Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, "Take care, my children. Remember how the fight in the farm-yard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourselves and others a great deal of trouble."

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

RELIGION is the best armor that a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.

THE WIND.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—I want to give you a simple lesson in the knowledge of this wonderful world in which you live; a lesson in what Germans call *Erd-kunde*, that is, earth-lore, earth-knowledge. They teach it in all their schools. I hope to see the day when it will be taught in all the schools.

I will talk to you, then, of something very common, every-day, universal, and yet very wonderful and mysterious. I mean the wind.

Nothing hardly is so common as the wind. But have you ever thought what it is?

It is air blowing, air moving. Yes. But what makes the air move? How is it that there is ever any wind? How is it that it is not always calm and still?

And here is another question, and the most interesting of all; for it is a question not of how, but of why; and not of means, but of ends. Why does God let the winds blow at all? What good do the winds do on the earth, to the plants, to the animals, to men?

When we get that answered, even in part, we shall see how beautifully and wisely made the earth is, and the air round the earth. We shall see that the winds are indeed, as the Bible says, the winds of God; and that He makes the winds His angels; not angels in human form, such as you read of in the Bible, but angels still, fulfilling God's ends, going on God's errands, bearing life, and breath, and health, and food to man and beast, to the tallest tree in the forest, and the tiniest herb in the field.

Now let us begin to answer one question.

How is it that the wind blows? What makes the air ever move?

You know the globe, the model of our earth. I dare say there is one in the school-room. You know the two Poles,

the North Pole and the South Pole, where it is always cold Winter. You know the Equator, between the two Tropics, where it is always hot Summer.

Now remember always that hot air is lighter than cold air; for hot air expands, that is, swells, and spreads its atoms apart, and becomes more spongy the hotter it grows; while cold air contracts, that is, shrinks, and closes its atoms together, and becomes more solid the colder it grows.

But if hot air is lighter than cold, then the hotter it is, the more it must rise into the sky, if it can; and the colder it is, the more it must sink towards the earth.

Therefore in the hot Tropics the air must be always swelling and rising, while at the cold Poles it must be always falling and shrinking. And what must happen then? That the hot air from the Tropics must always be flowing northward to the North Pole and southward toward the South Pole, to fill up the space which the cold air leaves empty when it shrinks. For air, like water, is ready continually to flow wherever it finds an empty space.

And so, if the earth stood still, a wind would be always rushing toward the North Pole, and another wind always making towards the South Pole.

But there must be more than that. If only that went on, all the air would soon get to the Poles, and be packed up there; and there would be too much air at the Poles, and too little at the Tropics.

Therefore the air from the Poles rushes back to the Tropics, to fill up the space left empty there; and therefore there must be, if the earth stood still, a wind blowing down to the Tropics from each Pole, as well as a wind blowing up to each Pole from the Tropics; that each may take each other's place, and keep up the balance.

Do you not quite understand? Why, you have seen the same thing happen on a small scale a thousand times, and



EFFECTS OF THE WIND AT SEA.

perhaps caught cold by it, too. For how does the cold air, if there be a fire in the room, stream in through an open window or through a crack, and so make a draught? Because the fire heats the air in the room, and it becomes light, and flies away up the chimney, as the light, hot air does towards the Poles. But that leaves too little air in the room; and therefore the cold air rushes in through the key-hole, and under the doors, and everywhere it can, just as the cold air rushes from the Poles to the Tropics.

So the mere difference of heat between the Tropics and the Poles would make two winds, even if the earth stood still.

But the earth does not stand still. It turns round on its axis, that is, on the Poles, once every twenty-four hours, to make day and night; and thus the course of the winds is altered, and, instead of blowing due north and south, they blow generally north-east and south-west.

Now, you must attend to this; and, if you do not quite understand our explanation, try it for yourselves on the globe till you do.

You all know that when you are traveling in a carriage your body is moving on with the same speed as the carriage, and keeps that speed if you jump out, till you touch the ground, and are stopped suddenly by it; so that if you jump out forward, the speed which your body has caught from the carriage will throw you on your face, if you do not take care; while, if you jump out backward—which I advise you never to do—the same speed will throw you on your back: and has stunned many a foolish person ere now by a tremendous blow on the back of his head.

Another example of this law, or rule, you may see when a man gallops a horse up to a fence, and the horse stops short. Where does the man go, if he is sitting loosely? Over the horse's head, and into the next field. He is moving with the speed of the horse, and when the horse stops he goes on.

Just so, anything heavy thrown out of a railway train moves on for a while with the speed of the train, and if the train is going forty miles an hour, it will strike one with a force of forty miles an hour. Therefore it is very dangerous—and, now you are warned, very wrong—to throw anything out of a railway car while you are passing people or houses.

Now let us apply the same law, or rule, to the air in the West Indies, at the Tropics.

The earth there is 24,900 miles round—that is called the circumference of the earth: and it turns round once every twenty-four hours, from west to east. Now divide 24,900 by 24. What have you? 1,037½ miles. Therefore every little atom of air at the Tropics is going eastward with the earth at the rate of more than a thousand miles an hour. But as the air travels north, the earth's circumference grows smaller the further north it gets. That you may prove for yourselves by measuring on the globe. But it all turns round in the same time—twenty-four hours. And therefore each spot on the globe is turning more slowly the further north it is.

Look, for instance, at St. Petersburg, in Russia, in latitude 60°. There the earth is only about half as much around as it is in the Tropics; therefore St. Petersburg is moving eastward only half as fast as the West Indies. For it has only 12,450 miles to go in twenty-four hours, while the West Indies have 24,900 to go in the same time.

But the hot air from the Tropics keeps up to something of that tremendous pace of a thousand miles an hour eastward with which it started; and therefore, when it comes up to us here, it is going eastward much faster than we are; and when it gets as far north as Alaska, much faster still—con-

tinually, as it were, catching us up, and passing us, in wind rushing from the west towards the east. So it is traveling east as well as north; therefore it is traveling, on the whole, north-east. But we name the winds not by the quarter which they are going to, but by the quarter which they are coming from. And as the wind comes to us from south and from west, we call it a south-west wind.

Do you understand that? If you do, you will be ready to ask another question. Why does not the south-west wind strike us here at the pace of hundreds of miles an hour? It blows usually some ten to twenty miles an hour only; and if it blows as hard as sixty miles an hour, we call it a terrible storm. Yet by my account it ought to be blowing over the northern countries at five hundred miles an hour and not very much less here. How is it that it does not? How is there not a perpetual hurricane here, such as comes—but, thank God, rarely—in the West Indies, such as no man nor house could stand upright in, making the country an empty desert?

That is prevented by God's foresight—by one of those "compensating laws" by which He, in His bounty, has made His earth a fit dwelling-place for man.

The air is stopped continually by friction; that is, by rubbing against other air, and against the earth. The south-west wind comes up to us here, even the very fiercest gale, like a spent bullet bearing with its course through the air. It has to fight its way up against the earth, with its hills, and trees, and houses, all trying to stop it, and against the north-east winds too, which are rushing in exactly the opposite direction; and it is continually checked and baffled by them; and the fiercest gale which we ever felt is but a little strip or flake of it, which has, as it were, escaped, and run away for a few hundred miles. But it will be soon tamed down and brought to reason, by thrusting and grinding against the north east wind coming down from the icy regions of the pole.

And now let us talk a little of that north east wind, and why it does not come straight from north all the year round.

Because, as with the south-west wind, the earth moves eastward on its axis.

Now the North Pole simply stands still, and turns round on itself, like the hub of a wheel, in the midst of snow and ice. At least, so wise men tell us. For I never was there, nor any one else, and I shall take good care that I do not go there, at least till I am turned into a whale or a white bear. But see now—because the Pole is not moving eastward, the air round it is not moving eastward either; and therefore the cold air which starts from the Pole to go south, starts without any inclination to go east. But as it comes down, it finds the earth under it flying round eastward faster and faster, as it goes south. The earth is meeting it—I am sure you will understand—continually from the westward, and therefore we feel the north wind usually as a north-east wind, because we are rushing against it as we go east.

So we have a north-east wind going from the Pole to the West Indies, and a south-west wind going from the West Indies to the Pole. This happens in our northern hemisphere; that is, the northern half of the world. But in the southern hemisphere, as you would find if you went to Australia, you have a south-east wind to answer our north east, and a north-east wind to answer our south-west. And how that comes about, I leave clever children to find out for themselves; only telling them to remember what I have taught them already; for the very same rules that hold good here hold good there.

There is something grand to me in this perpetual struggle of the north-east and south-west winds, which is going on for

ever a few miles over our heads. Therefore I advise all sensible children, and grown people too, never to put faith in prophecies about the weather. He must be a very wise man who can tell you if it will be fine the day after to-morrow, and still more a week hence; and he can only do that in a part of the country which he knows well from long experience. For the two great winds are always wrestling and jostling over our heads, each determined to have its own way, and to get to its own home, and which of the two will conquer for the week is more than man can know.

P. S. Y.

A SOLDIER'S ADVENTURES.

BY C. H. W.

(Continued from page 333.)

MY stay at Governor's Island was short. A few days' drill prepared a lot of us to be shipped to Fort Leavenworth to be distributed among the several companies and regiments that were to make up the army sent for Utah. I heard it mentioned frequently that this division was the "flower of the American army," and I felt to say, "May the Lord take care of the balance." I never had in all my experience seen anything like it that was called a military organization.

As a rule, the American army is made up of the scum of the nation—a lot of men that are worthless to society. The drunkard, the loafer and the depraved find, when they are at their rope's end, an asylum in the army, and become the "defenders of their country."

Everything was so unlike German—no discipline, no care of dress, no punctuality nor order—it seemed to me more like a mob than a regular army, and I soon became disgusted with my situation.

In Germany things are quite different. Every able-bodied young man has to serve a certain time as a soldier. No matter how rich or how poor, he wears a coat of the same cloth, sleeps in the same kind of bed and has to perform the same kind of duty. Hence a soldier is respected, and has admittance into any society. Strict discipline is enforced, order and punctuality are observed, cleanliness is a specialty, dress and deportment are without a fault, and the drill is perfect.

I have seen regiments drawn up in line for drill, and it would seem as if the commanding general had a string in his hand, which he pulled every time a command was given. So perfectly were they drilled in the manual of arms that every motion was simultaneous.

The reader may imagine the pains taken with a recruit. It takes three months at least before he gets any instructions in the manual of arms. All this time is consumed in learning how to stand, to sit, to walk, to salute, to right and left wheel and to face about.

Preparations for starting were soon completed at Fort Leavenworth, and the march across the plains was begun. I was assigned to the light artillery. We had eight pieces of light calibre, very incompletely mounted. We had no small arms, except eight old condemned cavalry carbines—one for each cannon. It would have been next to impossible to hit the side of a barn with them at a hundred yards' distance.

Our sabres were strapped to the caissons, and in case of an Indian attack all of us would have been cut down before we could have got them. Only the commissioned and non-com-

missioned officers had revolvers. The reason the privates had none was, as I learned, because they could not be trusted with them. They would either sell them for whisky or use them in their brawls with each other, which were of frequent occurrence.

As luck would have it, we had no use for arms while crossing the plains. Everything went smoothly with the exception of a good deal of hard work and fasting. The commissary officers would sell the supplies to the different settlers or emigrants we would meet, and the boys had to go without. The only square meals I ever had were when I had been killing some game.

On the Sweetwater we met Captain Van Vliet, who was returning from Salt Lake City, where he had been sent by the government on business with President Brigham Young. He reported how things stood in the valley, and the preparations the Saints were making. This of course caused our commanders to be a little more cautious in their movements. A great deal of cheap talk was indulged in by the young West Point recruits about what they were going to do after arriving among the "Mormons," such as hanging the leaders and appropriating to themselves their wives and daughters.

Nothing of importance occurred until we reached Ham's Fork. Here we could see now and again little squads of men on horseback, peeping over the hills. Sometimes they would descend into the bottoms and set the grass on fire and burn the timber. This caused some uneasiness, as we could not turn out our horses to feed for fear they would be run off. The grass where we were camping had all been burned before we reached there, our supply of corn was very near exhausted, and all this began to tell severely upon our animals.

Now and again reports would reach us that the "Mormons" had tried to run off the teams from some of the other columns, that provision trains had been burned, etc. I could plainly see that our officers began to look at things more seriously. Cold weather was approaching, teams were poor, provisions scarce, and the heaviest and most dangerous part of the journey was before us.

I had by this time become so thoroughly disgusted with the life of an American soldier that I determined to throw up my commission, and leave for "greener fields and pastures new," when I found that orders had been given for our column to halt and await the arrival of the rear troops. Here an incident in my life occurred which is worth mentioning, as it is a testimony to me to-day that some unseen power was watching over me, even when I did not want to believe in anything of the kind.

The tenth infantry were camped a distance of two miles from us, and on the evening previous to my departure from the army my captain sent me there to get his watch, which was being repaired by one of the soldiers. I took his horse—a very good one—and before leaving he handed me his revolver for fear some one should intercept me. I got the watch, which was worth at least one hundred and fifty dollars, and started on my way back to camp, when a thought came into my head that I was pretty well fixed to go on my intended journey to Salt Lake City. The more I thought of this the more feasible it seemed to me; so when I found a place to ford the river, my mind was made up, and I started. No sooner had I reached the water's edge than I heard my real name called! (I had enlisted under an assumed name). This brought me to a stand in a hurry, and I began to reconnoitre the immediate vicinity; but I could neither find nor see anyone. So after a few minutes' thought I came to the conclusion that it was only my imagination, and I started once more. Again I heard the same

voice calling me, this time a little louder, which brought me again up standing. What to do and how to account for this I did not know, for I was sure that no living mortal in that part of the world knew my name. I finally made up my mind that I was only a coward, and did not have the courage that I had always thought I possessed, and that I would go on anyway. But when I wheeled my horse to proceed my name was again called in a still louder voice. A fear and trembling came over me to such a degree that I hurried from the spot and made my way for camp. I delivered the watch, pistol and horse and retired to bed, where sleep soon ended my reflections of what had transpired.

Next morning Colonel Alexander rode up to our camp with fifty cavalry, and we learned that he had been out all night patrolling around the different camps, watching the enemies. I am confident that if I had started, capture, imprisonment and disgrace would have been my lot. As it was I had spent a pleasant night, and in my dreams I was told to ask the captain for permission to go out hunting the following day, and that I should be led to meet some friends. My spirit, which had for some time previous been oppressed, had again assumed its natural buoyancy, and I felt better than I had done for months. After breakfast I saw the captain and asked him for permission to go hunting. He granted the request and cautioned me to be careful and not get taken prisoner by the "Mormons."

I took my gun, which was my private property, some ammunition and matches, and set out with a heart as light as a feather, knowing that my dream would be fulfilled. I had procured several days' provisions, examined a map and had determined on the course I ought to take. My steps were directed in such a way that on the following day I reached Fort Bridger, where William Hickman and a Mr. Callister met me, and proved to me friends indeed. I do not know that I was ever better cared for in my life than I was by these men, and I felt at once at home. A few hours after my arrival a herd of cattle were driven in, on their way to Salt Lake City. It proved to be those that Lot Smith had taken on Green River; and Mr. Hickman furnished me a horse to assist the boys in driving the cattle. He never even took my gun from me, which is contrary to any rule in war time. The captain under whose charge I was placed was Sidney Eppersin.

(To be Continued.)

KEEPING THE HEAD CLEAN.—The following suggestion is worth heeding:

A distinguished physician who had spent much time at quarantine said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious diseases; but where the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted, it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda water.

I have known severe cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in the case of "rare cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes and nose after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterwards, and avoid drafts of air for a little while.

MODESTY is to merit as shades to figures in a picture; giving it strength and beauty.

FAREWELL OF THE SPIRIT TO THE BODY.

COMPANION dear, the hour draws nigh,
The sentence speeds to die! to die!
Too long in mystic union held,
Too close with strong embrace impelled;
How eanst thou bear the dread decree,
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me,
To Him who on this mortal shore
The same encircling vestment wore?

If I have ever caused thee pain,
The throbbing breast, the burning brain,
With eares and vigils turned thee pale,
And scorned thee when thy strength did fail,
Forgive, forgive, thy task doth cease;
Friend, lover, let us part in peace,
That thou didst sometimes cheek my foree,
Or, trifling, stay my upward course,

Or lure from heaven my wavering trust,
Or bow my drooping wings to dust,
I blame thee not! thy strife is done,
I knew thou wert the weaker one—
The base of earth, the trembling elod,
Constrained to hold the breath of God.
Well hast thou in thy serviee wrought:
Thy brow hath mirrored forth my thought;
To wear my smile thy face hath glowed;
Thy tear, to speak my sorrows flowed.

Thine ear hath brought me sweet supplies
Of sweetly varied melodies;
Thy hands my prompted deeds have done,
Thy feet upon my errands run.
Yes, thou hast marked thy biddings well,
Faithful and true, farewell, farewell:
Go to thy rest, a quiet bed,
Meek mother Earth with flowers shall spread.

Where I no more thy sleep shall break
With fevered dreams, nor rudely wake
Thy wearied eye. Oh, quit thy hold!
For thou art faint, and ehill, and eold,
And long thy grasp and groan of pain,
Have bound me pitying in thy chain,
Though angels urge me hence to soar
Where I shall share thy ill's no more.

Yet we shall meet—to sooth thy pain,
Remember we shall meet again.
Quell with this hope the victor's sting,
And keep it as a signet ring;
When the dire worm shall pierce thy breast,
And naught but ashes mark thy rest;
When stars shall fall, and skies grow dark,
And proud suns queneh their glow-worm spark,

Keep thou that hope to light thy gloom,
Till the last trumpet rend the tomb;
Then shalt thou glorious rise, and fair,
Nor spot, nor stain, nor wrinkle there.
And I with hovering wing elate,
The bursting of the bonds shall wait;
And breathe thy welcome to the sky,
No more to part, no more to die,
Co-heirs of immortality.

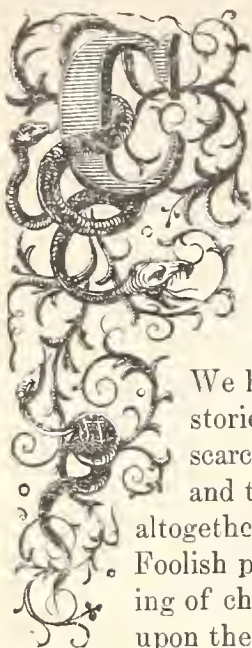
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



ARE should be taken to prevent children from receiving any impressions of a frightful character. Many children are exceedingly sensitive, and, not having had experience, they are timid and nervous. Impressions made upon them are exceedingly vivid. Sights and sounds which older people would dismiss with very little effort, affect them sometimes very seriously.

We have known children to be so frightened by stories that have been told them that they scarcely dare turn around and look behind them, and to attempt to go into the dark would be altogether past any courage they could muster. Foolish persons frequently relate stories in the hearing of children which have a very injurious effect upon them. They create fears which take years of experience to dissipate. Ghost stories are especially injurious in this respect. Some families are given to this kind of conversation; and it always happens, in families where such topics are dwelt upon, that the children are timid about venturing out into the dark or going alone to any place after nightfall. Their fears are so worked up that any unusual sound or appearance will utterly unnerve them. The imagination of many children is sufficiently active without feeding it on the marvelous. We remember in our boyhood the impression that was made upon us by coming in near contact with the execution of a murderer. We were some distance from home and noticed a large concourse of people gathered together in an out-of-the-way place, and drawing near to it to see what caused such a gathering we discovered a gallows and immediately knew there was somebody to be hanged. Frightened at the thought of seeing such a horrible sight, we turned to go home, and on the way met the condemned man sitting on his coffin in a vehicle, with a priest alongside of him repeating prayers to him from a book. Preceding the vehicle in which the condemned man sat was a band of music and a company of militia, and a large company of militia also following behind. The music was of the most solemn and impressive character, and the whole scene was photographed upon our memory, especially the appearance of the condemned murderer. He was a young man, scarcely out of his teens. For days after witnessing that scene the writer never closed his eyes or went out into the dark without seeing it all reproduced to the most minute particular. The effect was that it took some weeks for him to banish the impression, so that he could venture out into the dark alone. Verbal descriptions frequently have the same terrifying effect upon young people. They perceive as distinctly with their mental eyes the objects and incidents described by the story-teller as though the scenes were enacted before their physical vision. Of course, age and experience often remove all these fears and the bad effects pass away; but

what tortures are frequently endured before this experience is obtained. Parents cannot be too careful to guard their children against such influences and to prevent the recital to them of stories of this character. The fears which children endure from them are indescribable. No parent would permit his child to suffer such torture if it was of a physical character. He would be very indignant at any person who would inflict it.

There is no end of interesting narratives which can be related to children, that are entirely truthful, and that have an elevating effect upon them. Children love to listen to truthful stories. There is an innate love of truth in them. This is exhibited in the interest that is shown by them upon hearing a story when they ask if it is true. To know that it is true seems to add immensely to its value in their minds. This love of truth should be encouraged and not repressed. There is enough truth in the world to occupy all their time and attention, without it being necessary to have recourse to ghost stories or fairy tales, or any works of fiction. To-day our land is almost deluged with works of this description. There are periodicals without number entirely devoted to the publication of fictitious narratives and tales. Large numbers of people of both sexes are constantly employed in their manufacture. Thousands of volumes are issued yearly from the press filled with such trash. It is the bane of the present generation. Truth loses its interest to persons accustomed to this kind of reading. It is flat and insipid. The appetite for sober, truthful statements, for scientific truths, for the most glorious principles connected with time and eternity, is almost entirely destroyed. Men and women require literary works of a higher stimulating character; and the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the book of Doctrine and Covenants, and other works which treat upon the principles of salvation, are laid aside as stale and devoid of interest.

We deplore the circulation of this literature of fiction among us. It gives us pain whenever we see the trashy papers—so many of which are issued by the eastern press—on the tables of the Saints, or in the hands of their children. They destroy the taste for works of a serious and elevating character. No person accustomed to reading novels or those papers of the New York *Ledger* style can apply his or her mind to profound thought. Such persons are almost incapable of the effort. When they read there is only a certain portion of the brain that is brought into exercise. They have no use for the powers of memory, for what benefit would it be to remember that which they know to be untrue and entirely fictitious? Let a boy or a girl with ever so good a memory follow up reading works of fiction, and it will not be long until their memories will be enfeebled, and it will be with difficulty they will retain that which they read. Novel reading leads those who indulge in it to hasty and superficial reading. There is an overpowering anxiety to see what the fate of the hero or the heroine may be—to get to the end; and emotions are evoked with the imaginary sorrows of the characters of which they read that ought to be too sacred to be disturbed with anything outside of real life. How frequently can the novel reader be seen, especially if it be a young lady of tender feelings, shedding tears of sympathy over imaginary scenes that never had an existence except in the brain of the person who described them!

The effect of a persistent course of reading of this class of works is pernicious. Parents and teachers, and all who have care of the young, should do all in their power to prevent the growth of a taste of this kind. Young people, if not watched will fall into the habit unawares. Stories of this character,

are often exceedingly fascinating, and young people will frequently read them with great avidity. They should therefore be kept away from them; and the evil effects of reading such works should be pointed out to them and impressed upon them. No wise parent will purchase papers and books of this character to be within the reach of their children. Let them learn to read works of a solid, truthful and instructive character. Let their memories be stored with facts, with true knowledge, and when they become thoroughly instructed in the value of such works, and familiar with their effects, there will be but little danger of their becoming slaves to novel reading.

VICTORIA'S BUSINESS ENGAGEMENTS.

HOW "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" may be seen from the following narrative of the occupations of Queen Victoria, condensed from an English magazine:

The queen has special hours and special days for particular departments of her work. Family administration and imperial administration are the two chief heads under which these duties may be ranked.

Her majesty has extensive family connections throughout the whole of Europe. These she maintains by an active correspondence, and the whole of one day in the week is devoted to writing letters to absent relatives.

There are other private affairs of royalty not less exacting. All accounts, all bankers' pass-books, all estimates of expenditure are, in some shape or other, personally presented to the queen.

The officials about the court are besieged by telegrams from the outside world, and it is rare indeed when, even in the depth of the long vacation at Balmoral, they reach a smaller daily total than fifty.

Thus it is that the queen gives three hours a week on alternate days to the attention of telegrams alone.

One day being deducted as above for the despatch of the private business of royalty, there remain five working days for the despatch of the business of the state.

The queen can only be said to hear the post-man's knock metaphorically. The letter-bags which make their way to the foot of the throne are boxes that have been carefully packed at the different departments in Whitehall.

They are conveyed from the offices to which they respectively belong to Windsor, or Balmoral, or Osborne by queen's messengers, as are the despatches to foreign powers.

What, we may venture to inquire, are the contents of these black and red leather cases? Some are the letters of ministers, others are drafts of documents forwarded for her majesty's approval and subsequently to be transmitted to the capitals of Europe. Others, again, are papers for the royal signature.

The relation of the queen to her ministers and to the different departments of imperial affairs can scarcely be better described than by saying that while the sovereign may not know all that is in progress at the foreign office, the Indian office, or the colonial office, she demands that the means of knowing shall be always within her reach.

Then there are private letters of ministers to her majesty; every parliamentary chief of every department in the state periodically reports himself and the condition of his office to the queen.

The penmanship and preparation of these papers is a task of some ceremony. Each one commences in the same way: "Lord—" or "Sir—" presents his humble duty to Your Majesty."

Each must, according to the laws of an inflexible etiquette, be written without erasure or correction. None must be folded. Failure to comply with any one of these conditions would argue disrespect to the sovereign.

The royal messenger and his precious freight of boxes has crossed the border. Balmoral is reached at last. It is a sweet summer day, and the queen is seated in the tent on the lawn, where she frequently breakfasts in the warm weather, and remains for hours by herself or with her ladies.

The sorting of the contents of the colossal mail-bag will take upwards of an hour, and then her majesty will be informed that all is ready. Many letters are left for the royal hands to open.

Thus a foreign sovereign, or one of the queen's children, or it may even be one of her subjects whom she honors with her friendship, has addressed an epistle to her majesty, in the same way that friends, acquaintances and connections write to each other in ordinary life.

But even this communication only reaches its proud destination by a slightly circuitous route. The autograph communication of the Czar or Kaiser would first go to the Russian or German embassy in London, would then be sent to the foreign office in Whitehall, and would travel from the foreign office to Balmoral in one of the above-mentioned boxes.

In the same way will be treated the letters of those members of the royal family who may from time to time be abroad, or for the matter of that, at home. The Prince of Wales may employ the penny-post in writing to an acquaintance.

His royal highness has resorted to the state boxes when he addresses his august mother, and the letter is usually inclosed under cover to the queen's secretary.

There is not one paper in these boxes which the queen will fail to examine. On many she will ask for more information; on some she will give definite opinions which cannot be confined within the limits of a sheet of note-paper.

Here we have enough business to occupy the working hours of every day in the monarch's life. Yet even thus the list of her majesty's engagements is not exhausted. She has an interview with the secretary of state in attendance, and it is not improbable that she will discuss a little more business with him later in the day at dinner.

Nor does evening necessarily or always bring the toils of monarchy to a close.

Parliament perhaps is sitting; and miles away, at Westminster, there is a gentleman who will be busily engaged till the debate is over in sending to Balmoral short telegraphic bulletins of the progress of the discussion and of the general feeling, if the subject be of an exceptionally important character, which it seems to evoke.

The queen thus knows what has taken place in either chamber of the legislature long before her subjects; and it is, indeed, only by a combination of expedition and method, of indefatigable industry, facilitated and economized by precise, loyal and punctual service, that her majesty has justly achieved the reputation of being a model woman of business as well as a pattern constitutional monarch.

HE who has most of heart, knows most of sorrow.

THE MARQUESAS ISLANDERS.

THE Marquesas Isles are the southern group of the Mendana Archipelago, in Polynesia. They were discovered by a Spanish navigator less than two hundred years ago, and were named in honor of the then Viceroy of Peru, Los Marquesas de Mendoca.

The character of the islands is rather peculiar, and very picturesque. They are craggy, mountainous and volcanic, having exceedingly lofty peaks in the center, which look at a distance as if they were the ruins of vast buildings. Being situated in the neighborhood of the equator, their temperature is warm; and, as at the same time they are well watered, the vegetation is peculiarly luxuriant.

The inhabitants are splendid specimens of humanity, the men being remarkable for their gigantic size, fine shape, and great physical powers. A traveler among them speaks of a chief who was measured carefully, and was found to be six feet eight inches in height, and said that he knew another chief who was at least a foot taller than himself.

In a general way they wear but little raiment, a slight piece of bark cloth round the waist being the only garment which they think needful, the place of clothing being supplied by the tattoo.

There are many nations where this decoration is worn; but there are no people on the face of the earth who carry it out so fully as do the Marquesans, every part of their bodies, even to the crown of the head, and fingers and toes, being covered with the pattern. The operation is accompanied with superstitious ceremonies, and is attended with severe pain, which of

course, is to be endured with manly indifference. An instrument of bone, toothed on the edge like a comb, is employed, which is applied to the skin, and struck with a piece of wood, having first been dipped in a thick mixture made of some coloring matter. The marks which result are permanent. Tattooing has been practiced in almost all parts of the world. It seems to be one of the practices prohibited to the Jews, in Lev. xix. 28, "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you," from which may

be inferred its prevalence among the surrounding tribes in the days of Moses, and its connection with their superstitions. The ancient Britons also practiced it, and traces of it appears to have lingered in England till after the Norman Conquest. The custom among sailors of printing anchors and other marks on their arms may be regarded as a relic of it still remaining.

The tattooed chief represented in our engraving illustrates the extent to which the Marquesans carry this custom. This extreme elaboration is apt to lead a person who takes a casual glance at the cut to believe that the chief is dressed in some kind of fancifully ornamented, close-fitting armor or

tights. A careful examination, however, will convince one that the cloth around his waist and the gauze or net covering his face is the only apparel with which he is clothed.

The tattooing upon the women is not so profuse, they being content with a bracelet or two tattooed on their arms, and a few similar ornaments here and there. A very interesting description of the tattooing of the Marquesans is given in "Langsdorff's Travels."

"The figures with which the body is tattooed are chosen with



A MARQUESAN CHIEF.

great care, and appropriate ornaments are selected for the different parts. They consist partly of animals, partly of other objects which have some reference to the manners and customs of the islands; and every figure has its particular name. Upon an accurate examination, curved lines, diamonds, and other designs are distinguishable between rows of punctures.

"The most perfect symmetry is observed over the whole body. The head of a man is tattooed in every part; the breast is commonly ornamented with a figure resembling a shield; on the arms and thighs are strips sometimes broader, and sometimes narrower, in such directions that these people might be very well presumed to have studied anatomy, and to be acquainted with the course and dimensions of the muscles.

"Upon the back is a large cross, which begins at the neck and ends with the last vertebra. In the front of the thigh are often figures which seem intended to represent the human face. On each side of the calf of the leg is an oval figure, which produces a very good effect. The whole in fact displays much taste and discrimination."

As may be seen by the illustration, even the hands are tattooed with the same minute care that is bestowed on the body; so that the hand looks as if enclosed in a very tight fitting glove. The reader will notice that the nails are long and sharply pointed. Among the Marquesans, as among the Chinese, very long nails are esteemed as a mark of rank, being a proof that the wearer is not obliged to do any hard work.

This elaborate ornamentation answers the purpose of dress, and is indeed considered as such. It would be useless to undergo so much pain, and to pay the operator such costly fees, if the tattooing were to be hidden by clothing.

On these islands, as is the case in other countries where this custom of tattooing obtains, the best tattooers are men of great importance, and are paid highly for their services. A Marquesan thinks that he is bound to be liberal towards a man to whom he is indebted for the charms which he values so highly. These men gain their skill by practicing upon the plebians of their race, who are too poor to pay for being tattooed, and who would rather wear a bad tattoo than none at all. So painful and costly is the operation, that the tattooing has to be done by piece meal, each operation lasting from three to five months. It takes years to finish a chief so elaborately as the one in our engraving.

Enough has been said about the tattooing; we will now examine some other traits of this peculiar people.

In the first place, they allow their hair to grow to a considerable length, and dispose of it in various ways. For a number of years it is tied in a bunch on the top of the head; but when the man is rich enough to be entirely tattooed, he shaves all the head with the exception of a patch at each side, in order to allow the pattern of the tattoo to extend over his head. In such a case, the tuft of hair at each side is still suffered to grow long, but is twisted into a conical form, so as to make a sort of horn projecting outward over each temple, as seen in the cut.

Sometimes a man may be seen wearing the whole of his hair in curled ringlets. Such men are cultivating a crop for sale, as the Marquesans are very fond of decorating with these ringlets the handles of their spears and clubs, and of making them into ornamental figures which are worn on the ankles. The most valued of these decorations are long, white human beards, which are grown for the express purpose, and sold at a very high price. The purchaser uses them as either plumes for his head or as ornamental appendages to his conch-shell trumpet.

If the reader will again refer to the portrait of the Marquesan chief, he will see that his face is covered with a veil. This is a mark of war, and is worn when chiefs go into battle. The Marquesans do not use the bow and arrow, but they throw spears, sling stones, and use clubs. The slings are made of plaited grass, and are very powerful, often exceeding five feet in length, and carrying stones of a considerable size. The spears are generally about ten feet long, and the clubs are carved out of hard wood, which is made harder by burying it for a considerable time in the mud.

It is said that they are fierce in war, and are never satisfied until they have gained a trophy of victory. When a Marquesan kills an enemy, he cuts off the head of his fallen antagonist, tears open the skull and eats out the brain. He then cleans the skull very carefully, adorns it with tufts of bristles, and slings it by a cord to his girdle. When he goes to battle again, he always carries this trophy with him, partly on account of the respect in which it is held by his comrades, and partly in order to strike awe into the enemy by the sight of so redoubtable a warrior.

Our chief is evidently about setting out to war for he has in his hand a club, and an oar, and wears the veil referred to in the foregoing. Pulled up to the shore is his canoe, which appears to be of excellent workmanship, the bow of which is much turned up in front, probably for the purpose of acting as a defense to the rower when advancing against an enemy.

W.

GAMBETTA'S FIRST SPEECH.

THE following is a description of the first appearance in public of a man who, a few years ago, wielded almost imperial power in France:

"Not until 1868 did Gambetta come before the public. A radical paper conceived the idea of raising a monument to the republican Baudin, who perished in the troubles of 1851. The emperor took alarm, and ordered a prosecution of the papers which printed the Baudin subscriptions.

"This was a golden opportunity for the enemies of the empire. Under the guise of legal defense they could give free vent to their dangerous sentiments.

Jules Favre was the lawyer for the accused journal. Just at the time of the trial he was taken sick, and sent Gambetta in his stead.

"When the case was called, Favre did not make his appearance; but a rather heavy, awkward, ill-clad, swarthy man, with a white flower in his button-hole, and his left hand in his trousers pocket—one evidently not known to the court—rose leisurely and announced that Favre had been so good as to ask him, Leon Gambetta, to conduct the defense in his absence.

"The formal proceedings over, Gambetta arose to reply. Then was heard for the first time by a crowded French audience that rich, sounding, vehement, magnetic eloquence, which stamped this man as the greatest orator of the present century.

"Its impetuous torrent startled and paralyzed the imperial judges, so that they forgot to attempt to check it. The procureur sat speechless; the spectators were thrilled with emotion, and broke into unrestrained applause."

HE who is most slow in making a promise, is the most faithful in the performance of it.

Stories for the Little Ones.

THE NEW SKATES.

TIM was a bright-faced, light-hearted little fellow, and made the best of his scant comforts.

He lived in an alley, where he and his mother had only one room in a tenement-house, and she, a very poor widow, worked all day and far into the night with her needle.

Yet he managed, somehow, to find a great many pleasant things in life, as such cheery natures will.

Fritz, his friend, was very much like him in his merry-heartedness, but instead of living in a garret, he had a lovely home, with everything a little boy's heart could desire.

Now it happened that these homes were not many blocks apart, and these little boys were chosen playmates, though Tim, feeling the difference in their stations, always spoke of Fritz to others as "the marble-front boy."

Fritz supplied all the playthings, and Tim helped to enjoy them.

When the first hard frost came, and the pools in the back streets began to glaze over with an icy cover, Fritz had a new pair of skates to begin the season with. They were beauties, and little Tim's heart fell at sight of them as it had never fallen before.

Still, he helped Fritz to strap them on, got him to his feet, and started him on his first trial.

As for himself, there was nothing left for him to do but to "slide." Why should he stand still and shiver in the keen air just because he had no skates?

So he took a long run to give himself a good start, and made a glorious slide the whole length of the pond. The blood tingled in his cheeks as he repeated the performance over and over again, with livelier enjoyment each time.

But where was Fritz meanwhile?

Why, Fritz was doing very little, except sitting down suddenly and trying to get up again. Such bumps as he got not only astonished him, but hurt him as well.

At last, Tim, happened to stop to take breath, noticed that poor Fritz was staggering and plunging close to the very edge of the ice, not having

been able to get any great distance from his original starting-place.

All about him the ice was cracked, and in one place was broken quite through, where he had spent several minutes in sitting down hard.

"Why, what's the matter, Fritz?" cried Tim. "Won't they go?"

"Not very well," murmured Fritz, on all fours, and trying hard not to cry. The tears would come—skating was such a disappointment.

"Why, Fritz, see me!" shouted Tim, making another grand run, and skimming over the pond as if he had been shot from a bow.

"Say, Tim, don't you want to try 'em a little while?" gasped Fritz, as he watched Tim's success, sitting still flat upon the ice, and not even trying to rise any more.

"Yes," cried Tim, gladly, "had you just as lief I would?"

Fritz was already unstrapping the skates, which was answer enough.

They were quickly handed to Tim, who began, at once, to make just such a scrambling and sprawling as Fritz had done.

He could get up, but it seemed easier to sit down, which was rather consoling to Fritz, for he began to believe the trouble might lie in the skates themselves, rather than in him.

Finally he began to laugh; it was very funny to see Tim struggle so. How many ways there were of falling down! Tim never did it twice alike. Yet, though both heels would fly out at once, Tim had a shrewd way of saving his head, for at each successive tumble he held it up like a turtle's.

After laughing very long and loud, Tim joining good-naturedly, Fritz tried sliding. It was rather dull, but it was safe; there were no bruises and dreadful uncertainties.

Tim was not easily discouraged, but kept on trying, until he succeeded in standing, then in moving awkwardly about, and, at last, in becoming quite a skater.

He could not have been happier if the skates had been his own.

And as the cold weather lasted, and the ice continued good, Tim was able to teach Fritz the difficult art, and in that way, both little boys had the good of the new skates.

A BRIGHT little three-year-old, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed, "Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

LITTLE FEET AND LITTLE HANDS.

LITTLE feet and little hands,
 Busy all the day,
 Never staying in your playing
 Long upon the way,
 Little knowing whither going,
 Come to me, I pray!
 Bring the sweetness in its fleetness,
 Of the early flowers,
 All the blessings and caressings
 Of your sunny hours.



Little feet and little hands,
 What awaits for you?
 Sad to-morrows with their sorrows?
 Clouds, or skies of blue?
 Will the pleasures come, with treasures
 Ever glad and new?
 Never tarry feet that carry
 Little ones along,
 May they bear the darlings where the
 Air is full of song!

Little feet and little hands!
 Ye are wondrous fair!
 Ye are straying in your playing
 From a balmy air,
 Gently blowing, never knowing
 Any thought of care.
 To its breezes, if it pleases
 Him who guides our way,
 May you wander, over yonder
 Where they ever play,
 And no smiling or beguiling
 Woo again to stray.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 325.)

WE felt impressed to pursue our journey northward; accordingly the following morning we took up our line of march along the beach, gathering shells of various kinds. After leaving the sea-shore we commenced an ascent along the mountains' sides, which was fraught with much labor and danger, so much so that it was not safe to ride, the hills being so rugged and difficult to travel.

Towards evening we managed to get ourselves and our worn-out horses through the mountains, and traveled down a dale which widened into a plain—the fertile tract of country which bears the name of Poverty Bay, whose land is dotted with the dwellings of the Maoris and whites. The latter possessed many very rich farms and large herds of sheep and cattle. Gisborne is the metropolis of the vicinity. We put up for the night at a place called Muriwai, being heartily welcomed. Immediately after putting our horses to feed the Maoris began questioning us in relation to our mission and the principles of the gospel. In the evening, many of them having gathered together, we proclaimed our message unto them.

The following day was Sunday. We met with the Church of England, in a very large Maori building, which was packed to its utmost capacity with the natives of the *pah*. Two native ministers conducted the service. At the close of which they, on seeing us present, and knowing who we were, sneeringly asked what we wanted.

The tenor of the question put sufficient fire and eagerness into us to be anxious to tell them who we were and the nature of our mission. I spoke to them for about one hour in Maori, and was listened to with marked attention. We then walked out of the building, followed by the congregation, leaving these black-coated, black ministers with a forlorn aspect on their countenances.

Monday morning, as the result of our labors the day previous, we baptized twenty-five and blessed five children, thus adding to the Church eighty-nine within less than a month. Nearly every moment of our time was occupied talking, night and day.

Poverty Bay has many Maori settlements, and numerous invitations were pouring in for us to go to their homes and preach to them.

Leaving Muriwai we traveled on to Gisborne, crossed the Turanganui river and put up at Papawhariki, a small *pah*, situated on the brink of the ocean, three miles from the city of Gisborne. Here we found some Maoris with whom we had formed an acquaintance in the Wairarapa, four hundred miles south, where they had extended kind hospitality to us. They were exceedingly pleased to meet us again, after about one year's absence. Fish being plentiful in the sea and easily caught, they constituted our principal food, which we greatly relished.

Again we preached to some of the natives, who assured us of their firm belief in the gospel and their resolutions to embrace it. We recrossed the Turanganui river in order to fulfill all our appointments. It kept us busy going from one *pah* to another. We preached to the Maoris of Whakautu and Whakato. At the latter place there were about seventy-five assembled, and we baptized five individuals. It was almost impossible for us to properly look after the new converts, so we tele-

graphed for Elders Ash and Ihaia Whakamairu, a native, who were then located in the Wairarapa. They at once came up and joined us in our labor of love.

On the 14th of September, 1884, Brothers Hinckley and Stewart went to Whakautu while I remained at a small place called Tarere, where I baptized six and blessed four children. This was my first experience in baptizing and confirming alone. A gentleman having proffered a small hall for my use to preach in, once more I turned my attention to the white race. All necessary arrangements having been perfected, we repaired to the place where the hall was, a short distance from Gisborn. A comparatively large number were in attendance. For some time the audience listened attentively; but the tranquility and solemnity of the occasion were suddenly marred by the entrance into the sanctuary of a man under the influence of drink, carrying in his hand a pot of beer, and who commenced to treat the congregation. The secret of the gentleman's unusual liberality was soon made manifest. It was evidently the object of the man to draw a large crowd to the hall, which was near his saloon, for the purpose of selling his grog, as there seemed to be a dirth of patrons at that time. What a change in the manner of treatment to that which we had received among the people who were once cannibals!

(To be Continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

FROM a letter which I have received I extract the following:

"Brother Leatham, of Rexburg, was convicted on the testimony of a Mr. Dye, who had some time ago been a canvasser for the Utah Gazetteer. Leatham had taken this man Dye into his house one day out of a bitter rain, had warmed, had housed and fed him, and introduced him to Mrs. Leatham. Afterward Brother Leatham brought his first wife up from Cache Valley. Dye had seen her, in fact had seen them both. But now comes Dye's turn to return Leatham's kindness, which he did by swearing him into the penitentiary.

"Joseph M. Phelps, of Montpelier, had a similar case. He had been friendly with a couple of Gentile neighbors; had invited them to some little parties at his house; and for such friendship he too has to go to the pen. The case of Brother Nash, of Franklin, was somewhat similar."

I make these quotations from my friend's letter to show the character of many of the people who are floating around our settlements and trying to insinuate themselves into our family circles. It would not be fair to put down all strangers as men of this class, for there are many honorable people who are thrown among us. But honorable men and women do not look for favors, and especially introductions into family circles, without they bring letters of introduction or recommendation that show their true characters. True gentlemen or ladies will not expect to be received with open arms by those to whom they are strangers, unless they come with proper credentials or reliable letters of introduction. Into no good society in the world are people admitted without these formalities, and the Latter-day Saints should be exceedingly particular, more so, perhaps, than any other people, because of the peculiarity of our position. There is no necessity for us to treat strangers with harsh-

ness or incivility, but we should treat them as strangers until we know them. There are two proverbs—one is, "Believe every man to be an honest man until you prove him to be a rogue." The other is the opposite. It is, "Look upon every man as a rogue until you prove him to be an honest man." In our case, situated as the people in these mountains are, the last proverb is the best for us to act upon. There are a great many impostors who have no scruples about telling falsehoods, who are arrant hypocrites, and who, by their smooth tongues and plausible representations, impose upon the people. In this way they obtain advantages, and are able to do as these men have done of whom my correspondent speaks. They can betray those who render them only kindness. No honest man will object to being scrutinized and watched carefully, and even distrusted, till he proves his honesty. It is the dishonest, it is the impostor and the rascal who object to being treated coolly when his true character is not known. He would like to be received into full favor and confidence, because he himself may say that he is worthy of such treatment. An honest man is content to wait the test of time to show his true character. He is not afraid of being watched nor of having confidence withheld from him, for he knows that time will bring him the respect which he merits.

I suppose there is scarcely a more guileless people on the earth, in these respects, than the people of these mountains. Take the history of our Territory from the beginning, and it furnishes more illustrations of the simple guilelessness of the people, I think, than probably the history of any other people of equal numbers can produce. This arises in a great measure from the fact that the people are innocent themselves. They do not expect villainy and corruption to be hidden under artful and smooth exteriors. They are, in this respect, like young people—inexperienced in the ways of the world—who imagine that all is gold that glitters, but who learn sometimes too late for their happiness, that the greatest villains can wear the smoothest exteriors. When a man has a point to gain, and he is an unscrupulous man, he is sure to take advantage of the ignorance of those with whom he deals. Such villains are quick to perceive the weak side of human character, and it is upon that side that they make their approaches. I repeat, therefore, we cannot, as a people, be too careful upon these points. Admit no strangers into familiar association with your families, unless you know who they are; and the man that has any knowledge of the world would not introduce his wife, sister or daughter to an utter stranger, because he happened to be his guest through the inclemency of the weather, or any other exigency. These are liberties that no lady would wish her husband, her brother or her father to take with her.

I sincerely trust that our people will profit by the scenes through which they are now passing. Certainly, with the lessons we are receiving, we ought to avoid such foolish conduct as I have attempted to describe, as well as the terrible folly, that has grown to such proportions among us, of tattling about each other's affairs and matters that do not in the least concern us. We suffer to-day as a people more from the folly of those who are called our friends than we do from the attacks of our enemies. As I have had occasion to remark, if an angel were living among us and had several wives, his neighbors would, in a very little while, take the utmost liberty in criticising his family arrangements, and in relating from lip to lip the criticisms which were made upon his management of his family affairs. If he were to take a wife it would be the gossip of the neighborhood, even if many of those who talked about it knew that their unwise prattling might expose him to

the penalty of the penitentiary. The wise will profit by that which we are passing through. The unwise, probably, will continue their foolish conduct. They will take liberties with their neighbors' affairs. They will meddle with that which does not in the least concern them. They will disregard the only creed that the Latter-day Saints have ever published—"Mind your own business"—and they will bring trouble upon their friends and neighbors. I hope, however, that this class will become smaller and smaller, until eventually it will entirely disappear from our midst.

Let us try and have a greater variety of subjects of conversation outside of our neighbors' affairs. Instead of indulging in gossip when we get together, think of the thousands of subjects upon which we can converse with profit, without trenching upon private domain. By taking a course of this kind we shall greatly add to our happiness and to the happiness of all around us, and we shall set examples to our children that will be of immense value to them in their future lives.

RULES FOR WINTER.

IF persons should observe the following rules, during the winter, sickness and the death rate would be diminished:

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold air.

Keep the back—especially between the shoulder blades—well covered; also the chest well protected.

In sleeping in a cold room, establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet; always toast them by a fire ten or fifteen minutes before going to bed.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition, the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion or other diseases.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health and even to life.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until it is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat may be produced.

Merely warm the back by a fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a colder one, keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose, ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.—*Albany Argus.*

A GOOD name is best won by good deeds. There is no surer way of being well thought of than by deserving well. "You have a little world around you," wrote Daniel Webster to an early friend; "fill it with good deeds, and you will fill it with your own glory."

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

IN all the actions which a man performs, some part of his life passes. We die while doing that for which alone our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. Whether we play or labor, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun posts on, and the sand runs. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue. But the difference between good and bad actions is infinite. Good actions, though they diminish our time here as well as bad actions, yet they lay up for us a happiness in eternity; and will recompense what they take away, by a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do but buy pleasure with the expense of time. So it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange. As a man sows his corn, he is content to wait it awhile, that he may, at the harvest, receive it with advantage. But the bad deeds that we do here, not only robs us of much time, but also bespeak a torment for hereafter; and that, in such a life, that the greatest pleasure we could there be crowned with, would be the very act of dying. The one treasures up pleasure in everlasting life, the other provides tortures in a death eternal. Why should I wish to pass away this life ill, which, to those that are ill, is the best? If I must daily lessen it, it shall be by that which shall joy me with a future income. Time is like a ship which never anchors: while I am on board, I had better do those things that may profit me at my landing, than practice such as shall cause my commitment when I come ashore. Whatsoever I do, I would think what will become of it when it is done. If good, I will go on to finish it; if bad, I will either leave off where I am, or not undertake it at all. Vice, like an unthrift, sells away the inheritance, while it is but in reversion: but virtue, husbanding all things well, is a purchaser.

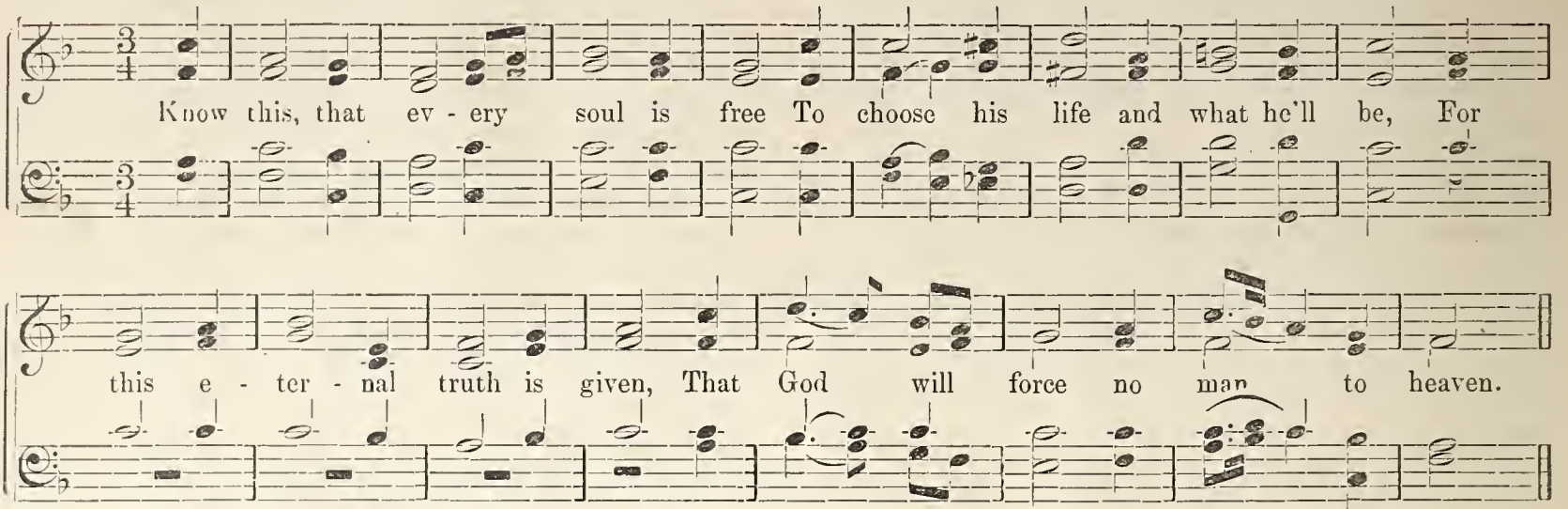
THE NATURAL CLOTHING OF ANIMALS.—The clothing which grows from the bodies of animals is always suitable in quality and quantity to the climate and season under which they live. In hot climates the coat of quadrupeds is short and thin, but it thickens with increasing latitudes, and yields soft and abundant fleeces. At the poles it is externally shaggy and coarse, internally shorter and fine, as in the skin of the Arctic bear. How defensive is the fur of amphibious animals, the beaver, for example! How abundant and smooth upon birds are feathers, shutting up the heat of their warm blood, and opposing no resistance to the air through which they fly! The birds of very cold regions have plumage almost as bulky as their bodies; and those which live much in the water have additionally both a defense of oil on the surface of the feathers, and the interstices of the ordinary plumage filled with delicate down—a bad conductor, which abounds particularly on the breast, as it, in swimming, first meets and divides the cold wave. Then there are animals with warm blood which live in the water—for example, the whale, seal, and walrus; but neither hair nor feathers oiled would have been a fit clothing for them. They accordingly derive protection from the cold water by the enormous amount of blubber or fat which surrounds their bodies, and acts as a non-conductor.

PLEASURE must first have the warrant that is without sin; then, the measure, that it is without excess.

THE AGENCY OF MAN.

WORDS FROM L. D. S. HYMN BOOK.

MUSIC BY APOLLO.



He'll call, persuade, direct aright,
Bless him with wisdom, love and light,
In nameless ways be good and kind,
But never force the human mind.

Freedom and reason make us men,
Take these away, what are we then?
Mere animals, and just as well
The beasts may think of heaven or hell.

May we no more our powers abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose,
Our God is pleased when we improve
His grace, and seek His perfect love.

It is my free will to believe,
'Tis God's free will me to receive,
To stubborn willers this I'll tell,
'Tis all free grace and all free will.

Those who despise grow harder still,
Those who adhere, he turns their will,
And thus despisers sink to hell,
While those who heed in glory dwell.

But if we take the downward road,
And make in hell our last abode,
Our God is clear, and we shall know
We've plunged ourselves in endless woe.

CHARADE.

BY J. LEON FRANK.

My first, a vessel plows the main—
Two masts, square rigged; in wind or rain
She sails from port to port.

For my second you'll not look in vain;
In kitchen oft 'tis found; again
By epicures 'tis sought.

My whole a town for a prophet named,
A man who with the Saints is famed,
A president of the Church.

SQUARE WORD PUZZLE.

BY B. B.

My first is found abundantly in the Winter season;
My second is the name of a Roman emperor;
My third is a fillet, used in architecture;
My fourth is a synonym for sorrows.

Place these words one below the other, and the names they
give may be read from left to right or from top to bottom.

THE race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid
each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's
head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the
death-damp from the brow of the dying, we can not exist
without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a
right to ask it from their fellow mortals; no one who has the
power of granting can refuse it without guilt.

It is not what a man gets, but what a man is, that he should
think of. He should first think of his character and then of
his condition. He that has character need have no fears
about his condition. Character will draw after it condition.

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IN DOUBT. (See page 354.)

A PUZZLED FOX.

"AS cunning as a fox," is a common term used in expressing the degree of artfulness or slyness exhibited by an individual; and probably no better term could be made use of to denote the existence of this trait to a remarkable extent. Of all animals, except man, the fox displays the greatest amount of intelligence. His cunning often surpasses even that possessed by some men. Though it is claimed by some that man is the only animal gifted with the power to reason, it cannot be denied that this faculty is often exercised by the fox. There are numerous instances on record, and no doubt our readers have heard or read of several, where the intelligence of this animal is illustrated. We also find many anecdotes which show that other animals of a high order, such as horses, elephants and camels, are endowed with intelligence that approaches that of man. But it is generally conceded that the fox is superior in intellect to all animals below humanity. The structure of the brain in the fox is very similar to that of a man, more so than is the brain of any other animal. These facts, I should fancy, would puzzle naturalists who hold to the evolution theory: for if man is but a step higher than the monkey in the order of the animal creation, horses, elephants, foxes and camels must be of a still higher order. For myself, however, I would rather claim relationship to the horse than to a baboon or ape.

By viewing the picture on the preceding page one can easily account for the perplexity depicted in the fox's countenance. Before him is a rabbit which has attracted his attention, but which he hesitates to seize, because he is somewhat in doubt whether it would be wise to do so. He is probably much in need of food, but considers it better to act with caution. His suspicions are aroused by the iron bows that encircle his prey, and it puzzles him to know what it all means. If such a discovery were made by any other animal than a fox the prize would be pounced upon without any thought about the consequences. But not so with Mr. Reynard. He is a wise old fellow, having had long experience in life; and he has learned the wisdom of the old adage—"Look before you leap."

The precautions taken by the fox in our picture remind me of the course pursued by some people who always exercise wisdom and forethought in their undertakings. By so doing they are enabled to avoid many snares and traps in which they are liable to be caught. But unwise people are like the foolish little animals, who, when they see an opportunity to get gain, immediately make a grasp for it without thinking any harm might befall them in their rash attempt. Therefore, my young friends, take a lesson from this and never proceed to act upon any matter of importance without giving it due consideration. Try and reason in your mind what will be the outcome or result of taking a certain course before you proceed.

Perhaps some of my little readers may wonder how it would be possible for the fox to get the rabbit without being caught in the trap which is set for him. It appears, however, that he feels confident that such a thing is possible. "Where there's a will there's a way" may be is a maxim with him as well as with some of us. And to give you an illustration of the cunningness of the fox family, I will relate a circumstance that occurred here in Utah, with which one of this family was connected:

Some boys were in the habit of placing steel traps, similar to the one partially shown in the picture, in a certain place for the purpose of catching musk-rats. For a time they were success-

ful; but one morning, when they went to examine their traps they found them all unset and the bait gone. They did not know how to account for this, but supposed some other boys had been tampering with their traps just for mischief. In the evening they set the traps again as usual, and awaited the result. They were disappointed and indignant at again finding the traps disarranged and nothing caught in them. Determined to catch, and probably punish the intruders, if possible, they hid themselves the third night, near by where the traps were placed. The moon shone clearly and they were enabled to watch closely what might happen. After awaiting some time a fox appeared on the scene. He seemed to be an old hand at the business. Without any unnecessary ceremony he proceeded to his work of plunder. First he took a careful glance at the trap, then, placing his paw under one side of the open trap he turned it over, pressed the plate which held the spring down and thus set it off, so that there would be no danger of his getting into it. He then proceeded to make away with the bait. The same thing was done with each of the traps, after which Reynard walked off deliberately to wait for another meal.

E. F. P.

GREATER LIGHT BRINGS INCREASED RESPONSIBILITY.

BY S. F. D.

THE building of temples to the name of the Most High is a subject worthy of the deepest reflections in the minds of those hoping to share in the glorious blessings foreshadowed in their erection. The Prophet Joseph said that certain ordinances pertaining to the gospel could only be obtained by the rich in a temple built and dedicated to the Lord, while the poor might receive them in the mountain tops, as Moses did. The latter case will not apply to us at the present time, because we have enjoyed peace in our mountain homes for many years, and the Lord has prevented our enemies from depriving us of our homes and possessions, thus giving us ample time and means to rear houses to His name.

Whenever the Lord has moved upon His people, He has placed at the head of the affairs of His church men who have commenced a work for the furtherance of His kingdom. Saints have responded with heart and hand to the commandment of this work, it has always been attended with blessings and the smiles of His approbation; whereas, when men have labored zealously to that end, and His work is made manifest in some of our own schemes and purposes, the evidences of His displeasure have been none the less unmistakeable.

In nothing has this been more marked than in the erection of temples. That God inspired His servant Brigham to lay the foundation of the beautiful edifices already dedicated to His name in St. George and Logan, and those nearing completion in Salt Lake and Manti, no true Latter-day Saint doubts. The power attending the labors of His servants in those houses, the virulent opposition encountered from the enemy of truth, the wonderful protection with which He has sheltered His people from the vicious onslaughts of our enemies, as well as the direct word of the Lord to His servant President Taylor, all these evidences bear the impress of the rulings of Omnipotence. Likewise He has given us a standing command to con-

tinue the work of temple building. In Section 124 of the Doctrine and Covenants we are given much light on this subject. Among other things the Lord tells us in the 39th verse:

"Therefore, verily I say unto you, that your anointings, and your washings, and your baptisms for the dead, and your solemn assemblies, and your memorials for your sacrifices, by the sons of Levi, and for your oracles in your most holy places, wherein ye receive conversations, and your statutes and judgments, for the beginning of the revelations and foundation of Zion, and for the glory, honor, and endowment of all her municipalities, are ordained by the ordinance of my holy house, which my people are always commanded to build unto my holy name."

Thus we may expect the matter of temple building to be one of the chief features of this dispensation; and when we connect the prophecy, that the land of Zion will be covered with temples, with the saying of the Prophet Joseph, that the whole of North and South America is Zion itself, we may form some estimate of its magnitude.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that we have enjoyed none of the blessings resulting from the temples reared in Ohio and Illinois. The power with which the servants of God were endowed in those sacred places has been manifest in their subsequent lives. All the first members of the quorums of the Presidency and Twelve, and many since called to fill places in those quorums, received their washings and anointings in the little temple of Kirtland, Ohio, and by power and virtue of the gifts of that endowment have borne the keys of the kingdom up to the present time; and we are all witnesses of the great blessings that have attended their ministrations. The gospel has been preached to almost every nation and people on earth. Thousands have been gathered out to the gathering place of the Saints, where ample opportunities are afforded them of learning the ways of life, and other ordinances necessary for the building up of the kingdom of God, have been attended to under the guidance of the Spirit attending the keys given in that holy house.

In the account given of the great manifestations of the power of God at the dedicating ceremonies of the Kirtland temple, and all the incidents of Church history immediately following, are points closely connected with our position at the present time, and to illustrate which is the chief object of this article.

It is a matter worthy the gravest consideration. One of the great evidences of the truth of the gospel is that the witnesses of such a display of glory and power never turn away from the testimony there given. We frequently hear it said by those who are inexcusable enemies of the gospel, that they cannot conceive it possible that any man could be so far from the truth who has received the testimony of angels, or other direct evidence that this is in very truth the work of the living God; but to dispel such illusions we have only to study the history of the past. The three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, and especially Oliver Cowdery, received some of the most wonderful evidences of divine favor ever given to men in the flesh, and Sidney Rigdon conversed with ancient prophets and with the Lord Jesus Christ Himself in the heavenly vision. But does their subsequent history warrant us in the supposition that we are safe from the wiles of the adversary because the Lord gives us great light? On the contrary, it solemnly affirms the truth of the divine saying: "Unto whom much is given much is required."

Both before and at the time of the dedication of the Kirtland temple, the Prophet Joseph told the Saints that they must expect to be tempted and tried in proportion to the light given, and the sequel shows the timely truth of the inspired warning.

It was followed by the most bitter period of apostasy, the most vindictive spirit of accusation by false brethren the Church has yet witnessed. Within a few years half the quorum of the Twelve and both Counselors to the Prophet in the quorum of the Presidency, with scores of others, became bitter enemies to the work of God, and their places had to be filled with more faithful members.

No doubt among the Nephites many thought that if the sign given by Samuel, the Lamanite, should occur in the way and time predicted, the people as a whole would obey the gospel in all its teachings. But we find that from the time the great sign was given, and notwithstanding other great and wonderful signs were seen in the heavens, and the prophets were among them healing the sick, raising the dead, and doing other mighty works in the name of the Redeemer, who was at that time fulfilling His mission among the Jews, the wicked waxed harder in unbelief, till the time of the crucifixion, when they were fully ripened in iniquity, and the vengeance of an offended God swept them from before His face.

So in this as in all gospel dispensations. While the manifestations of His power, and the miraculous gifts of the Spirit are a comfort and a solace to the pure in heart, and stimulate the righteous to further works of righteousness, the corresponding increase of the works of darkness will drag the wicked further into the pit, because they will not leave off the works of evil, until they are fit only for the burning, and are "vessels doomed to suffer the wrath of God."

The teachings of the servants of God at the present time abound in pointed declarations that He requires us to live more fully up to His laws, and their warnings of the terrible consequences of transgression none can misunderstand. Youth of Zion, maintain a standard of purity of such an exalted character that you can enter the houses of God with clean hands, and after receiving the ordinances thereof, instead of a relaxation of moral restraint, let your course be steadily and forever onward and upward, for through that course the blessings promised us in holy places are certain of realization. But, on the other hand, the transgression of the holy covenants made there will be followed by the withdrawal of the Holy Spirit, and no more terrible calamity can befall a son or daughter of Adam than to be wholly abandoned to the powers of darkness after having once basked in the sunshine of the Spirit of light.

THE ART OF CONTENTMENT.—To learn the art of contentment, is only to learn what happiness actually consists in. Sensual pleasures and little to its substance. Ease, if by that be meant exemption from labor, contributes nothing. One, however, constant spring of satisfaction, and almost infallible support of cheerfulness and spirits, is the exercise of domestic affections—the presence of objects of tenderness and endearment in our families, our kindred, our friends. Now, have the poor anything to complain of here? Are they not surrounded by their relatives, as generally as others? The poor man has his wife and children about him; and what has the rich man more? He has the same enjoyment of their society, the same solicitude for their welfare, the same pleasure in their good qualities, improvement, and success; their connection with him is as strict and intimate, their attachment as strong, their gratitude as warm. I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but, if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be, a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in a morning, to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night. *Paley.*

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 350.)

ON the 16th of September, 1884, we left Papawhariki and journeyed to Wairenga-a-Hika, the home of Wi Pere, a member of Parliament. Most of the natives being absent, we did not accomplish much.

Next morning we journeyed along a road which kept parallel with a winding river of considerable proportions. By following the course of this river we were led to a native village, which was located in an opening, densely environed by trees of various kinds. Here we were pleased to find an old friend whose parents lived in the Wairarapa. He and his folks received us cordially. Their house being of European style it seemed like home again, as it had been some time since we had the good fortune to put up in a house of this kind. The houses, which we had been accustomed to staying in, were low, dismal places filled with smoke, as the natives were almost constantly smoking and talking.

On the evening of our arrival nearly all the natives of the *pah* assembled, and we discoursed the truths of the gospel to them. Next morning we were prevented from leaving the place by the rain, which came down in torrents. This appeared to be in accordance with Providence's arrangements, as on that day five Maoris, having applied for baptism, were inducted into the Church.

The following morning, the storm having subsided, we concluded to leave for other quarters. The rain had swollen the river to such an extent that we were prevented from fording it in our usual way. The Maoris therefore rowed us across in a boat, and our horses were obliged to swim. We traveled back to Gisborne, leaving Elder Hinekley at a small *pah* by the way, to preach to the natives.

At Gisborne we received a message from Elder Ash in the Wairarapa, informing us of his and Ihaia's contemplated departure for Gisborne, to assist us in the good work at Poverty Bay. That same night we continued our journey about ten miles to a settlement named Pakirikiri, where we presented the gospel to the Maoris, with the result of three more baptisms.

Next morning we rode into Gisborne, where we met Elder John Ash, of Logan, and our esteemed brother and friend, Ihaia Whakamairu, from the Wairarapa. In the evening we all proceeded to Muriwai, the place of our stronghold, where we had a most excellent time, talking on the organization of the Church and the nature of the offices and duties of the Priesthood, as we were contemplating to ordain some to the Priesthood and organize a branch of the Church at this place. It caused my heart to rejoice to listen to that good man, Ihaia, clearly and beautifully expound these things to his countrymen. I felt amply paid for all time and means spent among that people to lift them from wickedness and ignorance. When we first found Brother Ihaia he was on a bed of sickness, and ignorant of the gospel, which he subsequently embraced in honesty. Many hours, days and months we had spent with him, teaching and training him in the things pertaining to the gospel. Now we reaped the choice fruit of our labors, in having his valuable aid in the organization of these branches of the Church.

The following day we baptized seven more into the Church. The same evening we had the pleasure of seeing a number of

natives engage in a war dance, which was eminently barbarous in appearance. They were dressed in their native costume, which consisted simply of a mat fastened about their loins, a girdle about their shoulders and feathers in their hair.

The following day three more were baptized and a branch of the Church was organized at Muriwai, with a president, two counselors, secretary and two teachers.

(To be Continued.)

THANKSGIVING.

THE custom of giving public thanks to God for the blessings of the year is almost as old as history. Three thousand years ago witnessed the Jewish Feast of the Tabernacles, with its magnificent rituals, melodious choirs, and picturesque festivities. The Jewish nation, to the number of millions, assembled in Jerusalem and its environs. For seven days the families lived in booths made of the palm, the olive and the pine, and decorated with fruits and garlands of flowers.

There were grand processions. Hallel's were sung, while lutebs waved, and the silver trumpets led the stately march of choruses in the grandest oratorios the world has ever heard. The Psalms of Thanksgiving were sung:

"Praise, O praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

"Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

* * * * *

"Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

"And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure."

It was the Harvest Feast. Its glory passed away ago, though it is still observed by the Jews. Disraeli gives a glowing picture of its modern observance. The dispersed congregations of Israel, in the spirit of the day entered into the harvest of Christian lands.

The Greeks and the Romans had their Harvest-fetes of Ceres, the goddess of corn and tillage, of Diana and to Jove.

But the Greek and the Roman gave thanks for bloody victories over enemies; for contests which flattered their pride and ambition; for purely material good fortune, such as prosperous crops, or the passing away of a plague or a terrific storm. In much the like manner, the savages of Fiji and of Borneo make loud thankful rejoicings over the slaughter of hostile tribes, or the reception of material good things which make them more comfortable.

In the early days of the Puritan colony at Plymouth there came a period of sickness, drought and threatened famine. The people assembled and prayed for rain. The prayer was answered and their crops were saved. Then they appointed a Thanksgiving. This was the beginning of New England annual Thanksgiving.

During the late war there came a period of disaster. Fasts were appointed. An Autumn of harvests brought the promise of better days. President Lincoln then issued a proclamation for a national Thanksgiving. This was the beginning of the observance of our national Harvest Feast.

Our Thanksgiving was meant by its sponsors to celebrate as much moral and intellectual, as material benefits. Indeed the early Puritan rejoiced far more over the increased godliness of his community than over a victory over the poor Indian, or a good harvest. And so since, though perhaps to a less absorbing degree, have their descendants, at least the most thoughtful and enlightened, had in their minds, when offering the annual thanksgiving gratitude to the throne of heaven, the evidences of intellectual and moral advance, the increasing education, the greater submission to religious ideas, the better accord between nation and nation, and between neighbor and neighbor, as well as material prosperity, and the triumph of the arts of industry and peace.

The day has proved one of universal benevolence, the almoner of multitudinous charities, and it well becomes a Christian nation to perpetuate it in the spirit in which it was instituted. *Selected.*

A SOLDIER'S ADVENTURES.

BY C. H. W.

(Continued from page 343.)

I FELT at home with my new companions. Brother Epperson did all in his power to make me feel so, and, contrary to all rules of war, my gun was not taken from me until we arrived at the camp of General D. H. Wells. It made me feel bad to part with so good a friend as it had proven to me, but upon the promise that it should be sent to Salt Lake City and that I could call for it there, I felt better. I enjoyed myself exceedingly. Everybody was courteous to me and treated me with the greatest kindness. Everything was so different to the different class of people, no swearing, no fighting. I was in contact with seemed to enjoy in possession of a different kind of spirit. Day and night were something novel to me, but I of prayer and I cheerfully bent my knees. Varied were my reflections as I passed and fortifications. I could plainly see that "head of the United States army," I had just left, would make their way through those mountain passes guarded by men like those I saw, and I felt to congratulate myself upon my good fortune. At times I used to pity the men when I heard them sing:

"Now let us be on hand
By Brigham Young to stand."

I pitied them because I thought they were ignorant, and kept under a religious spell. I had only recently left the land of my birth, because I did not want to serve a despot. Thousands of lives had been sacrificed to break up this one man's power, and here in this supposed land of liberty I found a people that were enthusiastic to sustain, as I thought, that very same power. Little did I think then that I should soon change my mind and become as zealous a defender of that power as they were. But I learned that I had been wrong in my conclusions.

I learned that it was a different power they were serving; in fact, I learned something about the work of God.

Being the first specimen that came from Uncle Sam, of course I attracted considerable attention and comment; and if I had been able to converse in the English language, I think I would have experienced a considerable strain on my lungs, for everybody was anxious to learn something of what was going on outside of Utah.

After some days' travel we arrived with our herd of cattle at the mouth of Emigration Canyon; and I shall never forget the feelings that came over me when I beheld this valley spread out before me. I cannot describe it, neither could I account for it at the time. A power forced me to seek some secluded spot and bend my knees in humble reverence before my Maker. I could not utter any words, but I felt to acknowledge for the first time for many years that there was a God that would take care of me and look after my welfare, notwithstanding my efforts to ignore Him. And I can assure you, dear reader, I felt humble; I felt my unworthiness, and in my heart did ask the Lord to forgive me and to lead me in a better path. After this a calm, heavenly feeling came over me and I arose to my feet a new man. It seemed that I had found a haven of rest, and from that moment to the present this feeling has never left me. I have always felt at home in Utah and with the Saints, and when I have been away in distant lands my heart has yearned for the day when I should be permitted to behold it again. I hope and trust that I may always retain this feeling.

On our arrival in the city I was placed in charge of Brother L. John Nuttall, who was then camped with a detachment of the boys from Provo, awaiting orders to leave for the mountains. He also felt very much interested in me, and when ready to leave Salt Lake sent me to Provo with one of the brethren who was returning to that place. We have been friends up to this day. I went to board with Brother Porter for a few days, then started to work on a threshing machine belonging to Joshua Davis, Alexander Wilcken and Bishop Blackburn, and engaged board with the former, and afterwards changed to Bishop Blackburn's. As I have stated I felt at home with the people, insomuch so that I declined to accept an offer from President Young for free transportation to California. I had made up my mind to cast my lot with the Latter-day Saints. I was studying the language and the principles of the gospel, and as soon as I understood that the only way to receive a remission of my sins was to repent and be baptized, I went into the water and entered into a covenant with my Heavenly Father, and received the Holy Spirit, which has ever since been a lamp to my feet and guided me through many trying circumstances. In the spring of 1858 I had an introduction to President Brigham Young. I shall never forget it. After a few questions he told me that if I would continue as I had commenced in this work that my enemies should not have any power over me, this I can truthfully testify has been fulfilled to this day. I had no enemies among the people, but when the army was permitted to enter these valleys they began to look after me, and many a narrow escape I have had to keep out of their grasp; but the Lord blessed me and protected me. In the fall of 1860 my wife and my two children arrived here from the old country; happy was our meeting after a separation of four years. I have since then had the pleasure to perform a mission to my native home and was extremely blessed in my labors, especially in gathering my genealogy. I obtained the names of about six hundred direct descendants of my father's family. I had also the

privilege to bring my mother, three of my nieces and my brother home with me, and it gives me great comfort to be able to take care of my mother in her old age. The Lord has also blessed me in increase. In 1857 I landed here alone, no relatives nor kindred in the Church, to-day we number thirty-seven, with a good prospect in the future.

I have during the time that I have been connected with the Church tried to prove myself thankful for all the blessings I have received, and with the help of God will spend the days of my life in the upbuilding of His kingdom.

The reader can see through this little narrative of mine how the Lord works to bring about His purposes, and how He rules and overrules the destiny of His people.

SNOW.

IT is snowing. One by one the feathery flakes come gently down, like tiny parachutes, and settle upon the earth till it is covered, and all the branches of the trees above it.

And now the young folks are exulting over the prospect of sleighing, and the boys are repairing their sleds. Having safely outgrown these out-door sports, I shall stay at home; and if it is also your fortune to be in-doors to-day, I think we can enjoy the snow for a half hour pleasantly enough.

We must go into a cold room, for I am going to examine a snowflake with you, and show under the magnifying glass the sparkling crystals that compose it.

Of course the first thing to be done, as was the case in the old lady's directions about cooking the turkey, is "to get it." In this one respect you may notice a resemblance between the articles in question, and may trace it farther if you can.

Let our microscope and all the appliances be kept as cool as possible, so as not to melt the flake, and we must be careful and not breathe upon it.

Now please catch a flake. If you can let one that is falling drop upon the cloth, it will be better, as the operation of picking it up is rather a rough one.

Place it carefully under the lens, and see what you can discover. It is made up, you see, of crystals, tangled together by their extremities, and interminable with more irregular masses.

Let us now go back into the warm room to finish our talk, and use the accompanying picture for reference. The crystals there, having been drawn from nature, may be relied upon, although you will not find them, I think, exactly like any others you have ever seen, or may yet see, for I have never found any two exactly alike, excepting, perhaps, simple hexagons without marks.

Perhaps the first thing you notice about the crystals is their color. You suppose that snow was white, did you? Quite a mistake. It is no more white than ice or water; in fact, being nothing but ice, it has the same clear color (if transparency may be considered a color).

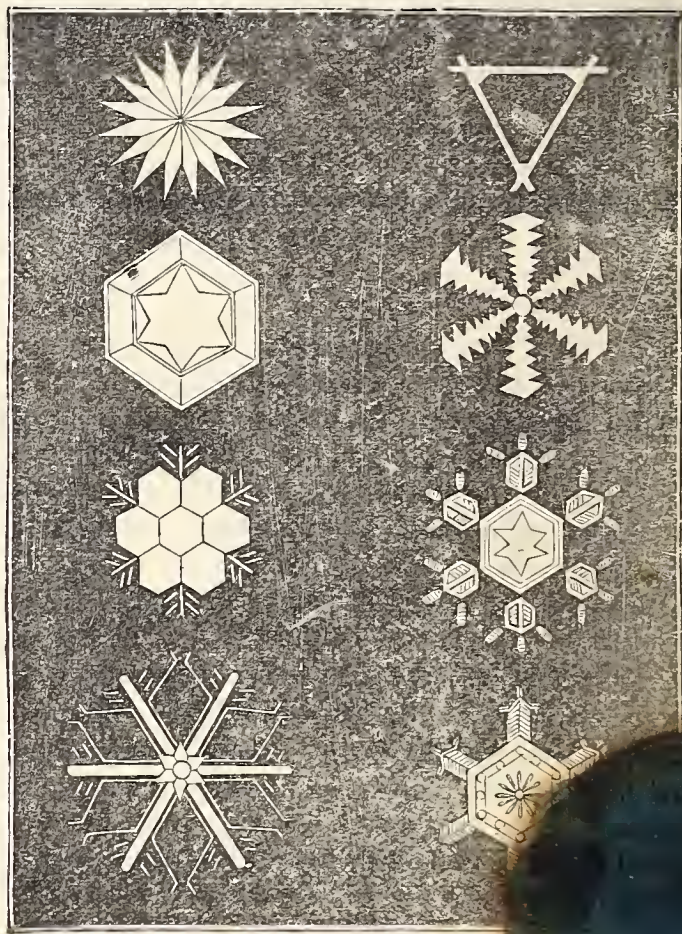
And like all other objects, different lights give it different shades, direct sunlight making it perfectly white, while in the shade it usually has a bluish tinge, reflected from the sky; and if you look up at flakes which are falling, the insufficient light from the earth shows them as dark gray specks. Microscopic plants in some regions infest the snow, and give it a greenish or reddish hue.

Leaving out a few irregularities as accidental, what a variety of symmetrical shapes we have! No two alike, yet all modifications of the same geometrical figure (the hexagon). Sometimes they are truly hexagonal in outline, and sometimes from the points rays extend, making six pointed stars. If hexagons, what various and beautiful markings! What pretty patterns they make!

And among the stars the scope is still wider; their forms are kaleidoscopic, infinite. There may be a central disk or none. The rays may be long or short, simple or branched, or forming an insculpted network,—pointed or blunt, or armed with hexagonal extremities; and these latter also, like the central disk, may have various arms of their own.

But with all this variety, the parts are perfectly symmetrical; very seldom can rays of different lengths or patterns be found around the same center. Slight irregularities, however, do often, nay, almost always appear.

Evaporation, which takes place at all temperatures, and has already carried off the flake you had under the glass, rounds



off the corners and destroys the markings. A warm stratum of air melts and confuses them. Fog sometimes covers them so as nearly to hide their shape, and makes them look like little lumps of sugar. Accidents, of course, tell their story on these fragile creatures.

Their forms seem to be dependent in some measure on the temperature,—warm and cold storms having different and often characteristic crystals—but as the cold where they freeze, and not where they happen to fall, governs their style, I know nothing very definite about it—my observations not extending so high.

Falls of snow in extremely cold weather, however, usually have smaller, clearer, and less complicated crystals, than when the temperature is not so far below the freezing point. Much of the time at all temperatures they are so broken or melted as to entirely lose their symmetry. Sometimes a storm fur-

nished nothing but "needles" and "spears," and these are not fragmentary, but evidently original forms.

Why such regularity is found, we are unable to say; the causes of crystalization at present can only be explained by probable suppositions. If you will imagine, however, that the water consists of little round particles, and that these attract each other mostly in six different places, an explanation of this hexagonal tendency will be found. Six other particles would settle at these points; and then twelve around these, and then eighteen, and so on.

The proper balancing of opposing forces in nature is one of the most beautiful and wonderful facts of creation, one of the most brilliant triumphs of the Master Mind that designed it.

Water, wherever it freezes, seems inclined to this six-pointed arrangement, for the bars and plumes which it makes in our pails, and the frost pictures on our windows, show it more or less, while solid ice viewed in the sunlight is said to be full of crystals.

But these "Winter flowers" are not merely beautiful, they are useful as well. Their beneficial effects on the soil are proverbial. They are little chariots in which certain gasses ride down to bless the vegetation below, and as the snow dies these gasses follow its remains into the ground, and entering the plant roots they are fastened in the wood giving it substance. And there they remain till the great magician Fire sets them free and sends them back to their home in the clouds.

FOR YOUNG MEN.—To young men Burdette says: "Don't depend too much on your family—the dead part I mean. The world wants live men; it has no use for dead ones. Queen Victoria can trace her ancestors back in a direct line to William the Conqueror. If you cannot get further back than your father you are better off. Your father was a better man in his time than old William. He had better clothes to wear, better food to eat, and was better housed.

"If you are a diamond be sure that you will be found. Cheek, brass or gall never gets ahead of merit.

"I love a young man who is straightforward. Ask for what you want. If you want to marry a rich man's daughter or something from him, ask him for it; it amounts to the same thing. It is always better to astonish a man than to flatter him.

That in the morning of life comes the hard work. Hard work never killed a man. It's fun, relaxation, holidays that kills. The fun that results the next morning so big that a tub could hardly hold it is what kills. Hard work never does.

"You can't afford to do anything but what is good. You are on dress parade all the time.

"Don't be afraid of pounding persistently at one thing. Don't be afraid of being called a one-idea man or a crank. If you have one idea, you have one more than most men have.

ATHEISM stabs the soul to death at one stroke, and puts it quite out of the way of salvation: other sinners are worse than beasts; but atheists are worse than devils, for they "believe and tremble."

WHEN afflicted, love can allow thee to groan, but not to grumble.

"A PUPIL OF LISZT."

THE greatest of pianists, Liszt, is very amiable and quite eccentric. The following story sets forth the genial side of his nature: A young pianist was giving concerts through the provinces of Germany for her support.

In a little town, where she had announced a concert, she was confounded the day before the concert was to take place, by seeing in the list of arrivals, and at the very hotel where the concert was to be given, "Franz Liszt."

Here was a dilemma. Her fraud would be discovered. Tremblingly she sought the presence of the great maestro.

Coming into his room with downcast eyes, she knelt at the old man's feet, and with many tears told her story—how she had been left an orphan and poor, with only her one gift of music with which to support herself; the difficulties she had to encounter, until the fraudulent use of his great name had filled her rooms and her purse.

"Well, well," said the great man, gently raising her up, "let me see, my child, what we can do. Perhaps it is not so bad as you thought. There is a piano; let me hear one of the pieces you expect to play to-morrow evening."

Tremblingly she obeyed, the maestro making comments and suggestions as she played, and when she had finished, he added, "Now, my child, I have given you a lesson; you are a pupil of Liszt."

Before she could find words to express her gratitude, Liszt asked, "Are your programmes printed?"

"No, sir," was the answer, "not yet."

"Then say you will be assisted by your master, and that the last piece on the programme will be played by Liszt."

That concert, it may be readily believed, was a great success.

PROGRESS CHANGES IDEAS.—In our progress from infancy to manhood, how much do our sentiments of beauty change with our years! how often, in the course of this progress, do we look back with contempt, or at least with wonder, upon the tastes of our earlier days, and the objects that gratified them! and how uniformly in all this progress do our opinions of beauty coincide with the prevalent emotions of our hearts, and with that change of sensibility which the progress of life occasions! As soon as any class of objects loses its importance in our esteem, as soon as their presence ceases to bring us pleasure, or their absence to give us pain, the beauty in which our infant imagination arrayed them disappears, and begins to irradiate another class of objects, which we are willing to flatter ourselves are more deserving of such sentiments, but which have often no other value but their coincidence with those new emotions that begin to swell in our breasts. The little circle of infant beauty contains no other objects than those that can excite the affections of the child. The wider range which youth discovers is still limited by the same boundaries which nature has prescribed to the affections of youth. It is only when we arrive at manhood, and still more, when either the liberality of our education, or the original capacity of our minds, have led us to experience or to participate in all the affections of our nature, that we acquire that comprehensive taste which can enable us to discover and to relish every species of sublimity and beauty.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 1, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

PROBABLY no event that has happened since the death of President Brigham Young has produced so profound a sensation among the Latter-day Saints as the excommunication from the Church of Elder Albert Carrington. A man high in authority, venerable in years and long and intimately associated with the leaders of Zion, the news of his fall shocks every one who entertains respect for the Priesthood or who offers prayers for those who bear it. Had it been the announcement of his death, the news would have produced sorrow for his loss, but it would have been heavenly joy compared with the feeling caused by the publication of his severance from the Church. There are many events which may happen to men that are far worse than death. We mourn for the dead; but if they died faithful to the truth, there is mingled with our grief a sweet satisfaction, a heavenly consolation, that the separation is but for a little while. But what ray of hope can penetrate the sombre gloom of the abyss into which one falls, when cut off from the Church, who occupied so exalted a station as did Albert Carrington!

Perhaps it is not too much to say that no man in the Church has had better advantages in many respects for the time he has been a member than has Albert Carrington. He was a college graduate, and he joined the Church at a time when men possessing such advantages were not so common as now. He came here with the Pioneers, and his education enabled him to take a prominent part in public affairs. President Young showed him great confidence, and their association was long and intimate. He cannot, therefore, plead ignorance as an excuse for his wrong-doing. The acts for which he has been dealt with were the deliberate violations on his part of principles and laws which he has heard taught by the lips of inspiration ever since he gathered with the Saints, and in direct conflict with every example which he has seen on the part of the leaders of Israel.

We do not think it necessary to dwell at any length in this article upon his case; but there are a few thoughts which it suggests. The Church has been taught from the beginning that no amount of talent, no number of gifts, no eminence in the Priesthood were sufficient to save a man, or to keep him in the Church, without personal purity. The case of Oliver Cowdery illustrated in the most striking manner this great and important truth. Chosen to be one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, he beheld an holy angel, who turned over the metal leaves of the record in his presence, and bore testimony in his hearing to their truthfulness. After this, in company with the Prophet Joseph, he was visited by John the Baptist and ordained under his hands to the Aaronic Priesthood; and, subsequently, was ordained, with the Prophet

Joseph, under the hands of Peter, James and John to the Apostleship. Again, in company with the prophet he beheld the Lord Jesus, and directly afterwards beheld the prophets Elias, Moses and Elijah.

It might be thought that after receiving the ministration of heavenly messengers and beholding the face of the Redeemer, there would be no danger of his falling: but, alas! he transgressed the law of God; he committed adultery; the Spirit of God withdrew from him, and he, the second elder in the Church, was excommunicated from the Church.

After such an example who could expect any transgressor of the laws of God to stand? Can any one imagine a stronger illustration of the damning effects of impurity than this case of Oliver Cowdery's furnishes? Ought it not to be a warning to all? But from his day down to the present there have been innumerable instances of the same character. Eloquent men, strong men, prominent men—men who have been the means of bringing many souls into the Church of God, and who seemed so entrenched in good works that they would be sure to endure to the end, have, through unchastity, disastrously and ignominiously fallen and lost their standing in the Church. They transgressed the laws of God, and like a thrifty plant smitten by a blighting frost, they withered and died.

Men may conceal their wrong-doing; it may be so covered up that no human being, except those who are guilty, knows anything about it; but God knows it all. His all-piercing eye penetrates the hidden recesses of every heart, and his Holy Spirit shrinks from the touch or the thought of defilement. Sooner or later the sins of the transgressor will be brought to light. But suppose he should die in his sins and as a nominal member of the Church of Christ, will that help his case? Can sinners escape the just punishment of an offended God? He who thinks so deceives himself. For it is an eternal truth, that for every sin which man commits, and of which he does not repent and obtain forgiveness, he will be brought to judgment.

READERS of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, profit by the lessons these cases furnish you. Never allow yourselves to be deluded into thinking that you can be Latter-day Saints and sinners at the same time. God's Spirit will not dwell in unholy tabernacles. If, therefore, you would stand in the Church of Christ, you must be pure in thought, word and deed. Those who are impure are like salt that has lost its savor.

ROCKVILLE, O.

President G. Q. Cannon,

DEAR BROTHER.—Will you be kind enough to give your views to the public, either through the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR or some other way, on the policy of pleading guilty to the charge of unlawful cohabitation, now almost universally adopted by our brethren who are indicted. It seems to me that to plead guilty takes off the blame from the Grand Jury, who finds the indictment and from the Judge who passes sentence (except in the exercise of his discretionary power), for when a man says he is guilty the trial jury can only indict and the judge pronounce sentence, unless they violate their oaths.

Now as it is not right for our brethren to be incarcerated for obeying the commandments of God, there must be blame somewhere; on whom does it fall?

Then, again, if the reason of the plea of guilty is, that our brethren are anxious to save their wives from insult in the Courts, although very considerate and tender of them, does it not deprive their wives of the opportunity of proving to heaven and earth their integrity and faithfulness to the principle they have acted upon? If a man has passed through life faithfully and has stood every test, will it not greatly enhance his pleasure and satisfaction

to know that his wife has been tested too, and has also passed the ordeal unseathed?

The Lord allows every man, and every nation, to fill up their cup of iniquity before He punishes them for their sins; why should we step in their way and ease off their guilt? If the officers of the law have anything against a man, let them prove it if they can. If they do, it will be no worse for him. If they cannot, but convict without proof, so much sooner will the end come.

Hoping you will consider this no intrusion upon your time, I remain,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN C. HALL.

The views of the First Presidency upon this question which our correspondent submits to us have been fully expressed in a circular letter which was sent "To the Presidents of Stakes and their Counselors, the Bishops and their Counselors, and the Latter-day Saints generally," under date of May 26th, 1885. The following is the language of that circular:

"We do not think it advisable for brethren to go into court and plead guilty. We must not look at our own eases from individual standpoints, but in the light in which the whole people may be affected by our action, whatever it may be. Every case should be defended with all the zeal and energy possible. Let us contend for our rights, inch by inch, and not yield a particle to the demands of those who are assailing us. We have rights under the Constitution, and however much these may be denied to us, it is still our bounden duty to contend for them, not only in behalf of ourselves, but for all our fellow-citizens and for our posterity, and for humanity generally throughout the world. Were we to do less than this, we would fail in performing the mission assigned to us, and be recreant to the high trust which God has reposed in us."

This clearly expresses the views which have been entertained upon this important question. We have been opposed to men going into Court, when accused under the Edmunds law, and pleading guilty. There may be cases where such a plea, owing to peculiar circumstances, might be admissible; but as a rule it is a bad plea for a Latter-day Saint to make. As evidence of this we have but to quote from the Report of the Utah Commissioners. They assert that "the plea of guilty entered in seventeen cases of unlawful cohabitation" is one of the "most serious" of much internal agitation, which shows that independent thought and action among the people are commencing to assert themselves more and more." These Commissioners "advised the government, and the country at large, that those who enter the plea of guilty acquiesce in the corruption of the law. This, of course, was not the intention of a great many of those who have entered this plea, but our records make use of it all the same. They give men no credit for the real motives which actuate them in making this plea, but use it as an evidence that they acknowledge the law and are willing to bow to and accept it. We think it all wrong to enter such a plea. Men have done so to save their families from going into Court; but the most of the wives of Latter-day Saints would rather go into Court and face the ordeal to which they would be subjected by so doing, than to have their husbands put themselves in a false position.

THE wages that sin bargains with the sinners are life, pleasure and profit; but the wages it pays him with are death, torment and destruction: he that would understand the falsehood and deceit of sin, must compare its promises and payments together.

AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

GEORGE DYER, a friend of Charles Lamb, passed his life among old books, but never entered into the spirit of their authors. Hazlitt said of him, "He hangs like a film and cobweb upon letters, or like the dust on the outside of knowledge, which should not too rudely be brushed aside."

Dyer was a very "spare" man as to his table, a fact which tempted Charles Lamb to rechristen his friend's dog. The dog's name was Tobit, and Lamb called him *No-bit*.

Dyer was very absent-minded, and once invited a literary friend, named Llanos, to breakfast with him. Dyer forgot all about the matter after he had given the invitation, and when his friend arrived, there was nothing but Dyer, his books and dust, the work of years.

Dyer, however, sought his cupboard, and found the remnant of a small loaf, two cups and saucers, a little glazed teapot, and a spoonful of milk. Putting hot water in the teapot, Dyer bade his friend sit down to the table. Llanos began on the stale crust, and waited for his tea. At last, Dyer poured out the hot water from the teapot.

"Have you not forgot the tea?" asked Llanos.

"Bless me!" replied Dyer, "and so I have!" and immediately he emptied the contents of a brown paper parcel into the teapot, poured in more hot water, and sat down.

"How very odd it was that I should have made such a mistake!" he exclaimed, filling again his guest's cup.

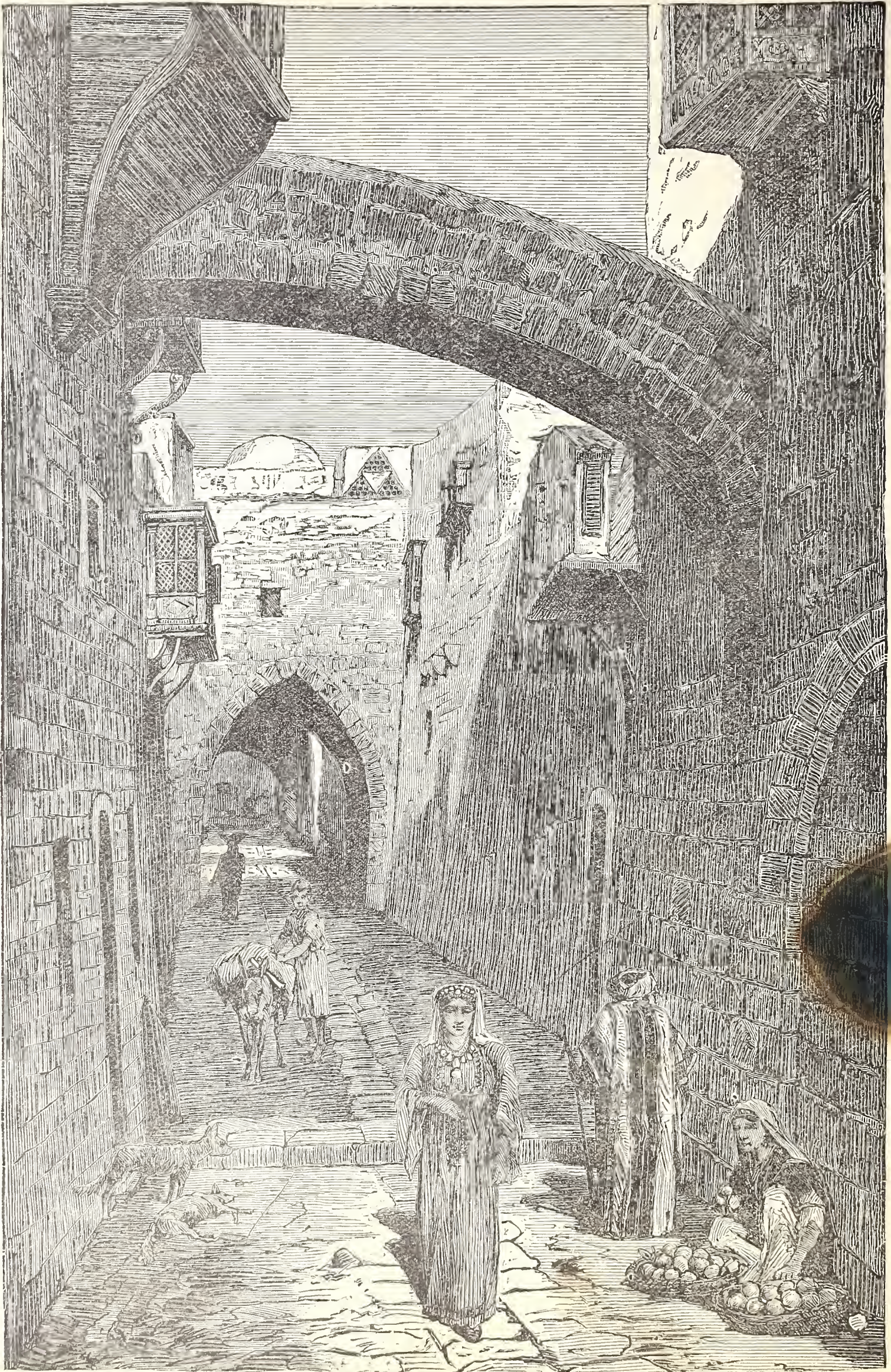
The guest, noticing that the so-called tea had a strange color, thrust his spoon in and tasted. It was ginger. He said nothing, however, and after a short time, departed to a neighboring coffee house. He was just finishing a capital breakfast, when who should walk in but Dyer. He had forgotten all about the breakfast at his house, and that he had just parted from his friend, but greeted him as if they had not met for several days.

A READY POET.

"IMPROVISING" was more an art in former times than now. Rhymes to order are not, however, an extremely difficult task to poets of a certain class.

When Allen Ramsay, the poet, was still an obscure young man, and a wig-maker, he once fell behind with his rent, and as ill-luck would have it, he came plump upon the laird on the very day he least wished to see him. The dreadful subject of "the rent" came immediately on the carpet, and Ramsay, with shame and grief, confessed his inability to satisfy his creditor. To his great relief, however, the laird expressed perfect indifference about the matter; for, having observed Ramsay's genius, he was unwilling to distress him for so paltry a sum, and which he could so easily afford to remit. He even went the length of saying that if Ramsay, in as many minutes, could give him a rhyming answer to four questions which he would ask, he would remit him of his rent altogether, as a reward for so much quickness of mind. Allen professed his willingness to try; and a watch being laid upon the table, the laird pronounced his questions, which were. "What does God love? What does the devil love? What does the world love? What do I love?" The poet, within the specified time, gave the proper answer as follows:

"God loves man when he refrains from sin;
The devil loves man when he persists therein;
The world loves man when riches on him flow;
And you'd love me could I pay you what I owe!"



THE SORROWFUL WAY.

A SOMEWHAT gloomy street in the Latin or Christian quarter of Jerusalem leads from the Eastern Gate to the place of the Holy Sepulchre. This street is called by the Turkish residents and by the Moslem rulers of the city, *Harat-el-Albam*, and by the Christians, *Via Dolorosa*, or Way of Sorrow; and it is popularly believed to mark the path followed by our anointed Lord and Master when He took that journey of sublime sorrow from the frowning Hall of Judgment to the waiting Mount of Calvary.

It is upon this street, the *Via Dolorosa*, that the local tradition places the stand of that unfortunate artisan, the cobbler of Jerusalem, who became the never-resting, undying "Wandering Jew." This same legend says that the Savior, carrying His heavy cross along the rugged ascending route, was like to faint under His burden. He had been scourged, reviled, spit upon, until His stricken frame could scarcely sustain the cruel weight. Just as He was passing the shoemaker's house, He begged permission to rest for one moment upon a stone bench at the door. But the Hebrew workman pushed the Master rudely, and cried, "I find no pity and will give none. Go on, go on!" And then the Savior, looking at the artisan with His divine, pitying eyes, sorrowfully spoke: "Verily thou shalt go on until thou art redeemed, for thus hath spoken the Omnipotent Father."

After this last cruelty had been inflicted upon the Savior, He moved on sadly and wearily to the appointed place of the immortal sacrifice. And from that day until the present time, according to the legend, the shoemaker of the "Way of Sorrow" has been wandering upon the face of the earth contritely and uncomplainingly fulfilling the requirement of his sentence.

KENNON.

EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF MEMORY.

SENECA is reported to have been able to repeat two thousand words at once, in their exact order, and then rehearse them with so much precision as not to miss a single word. Cyrus had a memory so exceedingly powerful that historians say he could call every soldier in his army accurately by name. Mithridates, who was king of seventy-three nations, speaking different languages, was acquainted with all of them in their vernacular tongue. A Corsican boy could rehearse forty thousand words, whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated, and afterwards begin with the last word, and repeat them backwards without a single mistake. Dr. Wallis extracted the cube root of three, even to thirty places of decimals, solely by his memory. Magliabechi, an Italian, who read most of the books written in his lifetime, could tell what was the subject of each author, quote the chapters, sections, and pages, in which any particular subject was expressed; besides this, he could repeat even the writer's own words. A gentleman loaned him a manuscript to examine, and afterwards pretended he had lost it, when, to his utter amazement, Bechi wrote it word for word, by the mere strength of his memory, although he read the article but once. Euler lost his sight in 1783, yet carried on his complicated and abstruse mathematical calculations on the inequal-

ities of the planetary motions, and composed a treatise on algebra, by dint of his astonishing memory. He could, moreover, repeat the *Æneid* of Virgil from beginning to end, and tell the first and last line of every page in the edition which he had read before he became blind. Whitfield is said to have been so familiar with the scripture, that he could repeat the whole Bible without mistake. A physician who died a few years since, in Massachusetts, could repeat the "Paradise Lost" of Milton in his old age, though he had not read it for twenty years.

Selected.

WANTED MR. GLADSTONE FOR A CLERK.

MANY incidents similar to the following, and quite as amusing, have occurred in the lives of eminent people. They illustrate the fact that men who attain and hold places of greatness are generally fit to fill them. A good chancellor would first be a good clerk. A London paper says:

A curious adventure once occurred in the London offices of the late Mr. W. Lindsay, merchant ship-owner, and an M.P. There one day entered a brusque but wealthy ship-owner of Sunderland, inquiring for Lindsay. As Mr. Lindsay was out, the visitor was requested to wait in an adjoining room, where he found a person busily engaged in copying figures. The Sunderland ship-owner paced the room several times, and took careful notice of the writer's doings, and at length said to him:

"Thou writes a bonny hand, thou dost."

"I am glad you think so," was the reply.

"Ah, thou dost; thou macks thy figures weel; thou'rt just the chap I want."

"Indeed," said the Londoner.

"Yes, indeed," said the Sunderland man, "I'm a man of few words; noo, if thou'lt come over to canny old Sunderland, thou seest I'll gie thee a hundred and twenty pounds a year, and that's a plum thou does not meet with every day in thy life, I reckon. Noo, then."

The Londoner replied that he was much obliged for the offer, and would wait till Mr. Lindsay returned, whom he would consult upon the subject. Accordingly, on the return of the latter, he was informed of the ship-owner's tempting offer.

"Very well," said Mr. Lindsay, "I should be sorry to stand in your way; one hundred and twenty pounds is at present more than I can afford to pay you in the department in which you are at present placed. You will find my friend a good and kind master, and under the circumstances the sooner you know each other the better. Allow me, therefore, Mr. —, to introduce the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, of the Exchequer."

Mr. Gladstone had been engaged in making a note of some shipping returns for his budget. The Sunderland ship-owner, you may be sure, was a little taken back at first, but he soon recovered his self-possession, and enjoyed the joke quite as much as Mr. Gladstone did.

EVERY gracious action is a seed of joy, and every sinful action the seed of anguish and sorrow to the soul that soweth it.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE remark was made to me the other day, as coming from a man who claims to have a standing in the Church, that the First Presidency did not have a proper conception of the situation of affairs and the peril the Church was in, or they would endeavor to come to some terms of arrangement with the Government upon this question of plural marriage. The man who originally made the remark is one who has shown by his actions that he was willing to sacrifice a principle for the sake of escaping the extreme penalty inflicted by Judge Zane. Probably there are a number of persons who claim a membership in the Church who entertain the same view that this man expresses. Persons who take this view must entertain the idea that this whole fight hinges on the practice by the Latter-day Saints of the principle of patriarchal marriage, and that this is all that is involved in the issue. A great many outside people, no doubt, have the same opinion. They only see what is called polygamy. They think that this is all that creates prejudice and excites opposition against us, and that this is all that we are trying to establish or that we are contending for.

Now, those who entertain these views exhibit an ignorance and a want of conception of the true situation of affairs that virtually unfits them to speak and act upon this question. What is called polygamy is a single issue, and but a small one, it may be said, in one respect, out of the many that must sooner or later be settled in this country. It should be clearly understood, by our own people at least, that we are not contending for any single principle, or the liberty to carry it out. We are struggling to maintain civil and religious liberty in its broadest and most comprehensive sense. There are many evils that must be eradicated besides intolerance in regard to the principle of patriarchal marriage. If it were possible to concede this principle without apostatizing, there remains behind it, overshadowing it and enveloping it the still greater question as to the right of the Priesthood to counsel and to direct the people. It is this that is hated by the enemies of this Church who understand our organization, more than anything else. To use their own language, they do not care anything about polygamy, but they do want to destroy the rule of the Priesthood—the hierarchy, as they call it.

I have read with varied emotions of anger and disgust the report of the Utah Commission and the recommendations which the Commissioners make, through the Secretary of the Interior, to the Chief Executive and to Congress. The Chairman of this Commission is a man with whom I have been intimate for a number of years. While I was serving in the House of Representatives he was a member of the Senate. Governor Ramsey is a man highly respected where he is known, and is an excellent specimen of a politician. He has served with credit in the House of Representatives and in the Senate, as Governor of Minnesota and as Secretary of War, and bears a high reputation. If any man should understand the principles of liberty and the rights of American citizens, Governor Ramsey should be that man, for he has had life-long experience in all those questions. When, therefore, one reads such a report as that made by the Commission of which he is Chairman, with the recommendations accompanying it, he gathers a most excellent idea of the true position of affairs, so far as civil and religious liberty is concerned, in this nation. Nothing

that has been published of late years from an official source shows more completely to what a depth the public sentiment of America has fallen than this Report to the Secretary of the Interior. As long as it lives in memory or in history it will stand as a damning disgrace to its signers, and as a mark to show how high the flood-tide of prejudice, passion and tyranny can rise in a republic ostensibly free. When a Commission of five men selected with care to perform the delicate duties entrusted to them under the Edmunds law, can unite in making such recommendations as they have made in this Report, it shows most conclusively that there is something terribly wrong in governmental affairs and in the management of public interests. A more tyrannical, proscriptive and wicked set of recommendations could not have been framed in the darkest ages. If these Commissioners' suggestions were to be adopted, the "Mormon" people would be reduced to a condition of bondage the parallel to which would have to be sought for in the history of bygone ages and among conquered, subjugated and enslaved races. Not a vestige of the liberty that belongs to us by inheritance, and which our fathers for centuries have contended for and enjoyed, would be left to us. The people who compose the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are, in almost every instance, descended from the freedom-loving nations of the earth. In this respect they have no superiors anywhere. The native American portion of our people are descended from the best stocks in the land. Those from European countries are from nations that have maintained liberty for ages. We would be recreant to all the memories and traditions of our ancestors if we did not stand up for liberty. The question presented to us, and upon which we are acting, is one of liberty or slavery. We are urged to surrender convictions that are dearer to us than life—convictions, too, which when practically carried out in our lives do not infringe upon or interfere with the liberty of others. The reward we are to have for this surrender is freedom from punishment of different degrees with which we are threatened, and which, in many instances, is being meted out to us at the present time. But suppose we should surrender the principle which is most abused, and under cover of which the wrongs for which we now suffer are perpetrated; would that give us and the nation at large true liberty? Certainly not. That which we suffer for patriarchal marriage is but one manifestation of the oppression which can be inflicted with impunity upon us. Look at our political condition! We have been a State. We are fully entitled to a state government, and have been for many long years. If true liberty were in the republic, this right would not be denied us. Several Territories have been admitted into the Union since Utah applied for admission. Nevada, burdened with debt, and with a population scarcely larger than the number of the school children in Utah, a mere political skeleton in fact, was readily admitted as a State, while Utah, free from debt, lightly taxed, rich in industry, pre-eminently capable of self-government, with a population wedded to the soil and who dwelt in permanent villages, towns and cities, was refused, and told she must still remain a Territory, and be governed by officials in whose selection she had no voice! Was that fair? Was it republicanism? Was it liberty?

The evils under which this nation groans are of such a character that they will bring ruin upon it sooner or later, unless they are eradicated. Upon us, few in number though we be, depends the important duty of maintaining at all hazards correct government and correct views concerning government. As we see by the Report of this Commission, public men's

conceptions of liberty are measured and dealt out according to popular clamor. Let any community offend public opinion at the present time, and if they are not strong enough to resist and make themselves respected, either by sheer force of numbers or by political influence, they become victims to popular hate. Witness the cruelties inflicted upon the Chinese. Is such treatment right? Every right-feeling man who is divested of prejudice condemns such treatment as unworthy of Americans. The negro is only respected because he is a political pet and has a vote. But if he had no vote and the tide of passion were to set against him, as it does against the Chinese and the Indians, he would inevitably be treated as they are. But he is a political power, because he has a vote, and is therefore courted and treated with the respect which the possession of power always commands.

The cause of many of the great evils under which our government suffers at the present time is that the mob rules. Men who are dependent upon votes for office bend to the wishes of the mob and comply with their most insolent demands, regardless of principles or of the question of right or wrong that may be involved in the demand. It is this fatal elasticity and subserviency that makes these outrages upon the Chinese people possible. So also in our own case. There are thousands of public men who feel that this crusade against us is all wrong; but they stand in dread of popular disapproval. Members of Congress privately condemn the treatment extended to us; but they fear the loss of votes, and therefore dare not express their views. It is this condition of affairs that makes the perpetration of outrage against us possible. We have no votes with which to affect political questions. We, therefore, can be trampled upon with impunity. Does any one imagine that the Commissioners would dare make such recommendations as they have concerning the people of this Territory if we had votes which could affect party questions? Nothing is clearer to my mind than they take advantage of our political helplessness, and it is this political helplessness that makes us a prey to the vile horde who seek our overthrow, and is one cause of the wide-spread prejudice against us.

Now, there are thousands of men in these United States who are as much opposed to the evils under which the country suffers as are the Latter-day Saints—thousands of patriotic, liberty-loving men and women; but they are scattered throughout the country without organization and without the power to act in concert. Amid the noisy clamors which prevail their voices are lost in protest against these evils. In this emergency, however, in number, we have the advantage. We are united by the union which God has given unto his people, and we shall stand in the gap; that we shall struggle for and maintain that liberty which was bought by the shedding of precious blood in the founding of this government. Those who understand the nature of the conflict now in progress perceive that we are contending for more than the superficial observer imagines. We are contending for the fullest civil and religious liberty for all men of every creed and of every nationality—a liberty that will permit every man to serve his God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and to perform all other matters to suit himself, so long as in doing so he does not intrude upon the rights and liberties of his fellow-men. The occurrences of every day prove to us how necessary it is that some people should stand up for liberty and right, and endeavor to induce the nation to walk in the old paths, to put down mobocracy in every form, to befriend the friendless, to protect the unprotected, to defend the weak

and the powerless, and to maintain justice and fair dealing in the land, and not suffer any combination of men to attempt to crush out individual or weaker people, because they are unpopular.

In many parts of the States let popular vengeance be aroused against a criminal or a supposed criminal and mobs organize themselves, mask themselves, and in the dead of the night, or at some other convenient season, attack the jail, overpower the officers of the law and execute vengeance upon the accused. Doubtless, many innocent persons fall victims to the hellish rage of these blind, ignorant and cruel gatherings of men. While such fashions prevail how easy it is for the real criminal, or for some one who has a hatred of the person accused, to arouse popular vengeance against the party who is accused of crime, and who is in custody, and thus remove him from their pathway, and in that way quiet suspicion concerning themselves! No nation can stand which allows these dreadful evils to prevail in its midst. The Latter-day Saints have been predicting for upwards of half a century what the fate of this nation would be unless there should be repentance, and every day the significance of their predictions becomes more apparent. If liberty be preserved we are the people to preserve it. If anarchy were to reign in these United States to-day, and our present form of government were to be broken up by civil strife, we, through the blessing of God, are the people, and, I may say, the only people on the continent capable of self-government and of maintaining order and every attribute of good government. When those days shall come, as come they undoubtedly will, then the superiority of our system will be made plain, and thousands will be glad to seek refuge in Zion and protection for life and property from that people, whom many of them, to-day, in their ignorance, would be willing to see destroyed.

REFERRING to the case of Albert Carrington, it is surprising how many people there are who now express themselves as having had no confidence in him. It seems that numbers of the Elders who have labored with him in Great Britain had their suspicions aroused concerning his conduct. They felt that, if not guilty of adultery, he, at least, had been exceedingly unwise. But there is a natural reverence which members of the Church entertain for a man holding so high a position as he did. Men who had few, if any, doubts as to his criminality hesitated to express themselves, lest it should be thought that they were making false accusations. Though morally certain themselves, they were not in possession of evidence to substantiate against him any charge of criminal conduct. They, therefore, kept their views to themselves.

There is another class who have not had confidence in him because there was an absence of the Spirit in his public teachings. They say now: "I always thought him very dry and derived no edification from his teachings." People whose lips have been sealed because of his prominence in the Priesthood now speak freely concerning the feelings they have entertained, and very many will feel that their discernment was not at fault, and will be strengthened and confirmed respecting the intimations of the Spirit to them.

Nothing is more certain than that the Latter-day Saints, as a people, have the gift of discernment. It is difficult, if not impossible, to deceive a congregation of Latter-day Saints in their estimate of public teachers. A man may, to all human appearance, be all right, and have an unquestioned standing in the Church and in the Priesthood; but if he be a hypocrite

or be destitute of the Spirit of his calling, the people are quick to perceive it, and they form their opinion of him accordingly. Those who have had long experience in the Church can look back and recall to mind how many instances of this kind their own experience suggests to them. A notable instance of this character was the case of Sidney Rigdon, when he attempted to persuade the Church in Nauvoo to elect him as guardian for the Church. There was an excellent opportunity then furnished to the people to decide between the voice of the true shepherd and that of the false shepherd. Rigdon was a man noted for his eloquence, with a powerful command of language; but on that occasion his words fell with a dampening effect upon the congregation. No sooner, however, did President Brigham Young arise to his feet and utter a few sentences than the voice of him whom God had chosen to lead His people was immediately recognized. Every word he uttered confirmed the impression in the minds of those who had the Spirit of the Lord. The few who did not acknowledge this were men who in their own feelings had apostatized, and from whom the Spirit of the Lord had withdrawn. So it always has been from the beginning of the Church down to the present time. So it will be from this time onward till Jesus comes. Saints who live as they should do will always be able to detect the true from the false, the honest from the dishonest, the genuine man from the hypocrite, the man who possesses the spirit of his religion and the gifts of the Priesthood which he holds, and the man who is destitute thereof. They may, as they have done in the ease to which we refer, pay respect to the Priesthood which a man bears; but if he be unworthy, in their secret hearts they are conscious of it, and are able to detect the spuriousness of his professions. This is a blessed gift which God has given to His people, and it should be prized and cultivated by those upon whom it is bestowed.

MAN'S DEPENDENCE.

BY VERNON.

IN gazing over the comprehensive range of human life and development, we are often led to wonder whether mankind in general, while engaged in different pursuits, ever think for a moment by what power they are enabled to accomplish what they do; whether they entirely ignore the real source of their power and ability and take the credit to themselves, or whether they acknowledge the Lord as the Being who bestows upon them every endowment they possess.

God is master of us all. He holds our lives in His hands, and at any moment could catch away the feeble breath and then what is man? Where is his strength or power? It has all gone into the silent grave along with his weak, decaying body.

It is by God's permission that man is allowed to serve out his time on the earth, and have the opportunities of engaging in the different pursuits of which he is so prone to follow. These pursuits which are so prominent in the existence of man are all necessary for his good; yet he must consider that they are not brought into existence by his own ingenuity and smartness, but are subordinate to a mightier cause, which has the power to allow them to be divulged and utilized, or to shut up in the mighty oblivion where hides all undiscovered facts and principles.

God's hand may apparently be made manifest only on extraordinary occasions; yet not a function is performed in all the vast range of existence, but that He approves of it. Should God remove for a single instant His help or protection from any being, it would immediately sink into dust and fall away as a thing of naught. So we find the common and essential aid which man is pleased to call independent strength is a manifestation of God's goodness to him; and whatever avocation he carries on in the tenor of every day life, he is indebted to God for the intelligence, power and freedom to act in that capacity.

Man says he is master of sciences, trades, and the pursuits in which he is engaged. Now, if man in his insignificant condition is master of these resources into which he is thrown, how much more must God be master of them when He is master of the very beings who claim that potency! Is the thing made greater than the maker? Then how could man in his own weak condition presume to deny or question such a mighty source of cause and intelligence! Then, if God is so much the superior, He understands the foundation upon which sciences, arts, trades and all the avocations are based, and could, if so disposed, give to some of His creatures a greater knowledge of those things by a special favor conferred upon them, than all that the so called natural processes of development and understanding could give. He understands perfectly every thing of which man can have the least conception.

Success can be reached by what is called the natural course of training alone, yet it could be made to shine with far greater brilliancy if this unseen aid was called down and exercised in the right way. So it behoves all young or old to most earnestly seek His favor, for their real success depends upon it.

Success in any vocation whatever can never be obtained without His aid and acquiescence. It is given where attempts have proved fruitful, although it may never have been asked. The simple fact that success has been obtained proves that God smiled upon the zealous worker and acknowledged him as worthy of receiving it. It could not have been otherwise; for God claims both the seeker and the sought, and they could not have met with so promising a result without His consent.

Every Latter-day Saint should consider how far his religion is to extend, whether it is to be practiced only on religious occasions, as they are called, or have it extend through the whole course of life, and pervade every thing with which he comes in contact.

The true Latter-day Saint will go to his duty, whether they pertain to his immediate Church or to the world, and he will most firmly join purity of thought in all his transactions.

God can and will help His children in anything they require for them, and if they will only do their duty, seek His advice and guidance in all things, they will find He will not desert them even in worldly matters; but these things will flow in abundantly to their gain and advantage, thus proving that He is a mighty helper in whatever capacity you require aid.

WHATEVER difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but think only what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result.

WHO has not known ill fortune never knew himself, or his own virtue.

Stories for the Little Ones.

HOW TROTTY AMUSED THE BABY.

THE was a very little fellow to be left in charge of such a wide-a-wake baby, but Rachel, the girl in whose care he had been left, had taken it into her thoughtless head to go out, only for a minute, she had said, and so the children were left alone.

Trotty was glad, for his little fat fingers were fairly itching for mischief.

The first thing these naughty fingers did was to go into the sugar-bowl. Trotty thought he had never had enough sugar before, so he ate all he could, and then stuffed the baby's mouth so full that he cried.

Then he opened the jar of jam, and when he got enough of that, his own mother would hardly have known him. It was wonderful to see how much of the stuff he had contrived to get outside of him.

You see the first thing that a little boy bent on mischief thinks of is his stomach.

Next Trotty brought some eggs from the pantry, and he and the baby had a game of marbles with them on the kitchen floor.

That was more than the eggs could stand, and to use Trotty's own words, they "all smashed up." Baby thought that was the best part of it, and the way his little hands went pit-a-pat in the muss they made was delightful to Trotty. He was sure he couldn't have kept baby in better nature if he had tried her best.

But even watching baby's way of beating eggs was not enough after a while, and Trotty was not content with bringing down the looking-glass from the kitchen wall, or in tying a string to it for a cart.

How the baby did crow whenever he could get near enough to see his dirty little face in the glass! But when he crept on to it to have a ride, as Trotty told him he might, he not only broke the glass, but cut his hand with one of the pieces. There was something besides jam and yolk of egg on baby's face then.

"I can det the clothes-baskip and dive you a ride," said Trotty.

Having taken the string from the looking-glass and fastened it to the basket, he thought he would fit it up as a ship. This he did by sticking a rod

from grandma's swifts in each end for masts, and hanging towels over them for sails.

When baby was got into the center, with a parasol stuck over his head to keep off the rain, the ship was ready to sail. But sail it couldn't or wouldn't, and as Trotty was wise enough not to waste time trying to make it, he turned it into a canal boat at once.

The boat went off with Trotty tugging at the tow-line at a good rate; but Trotty undertook to turn it sharp round, and over it went, throwing baby right at mamma's feet in the doorway.

"Why, Trotty, what is the meaning of all this?" asked mamma, in great surprise at the scene before her.

"You see," said Trotty, "Rachel wented off for a minute, and I's 'musing baby."

You may be sure Trotty wasn't left to amuse the baby again after that.

CHILDREN'S ETIQUETTE.

Always say "Yes, sir," "No, sir," "Yes, papa," "Thank you," "Good night," "Good morning."

Use no slang words.

Clean faces, clean finger-nails, indicate good-breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Rap before entering a room, and never leave it with your back to the company.

Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentlemen.

Never put your feet on cushions, chairs, or tables.

Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor read or talk aloud while others are reading.

Never talk or whisper at meetings or public places, and especially in a private room, where any one is singing or playing the piano.

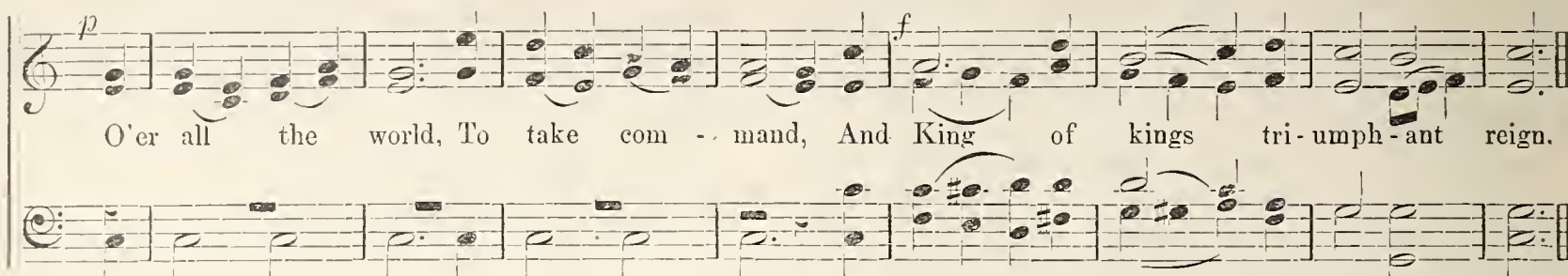
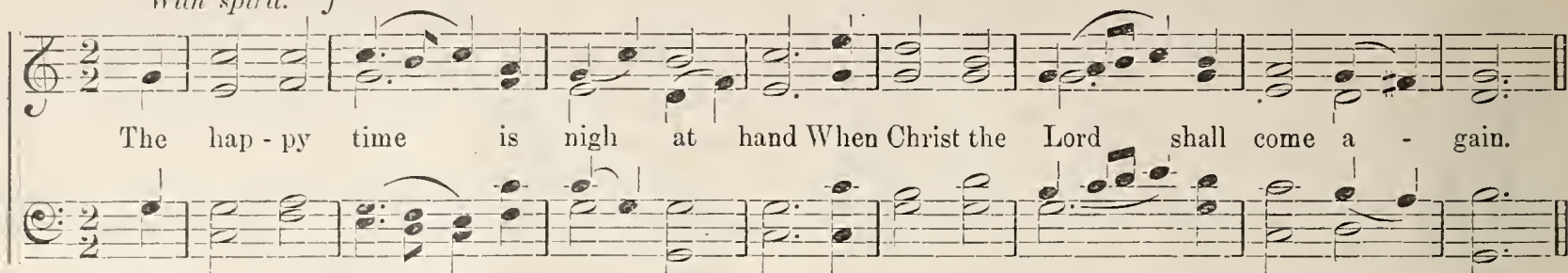
Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, nor be cruel to insects, birds, or animals, for the Lord made them all for a good purpose.

In struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked, "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "Father's leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

A MILLENNIAL HYMN.

WORDS BY GEO. MANWARING.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

With spirit. f

All eyes shall see and know the Lord,
Bow every knee before His throne;
The wicked tremble at His word,
And all mankind His kingdom own.

And Saints shall in His presence dwell
A thousand years—O blissful thought!

With love shall every bosom swell,
With joy shall every hour be fraught.

Angels and men His praise shall sing,
The hosts of heaven their tribute pay;
Through heaven and earth hosannas ring
Throughout a glad millennial day.

ENIGMA.

BY C. C. SHAW.

I am composed of eleven letters:
My 1, 2, 8 is a home of wild beasts;
My 3, 7, 5, 4, 6, 7 is in every city;
My 11, 9, 10 is what every girl should learn to do;
My whole is the name of a newspaper published in this western country.

THE answer to the Charade published in No. 21, is FARMINGTON. We have received correct answers from J. S. Blain, Provo; Frank Pickering, Payson; Ezra Christianson, Manti; Laura Thurber, Annie Christensen, Greenwich; B. H. Tolman, Honeyville; Paulina Allen, Paradise, R. A. Jones, Hennefer; Jaren Tolman, East Bountiful; R. W. Barnes, Robert Blamires, Geo. W. Underwood, G. W. Barnes, Maria Reddish, W. S. Barnes, Geo. A. Webb, Mrs. Elizabeth Barnes, Jos. Rayne, Kaysville; John Cederlund, Montpelier, Idaho; C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City.

THE answer to the Enigma in No. 21, is HERMOUNTS. We have received correct answers from Frank Pickering, Payson; Ezra Christianson, Manti; B. H. Tolman, Honeyville; Paulina Allen, Paradise; Jaren Tolman, East Bountiful; C. L. Berry, J. B. Bean, Salt Lake City.

A SUNDAY school child being asked why God made the flowers of the field, replied, "Please, ma'am, I suppose for patterns for artificial flowers."

"I DON'T like that cat. It's got splinters in it's feet," was the excuse of a four year old boy for throwing the kitten away.

"I WISH you wouldn't give me such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer who had a long standing account against him. "And I wish you would not give me such long wait for mine," was the quiet rejoinder.

PADDY'S DESCRIPTION OF A FIDDLE. "It was the size of a turkey, and the size of a goose; he turned it round on its back and rubbed it with a stick, and oeh! St. Patrick's name be it did squeal!"

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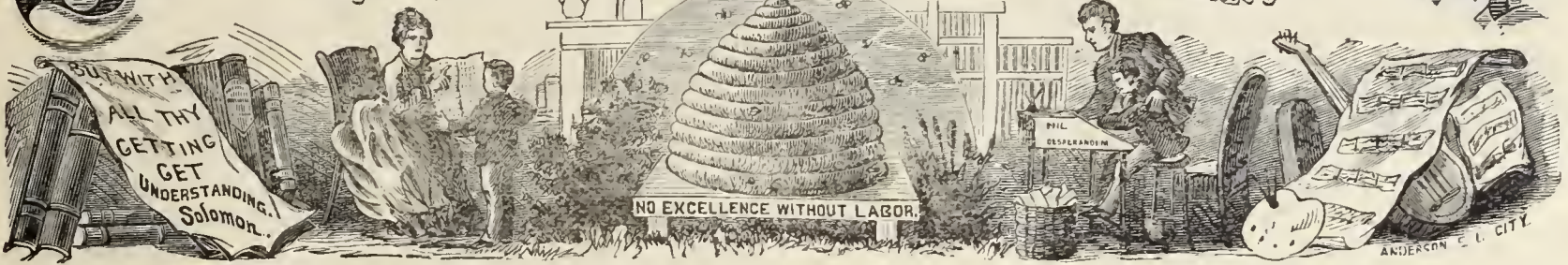
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HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.



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NO. 24.

MISCHIEVOUS JOHNNY.

LITTLE JOHNNY WHARTON was a boy who, like a great many others of his age, wanted his own way in everything, whether it was right or wrong, and he would not yield his desires unless forced to do so. One day his mother was making some mince-meat for the holidays and he kept bothering her to give him some of it. His toys lost all their charm as soon as there was anything to eat in course of preparation.

Johnny stood by his mother while she chopped the meat, raisins, and other things, all the time begging for a small dish-full although his mother said it would make him sick. Finally he saw the cider added and the jar containing it placed in the cupboard without his even having a taste. This made him angry and he went in one corner and pouted.

After a while his mother and sister left the room to attend to some

other duties. "Now," thought Johnny, "I'll help myself and see if it'll make me sick. There is so much of it that a little will not be missed."

He thereupon got a stool and after a great effort succeeded in getting up to the cupboard. Seizing a large spoon he began to fill himself with the delicious mixture; and not until his stomach was pretty full was he discovered by his mother and sister who, wondering at his long silence, began to search for him. Angry as his mother was she did not whip him, thinking that his self-inflicted punishment would be sufficient to prevent any further such mischievous acts. And so it was; Johnny had scarcely smacked his lips over the last mouthful taken, before he began to feel sick, and from that time for many days he had to lie in bed and reflect with sorrow on his foolish act. The lesson he thus learned was of lasting benefit to him and



he thereafter became a very obedient, careful boy.

Our engraving shows Johnny at the moment he is discovered. See how frightened he is. He seems to be almost ready to fall with fear. So it is with all those who do wrong; they are afraid of almost everybody and everything, and when discovered at their wicked acts they tremble. It is only those who do right both in public and private, that have peaceful and contented minds. They alone know what it is to be really happy, and it is only on such that the Almighty showers His choice blessings. We hope that our boys and girls will do right and not have to learn in the bitter school of experience, as did Johnny Wharton, that the result of wrong-doing is always sorrow and misery.

ICELAND.

BY JOHN THORGEIRSON.

ICELAND is one of the most out-of-the-way places on the earth, it being situated between $63^{\circ} 24'$ and $66^{\circ} 33'$ latitude north, and between $13^{\circ} 31'$ and $24^{\circ} 17'$ longitude west. Its length from east to west is about 325 miles; its breadth from north to south about 190. Its area is estimated at 39,000 square miles. The highest mountains on the island are Snœfels Jokull, the summit of which reaches the altitude of 4,600 feet above the sea-level, and Orœfa Jokull, the altitude of which exceeds 5,000 feet above sea-level. The former is situated on the sea coast, in latitude $64^{\circ} 47'$ and longitude $15^{\circ} 35'$. But notwithstanding its solitary situation, and its touching the arctic circle on the north, the gospel found its way up there about thirty years ago, and there are at the present over forty native families of Iceland in Utah, so far as the writer has learned.

Iceland is inhabited on the sea-coast only. The farthest inland habitation being about 100 miles from the sea. This is on account of the extensive *jokuls* (glaciers) and volcanoes that exist in the island. The most famous glacier is the *Vatna-Jokul* (water-glacier), which runs along the south-east coast of the island, extending upwards of 50 miles. The highest summits of this range vary from 3,000 to over 5,000 feet above the sea level, and are called Snœfel, Skaptar, Eyjtjalla, Torfa and Orœfa-Jokuls. The most celebrated volcanoes are Krabla, Katla and Hekla. The last one generally exploded at regular intervals of twenty-four years; but now there have passed over forty years since the last eruption took place—in 1844. There are also many geysers (hot springs) on the island, and are of different temperature, varying from lukewarm to a state of violent ebullition. In some instances they are impregnated with sulphur or other mineral substances. The most remarkable of them is the Great Geyser and the Strokkur (churn).

There are also many lakes in Iceland, one of which is celebrated as being near the place where the famous "Rock of Judgment," as it is called, is situated. Lord Dufferin says it is the most remarkable place in the world, and that no one who has not seen it can imagine its grandeur. "Here, long ago," says he, "at the period when feudal despotism was the only government known throughout Europe, free parliaments used to sit in peace and regulate the affairs of the young republic. This spot then, created almost by nature a fortress, the founders of the Icelandic constitution chose for their parliamentary meetings. For three hundred years did the gallant little republic

maintain its independence—three hundred years of unequalled literary and political vigor."

The first permanent settlement was made in Iceland in the ninth century by two Norse chieftains, Ingolf and Herjolf. They landed on the coast of Iceland, August 2, 874. Herjolf had some Irish slaves with him, who, after having killed their master, fled to the islands that still bear the name of Vestman-naeyar (Westmen's islands), the Irish being called Westmen. These slaves were, however, all killed by Ingolf, and the Christian relics found on those islands were brought there by those slaves.

Through the tyrannizing despotism in Norway, Iceland became fairly populated in a short time. Lord Dufferin gives the following description of the Icelandic pioneers:

"Colonized as Iceland has been—not as is generally the case when a new land is brought into occupation, by the poverty-stricken dregs of a redundant population, nor by a gang of outcasts and ruffians expelled from the bosom of a society which they contaminated, but by men who in their own land were both rich and noble, with possessions to be taxed and spirit too haughty to endure taxation. Already acquainted with whatever of refinement and learning the age they lived in was capable of supplying, it is not surprising that we should find its inhabitants, even from the first infancy of the republic, endowed with an amount of intellectual energy, hardly to be expected in so secluded a community.

"Perhaps it was this very seclusion which stimulated into almost miraculous exuberance the mental powers already innate in the people. Undistracted during several successive centuries by the bloody wars, and still more bloody political convulsions, which for too long a period rendered the sword of the warrior so much more important to European society than the pen of the scholar, the Icelandic settlers devoting the long leisure of their winter nights to intellectual occupations, became the only one of any European nation to create for themselves a native literature. Indeed, so much more accustomed did they get to use their heads than their hands, that if an Icelander were injured he often avenged himself, not by cutting the throat of his antagonist, but ridiculing him in some pasquinade, sometimes, indeed, he did both.

"Almost all the ancient Scandinavian manuscripts are Icelandic, the earliest topographical survey with which we are acquainted was Icelandic; the negotiation between the courts of the north were conducted by Icelandic diplomatists. The cosmogony of the Odin religion was formulated, and its doctrinal traditions and ritual reduced to a system by Icelandic archæologists, and the first historical composition ever written by any European in the vernacular was the product of Icelandic genius. It consists of an account of the reigns of the Norwegian kings, from mythic times down to about A.D. 1150, and detailed by the old saga-man with so much art and cleverness, as almost to combine the dramatic power of Macaulay with Clarendon's delicate delineation of character and charming loquacity of Mr. Pepys. His stirring sea fight, his tender love stories and delightful bits of domestic gossip, are really inimitable; you actually live with the people he brings upon the stage, as intimately as you do with Falstaff, Percy, or Prince Hal, and there is something in the bearing of those old heroic figures who form his *dramatis personæ*, so grand and noble, that it is impossible to read the story of their earnest stirring lives without a feeling of almost passionate interest, an effect which no tale frozen up in monkish Latin of the Saxon annalist has ever produced upon me. The same century which produced the Herodotean of Sturluson, also gave birth to a

whole body of miscellaneous Icelandic literature, whence histories, memoirs, romances, biographies, poetry, statistics, novels, calendars, specimens of almost every kind of composition are to be found even among the meagre relics which have survived the literary decadence that supervened on the extinction of the republic.

It is to these same spirited chroniclers that we are indebted for the preservation of two of the most remarkable facts in the history of the world: the colonization of Greenland by Europeans in the tenth century, and the discovery of America by the Icelanders at the beginning of the eleventh." (*Lord Dufferin's Letters from High Latitudes.*)

The Norsemen, who were heathens, formed the majority of the Icelandic pioneers; but there were also many from the British islands, who also settled in Iceland, which caused a religious controversy among its inhabitants, as the Britons were all Christians. To settle this question a council was called, and each party selected a spokesman, and agreed that their conclusions should settle the matter. The pagans selected Thorgeir Godi as their representative. The two spokesmen had a long interview together, the result of which was that the Christian spokesman submitted the question to Thorgeir for a decision. Thorgeir then retired to his tent, and forbade any one to disturb him for a day and a night. At the end of that time Thorgeir came forth, called the people to order, and delivered an effective speech. His chief argument being, that the prosperity of that people depended entirely on their being united, and he advised the people to abandon idolatry and "worship the true and living God whom the Christians worshiped, which is the same great and mighty God whom our fathers durst not mention by name."

The result of this famous speech was that Christianity was proclaimed a national faith, and was generally received without any great resistance.

Dr. Carpenter says concerning the literature of Iceland: "Icelandic is the only living key to the history of the middle ages and to the old Norse literature. It is the only language now in use in an almost unchanged form, through a knowledge of which we can read the literature of the middle ages, and the more we investigate the development and progress of nations and civilization, the more vividly the truth will flash upon our minds that the Greek and Icelandic are two silver-haired veterans, who hold in their hands two golden keys, the one to unlock the treasures of the ancient times, the other those of the middle ages."

PLAY.—The words commonly used to signify play are these four: relaxation, diversion, amusement, and recreation. The idea of relaxation is taken from a bow, which must be unbent when it is not wanted, to keep up the spring. Diversion signifies a turning aside from the main purpose of a journey, to see something that is curious and out of the way. Amusement means an occasional forsaking of the muses, when the student lays aside his books. Recreation is the refreshing of the spirits when they are exhausted by labor, so that they may be ready in due time to resume it again. From these considerations it follows that the idle man who has no work can have no play; for how can he be relaxed who never is bent? how can he turn out of the road who is never in it? how can he leave the muses who is never with them? how can play refresh him who is never exhausted with business?

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 356.)

ON the 23rd of September, 1881, I moved from Muriwai to Whakato, where I preached to about two hundred attentive hearers. As a reward of our labors four were added by baptism and one by blessing. Intelligence from Hawkes Bay agreeably informed us that twenty-three had been added to the Church by the Elders laboring there.

After preaching to the people of a number of *pahs*, in company with Ihaia Hopu, we proceeded to Ra-kai-ke-ti-Roa, where we were cordially received. Here Ihaia met his son and daughter-in-law. This meeting was celebrated by a *Tangi*, (crying) and *Hongi* (rubbing noses).

The church of England ministers laboring among the Maoris commenced to get uneasy on beholding many of their flock being allured away from the true(?) gospel into what they termed a vain delusion—"Mormonism." They appeared to be very anxious to lift the mask from these deceivers—the Elders—in the presence of the leading Maoris of Poverty Bay. They addressed a letter of challenge to myself and fellow-laborers to meet them at Whakato, and defend the tenets of our peculiar religion. I at once forwarded this challenge to President Stewart, who was laboring in the immediate vicinity of Whakato, and waited anxiously to learn the results of this discussion, which would have quite an influence in turning many from or to the gospel. The Maoris far and near received warm and earnest invitations to be present, when the delusion—"Mormonism"—would be shown up in its true colors. Some of the natives who attended the debate at Whakato returned, and gave us a synopsis of it, which was, of course, that the truth came out victorious. Notwithstanding Rev. Williams, the chief opponent in the discussion, was a thorough Maori linguist, and had six other Maori ministers to assist him, our brethren, half learned in the Maori language, were eminently successful, being aided by that divine intelligence which emanates from God, the fountain of truth, love and knowledge.

Ihaia and I preached to those who had assembled with renewed energy, and our preaching was listened to with unusual marked attention. The result of the Whakato debate gave the work fresh impetus. Here we were again blessed with souls for our labors, as seven more were added to the Church.

I left Rakai-ke-le Roa and went to Tarere, and procured a fresh horse and rode into Gisborne, where I met Elders Hinckley and Stewart.

After making some visits to Maori places, we all proceeded to Muriwai, where we baptized seven more and blessed two children.

(To be Continued.)

CAUTION.—He that goes too near sin to-day may fall into it to-morrow. God has been so indulgent as to give us a latitude and liberty to exercise a pious zeal over ourselves, that we may show how much we fear to offend Him: and a cautious Christian will say with St. Paul, "All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient." Prudence will not always venture to the brink of innocence.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

TRULY we are living in exciting times. One event treads upon the heels of another with such rapidity that our position is almost dramatic in its interest. The Latter-day Saints certainly cannot complain of the tameness of their lives, for there is enough excitement crowded into a year of our existence to satisfy common-place people for a lifetime. Almost every day there is a new excitement, and the people are kept on the stretch, and certainly have an abundance of food for thought. We would be a most extraordinary people if we did not think. The circumstances which surround us compel thought. Even children are developed in this direction as in no other community. The shooting of Brother Joseph McMurrin has shocked the community, and great sympathy is felt for him, and fervent prayers are offered for his recovery. A most estimable and worthy young man, a comfort to his parents and a joy to his family, it seems a dreadful and cruel thing for him to be shot down in the manner he was, by a ruffian of the worst type.

The exposures of the secret conduct of the prominent anti-"Mormons" who have been persecuting the Saints has caused quite a ripple of excitement in the city, which is extending itself throughout the Territory. It is well known to everyone who has any knowledge whatever of these people that they are utterly rotten in their morals. Their lives are of the worst description. Virtue is a quality unknown among them. If the vileness and filthiness of their conduct could be known it would fill our innocent and unsuspecting people with unutterable disgust. The Latter-day Saints have but little knowledge of the corruptions of modern society. They have had no opportunity of becoming familiar with the scenes which are daily and nightly enacted among those who are loudest in their expressions of condemnation of us. But God is acquainted with their wickedness, and He has spoken very plainly concerning it. When the cup of their iniquity shall be filled His judgments will fall swiftly upon this wicked generation. All that we need to do is to wait patiently the developments of His providence. He will take care of His faithful people. He has planted a seed in the earth which will grow until it fills the earth. No power can crush it out. This is a cause for unceasing thankfulness.

ONE of the most delightful fruits of the system of salvation revealed by the Lord, and which was characteristic of it in ancient days as well as the present, is the love that is begotten in the hearts of the people, one for another. This is a peculiarity that has always marked the Latter-day Saints and has been the subject of many remarks by those who are not of us. It was to be one of the signs by which the disciples of Jesus were to be known, and it has never yet failed to accompany obedience to the gospel. It has made no difference in what land it has been preached or by what people it has been obeyed, those who became converts to the truth and were faithful to it never failed to manifest a love such as did not exist in their breasts before, and of which they and their neighbors knew nothing. Latter-day Saints may come from the extreme north or the extreme south, from nations as far removed as it is possible on this globe, and yet when brought together they love one another. They delight in one another's society. There is a oneness of spirit and a congenial feeling

that make them brothers and sisters, though they may not be able to understand each other's language. This is the power which, when poured out universally upon mankind, will make the family of man one, binding them together in bonds of union that cannot be severed. The outpouring of such a spirit makes the millennium possible, and gives men on the earth a very good conception of the condition of affairs which will exist in heaven. When a man witnesses the effects of this spirit upon himself and his fellow-man he perceives how hatreds, animosities, contentions, envyings and strifes will all cease, and universal love fill every heart.

If we contrast these manifestations with those of the world at large outside of this Church, what a difference we behold! Look at society as it exists in this Territory outside of this Church, and see how little there is of that affection which should bind man to man! Self-interest is the only feeling which holds the most of these people together. Remove this and they are a mass of discordant, jarring elements, without cohesion, destitute of union, and frequently arrayed against each other. A society such as this is the direct opposite of that society which is produced by obedience to the gospel. The men who have influence among these people of whom we speak are those who have some favors to bestow. They are moneyed men, or they hold office. Strip them of money and of office and they cease to have the least influence.

One of the characteristics of Satan is, that when he succeeds in leading people astray and involving them in difficulty he always deserts them. At the time of their greatest need he is never there to help. So it is with those who have his spirit. When men stand in the greatest need of help from their fellow-men that is the time they are likely to get the least notice or consideration. I look back and think of the men who have been used by the combination known among us as the "ring," and find these thoughts fully illustrated in the treatment they have received. There was a man by the name of McGrorty, whom the "ring" induced to run as a candidate for Delegate to Congress against Captain Hooper. This was in the year 1868. These people patted him on the back, encouraged him and fooled him to the top of his bent, and he, poor simpleton, was willing to spend his money, and to make a contest for the seat of Delegate to Congress. He made himself utterly ridiculous and was the laughing-stock of everybody who knew him in Washington. But those here who had induced him to assume this position tried to make him believe he was achieving distinction. When, however, he had answered their purpose they threw him aside as a worthless thing, and cared no more what became of him than they did of any tramp that they might have met on the street. He had served their purpose as long as they cared to use him, and he might go to Satan for anything they cared.

Then they took up General Maxwell. He had money to spend and was willing to spend it in the way they suggested. He tried to get elected Delegate to Congress; but failing to get the votes, he undertook to contest the seat of Captain Hooper, and followed the same course that McGrorty had. He tried this twice, spent his money lavishly, was praised for doing so and called a great man, until he had answered the purposes of the "ring" and had spent all his money, then they threw him aside as they would a sucked orange. They made much of Maxwell, praised him and made him think he was a very great man while it suited their purpose to do so, and as long as he had any money to spend; but when they had got through with him, so far as they were concerned, he might have laid and rotted in the gutter.

Next they took Mr. Baskin, and he shared the same fate as his predecessors.

There is no end to instances of this character in the history of our Territory. Men have held position, and while they had a little power they were fawned upon, they were praised, they were surrounded with a crowd of sycophants, and if they could have trusted to the expressions which they heard, they might have believed they were great men and had hosts of friends. But how quickly all this changed when they lost their offices? We have this illustrated in the cases of McCurdy and Strickland, who once were judges here. Boreman, also, when removed from office, found the same change, as did McKean and others who have figured conspicuously while holding the position of Judge. So it will be with those who now occupy position. Let Murray be removed and cease to be governor, how many friends will he have? Let Zane be turned out of office, and how much respect will be entertained for him? Let Ireland be superseded, and what influence will he carry? The people who now surround these men would desert them. They would give them the cold shoulder. They would give expression then to the contempt which they now feel, but which they carefully conceal from them. Let a wolf be shot in a pack of wolves, and how quickly the others will turn and tear him to pieces. So it is in much of the Gentile society as it now exists in our midst. Among them a man's only chance to escape being devoured is to be able, through wealth or the retention of position, to maintain his influence. Strip him of this and he speedily becomes comparatively friendless.

Yet this is the society which our enemies would have us join. This is the change they seek to bring about in this Territory. Instead of love there would be hatred; instead of brotherly kindness and friendship there would be envyings and malice; instead of peace there would be strife and contention; instead of union there would be division; instead of settling difficulties with due respect to each other's rights and by the aid of mutual friends, there would be litigation, perhaps followed by bloodshed; instead of virtue there would be lust, with its horrid train of evils. This picture is not overdrawn. It is the actual condition of society as we see it around us, outside of our own people. Of course, there are exceptions. I would not make this statement too sweeping. There are men and women who are not of this character, but they are very rare. They have no chance to hold their own among such people as they have for associates, and, to live at all, feel themselves compelled to fall into their ways.

God has delivered us from such a condition of society. Whatever troubles and difficulties we may have to contend with, we, at least, can rejoice in the society of those whom we can trust. We have a peace and a love that fully compensate for all the annoyances and persecutions to which we are subjected. Who can think of exchanging the blessings which God has bestowed upon us, through obedience to the gospel, for that which the world has to offer, without shuddering at the thought? It is true, we are threatened with destruction. If it were not for the promises which God has given unto us, and the knowledge that His word cannot fail, that He never did and never will desert those who put their trust in Him, the prospects might look gloomy. But the qualities which God has brought forth in the Latter-day Saints, through their obedience, will undoubtedly live. They can never be overcome, unless the people apostatize, or are destroyed from the face of the earth. But there is no danger of the people apostatizing, or of their being destroyed. These principles have come to

stay, and they will remain until the Savior comes and the universal reign of peace, and truth, and righteousness shall be ushered in.

BEWARE OF DECEPTION.

BY J. C.

SIN, like the counterfeit coin, very often finds its way to us, with a smooth surface, and a pleasing exterior, but when the genuine coin is placed side by side with it, and it is properly weighed and tested its worthlessness is easily detected, and it is soon cast aside as a thing of no value.

The carpenter, who makes a bad joint, may putty and paint it to make it appear sound and perfect to the eye, and although he may succeed, momentarily in hiding from view the weakness and discrepancy, when a strain is put upon the joint, it easily yields to the pressure, and soon reveals this fraud and the imperfection of the manipulation.

Poison plants are known to produce flowers that are exquisite, beautiful and attractive to the external senses, hence it is necessary for us to be on the look-out for such flowers, while selecting our pleasures, lest the hand may mistake them for something sweet and harmless, and inadvertently transmit to all the other members of the body excruciating pain and suffering.

In a quantity of nuts, we often notice that those that contain no kernels are the most tempting to look upon, but what does the appearance avail us when we crack the shell and find that the meat is either rotten, or altogether absent.

It is not always the rich, rosy looking fruit, that draws the attention beyond all the others in the garden, that is the most luscious and agreeable in flavor—far from it; fruits presenting a rough, uncomely exterior, are often by far the most profitable and agreeable to both the purse and person, and when we prove them as such, we prefer them as our chosen favorites, regardless of appearances.

Nor is it the fine exterior of a man or a woman that always denotes the lady or gentleman. Murderers, liars or thieves may link themselves with gold and silver, or embellish their persons with jewels and diamonds and other gay things that are precious and costly, but when all this is done their moral worth is not a particle improved; they remain the same as before—wolves in sheep's clothing, snakes in the grass, or scorpions in the path where our feet may wander, ready to prey upon the innocent wherever an opportunity may present itself.

We offer these ideas for the benefit of the young especially, as young people are more apt to be led astray by the glitter of deceit, than those of greater experience and mature years.

It is the devil's business to bait his traps in such a manner as will be most likely to catch the thoughtless and the unwary. Like the practiced, skillful angler, he knows just when and where to throw his line, and the various kinds of bait to employ, to capture those subjects that will best suit his ends. Being a fallen angel, and having, at one time communed in the counsels of the eternal worlds, he is well fitted to be a potent prince and a powerful, wily general, and nothing short of the Priesthood of the Almighty, and the wisdom of God that cometh from above, will be able to out-general him and his hosts of armies. As the end approaches, Lucifer will increase his tactics, and more securely strengthen his armour and his battlements, in anticipation of the final struggle. All the

cunning and strategy that his craft can desire, will eventually be rallied and centered against the Priesthood of the Son of God. It is this Priesthood that thrust him out of heaven for his disobedience and rebellion, that he has sworn to battle with increasing ardor, as long as a vestage of His authority and dominion shall endure and the only hope that the Saints of God can have of complete success and victory, is in perfect obedience and submission to the teachings and counsels of God, as they are enunciated and revealed from time to time through the agency of His holy and eternal Priesthood.

A HOLIDAY STROLL IN PRUSSIA.

THREE years ago this Christmas, during a few months' sojourn in the northern part of the German Empire, it became my duty to pay a visit to the city of Frankfort on the Oder, distant some sixty miles from the capital city, Berlin, where I had, for a time, fixed my headquarters. The weather was cold as December usually is, but there was no snow on the ground, while the air was clear and bracing; and having, as "Mormon" missionaries invariably have, more time than money at command, and being, moreover, endowed with perfect health and an abundance of physical strength, it occurred to me that here was an opportunity for an inexpensive holiday jaunt, on which, instead of patronizing the railroad and doing the round trip, business and all, in one day, I would wander along leisurely afoot, trusting to friends by the wayside for that food and shelter which the exercise would make doubly welcome.

The district of country referred to is thinly settled, being for the most part extensive forests, with scattering and poverty-stricken hamlets—uninteresting so far as natural attractions and historical associations are concerned, and forbidding in the rough, uncouth, and ignorant character of its scanty population. But it was a new field for missionary labor, and hence not without the charm of novelty. Besides, I was bent on having an enjoyable holiday trip, even though seven thousand miles stretched between me and my home, and resolved in the outset that everything should contribute to my pleasure and profit.

The good old woman, whose sympathy for my loneliness and whose appreciation of my struggles with the German language were only manifested in tears and fervently uttered interjections, heard my determination with dismay, and forbore not, with true Teutonic superstition, to warn me of the goblins and sprites who made the woods their home, and of the many well-authenticated cases of mysterious disappearance of travelers. Finding that her earnestness drew forth no other response than a smile, she set about preparing my luggage, consisting of a very few necessities, and my first day's luncheon, consisting of the large end of a rye loaf and some cold boiled beans, put up in a paper bag. Her worthy husband, an honest tailor, insisted on my accepting the loan of his knapsack, instead of my own valise, and a stout oak staff, which, from its peculiar three cornered head, he assured me was proof against all the tricks of the imps through whose haunts I was to journey. A goodly bundle of tracts, with a book or two for my own reading, completed my equipment, and thus I set out.

Koepenick Street, which being followed in a south-easterly direction leads to the village of that name, situated seven miles

up the Spree from Berlin, is most frequently reached by pleasant steamboat ride. However, the walk along the smooth, hard road, with occasional stoppages and conversations with some of the many odd characters met by the way, I found quite attractive. One young scapegrace, who a few years before had run away from home and gone to America, afterwards returning and accepting the lucrative post of breaking stones on the highway, where I found him, was particularly communicative. He left his work long enough to walk with me into the village, pointing out the chateau where the great Frederick when a young man and heir to the throne, for some boyish indiscretion was tried by court martial. He pointed out the prince's chamber, and under the shadow of its walls was good enough to eat the larger half of my lunch, narrating all the while, with such poor encouragement as I could give him, the experiences of a short, well-meant, but decidedly unsuccessful life. The distribution of a score or so of missionary tracts, a four-mile walk around the shore of one of the numerous lakes which are scattered at close intervals all over the province, and a thankfully accepted opportunity to bear testimony to a corps of wood-choppers, consumed the greater part of the afternoon. But Erkner, eight miles distant from Koepenick, to which after my digression I was forced to return, was my destination for the night, and thitherward I proceeded at my very best pace.

Night comes on suddenly in dense forests, and with still several miles to travel I found myself alone in the darkness, uncertain as to the course to take, and barely able to distinguish the faint path which I had taken in preference to the rough and rocky road. Under these circumstances, with the wind sighing mournfully through the pine boughs, and every now and then a startled rabbit jumping across my path, it is not strange that I thought of the old lady's stories, and clung, more or less unconsciously, to the talismanic staff. The climax of my peculiar emotions was reached, when, on emerging into a small clearing, a gigantic white form, with three ghostly arms wide outstretched, seemed to suddenly thrust itself before my eyes, prepared to envelop me in its weird embrace. For the moment I reproached myself for having laughed at superstition, but in the next I felt glad for the chance of proving how groundless such fears were, for the intruder on closer inspection proved a welcome friend, being nothing more nor less than—a guide-post. Climbing up to the arms which a moment ago looked so terrible, but which now in turn I felt like embracing, I found with the help of an uncertain match that my day's journey would end with one more mile's walk, and upon this final march I started cheerily. Five minutes brought me to the open country, and two minutes more to a large comfortable-looking homestead, the blinking of whose light had guided me to the door. I knocked, and it was opened to me; supper and lodging were tendered me without the asking. The conversation soon turned to America, and this brought me to my favorite theme. "Mormonism" was discussed pro and con with vigor, at times almost with vehemence, and when at last I was shown to bed, the happy consciousness of having withstood the onslaught and broken my first lance in the cause of true religion accompanied me and filled my dreams.

Whoever has slept on a thoroughly German bed, with the light, warm and luxurious down bed for covering, will understand the effort necessary to arise before one's sleep is half out. However, the incessant clanging of a huge bell which called the farm laborers from their work to breakfast, left me no time for peaceful meditation, and I was soon one of the

large party around the steaming board. The family were favorably disposed toward the belief I professed, and had been reading some of my tracts for an hour before I arose. An academic young sprig, the eighteen-year-old hope of the household, alone felt inclined to renew his opposition of the previous night, but he was abruptly silenced by the parental admonition: "Don't be foolish; thou chatterest much about that of which thou knowest nothing." (I may here add that the young man afterwards received the gospel—the only one in the whole family who at last accounts had done so). The sun was just rising above the surrounding forest when I left the roof of my hospitable entertainers, with heartfelt gratitude for the privilege I had had of warning a few more souls, and with feelings towards those souls which I was only feebly able to express.

But I have taken so much space to tell of only my first day's movements that it will be necessary to defer till next number the conclusion of my trip. J. Q. C.

CURIOUS COMPANIONS.

BY VIDI.

A PERSON traveling by rail is thrown into the society of very many different characters, some of whom he admires, others dislikes and all of whom he may study with profit. A brief description of some of these whom the writer met in a recent journey may not be uninteresting to the many readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

The first individual to attract attention after starting was a short, slim, prim-built little fellow, with dark side whiskers and a miserable excuse for a moustache. He could not have been more than twenty-six years of age, and yet, were one to accept his word for it, a person of greater general intelligence could not be found. His great specialty, however, was a knowledge of cards, to a game of which he invited every passenger in the car. Should he succeed in winning it was soon made known to all present by his boistrous laughter, and loud boasts of what he had done and could do, and were he the loser it was merely because "I was not paying much attention." He it was who was ever ready to interrupt the conversation of others by what he thought were good jokes, smart puns or delightful anecdotes. In fact his mouth was ever open "to bray" at others, but his ears were ever closed to receive the instruction he so much needed, thus exhibiting his gross ignorance and lack of good manners.

Next is the sandy-complexioned man of middle stature, whose swaggering gait and high-toned airs would almost indicate that he owned the railroad and all its appendages. He knew something of everybody and everything, and what he did not know it was scarcely worth the trouble to learn. With the "Mormon" question he was perfectly conversant (?), and could soon solve, were the power given him, the vexing problem. He had remained two days in Utah, one of which had been spent in Alta, and with his unusually keen perception(?) he had grasped the whole situation. The "Mormons" were undoubtedly in rebellion, and the United States officials in Utah were laboring with their lives in their hands. Only a few days ago a brave young deputy marshal had been attacked by a crowd of men, and only escaped after shooting one or two of his assailants. For this act and many others the "Mormon" readers should be hung, the Church property confiscated and

the people who still continued to believe in the religion be driven from the United States. This would be his method. The only remarkable things about this man was his self-conceit and his ability to misstate facts.

We next have a large, jolly Yankee, who does not seem to care about anything but to eat and sleep, in which latter occupation he affords great amusement to his fellow-travelers by his terrific snoring. He has no religion, and does not care what others believe as long as they do not interfere with him. He would just as soon accept the religion of the "self-styled Saints" as that of any other denomination, and if the Bible were true he could not see but that "Mormonism" was also. For his part he would let Utah and its people severely alone.

We now come to an aged, spare-built, though well preserved, gentleman, whom I would call "one of the honorable men of the earth." He looks with disgust on the loud-mouthed youth, with pity on the man of murderous intent and with somewhat of favor on the jolly infidel. He is one who speaks not often, but all his utterances are couched in wisdom. He listens respectfully to the remarks of others, apparently seeking to gain reliable information from every source. He believes in granting equal rights to all men of whatever race, color or religion. His example, except in his religion, which is Catholicism, my readers might with profit follow.

Among the female passengers, is a giddy girl who recently took a part in a modern opera with an amateur company. Her thoughts and talk are all about opera, and so anxious is she to let people know of her achievement in this direction that at every stopping place she elevates her voice to almost its highest pitch and prates about the impression she created. It's a pity that we have not a person aboard who heard this remarkable individual in the opera, to tell us the other side of the story. To such an individual one is almost compelled, out of courtesy, to listen for a time, but there is a great sigh of relief when she reaches her destination.

We might continue and tell of the woman who lies in her sleeping berth until noon, and wants all the train officials to wait on her; of the little, fat German Jew who is on his way to *Vaterland* to visit relatives; of the drummer who has wines and liquors to sample; of the female who will laugh and chat as merrily as can be, but who would not for the world go outside of the car door without almost enveloping herself in crape; but we will refrain.

We hope that all of Zion's children will be instructed in the art of etiquette, so that when they travel or are present at a social gathering, they may not make themselves foolishly conspicuous by their lack of the knowledge of how to behave.

MAN'S CHAIN OF DUTIES.—It is useful to observe in our progress through life the chain of duties, trials, and blessings which imperceptibly conduct us from one period to another; and how successive comforts and blessings spring from previous duties. Thus the diligence, sobriety, and virtuous habits of youth will, in middle age, ensure to us through God's blessing the respect of the world, and success in our pursuits, and the active and useful employments of that period, added to early and continued piety and benevolence, will produce an old age of comfort and consolation. Thus proceeding in the way we should go, we reap from the same source our reward for the past, and our encouragement for the future.

HE who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity.

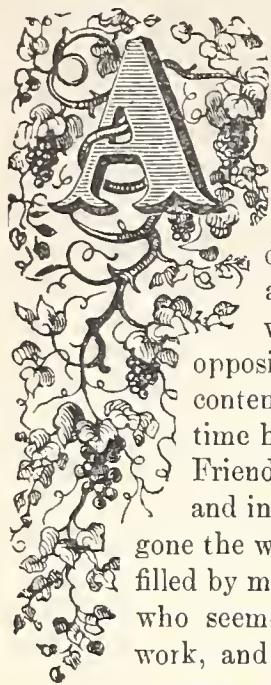
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



SCORE of years has elapsed since we commenced the publication of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. This is the closing number of the twentieth volume. Many great and important changes have occurred during that period. The kingdom of God has grown and spread abroad and taken firmer root in the earth, notwithstanding the animosity and deadly opposition with which it has at times had to contend. In looking back over this space of time how many events crowd upon the memory! Friends whom we knew in the vigor of manhood and in the full possession of mental power have gone the way of all the earth. Their places are now filled by men of a new generation. Servants of God who seemed indispensable to the prosperity of His work, and without whom it seemed as though no progress could be made, have left this condition of existence and gone to join the unnumbered millions who are behind the veil. And yet the work of God thrives and, despite opposition, spreads forth in the earth. It is a delightful reflection, in the midst of the scenes through which we are now passing, to know that God has made promises concerning His Zion that can never fail. Men may array themselves against His work; they may decree its destruction, they may threaten to overwhelm it by sheer force of numbers; but the word of Him who created the heavens and the earth has gone forth to the effect that His Church and Kingdom which He has established shall never be overthrown, and that the Priesthood which He has restored will remain on the earth.

We sincerely trust that the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will live until they shall be fully satisfied with life, and enjoy in their own lives the fulfillment of the promises of God unto them. We trust the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR itself will continue to perform its mission, and go on increasing in influence and in ability to do good, in teaching the rising generation the principles of righteousness, as it has had the happy privilege of doing to the children and youth of Zion for the past twenty years.

We happened to read the other day a statement to the effect that among the Hindus there is a custom of setting apart a particular room to which any member of the family who may be under the influence of what we call a bad spirit, retires, and where he or she remains until restored to good feeling. If this be true, it is a most excellent arrangement. The description said that if a child manifested any improper feeling, or gave way to temper, it was reminded of this room and told to retire there. Grown people, also, when they were inclined to be ill-tempered or cross, instead of exhibiting ill humor in the family circle, retired to this room until they recovered their good nature.

Why should we not adopt a similar plan? It would be attended with most excellent effects in every family, if it was understood that neither children nor grown people have any right to vent their ill humor in the presence of others. Children should be taught to control their tempers, and to cultivate gentle and amiable feelings. When they are under the influence of anger or a bad spirit, instead of being allowed to exhibit that, making every one around them feel unpleasantly, they should be taught to retire by themselves until they overcome that influence, and can return to mingle in the family circle in a pleasant humor. So with parents. If a husband or father does not feel in a pleasant mood, he has no right to annoy others with bursts of ill temper, with expressions of anger, or any other manifestations that would disturb their peace. A wife and mother, also, should control her tongue in the presence of her husband and her children. If she cannot do so, she had better retire by herself until good temper is restored.

But there are some people who seem to have an idea that they have a perfect right to exhibit any mood, however unpleasant, that they may be in to every one around them. Probably they have never been checked from childhood in their ebullitions of anger and bad temper.

Now, children should be taught to control themselves, and the lesson should be impressed upon them that it is a mark of ill breeding to speak angrily or to disturb others by their freaks of ill temper. They have no right to annoy any one, however nearly related the person may be to them. Good temper and amiability, among the Latter-day Saints especially, should be cultivated. The Spirit of the Lord produces these fruits in all who possess it. If the face of an angry man or woman is watched it will be seen to be distorted and unnatural. However much a person may be loved by these around him, they cannot look upon his countenance when under the influence of passion without feeling to shrink from its changed appearance. But when the Spirit of God reigns in a person's heart it produces gentleness, kindness and love; his features beam with amiability and are attractive to all who look upon them. This is especially the case with the gentler sex. A woman who cultivates the Spirit of the Lord and seeks to live under its constant influence is attractive to her husband, to her children, and to her associates. They delight in her society. So with children. If they grow up under its heavenly influence, it leaves its effects upon their faces. In childhood and youth faces are mobile. They easily acquire certain expressions. If the thoughts be of an elevated and pleasant character they leave their impress upon the features, but if anger, or a lustful, or sordid, or any improper feeling prevails, the effects are left upon the face, and the expression, in the lapse of time, becomes a fixed one.

We cannot impress too strongly upon our little readers the advantage of cultivating good temper and pleasant manners. Persons may be inclined to be hasty or quick tempered, but by watching themselves and cultivating self-control they can overcome that tendency; they can acquire an unruffled and placid temper. On the other hand, if they permit themselves to yield to impatience, to a cross or angry feeling and to every passing whim, they lose that control which they should exercise and become slaves to anger and to passion. It is not only unpleasant for themselves to be in this condition, but it is disagreeable for others with whom they are associated. Who is there that does not naturally shrink from association with a person who flies to pieces at the slightest provocation, and indulges in frequent bursts of ill temper? Among Latter-day

Saints there should be an entirely different spirit and disposition, and we trust our readers will endeavor, by the aid of the Spirit of God, to cultivate those good qualities which will make them delightful companions for their friends on earth, and hereafter for the residents of heaven.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH.

THE readers of the INSTRUCTOR have in the accompanying cut a picture of Christmas in the South. In the upper

the next flock of quails that may chance to wander that way.

In the lower left hand corner a roasted pig, with an apple between his teeth, lays snugly on a platter waiting to be carved and eaten, along with the other many good things provided for the Christmas feast.

In the lower right hand corner Uncle Remus has a huge pudding with a holly leaf on top; the old man looks like he might be a preacher and I expect he is, but preachers like puddings and roast pig, I am told, as well as other people.

In the center-piece, a little white girl has come into the cabin with a present for the baby, a cast-off jacket, that she has worn, until she got too large for it, and she now gives it



left-hand corner may be seen a boy dancing a jig over the explosion of a box of fire-crackers, while another boy is almost knocked over backward by the kicking of a gun he has just fired; the little girl covers her eyes with her hands in fright at the noise, while Fido, the dog, is leaving in a hurry.

In the right hand corner one boy is excitedly pointing to his bird snare that he has just placed into position, ready for

to the little "Pickaninny," as the negro baby is called, to keep it warm. The entire household seem pleased at the baby's Christmas gift, while the boy seems about ready to go off into a double shuffle.

Aunt Dinah is thanking little Ruth for her present. Huldah, with a steaming dish of food in her hands, stops to admire the garment, while the baby, looks on in wonder, and

enjoys it all in its baby way.

These poor people were once slaves, and owned by the white people, liable to be bought and sold, the same as horses are bought and sold; but now they are free, and are their own masters, and their condition is much better than it once was, as they are allowed to have schools, build churches, own land, and come and go as they please.

They are naturally a fun-loving people and the holidays, are to them one continual time of enjoyment, eating, dancing, visiting and merry-making. The girls will don their gayest ribbons, and the young men will dress in their best, and for the next four weeks, it will be impossible to get an hours' work from them.

As a people they are increasing rapidly in numbers, in wealth and in influence, and at no distant day, will hold sufficient power to make themselves felt in our government, in making laws, and enforcing them.

MISSIONARY.

Stories for the Little Ones.

CHRISTMAS.

BY P. F. E.

BEFORE day-break
The children wake,
Anxious at dawn to rise:
They take a peep,
And then to sleep
They close again their eyes;
But sleep is gone
From every one—
Again they look about:
"It's light as day!"
We hear one say;
"Let's all at once jump out:
And then we'll see
Who first will be
All dressed and out the door."
"All right," Joe said,
"Agreed," cried Fred,
Just tumbling to the floor.
"I'd like to know,"
Said Master Joe,
"What 'Santa's' brought for me."
"And I would, too,"
Spoke gentle Sue,
"Wonder what can it be!"

"O, I tan tell!"
Cried little Nell,
The smallest of them all,
"He's dot for me
A set of tea,
An' a big, big china doll!"
Before one knows
They've donned their clothes,
And through the hall they trot,
All full of glee,
They haste to see
What Santa Claus has brought.
With glad surprise
And dancing eyes
The "Christmas tree" they view;
Weighed down with toys
For girls and boys,
All dangling bright and new.
"What lovely things
Dear 'Santa' brings!"
They all at once exclaim;
But neither knew,
Nor could tell who
Brought them, nor whence they came.
Fine dolls there were,
With flaxen hair,
And eyes that would roll back;
And building blocks,
A music box,
A ball and "jumping-jack."
Fred had, beside,
A horse to ride—
(A bicycle had Joe),
A smaller lad
A big drum had,
And trumpet loud to blow.
And then, again,
Some wooden men
Were formed into a line;
And every one
Shouldered a gun—
They looked like soldiers fine.
With all of these
Nice things to please
They scream out with delight,
And shout and roar
As ne'er before
From early morn till night.
Throughout the day
They laugh and play,
And frisk just like a lamb,
And pates they smear
From mouth to ear
With candy, dirt and jam.

When night comes on
It finds each one
Worn out, sleepy and sore—
Soon to his bed
Each one has fled,
And Christmas day is o'er.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

George Moore, the eminent English philanthropist, began life in extreme poverty.

His biographer, Samuel Smiles, gives a pitiful account of his crying in the streets of London; because he had no friends and could not find work.

His middle life was passed in well-earned affluence, and his last years were spent in the grand old castle of the ancient Percy's, which he had gazed upon in awe in boyhood, and which his great wealth at last enabled him to purchase for a home.

His moral life was a succession of growths.

He was exposed to great temptations in youth, but when he came to feel that the tendency of his life was wrong in any direction, he arrested this course by prompt decision.

It was these decisions, these constant turnings from evil courses into life's best ways, that led him at last in a career of worldly success, piety, and philanthropy.

He thus describes one of the dangerous periods of his first apprenticeship:

"My master gave way to drinking, and set before me a bad example. I lodged in the public-house nearly all the time, and saw nothing but wickedness and drinking. I played cards almost every night. I sometimes played the whole night through. Gambling was my passion and it might have been my ruin."

It was Christmas morning. The apprentice lad had spent the night at the card-table. He had

retired long after midnight, with a conscience ill at ease, and the prospect of dismissal from his master's service before him.

Suddenly his ear was arrested by strains of music.

The gray light was breaking, and the waits, as is the custom in England, were abroad playing carols.

The music brought before his mind, like a vision, his old home, the future dangers of his present course, and, in contrast with his own eclipsed life, the luminous Bethlehem story.

"Come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem! Come and adore

Him. Born the king of angels. Let's hasten to adore Him, Christ our Lord!"

"Better thoughts," he says, "came over me with the sweet carols. I felt overwhelmed with remorse and penitence. I thought of my dear father, and feared that I might break his heart, and bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. I resolved to give up card-playing and gambling. This resolve, by the grace of God, I have firmly carried out."



CHRISTMAS. (See page 378).

Many years passed, and George Moore's life became an expression of gratitude to God for the grace that had been given him at these critical periods of youth. "George Moore's Christmas" became a famous feature of London's charities, and he himself had learned to sing in spirit the refrain, "Let's hasten to adore Him, Christ, our Lord!"

"SOUND," said the schoolmaster, "is what you hear. For instance, you cannot feel a sound." "Oh, yes, you can!" said a smart boy. "John Wilkins," retorted the pedagogue, "how do you make that out? What sound can you feel?" "A sound thrashing," quickly replied the smart boy.

THE PRIESTHOOD.

BY E. F. P.

THE term Priesthood springs from the word priest, the title given to a male personage who officiates in sacred ordinances, or religious ceremonies. Priest is derived from the Latin root *Praestes*, which means a chief, or one who presides. This definition is in conformity with the calling of a High Priest in the Church of Christ, as the special duty of one holding this office is to preside or take the lead. In a general sense as understood by the world, the term Priesthood signifies the office or character of a Priest, and the order of persons of this calling. In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints the word Priesthood has a broader meaning. It is not only applied to those holding the office of Priest, but everyone who is authorized to officiate in any ordinances pertaining to the gospel has some portion of what is called the Holy Priesthood conferred upon him. When used in this sense, therefore, the Priesthood signifies authorized power to act in the name of God and officiate in His ordinances.

The Priesthood is generally divided under two heads, namely the Melchizedek or greater and the Aaronic or lesser. The former received the name which it now bears from Melchizedek, a High Priest who lived contemporaneously with Abraham, and from whom the latter received the Priesthood. In the early history of the world it was called the Holy Priesthood after the order of the Son of God. But in order to avoid the repetition of the name of the Supreme Being when the Priesthood was referred to, it was called by the name which it now bears. The lesser Priesthood obtained its name from Aaron, the brother of Moses, who had this Priesthood conferred upon him. There was a portion of the Priesthood conferred upon the Levites in the days of Moses and was then called the Levitical Priesthood. In reality, however, there is but one Priesthood, and these divisions are for convenience, and for the purpose of designating one branch of it from another. The Aaronic Priesthood is an appendage to the Melchizedek, and is secondary to it. The Levitical Priesthood is also an appendage to the Aaronic. The greater Priesthood embraces both the Melchizedek and the Aaronic Priesthoods, and includes all the authority, power and privileges bestowed upon mankind. The Melchizedek Priesthood is therefore not a different one to the Aaronic, but is more extended or includes a greater portion of power, authority and privileges.

Again, there are different degrees in the two grand divisions of the Priesthood. In the greater or Melchizedek Priesthood there are officers called Apostles, High Priests, Seventies and Elders; and in the Aaronic or lesser Priesthood there are Priests, Teachers and Deacons. The office of Bishop is also included in and stands at the head of the Aaronic Priesthood.

The Holy Priesthood is eternal, and is without beginning or end. Nothing therefore can be said of its origin; but we will endeavor to trace it from Father Adam, who received it from God. He conferred it upon Abel, his son, and through him it was bestowed upon Enoch and so on down from father to son to Noah, and still continuing to Melchizedek. Abraham received the Priesthood from the latter, and it is probable that it remained with his descendants down to Joseph, who was sold into Egypt, as they were righteous men, and were greatly favored of heaven. The scriptures, however, are silent in regard to this matter. Providing that it continued with the seed of Abraham until this time, it is quite probable that it

ceased to be held among them soon after the death of Joseph, and that they partook, to some extent, of the idolatry of the Egyptians among whom they dwelt. But the Lord also bestowed His Holy Priesthood upon one of His servants named Esaias, who lived in the same age as did Abraham, and from him it was handed down from one generation to another until it was conferred upon Jethro, who transmitted it to Moses, his son-in-law, and the great law-giver to the children of Israel. Thus the Holy Priesthood continued upon the earth from the days of Adam till the advent of Moses. Until this time we have no account of the Priesthood being divided into what is called the greater and the lesser.

On account of the hardness of the hearts of the Israelites, and their inability to live worthy of the Melchizedek Priesthood, the Lord in His wrath swore that they should not receive of the fullness of His glory. He therefore took Moses and the fullness of the Holy Priesthood from their midst. But upon Aaron He bestowed a Priesthood which was called after his name. This lesser Priesthood, together with the preparatory gospel, or law of carnal commandments, continued among the Israelites until the birth of John, the forerunner of the Savior. John was entitled to this Priesthood by inheritance, and he "was ordained by the angel of God at the time he was eight days old unto this power, to overthrow the kingdom of the Jews, and to make straight the way of the Lord before the face of His people, to prepare them for the coming of the Lord," etc.

When the Savior came to perform His mission upon the earth in the flesh, He restored the Holy Priesthood in its fullness to the earth together with His gospel, and they remained until His apostles and servants were put to death and the saints were overcome by the wickedness of the world.

The people were finally deprived of the Priesthood entirely, and there was no one left among them who had authority to act in the name of the Lord. The disciples of the Savior who desired to tarry upon the earth and not taste of death, held the Priesthood; but they were rejected by the children of men, and there is no account of anyone being authorized to establish the kingdom of God upon the earth from the days of the ancient apostles until the present century when the Prophet Joseph Smith was called of God for this purpose. He received the Aaronic Priesthood from John the Baptist and the Melchizedek from Peter, James and John, three of the Savior's ancient apostles. He also received all the keys of the Holy Priesthood and the fullness of the everlasting gospel. The power which he held he conferred upon others, and the world, after being so many years in spiritual darkness, is again favored with the living Priesthood of God, and the pure gospel of Jesus Christ. Thousands of men who now live upon the earth are in possession of the Priesthood, and are clothed with authority to proclaim the gospel to the inhabitants of the earth.

We will now turn to the peoples who were directed by the Lord to come to this continent of America. There is but little said in the Book of Mormon concerning the Priesthood. No doubt Jared and his brother and the Jaredite prophets who appeared at different times among that people as well as Mulek, who led a colony to this land held the Priesthood. We would infer also that the Nephites had the Melchizedek Priesthood prior to the Savior's advent among them, at least at one particular time. The Book of Alma states that he, (Alma) ordained Elders and Priests in the Church. There can be no doubt that the Aaronic Priesthood was had among them, as there is mention made in several places of the ordin-

ance of baptism for the remission of sins being performed. Nephi says that the laws of Moses were observed among his people. When the Savior appeared among the Nephites, He established His Church upon this continent, and ordained men to the Melchizedek Priesthood. But when the people became wicked this power was withdrawn from among them and they were left to themselves.

In every gospel dispensation since the beginning the Priesthood has been bestowed upon those who were authorized to administer in its ordinances. Any set of people, therefore, who claim to have the true gospel and are not in possession of a regularly organized Priesthood are in error, for the gospel and the Priesthood of the Son of God are inseparably connected with each other.

The influence of the Priesthood upon nations as well as individuals is very perceptible. Its effects are plainly visible to all who are conversant with the history of the various nations and kingdoms that have arisen, flourished for a time and decayed. Invariably those nations which have been favored with rulers or subjects who held the Priesthood have arisen to the highest degree of their glory and civilization when they obeyed the voice of the Priesthood and heeded the counsel of the servants of God. The only perfect government is that of the Priesthood. Every man-made system of government must fall sooner or later, and every nation that springs into existence must crumble and fall before the establishment of the great Kingdom of God which we who hold the Priesthood are aiding in bringing about. The Latter-day Saints are a nation of Priests, and the work in which they are engaged will eventually fill the whole earth, and the inhabitants will be ruled and governed by the Holy Priesthood.

PETTY ANNOYANCES.

BY W. J.

IN our journey through our mortal probation a great many things transpire which are very annoying. Among these many things may be found numerous petty annoyances—the mosquito bites of life. Such petty annoyances are almost innumerable, and they are liable to occur at any time or place.

The unguarded or thoughtless expression, though not intended to give offense, may produce ill feelings, which may form the foundation of lasting and increasing prejudice, causing numerous feuds, much litigation, and culminating eventually in the foulest murder. Not looking at a person, or looking unpleasantly (though the unpleasant expression of countenance may be caused by severe secret sorrow and trouble, and almost beyond control, and certainly not put on to offend); or the failure to look when one ought to, perhaps; or the unpleasant look, may cause serious trouble even among particular but sensitive friends, who do not thoroughly understand all the affecting circumstances. The accidental jostle on the crowded street may be misconstrued; the mistake through hurry and "press of business" may be construed as an intentional attempt to swindle; and, in short, a great number and variety of trifling but annoying circumstances may arise in the workshop, in the mart of business, on the farm, and wherever the children of men operate in this wide, wide world. Even the sacred precincts of the family circle are not exempt from such occurrences, all of which suggest the necessity for cultivating and exercising patience, forbearance, charity, and self-control.

One class of sore trials referred to is illustrated by the following account of a man trying to sew a button on his pants: "Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand, or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle round the neck, and forgetting to tie a knot in the thread, commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for leeway. He says to himself: 'Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see!' Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a good deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of that button, and, finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect to his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time, when coming back with the needle, he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner; but, eventually, losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening, and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things, with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about the floor and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After awhile he calms down, and puts on his pants, and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man."

And here is an illustration of another class of petty annoyances: "I remember," said Henry Ward Beecher, "when I received an old cow in payment of a bad debt. It was a very bad debt, and I came to consider it a bad payment. She was a thin cow, but the former owner said she was better than she looked, being a cross between a Jersey and the Durham. She looked as if she might have been a cross between an old hair trunk and an abandoned hoopskirt. I kept the brute three days, and no one, except perhaps Lieutenant Atwell, could ever appreciate the sufferings I endured in that time. The first night she broke through the fence, and reduced to a pulp all the underclothing belonging to my next door neighbor. She put her horns through my bath tub, and ate up all my geraniums. She was to give three gallons of milk a day, but she seemed to be short just then, and never had that to spare while we kept her. The second day she walked into the kitchen, and upset a pan of butter and a tub of lard. Then she fell down a well, and when I got her out, at a cost of five dollars, she took the colic, whooping cough, or something, and kept us awake all night. Not a green thing was left in my garden. My neighbor's peach tree, and the rope on which his underwear grew, were as bare of fruit as a single-tree, and he did not have a twig of shrubbery left. My neighbor came over to see me and said;

'Now, I don't desire any quarrel, but I want you to keep your cow out of my shrubbery.'

'And I want you, my friend,' said I, 'to keep your shrubbery out of my cow; it spoils the taste of the milk.'

Ever afterwards there was a coolness between us, and my neighbor's wife ceased to patronize our house when she wanted to borrow a cupfull of yeast powder."

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

"Once more the rapid, fleeting year
Has brought Old Christmas to the door."

THE season of Christmas festivity has come round again, bringing a happy reunion of families, pleasant greeting of old friends, the healing of old quarrels, and a broad, warm spirit of love and harmony, which is the best of all inspirations to good cheer and innocent, hearty merriment.

It is a pleasant thought that everywhere through the world multitudes are engaged at this time in commemorating the birth of Christ, at once with thankful devotions and with blithe rejoicings; that now there is scarcely a corner of the earth where some one is not taking part in joyous observance of this day.

The Christmas customs which are followed here, and there are many of them, are very ancient. Some have even been borrowed from pagan times, before Christ came on earth. The hanging of the mistletoe in England, was derived from an incident in the marriages of the half mythical old Druids; while the use of holly and ivy is taken from the Greeks and Romans, who graced the tables of their feasts with these bright evergreens.

How curious the contrast, however, between the ways of celebrating Christmas among the different nations! What changes have come over the spirit of the festival here and there!

We in America have received many, if not most, of our Christmas customs from our parent country, "merrie England;" but in England Christmas is no longer the day of games and fine old traditional ceremonies it once was. It is rarely that the yule-log is burned nowadays, or that the "lord of misrule" is chosen to exercise his merry despotism in the household; and whereas the Christmas games, in the times of good Queen Bess, lasted for more than a month, a week is all the modern, money-making English can devote to them.

While Christmas has been growing less festal in England, it has been spreading wider and wider among us, until now all Americans, from ocean to ocean and gulf to gulf, take part in the observance of the day.

Our Puritan fathers, who were so afraid of celebrating the day that, on their first Christmas spent on this continent, they set vigorously to work building "ye first house," would be amazed, indeed, could they look upon the millions of American homes all over the land, with their groaning tables, their laughter, their displays of presents, on the modern Christmas days.

We enjoy our Christmas within doors, since without the day is apt to be frosty and biting, and most often the ground is shrouded in snow. Yet we may be said to enjoy the "golden mean." It is neither too cold nor too warm with us to enjoy ourselves.

While we sit by the roaring fire, in snug parlor or sitting-room, we can think that far away on the other side of the globe people are celebrating Christmas beneath a hot and blazing sun.

There is no spot where Christmas is more heartily honored than in Australia; yet there it has to be enjoyed with the thermometer at 100 degrees in the shade. Think of Christmas being hotter than the Fourth of July! Think of celebrating it out upon banks of rich green grass, under the shade of gorgeous foliage, with birds of brilliant plumage perched upon the branches, and singing rich and thrilling Christmas songs! Think, too, of being obliged to fan yourself to keep cool, and to stop every moment, while eating your Christmas dinner, to brush away the flies and mosquitoes which swarm about you, insisting on sharing the good fare!

Very different is the Christmas festivity enjoyed in the bleak and freezing regions of northern Russia. There the merry-makers have to take as good care to keep warm as the Australians do to keep reasonably cool.

Probably the Christmas customs of rural Russia are the oldest now celebrated in the world; it is in Russia, of all countries, that these customs are kept up with all their ancient enthusiasm and significance.

There the people in the country begin to prepare for Christmas as early as in November. Certain houses, belonging to rich and hospitable families, are chosen as the scene of the merry-making, whither the rich to which the families belong are invited, in great state, by the *nurses*, who are the envoys on these occasions. Christmas in Russia is, above all, a maidens' festival. When the guests arrive at the house, the maidens are separated from the rest, and are provided with a single room, where they all sleep together. They are treated with especial honor from beginning to end. The hostess selects a young gallant for each, who is called her "elected," and after certain customs have been gone through, the "elected" are admitted to see and pay attentions to the maidens they have been chosen to consort with.

Many are the quaint customs and songs of the Russian Christmas, which can only be hinted at here.

But nowhere is Christmas the occasion of more real enjoyment and content than with us, though few and simple the customs with which we celebrate it. It is right for us to derive all the innocent pleasure possible from the happy season, not forgetting, the while, how solemn and glorious is the event which we thus joyously commemorate, with its beautiful lesson of "love to our fellow man."

FLOWERS.—The cultivation of flowers is, of all the amusements of mankind, the one to be selected and approved as the most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others: the employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but, probably, more good-will has arisen, and friendships been founded, by the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit, than from any other whatsoever: the pleasures, the ecstasies of the horticulturist, are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade, becomes his triumph, which, though often obtained by chance, are secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days: an employ which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent, and teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation, without contention or ill-will.

ALL TOGETHER AGAIN.

G. F. Root.

Moderato.

p All to - geth - er, all to - geth - er, Once, once a - gain, Hearts and voic - es
While the ab - sent we are greeting, Let us for - get, In this hour of
When the warning, "we must sev - er," Comes once a - gain, Yet in feel - ing

light as ev - er, Gladly join the welcome strain. Friendship's link is still un - brok - en,
so - cial meeting, Every thought of past re - gret. Since the present, full of gladness,
true as ev - er Shall our faithful hearts re - main. Oft shall mem'ry breathing o'er us

Bright is its chain, Where the parting word was spok - en Now in smiles we meet a - gain.
Bids us be gay, Ban - ish ev' - ry cloud of sadness, And be hap - py while we may.
Sweet friendship's strain Bring this hap - py time be - fore us, Till we all shall meet a - gain.

CHORUS. *First time, Solo, second time, Chorus.*

p O, could we ev - er Dwell in social pleasure here, No more to sev - er From the friends we love so dear.
O, could we ev - er Dwell in social pleasure here, No more to sev - er From the friends we love so dear.

THE CHRISTMAS TITHING.

BY AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON.

'Twas near the happy Christmas time,
And all the country roads,
Were strung along with teams that drew
Full, high and plenteous loads;
The "Mormon" farmers bringing in
Their tithing for the year;
O, 'twas a sight to cheer the eyes,
A pleasant sound to hear.

With willing hands they brought to Him
The tenth of what was given,
And knew His blessing would again
Unloose the stores of heaven.
The sacks of wheat and flour by which
The "temple hands" were fed,
The sweet dried fruits and honey comb
And apples, gold and red,
The barrels filled with syrups pure,
Butter and creamy cheese,
Fluttering poultry—what poor men
Were ever served like these?

Yet not alone for "temple hands,"
These tithings all were brought,
In ev'ry Ward (ignoring creeds)
The poor and sad are sought,
Their names are learned and ev'ry one
On Bishop's list enrolled,
For each are gen'rous baskets filled
And, measured wood and coal;
And busy men step in and out,
As the tithing wagons go
Out through the gate to every Ward
Their portion to bestow.

O, once I went to many homes,
And happy scenes were they,
There busy worked the wives to get
All done for Christmas day;
For romping boys, were newly made
Full suits of Provo goods,
For little girls, light wollen plaids,
And pretty home-made hoods.

I saw the laborer's sickly child
With dainty food was fed,
As fresh and pure as e'er before
The epicure was spread.
No happier driver takes a load,
Wher'er the things may go,
Than he who carries to the poor
On Christmas eve—through snow.
For well he knows, how eyes that closed
Expecting naught, shall wake,
And find a joyous Christmas gift,
And bless him for its sake.

The many blessings tithing brings,
Not you or I can count,
The little tenth from each one swells
To rich and large amount.
O, blessings on the heart that gives
The duty that it owes,

And praise His love who made the law,
That like a river flows.
Through all our mountains and our vales,
Relieving first, the poor,
And writes the giver's name in lines
Forever shall endure.

HIDDEN RIVERS.

BY J. LEON FRANK.

For a man of his age the major dances very well.
The lumber raft struck us amidship; one log dented the
boiler.
Should we go, see that we be received in a becoming manner.
You provoke my mirth with your strange antics.
For such a feast, 'twas but a meagre ending.
He might be arrested on suspicion.

In each of the above paragraphs will be found the letters, in
their proper order, which spell the name of a river in Ut h.
To point out these letters will require some little study on the
part of our readers.

THE answer to the Charade published in No. 22 is BRIGHAM CITY. We have received correct solutions from Josephine Workman, Egin, Idaho; Charlotte S. Pead, Garden City; Jaren Tolman, East Bountiful; Chas. Jarvis, Woodruff, Arizona; C. L. Berry, Brigham A. Seare, Salt Lake City.

THE answer to the Square Puzzle is as follows:

S N O W
N E R O
O R L E
W O E S

We have received correct solutions from Josephine Workman, Egin, Idaho; Jaren Tolman, East Bountiful; C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City.

To instruct mankind in things the most excellent, and honor and applaud those learned men who perform this service with industry and care, is a duty the performance of which must procure the love of all good men.

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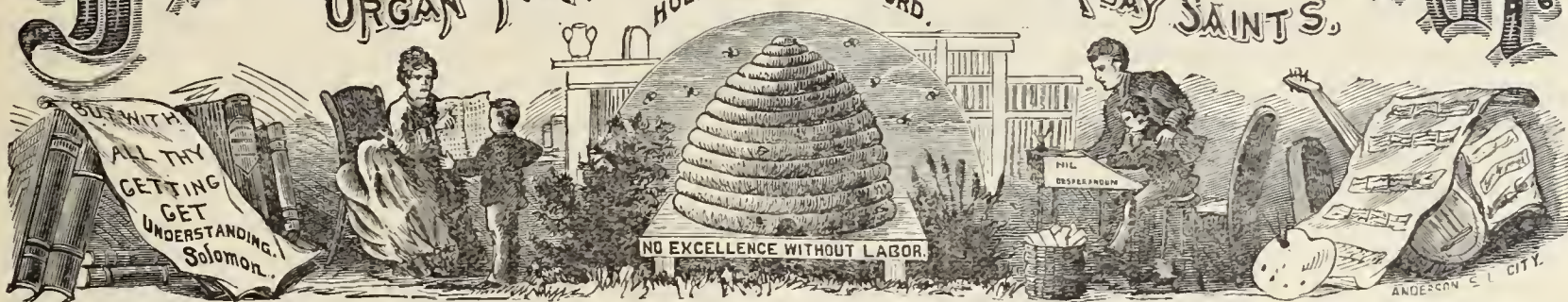
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NO. 1.

HOW THE BABY WAS SAVED.

A FEW years ago there lived on the lowlands near the Rhine river, in Germany, a poor farmer named Kreutzer. His wealth consisted of about ten acres of ground, which in the time of ordinary high water was sure to be inundated, a small house with a roof of thatched straw, a good wife and eight small children who had such excellent appetites as to compel the father to work early and late to provide food to

beginning of the warm weather until all danger of floods was past, when they would again return to their farms. Kreutzer, however, from necessity faced the danger, thinking that the water would not rise so fast but that he could move his family to a place of safety.

Several seasons passed away without the waters having once broken through the banks of the river, and people began to



satisfy them. The small homestead he succeeded in purchasing, with some money left him by a dead relative, at a very moderate price because of its unfavorable location and the danger which threatened its occupants at the high-water season.

Kreutzer's neighbors, being in more fortunate circumstances, always moved into the city during two or three months at the

believe that the Rhine would no more overflow, but they were doomed to disappointment. One day as Kreutzer was walking along the river bank he noticed that the stream was more muddy than usual and was almost covered with driftwood. The meaning of it he knew too well: the river was rising very fast. With great speed he hurried homewards, but before he could reach the threshold he was wading in water. His wife,

becoming alarmed at the speedy rise of the water had already gone with three of the children to the highland and was now returning to get others of her little flock. Grasping two in his arms the father started also for the place of refuge. Still another two did the mother bring safely to the high ground. Now only the baby in the cradle remained, it being left till last because it would not be as easily frightened as the older children would. The father returned for it, but before he could reach the house through the fast deepening flood, the cradle with the cat on the lookout and the precious baby, and ballasted by the iron rockers, floated out of the door and headed for the current of the river. In vain the mother screamed and the father labored to catch the little ark, it gradually floated down the stream.

With sorrowful hearts the parents sought a place of temporary refuge for themselves and little ones until the waters should abate. This being found Kreutzer turned his face towards the sea to find, if possible, some trace of his youngest born. For two days he followed the banks of the river examining every nook wherein the little craft might drift and scanning every piece of floating wood to see if it were a remnant of the cradle. When almost ready to give up the search in despair, he learned that a curious object had been seen floating down the stream the day before. This encouraged him to press forward, and in doing so his search was rewarded by finding his child safe and sound in the care of a bachelor captain of a Rhine vessel, who had picked up the little wanderer as it was floating seawards. The captain invited Kreutzer aboard his ship to ride up to his home, but before they reached the place of parting each was so pleased with the other that the captain had asked Kreutzer to move into one of his houses and take care of his lands, and his offer had been accepted.

To-day Kreutzer is the special friend and trusted steward of the captain and is ever thankful for the overflow of the river which took the baby on a little journey, but brought him such good fortune.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

SINCE I wrote my last article on the topics of the time great excitement has been created throughout the Republic by the publication of the most villainous falsehoods by parties in this city. The people of the whole land have been in a ferment over threatened hostilities in Utah. President Cleveland has had messages sent to him containing the most atrocious falsehoods. The War Department has been appealed to, and under its orders, troops have been sent to Utah to preserve the lives of the Gentiles. A guard of soldiers has been quartered in Salt Lake City, and as to the disposition of them, General McCook has received strict orders—probably quite as strict as if he were in the midst of a hostile country, surrounded by threatening enemies.

Now, to every sensible person who is familiar with the real condition of affairs in Utah Territory, and who is not blinded by prejudice, this alarm and the movements of the Government appear exceedingly ridiculous. If troops were asked for to regulate a Sunday school, it would be no more absurd than to ask for troops to protect any class of citizens in Utah Territory.

But, it may be asked, how does it happen that the Government permits itself to do such foolish things?

The only answer I can give is that, in the councils of the rulers of the nation, upon all questions affecting the "Mormons" the ignorance is so dense and the prejudice so immovably strong that men of good sense in other directions seem to be carried away by folly and frenzy whenever they are broached. It might be thought that statesmen would learn by experience, that the repetition of the folly of 1857-8 in the sending of an army to Utah would not again be witnessed in the present generation. But upon "Mormon" questions experience seems to give no profitable lessons to those who fight it. Grover Cleveland has had the credit of being a level-headed man. I had thought that notwithstanding his ignorance of western affairs, and especially of our question, his natural good sense would enable him to act with some degree of judiciousness in his treatment of it. But the men who concoct the falsehoods that are sent East are ingenious. They have had experience in this line. They know how to delude the leading men and the ignorant public, and they are utterly unscrupulous. But imagine what the fate of office-holders would be in such a nation as Great Britain, or Germany, or any other of the great powers of the earth, who would deliberately deceive their Government as the officials of this Territory have done! They would be hurled from their places as soon as the facts became known; for no reputable Government would suffer its officials to make it so ridiculous as these officials have the Government of the United States. But what can be expected from the class of men who are sent here? Is it any wonder that a Government which employs such men as its agents and representatives submits to be deceived and sits down quietly without resenting the deception?

OUR form of government is the best for human liberty that ever was framed, so long as the people which form the nation are righteous. King Mosiah, when speaking upon this subject, as recorded in the Book of Mormon, gave a most accurate description of the benefits of such a form of government, and the evils to which it is exposed, when the people become impure. At the founding of this Government the people were fond of liberty and were comparatively free from vice. But what great changes have since occurred! The gospel has been rejected; God's prophet and servants have been slain; and the Government now seems to lend itself to every scheme that the enemies of His kingdom propose for the destruction of His people. The picture that presents itself to the eye of the observer is one of sombre and fearful colors.

There are many causes for this; but prominent among them is the lowered moral tone of the nation. The liberty which the people have had has been abused; it has become license. I saw a statement not long ago to the effect that "74 per cent. of the Irish discharged convicts have found their way to the United States." And how is it with the degraded classes of other nationalities? The influx of these low elements into States where the rights of citizenship are so easily obtained has had its effect upon the Republic. There always was lawlessness enough in the nation. When this Church was organized the Saints soon learned that constitutional guarantees were of little value when men's passions were pitted against them. Mobs trampled upon law and the rights of their fellow-citizens. Since then matters have not improved. Men, to obtain power, have pandered to the worst passions of the people. They dare not offend them. Unpopular minorities have, therefore, always suffered, especially has it been so in

our case when we have had no votes. Men in office have known that to befriend an unpopular cause, no matter how just it might be, would cost them the votes necessary to retain their positions. The result is, the bravest and best men, the men of the highest principle, do not, as a rule, hold office. Many men are elevated to power who are utterly unfit to legislate for a free people. Corruption in every form pervades society. It is asserted that, to-day, the Senate of the United States is largely composed of men who represent corporations, and whom money has placed in power. The same may be said, to a great extent, of the House of Representatives. And, of course, money contributes to the creation of judges and other high officials.

From Europe thousands of emigrants come who are dissatisfied with the institutions of the countries which they have left, and, obtaining larger liberty here, conspire to overthrow existing institutions and to bring about anarchy. Communism, socialism, nihilism and all the dangerous revolutionary elements find their representatives in our land, and the result is that secret combinations of the most dangerous character are formed, having for their object the destruction of government and the overthrow of the existing order of things.

Men may resolutely shut their eyes and hug the delusion to their bosom that the nation will continue to prosper, but the fact remains, nevertheless, that existing institutions are seriously menaced. The conduct of the Government towards us sets a fearful example to revolutionists. If the Government can rob the "Mormons" (as is proposed to do by Edmunds in his new bill) why cannot the laboring classes rob the rich? If the Government sets such an example, what shall restrain the masses of the oppressed poor, who entertain the idea that they are dreadfully injured, from wreaking vengeance upon those whom they regard as oppressors? If justice be denied to the "Mormons," and all the rights of American citizens be withdrawn from and denied to them, why shall not the same treatment be extended to others?

In its treatment of us at the present time the Government is sowing the wind. It will, most assuredly, reap the whirlwind. No government organized as ours can practice such wrongs as the people of Utah are suffering from without meeting fearful retribution. An autocratic government like Russia, where the power is centered in the head of the nation, may commit many acts of oppression and not feel the effects thereof for a long time. Even a constitutional monarchy, like that of Great Britain, may indulge in excesses and be guilty of oppressions, but the effects are not so immediately disastrous as they would be in a republic like ours. This is due to the difference in the organizations. In a monarchy there is a sovereign to govern, and a dynasty to rally around and to hold affairs steady. Here in this land the people govern. They make and unmake administrations. They elevate to power the men who represent them. When the nation becomes so corrupt that constitutional limits are overstepped, and the principles which underlie the government are trampled upon, then the nation becomes a mob. There is no law to control or govern it, except the law of its own passions. It becomes a slave to caprice, and every kind of violence is justified which meets with popular approval. Under such circumstances a republic becomes the worst form of tyranny. In an autocracy there is but one tyrant; but in a republic which abandons its fundamental law there may be a million tyrants, and each representative of the people may seek, in utter disregard of principle and of every constitutional guarantee and every sentiment of justice, to gratify the mad passions of the mob by whose votes he attains power. Thus a

republican form of government such as ours, which is the best form of government ever framed by man, and the strongest while the people are pure, becomes the weakest when the people yield to corruption and depart from the true principles of liberty.

We are found fault with because we do not cry peace! peace! unto the nation; and it is charged against us that we prophesy evil concerning its future. But what honest man possessing any of the spirit of prophecy, with the views before him which we now behold, can do otherwise? It is true that, possessing the most glorious land under the sun, rich in all the elements of wealth, with resources unequaled by any part of the earth, this nation has prospered beyond all known example. Within a few days one citizen has died whose wealth is said to be at the very least \$200,000,000, and some say \$250,000,000. There are thousands of other citizens who, while not possessing so much as this man did, count their wealth by millions of dollars, and much of this wealth has been accumulated during a single lifetime. A nation with such facilities must be, in the very nature of things, a mighty power in the earth. But wealth and luxury will not save a people, nor preserve them from destruction; nay, wealth may be the very means which will bring about their overthrow.

GRATITUDE.—A Swedish colonel, by an accidental fire, which consumed his house, lost the whole of his property. Some time after a lottery was set on foot by his friends to reimburse him. In the opening of this business a letter arrived from Pomerania, enclosing one hundred and fifty rix-dollars, without the name of any doner, but with a short note requesting the colonel would remember "the broken punch-bowl." It was a long time before he could unravel this mystery; but at last he recollected that many years before, being in a tavern where there was a great concourse of people and much rejoicing, a female servant dropped from her hands a large, china punch-bowl full of punch. Her mistress, in violent anger, threatened her with instant dismissal, and that she should be sent to prison if she did not make good the loss, upon which the colonel interceded in behalf of the poor girl and himself paid for the damage which had been sustained. This curious anecdote, becoming the subject of conversation in Stockholm, at length reached the ears of the king. Gustavus IV. was much pleased with it and sent a present of one thousand rix-dollars, with this message:

"I am aware that the colonel's friends have instituted a lottery upon his account. It is prohibited by the laws to undertake any lottery without previous permission from the master of police. Tell the colonel I know that officer; that he is a humane and polite man, not likely to refuse a reasonable request; it is my wish that the colonel should ask his permission for the lottery, that I may be enabled to bear a part in it."

THE TRUE HERO.—The true hero is the great, wise man of duty—he whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God—he who meets life's perils with a cautious but tranquil spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a Christian victor at the post of duty. And if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is no so brilliant war as a war with wrong, no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

A PLEASANT WORD.

A disposition to act kindly towards all should be cultivated by every boy and girl. A kindly nature is always admired. How much more happiness there would be in the world if every person was possessed of a kind, pleasant spirit!

Perhaps many of our little friends have heard or read of instances wherein the power of a kind word or act has been shown. The following incident, which is quite true, will illustrate the effect of a pleasant word:

One new-year's evening, a few years since, there was a Sunday school party held in one of our towns here in Utah. Among the young people who were present upon this occasion was a young man who was a stranger in the place, although he had been living in the town for several months.

This young man had been working in the mines and hauling freight the greater part of the time he had been in the territory. He was accustomed to rough labor and companions, and to be spoken to in a gruff and unpleasant manner.

On entering the school room in which the party was to be held, the young man saw a pleasant-faced gentleman seated at a table: it was the superintendent of the Sabbath school, and he was engaged in giving out the numbers and receiving the admission fee.

The young stranger walked up to the table to pay over his seventy-five cents and receive a check with his number on. The superintendent addressed him courteously, made a few pleasant remarks while taking his name, and thanked him kindly as he was leaving the table.

The young man was deeply impressed by this short interview, and, looking about the room, he discovered one person with whom he was somewhat acquainted. He approached the individual and inquired of him the name of the gentleman who sat at the table. On being told who it was he exclaimed, almost with tears in his eyes:

"Well, sir, I never heard a man speak so pleasantly to me before in my life that I remember of. I don't expect to dance much this evening, as I am unacquainted here, but I don't mind that, I've got the worth of my money just by hearing that man speak to me."

The following Sunday the young man attended the Sabbath school. He was so affected by the superintendent's kindness that he liked to be in his presence. From that time on he continued to attend the Sabbath school as long as he remained in the place; and he no doubt still remembers the pleasant words of the kind-hearted superintendent.

NEW YEAR—1886.

THERE are homes in our fair, pleasant Utah, to-day,

Whence holiday raptures have vanished away;
Dear homes which will know not the wonted bright cheer,

And hearts that are sad on the happy New Year.

Why is this, that a day which all nature should greet

With songs of thanksgiving and pleasures complete,

Should find lonely mothers and children depressed,
In a land like our Utah, the favored and blest?

In the bright, sunny past, but a few years ago,
When our fathers and mothers had fled from the foe,

And sought out this land where no tyrants were near,

All Utah was glad on the happy New Year.

But the pure and the good have not dwelt here alone,

And the sinners in Zion must needs be made known;

So our Father allows persecution's dark hand
To pillage our homes and sweep o'er the land.

To divide truth from error, the right from the wrong,

The conflict must surely be fierce, hot and long;

All, all that the truest and best can endure,

To set Zion free from the vile and impure.

It is thus, for a season, the wicked bear sway;

And while from their wrath some are hiding away,

And some are in prison, and some are in doubt

As to whether their fate will be inside or out,

What wonder that homes should be darkened and sad?

Why should Zion sing as of yore and be glad?

Is it not a fit time for a sigh and a tear,

If not for ourselves, for our friends, this New Year?

Yet, while this sad picture our minds may unroll,
A calm, joyous peace enters into the soul,
And awakens sweet thoughts of a time full of
cheer,
When we'll greet *all* our loved ones in some bright
New Year.

LULA.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

WHAT is the name of the only true church of Christ? Whom did God use as an instrument in restoring this Church to the earth? When and where was he born? How long did he remain there? Where did he and his parents then remove to? What excitement occurred in the neighborhood of their new home a short time after their arrival? Were the various religious sects united and agreed as to the mode of salvation? What effect did this have upon him? While he was thus puzzled and agitated, what passage of Scripture came to his mind? What did he then conclude to do?

CONUNDRUMS.

When is a pie like a poet? When it is Browning.

Upon what object in nature has every author written? Upon the earth,

Why does a hole in a pigsty conduce to the education of little pigs? Because it makes the pigs litter-airy.

Who was the straightest man in the Bible? Joseph, for Pharaoh wanted to make a ruler of him.

Why is the tailor the poor man's best friend? Because he settles the rents.

SCRAPS OF WIT.

"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician. "Faith," said Pat, "I had a brother who went to prison against his will. Faith, he did."

Said a women speaker in a New Haven suffrage meeting. "Woman is in every respect the equal of man. Her reputation for heroic bravery,"—at that point, a mouse ran in sight, and the orator jumped on the table and screamed.

"It is curicus," said an old gentleman to his friend, "that a watch should be kept perfectly dry when there is a running spring inside."

SQUARE WORD PUZZLE.

BY WM. BREWER.

First, lifeless; second, rest; third, a grand division of the globe; fourth, inanimate.

Arrange the four words one below the other and they can be read from left to right or from top to bottom.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.

Arrange the letters in this sentence, "O, ten pears are pale," in the form of a pyramid, thus:

.
. . .
.
.
.

Each line of letters from left to right must form a word which is defined in the following stanza:

1. This is always in pastime and play;
2. Shun this drink on every day;
3. This is a sort of musical play;
4. This is a gift, you'll surely say.

The pyramid read down is formed of words and letters defined as follows: a vegetable (in sound); a conjunction; to mimic; liquors; before; an article; a beverage (in sound).

TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

WE propose to publish in each issue commencing with the present, during this year a number of questions upon the history of the Church. It is expected that our young readers will take an interest in forwarding to us the answers to these questions as they are issued; and as an inducement to them we offer the following prizes, for which all our young folks are invited to compete:

First prize.—One Year's Subscription to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for the best list of answers to the questions that will be published in the first twelve numbers of this volume.

Second prize.—A Book of History or Travels for the next best list of answers to the same questions.

Third prize.—A Book of Choice Readings and Recitations, for the list of answers to the same questions ranking next in merit to those which receive the second prize.

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS.

BY W. J.

TIME flies. Its passage none can stop. The day dawns to bless us and is soon gone, never to be recalled. The months come and pass away whether we are prepared for them or not. The years roll around and form a long chain of years behind us. One thousand eight hundred and eighty-five has gone, adding another link to that constantly-growing chain. And what mortal can tell which chain is longest—the chain of past years, or the chain of years to come?

The flight of time is viewed differently by us at various periods of our lives, although it is uniform to us at all periods between birth and death.

- 1 "But a week is so long!" he said,
With a toss of his curly head;
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven;
Seven whole days! Why, in six, you know,
(You said it yourself—you told me so)
The great God up in heaven
Made all the earth, and sea, and skies,
The trees, and the birds, and the butterflies!
How can I wait for my seeds to grow?"
- 2 "But a month is so long," he said,
With a drop of his boyish head;
"Hear me count—one, two, three, four—
Four whole weeks and three days more!
Thirty-one days, and each will creep
As the shadows crawl over yonder steep;
Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie
Watching the stars climb up the sky.
How can I wait till a month is o'er?"
- 3 "But a year is so long!" he said,
Uplifting his bright young head;
"All the seasons must come and go,
Over the earth with footsteps slow—
Autumn and Winter, Summer and Spring—
O, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I might cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting—my love, my bride!"
- 4 "Ten years may be long," he said,
Slowly raising his stately head;
"But there's much to win, there is much to lose;
A man must labor, a man must choose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who would wear
The crown of honor, must do and dare.
No time he has to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high estate."
- 5 "Ah, life is long!" he said,
Bowing his grand, white head;
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—
Seventy years! As swift their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning light,
Or golden gleams at even,
Life is short as a summer night;
How long, O, God! is eternity?"

Time is a fragment of eternity in which our great Father gives us an opportunity to show our loyalty to heaven. A year is a division of that fragment; and how have we spent the year which is now swallowed up in the abyss of past time? Have we, as a rule, spent our time wisely and well; or have we wasted the fleeting but golden moments as they passed? Are we stronger in virtue, or has vice secured a stronger hold upon us? Is our path through the year of that character that we can gaze upon it and point it out with pleasure, or do we wish it hidden from the eyes of men, angels and God, and eternally blotted from our own vivid recollection? In any case, be it good or be it evil, we cannot change our record; but there is a future before us—let us use it and grow better in coming years.

"Another page of life is sealed,
Blotted and blurred full oft by me;
Another page stands now revealed:
Oh, what will its dread record be
When echoed from eternity?"

"My soul is wearied with this war
Between my better self and sin—
I've planned and purposed year by year,
That I would yield each thought within
To him who died my heart to win.

"These resolutions fully formed
I have not truly carried out;
My courage fails when fiercely stormed
By foes within and foes without,
Putting my holier thoughts to rout.

"But shall I therefore quit the field,
And cease to wage this bitter war?
By God's good grace I'll never yield
Till sin and Satan no more mar
And blot each leaf of character."

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 371 Vol. 20.)

HAVING received intimation to the effect that my release to return home to America would reach New Zealand in a short time, we made arrangements to journey to Auckland, the port of embarkation. As we were to travel for more than one hundred miles over the mountains and through an almost impenetrable forest, it was necessary that some one should accompany us as a guide; therefore, a Maori named Tiopira and Elder Ash, of Logan, decided to go with us.

On October 7, 1884, Elder Ira N. Hinckley, Jr. and myself, accompanied by our escort, reluctantly took leave of President W. T. Stewart and the Maori Saints and commenced our journey northward. We traveled for a time over a country comparatively level, then traversed the mountains, whose surface was densely covered with trees and foliage. With the exception of an occasional mud-hole and fallen trees across the trail, the travel was much easier than we anticipated. The first day out we journeyed about forty miles and arrived at an old cabin, which formed our first camping ground. On awaking in the

morning we found that our horses had gone back on the trail towards Poverty Bay, whence we had come. Two of our little company set out in pursuit of the truant animals while the residue prepared breakfast. Hours elapsed before our comrades returned with our runaway horses. We continued to travel on the winding trail until about 2, p. m., when we arrived at a new road, which induced us to consent to our brethren's return, we thinking that we would have no difficulty in finding our destination alone. Towards the close of the afternoon Brother Hinckley's horse became very lame, caused by losing a shoe, which occurrence retarded our travel. The mountains became more high and precipitous, the trail narrower, being cut in solid rock on the mountain side, and on the lower side were chasms hundreds of feet deep. The dark-colored clouds overhead threatened a storm, while apparently there was no resting-place for us. Had one misstep been made we with our horses would have been precipitated into the black, yawning gulf below. At length we came to another old cabin a few rods off the trail in which we camped for the night. Before retiring we groped around in the dark on the steep hillside to cut with our pocket-knives some *toitoti* grass for our poor, starving animals, and we laid down for the night with empty stomachs, our provisions being exhausted. However, in the midst of the same we felt in our hearts to praise the God of Israel.

Next morning, long before daylight, we resumed our journey, while the rain descended almost in torrents. We finally arrived at a small Maori settlement, having traveled nearly through the fastnesses of the ranges. On making our wants known the hospitable aborigines made us welcome to their domicile, in which we were enabled to dry our clothing, warm our chilled frames and allay our hunger. Here we also remained for the night.

Next morning we descended to the ocean and followed the shores of the Bay of Plenty to the European town, Opatiki. The surrounding land of this bay is comparatively unproductive, very much unlike Poverty Bay. It seems, from the natural facilities of these two sections of country, that these two names could be appropriately exchanged. According to history both of these places were named by the great explorer, Captain Cook. At Poverty Bay he failed to procure his supplies, consequently he gave the indentation this name. Leaving this bay he sailed around East Cape and came to the Bay of Plenty, where he procured his supplies, hence its name. A few miles out in the ocean is situated White Island, on which is a small volcano, whose volumes of smoke mingle with the clouds which rest calmly on the ocean's bosom.

Opotiki, the most easterly of the Bay of Plenty settlements, is one hundred and seventy-six miles by sea from Auckland. The town is progressing slowly but surely. It possesses several stores, four hotels, churches, etc. The Opotiki district comprises about 380,000 acres of land. There are 10,000 acres of rich flat land near the township, about 8,000 acres of which have been brought under cultivation. The soil on the flat, which is backed by ranges of wooded hills, consists of a dark and deep loam on a subsoil of clay. At a depth of over five feet lies a stratum of pumice. It is therefore well adapted for heavy grass, grain and root crops. The average crops are as follows: Corn, from 60 to 70 bushels per acre; wheat, from 50 to 60 bushels per acre; mangolds, from 60 to 80 tons per acre.

While the aborigines of the South Sea Islands are hospitable and possess tender and sympathetic feelings, they are also characterized by propensities of a savage and barbarous nature,

as is demonstrated by the following circumstance, which transpired at Opotiki:

A minister named Mr. Volkner lived at Opotiki, on the east coast of New Zealand. He had lived many years among the Maoris with his wife and family. The Hauhaus (deserters from the church of England) determined to kill this good man. He had been away on a visit to Auckland, and some friendly natives begged him to remain there and not return home; but he would not listen to them. He said his place was with his people. While he was away from Opotiki on his visit to Auckland the Hauhaus went there, with Kereopa as their leader, and waited for the minister, Volkner, to return. At last a little vessel arrived with Mr. Volkner on board, and a friend of his, another clergyman, named Mr. Grace. Directly they landed the Maoris took them prisoners and shut them up in a house all night. Next morning they came to Mr. Volkner and informed him that they intended to kill him. He asked them to allow him to live for a short time that he might say his prayers and prepare for death. He was taken out to a large willow tree near his house. Here he knelt and prayed for himself and for his murderers. Then arising from his knees he shook hands with them. The Hauhaus put a rope around his neck and hung him on the willow tree. They afterwards cut off Mr. Volkner's head and stuck it up on the pulpit of the church where he had so often preached. Mr. Grace made his escape a few days afterwards. The Hauhaus traveled away to Poverty Bay, carrying with them the head of Minister Volkner. This terrible event took place March 2, 1866.

MASKED FAULTS.—We are willing enough to keep at ever so great a distance from the faults to which we have little or no inclination, and often affect to make our zeal in that respect remarkable; but then, perhaps, more favorite vices have easy entrance into our breasts and take firm possession of them. We are shocked, for instance, and with much cause, at the monstrous and ruinous eagerness for pleasure, the profligate and unprecedented contempt of religion that prevails in the world; our behavior on those heads is unblameable and exemplary, and we value ourselves upon it beyond bounds. Yet, possibly, we indulge ourselves all the while to the full in another way—are unjust and fraudulent, or selfish and unreasonable, or penurious and hard-hearted, or censorious and unforgiving, or peevish and ill-tempered; make every one about us uneasy, and those chiefly whose happiness ought to be our first care. This is applauding ourselves for being fortified where the enemy is not likely to make an attack, and leaving the places that are most exposed quite undefended.

HARD STUDY HEALTHFUL.—A physician, Dr. Beards, has taken the pains to gather statistics from a wide range, in regard to the longevity of great scholars and writers. He was surprised at the results. The average life of the five hundred was over sixty-four years. This is far beyond the average age of business men, of farmers or mechanics, and seems to prove that hard thinking and long study are not injurious to health, as so many suppose.

One objection may indeed be made to this inference, and carries with it much weight. It may be said that most of these men had superior constitutions, and that it was in part their physical vigor which gave them their great powers of enduring a mental strain. If this be so, nature is wise, and gives a love of study to those who can bear the hard work without peril.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 1, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

HAVE you ever noticed, children, the effect of kindness? Solomon says: "A soft answer turneth away wrath," which means a kind answer. The power of kindness in conquering anger, and hatred, and other bad manifestations is very wonderful. Its good effect is not confined to human beings, but extends itself to the animal creation. Animals are quick to perceive manifestations of kindness. The horse that is treated kindly learns to love the person who treats him in this manner. So with dogs, cats, sheep, cows and, in fact, all the domestic animals.

You probably have read the story that has come down from the Romans to us, of Androcles and the lion. While a fugitive in the forest the lion came to him and he soon discovered that something ailed him. He ventured to examine his paw and found that it had a great thorn in it, which he extracted and relieved the ferocious beast from his pain. The lion appreciated and was grateful for this act of kindness. Afterwards Androcles was captured, and was sentenced, according to the custom common among the Romans, to the arena to contend with wild beasts. A fierce lion sprang out of his cage and rushed furiously towards him; but, to the great astonishment of the people who had assembled to witness the contest, the lion, instead of jumping fiercely upon the man, crouched at his feet and manifested, by every token of love, that he was friendly to him. It was the lion whom he had relieved from pain by extracting the thorn. Even the bloodthirsty and hardened Roman populace were so touched, it is said, by the scene that Androcles was forgiven. Whether the story be true or not it illustrates the power of kindness and that the most ferocious beasts are not insensible to its influence.

God is love. How expressive is this sentence, and what a volume it conveys to our minds respecting the character of our great Creator! Those who are most like Him are full of love, and this love finds expression in numberless ways. The gospel of Jesus Christ teaches us to love one another. It is the great quality which in heavenly beings receives full development, and which when properly cultivated on earth makes it resemble heaven. It is true that many people endeavor to resist the effect of loving words and actions. They are so filled with the spirit of the evil one that they will not fully yield to the influence of this divine quality; but often the most degraded and depraved of our race do feel the effect and yield, to some extent, to the influence of love. It will be through its exercise that they will eventually be conquered and be redeemed from the power of that influence, the fruits of which are anger and hatred.

We would like to impress upon our readers the value of cultivating love. Be kind in thought, in word and in action. Kind children are always beloved. Their amiability wins for them the respect and admiration of those with whom they are brought in contact. The cultivation of this quality gives men and women command of their temper. They learn to control

themselves; and the men and women who exercise self-control are greater than those who cannot do so, though they may command armies or rule in a city. The fact is, no one is fit to govern others who cannot govern himself. No parent can be a successful governor of a household who has not learned this important lesson—the power of self-control. When children see their parents yield to passion, give way to the influence of anger, they lose that reverence and respect for their parents which should never be impaired, and too often, instead of being warned by such exhibitions, they themselves feel justified, because of that which they have seen in their parents, to do likewise.

We have often witnessed, in the course of our experience, the effect of kindness in quelling anger. Let a man or a woman commence to attack another in tones of anger and reproach, whether with or without cause, and if the person attacked, instead of yielding to excitement and allowing the same spirit to take possession of him, receives the attack calmly and answers in tones of mildness, a feeling of shame takes possession of the angry person, and the storm subsides. Most people feel ashamed and condemned for indulging in passion. They feel humiliated because they see how weak they have been; and this is especially the case if the person against whom their anger is directed bears their attack in meekness and returns it in kind words.

While anger reigns in the breast, reason is, to a certain extent, dethroned. Men and women say and do things under its influence very much the same as persons do who are insane. If an angry man, by his assaults, succeeds in provoking another to anger, what a scene is presented! Their faces are distorted; their whole manner is changed; their language is intemperate; and they say and do things which grieve their friends and lessen them in their eyes, and of which they both are frequently heartily ashamed.

"But," says one, "I have a quick temper, and I cannot help getting angry when I receive provocation." This is not a justification for indulging in this spirit. The gospel has been revealed for the express purpose of giving us power to control ourselves. A man may be inclined to tell falsehoods; another to steal; another to distort the truth; another to be lustful. Weaknesses of these kinds are common to humanity. But because they are common to humanity, humanity is not justified in indulging in them. It should be the labor of every human being to correct, by the aid of the Almighty, through His Holy Spirit, these defects in his character. It is for that purpose we are here. By the aid of the Lord the angry man and the angry woman can cultivate the spirit of kindness and love as well as the man inclined to intemperance can be a temperate man. It will not do for us to plead these weaknesses or inclinations as a justification for wrong-doing; because the Lord has told us that if we will seek unto Him He will aid us to conquer every evil inclination and wrong desire.

We say, then, to the children of the Latter-day Saints, learn to govern your tempers; learn to control your tongues; learn to be patient under provocation and not to give way to anger because others are angry. If others assail you, even if they should have no cause to do so, instead of meeting them in the same spirit, put on the brakes, control your temper, speak to them words of kindness and of love, and do not suffer yourselves to be carried away by the influence which may be operating upon them. If you will pursue this course, and secure this control of yourselves, you will find that your course through life will be much happier, and you will have many more friends and will secure the favor of the Lord.



ALFRED THE GREAT. (See page 10).

ALFRED THE GREAT.

ALFRED THE GREAT, the best-beloved of English kings, was born at Wantage, in the county of Berkshire, in the ninth century after Christ. Around this birth-place of Alfred still stand the chalk cliffs, Ashdown, Uffington, Compton, etc., just as they were a thousand years ago.

We know King Alfred best by his conquest of the Danes. The story of the burning cakes is familiar to every ear; the story of the escape, the conquest, the ultimate triumph, the glory of King Alfred, are almost common-place to students of English history.

But there is one feature of King Alfred's life to which little popular notice has been given in these modern times. It is the account of his literary labors. As a compiler and author he must now and forever appeal to the heart of the English speaking people as the father of that grand writing, that superb story, known as the literature of the medieval ages in England.

After his warlike labors were concluded with the conquest of the Danes, he had still a greater work to perform, and what was more than the work itself, he knew the extent of his labors. He knew that the bondage under which his people would have been placed to the Danes, was as nothing in comparison with the slavery under which they would have been placed to the darkness of ignorance that pervaded the land at that day. He began the compilation of a history of literature. As the Danes had burnt English monasteries so Alfred set himself to work to restore the literary portion which had been destroyed.

Can you imagine the difficulties under which he labored? His old war-associates—the men who had his confidence on a score of battlefields, were nearly all absolutely ignorant of literature. Probably not many of them knew even their Saxon letters. Few of them, indeed, were versed in numbers. Not one in ten, perhaps, could write his own name.

What should Alfred do? The wars were ended. Peace reigned throughout the land of Britain. To achieve the triumph of war peace must indeed have her victory.

King Alfred, the great, the noble, was determined that his noblemen, his dukes, his princes, should be worthy of their exalted political station; and he therefore determined upon a line of education which for strength and comprehensiveness has scarcely an equal in the annals of civilization. He first began to bring men of learning to his land. He offered them special inducements to come to his court. He compelled the clergy to become educated. For the first time in centuries the histories of religion, of politics, of civilization, were written in a language which brought them within the reach of the minds of the people. Last of all, but not least, he became a writer.

Through years of incessant toil he had achieved competency in his own language. He could use it with vigor and emphasis. He translated "Bede's Ecclesiastical History," "Boethius' Consolations Afforded by Philosophy," and several other works; and at the same time added comments and reviews, which alone entitled him to a place among the early English authors.

To a man with such literary ambition the ignorance of the day must have been frightful. Alfred lost no effort to elevate the tone of the court; to give an impetus to literary research; to force upon the noblemen the thought of history, biography and current comment.

His task was difficult, but not fruitless. He was a man of too much force to lose the object of his labor; and when his

court nobles came to him complaining that they knew not the language of the court, that they knew not the courtly phrases of written communication, that they knew not the language of polished society, Alfred answered, "Go ye and learn."

These efforts were not alone sufficient. The noblemen rebelled at progress. They thought that the balancing-stone of their fathers was good enough for them; and much contention resulted.

The Bishop Asser says: "Alfred showed himself a minute investigator of the truth in all his judgments for the sake of the poor; to whose interests day and night, among other duties of this life, he was ever wonderfully attentive. * * Alfred was in the habit of enquiring into almost all the judgments which were given in his absence throughout all his realms, whether they were just or unjust. If he perceived there was iniquity in those judgments he would summon his judges either himself or through his faithful servants, and ask them mildly why they had judged so unjustly, whether through ignorance or malevolence; whether for the love or fear of any, or hatred of others, or also for the desire of money. If, however, the judges acknowledged that they had given such judgments because they knew no better he would discreetly and mildly reprove their inexperience and folly in such words as these: 'I wonder, truly, at your rashness, that, whereas, by God's favor and mine you have occupied the rank and office of the wise you have neglected the studies and labors of the wise. Either, therefore, at once give up the discharge of these duties which you hold, or endeavor more zealously to study the lessons of wisdom.'"

Therefore, the wise king called together his nobles. And from out the brightest intellects of his kingdom he chose some score of youths who were to be instructed in all the learning of the land—in history, in philosophy, and in religion. The education of these youths was under the king's own personal supervision. He had some dozen of monks to attend him—selecting from the most learned monasteries of the kingdom. And before these monks and learned men, in the presence of the king himself, the chosen youths were required to appear to give evidence of their natural attainments and acquired accomplishments. So fast as they answered the requirements of the king they were set apart for a course of special instruction. Then, they were empowered to demand special favors wherever they labored. And when their graduation was complete to their charge was submitted the education of some old warrior nobleman, whose life had been spent in tented field, whose education was that of the mounted fray, whose skill was of the sword-thrust. Probably no more lovable feature of King Alfred's existence appears before the mind of the historical student than that representation of him where he appears in the education of the youth of his realm. Imagine the terror of these scores of young children brought before him for examination and judgment: portray to yourself the infinite skill with which the royal teacher selected the competent children.

When Alfred upbraided the nobles for their ignorance, so says Asser, they would tremble and endeavor "to turn all their thoughts to the study of justice, so that, wonderful to say, almost all his earls, prefects and officers, though unlearned from their cradles, were sedulously bent on acquiring learning, choosing rather laboriously to acquire the knowledge of a new discipline than to resign their functions. But if any one of them, through old age or slowness of mind, was unable to make progress in liberal studies, the king commanded the son, if he had one, or one of his kinsmen, or, if there were no

other person to be had, one of his own freedmen or servants, whom he had before advanced to the office of reading, to recite Saxon books before him day and night whenever he had any leisure. Then these men would lament in their inmost hearts that in their youth they had never attended to such studies, and would bless the young men of our days who happily could be instructed in the liberal arts, while they would execrate their own lot that they did not learn these things in their youth, and now, when they are old, though willing to learn then, they are unable."

It was by such means that Alfred made the establishment of literature and written English history. When a boy, a slight tender child, he had received the reward of industry in a copy of beautifully illuminated Saxon poems from his step-mother. He had begun early to know the value of learning. He comprehended the disadvantage of a lack of that knowledge. He is justly called the father of English literature.

Many a man, many a king, could be industrious himself; could work assiduously to shine in the society of his court; but very few men, holding any rank, could labor so patiently to establish learning among his fellow-men. The beautiful picture which we represent to-day shows King Alfred backed by his monks of learning, surrounded by his little students. From the ranks of the latter he will select those fortunate pages who are to instruct the earls and prefects in their duties.

We cannot be surprised at the magnitude and glory of the work which literature has wrought among the nations who speak our tongue, when we remember that more than a thousand years ago a mighty Saxon king set his heart upon the education of his people; and that this king and all his followers became students, if not writers of English poetry and prose.

THE EVIL EFFECTS OF PRACTICAL JOKING.

BY MARY CHAPPLE.

IT was noon. A bright clear day in June. School had just been dismissed for the usual recess of one hour.

The school-house was a picturesque little building, with a green lawn beautifully laid off in different shapes, diamonds, hearts, circles, etc., here and there interspersed with trees, shrubs, and flowers.

A group of boys were amusing themselves with a game of marbles. Suddenly Willie Andrews, a small child not more than twelve years old, cried, "Say boys did you ever see a ghost?"

"Ghost?" said several of the boys in chorus.

"Yes, ghost," cried Willie, "I saw one last night, it was the most horrid thing that I ever saw; as I lay in bed thinking, suddenly I beheld something white approach my bed; I was spell bound; I could neither scream nor move. Suddenly I summoned up more courage, sprang out of bed, seized a match, and in less time than it takes to tell it, had a light; I turned, when to my amazement the ghost had fled."

"I don't believe that," said brave little George Phillips, "that is just a yarn of your own spinning. You needn't think we are all green as grass."

"Well George I think that it is true if you do not," said Arthur Goodman, "I would just as soon believe Willie's word that there were ghosts, as yours that there were not."

"So would I," said Clarence Brown.

"Yes, so would I for George Phillips is always saying something just to be contrary," chimed in Johnny Smith.

"Well, you needn't go into a cast-iron sweat over it boys, what is the difference if one of you believe there are ghosts, and the other don't?" said Charley Adams.

"Well, boys, I will lay a wager that George Phillips dare not go through the church-yard to-night after midnight; I will bet ten dollars—who will take me up?" said Johnny.

"I will," cried George.

"Agreed," said Johnny; we will deposit the stakes with Charley Adams. Arthur Goodman and Clarence Brown to be stationed at one gate, Willie Andrews and Charley Adams to be at the other."

"Agreed," cried George.

Just at this moment the school-bell rang, the boys caught up their marbles and hastened in to resume their studies.

Let us now turn to the church-yard. In the northwest corner of this sacred place where lay the dead, stood a little church. This building was of the Gothic style, and built of gray sand-stone.

Through this very church-yard George was to pass that night. As we lingered we suddenly beheld a form come hurriedly down the path, pause, deposit something behind a tomb-stone and pass hurriedly on.

* * * * *

It was midnight. Over the peaceful city silence reigned supreme, save for the boys, who quickly, but silently wended their way to the church-yard.

As soon as all was arranged the boys took their places at the gates. George was to enter the south gate and go through to the north gate. He came up, exchanged greetings with the boys, saying as he passed them, "If I need your assistance I will call."

He had reached the center of the church-yard when he stopped suddenly, his eyes almost starting from their sockets. The cause of his stopping was soon learned. Slowly a white form was seen rising from behind a tomb-stone. He paused but a moment then rushed forward, caught the form, dashed it to the earth kicked and beat until the ghost, or, by its lawful name, Johnny Smith, called loudly for help. His companions rushed forward, just in time to save his life. Two of them took Johnny home and summoned medical aid. He was put in as comfortable a position as possible. But what of poor George. How different from what his playmates had expected. He was taken home and a doctor being called, he was pronounced, *a raving maniac*. He was taken to an asylum where he passed the remainder of his days, dying at the age of twenty-five years.

It took six months for Johnny to recover his health; he never forgave himself, and though he lived fifty years he never made another bet.

The other boys were never as light-hearted afterwards, though they lived to a good old age.

MORAL.

A joke is well enough at times; but above all things never carry it too far.

AFTER all the good instruction that can be given, example must go hand in hand with precept.

If children receive solemn injunctions against a vice which they see their parents practice, or exhortation to the performance of a duty they see them neglect, the precept will be more likely to excite ridicule in the youthful mind than observance.

A SLED'S RETROSPECT.

THE STORY WHICH "SWIFTSURE" MIGHT TELL IF IT WOULD SPEAK.

I GET more time for reflection now than I had in my younger days; and I am glad to have the opportunity to think. It is a pleasant thing, when one grows old and somewhat wearied, to rest half buried in the snow-bank, where a red-checked boy has tossed you, and recall all the lively joys and exercises of youth.

Some foolish people seem to think that because a sled neither eats, drinks nor wears clothes that it has no right to reflect upon the affairs of this sliding world. But I know differently; and my great age and vast experience entitle my words to be received with much consideration. I grant that at some seasons a sled has no power of mental exertion. I have heard from the kindly father of my owner that there is a great black animal abiding in forests and mountainous regions which buries itself in some warm cavern or cranny in the Autumn and sleeps through all the glorious months of Winter, until the sunshine of Spring draws it forth to feed its awakened appetite. While I do not wish to compare myself, the civilized and beloved companion of boys and girls, with any such senseless brute as a bear, I may say that we sleds have our time of hibernation; during which time we never move or think, unless roused by some careless or cruel hand. This oblivion of ours usually extends from frost to frost—through all the intervening days of scorching heat and dusty air. I do not speak ignorantly about this detestable season of Summer, for many times I have been dragged out into the sunshine by foolish children, and have awakened to find myself roasting alive. Some of the young and silly sleds, who will never live to learn all that I understand, dispute my word on this point. But I know what I do know.

Bless me, how I gabble! I could not rattle along any worse if I were one of those vulgar, creaking, bumping things which have great, grinding wheels and are called express wagons. Such awkward creatures! No style. No smoothness of motion. And as to speed; why I can coast a mile while the best of them is traveling a furlong! I am sure that no one but a mean-spirited boy or girl would own one of the contemptible things. Thanks to a proper self-respect, I have always been able, whenever I have had my proper faculties, to keep out of their society.

But this brings me to myself. I was born or made (which-ever you choose to say) in a place called Wisconsin. My first remembrance is of a delightful sensation of cold which crept over me when I was lying with thousands of my fellows in a great store-room at Milwaukee; and immediately afterwards I was shaken and disentangled from the heaps of other sleds. Soon I heard a strong voice saying: "There's a beauty! Such staunch timber, and such straight grain! I believe I'll just oil and varnish that sled; it would be a pity to spoil such an uncommon fine one by daubing it with paint. Nothing could be prettier than this natural wood."

So, you see, early in life I became an aristocrat.

After this I must have been taken to a warm room for I immediately fainted and, though I probably traveled thousands of miles, I did not regain consciousness until I felt myself slipping along a beautiful, snowy path behind a pair of sturdy little legs. Those legs, the finest I ever saw, belonged to my owner. We soon became well acquainted—myself and my dear little master. He tried me on all the hills in his neighbor-

hood, and we two soon became the most admired coasters of the village. Because I was so strong and speedy I was named "Swiftsure." My little owner used to hold me up admiringly before his comrades and say:

"See what an honest sled old Swiftsure is! No paint and putty to hide up cracks and worm-holes; just the straight grain of the wood, polished and bright!"

In all my experience he was the only boy who, I felt, was my superior. I tell you, he, too, had a straight grain; and he had no bad spots covered with the putty and paint of hypocrisy. What a dear, generous, honest little chap he was! And what pure, delightful larks we had together! In the sunlight and in the moonlight we went flying down the flashing, crusted hillside, swifter than any other sled and boy in the village. The sharp wind alone could keep pace with us, and that not often. My little master was the boy for a proud, high-mettled enduring sled. He never complained of cutting wind; bless you, no! When other boys would stop their sport and huddle down upon their common sleds, whimpering that their toes were cold and that the wind sent the sharp frost-needles into their hands and faces, my grand little chap used to laugh:

"Ha, ha! what do you think the Winter is for? Come on, old Swiftsure, and I will show you the way!"

And lifting me against his bosom and taking a long run, down he would dash upon my welcoming back; and then, together we would take the highest "jump" on the hill. We never parted company, no matter how terrific the speed nor how steep the "jump"—to get thrown apart would do for common boys and sleds, but not for us.

My little master was as kind as he was brave and sturdy. No poor boy, who had courage, ever asked in vain for permission to "try Swiftsure just once." But no matter how much pluck he possessed, it was not always that a strange boy could stick with me when I shot straight over the steepest "jump" on the long hill of the neighborhood. I like charity, and I admired my noble young owner all the more for his great generosity; but, to speak the truth, I did not care to be loaned out so indiscriminately. Some common sleds, who rarely received anything but kicks and grumblings, might think it was sufficient to be lauded and praised and almost kissed by bright, eager boys who were granted a ride upon me. But I suppose I must be a born aristocrat. I cannot help being exclusive. I am willing that the vulgar herd shall admire me—at a distance.

In those superb, rushing days of my youth there was but one person besides my owner whom I loved to carry, and that was a girl. She was a dainty one, just as frail as my master was robust. She had dear, melting, blue eyes and hair fine as a cob-web, colored like gold. In the days when I first knew her she was so slender and light that when I only carried her I could not possibly make my famous speed. But when my master went with us, how we did fly! What made me first love that little girl was that she would never scream. No matter what mad pranks of coasting we played, she would sit quietly upon the little rug nailed across my shoulders and lean against my owner with the most absolute confidence.

One night—it was a bright moonlight night—we three had been coasting upon the long hill. This grand, snowy slope led, with an occasional hollow, from the home of the maiden with blue eyes, down to the village meeting-house, more than half a mile away. We coasted until the dear girl said it was time to go into the house (it was then long after the other sleds and boys and girls had gone home). Then we turned, my little master drawing me while I carried the sweet child. She said:

"Yes, Nephi, we must hurry; because mother is at Aunt Sarah's and father is at the school-meeting; so Cousin Phoebe is there alone."

It was only a few rods from the summit of the hill to our sweet-heart's door; but as we walked those two agreed that they would sneak to the kitchen window and frighten Phoebe. We got there and Nephi looked in; but instead of crying "Boo!" he dropped back, gasping:

"Two tramps are in the kitchen and they've got Phoebe tied in a chair. Oh, 'Nerva! What shall we do?"

After a moment he said, quite firmly for such a little chap:

"I know! We'll coast to the meeting-house and tell your father. Old Swiftsure will carry us there in no time!"

He grasped my rope and darted with me and our brave, quiet girl through the yard and past the gates. He was just ready to give me a push and then cross his knee upon me, when another one of the tramps came running from the barn leading the grey colt, which was my only rival in Nephi's affection. The thief saw us and started to overtake us. But Nephi gave the start and we were away. The robber was already at the crest of the hill and had mounted the colt. He shouted for us to stop, but we gave no heed. The fool urged our colt to a gallop down the heavy road of snow which skirted our coasting place. But we were going like the wind and leaving him far behind. Almost in an instant we reached the first hollow. Would we go down one bank and up the other without stopping? We had never done it yet. I strained every joint in the effort. I could hear the horse panting behind; I could hear Nephi saying: "Go it, old Swiftsure; you never had such a good start before!" And I could feel the whisper of Minerva's little prayer. Once more the thief shouted, "Stop!" He now had the advantage, because of the level ground and the succeeding rise; but before he could reach us we were over the crest. I darted out for a mighty race and shot for the great "jump;" and just as we crossed it, clinging together like wax, I heard a neigh, a yell, and Nephi said:

"Barney has slipped and fallen with the tramp!"

How I raced the rest of the distance! My mettle was up. No bird, I verily believe, could fly faster. But I grew frightened. How should I stop at the school-house? Nephi answered me:

"Dear 'Nerva, will you be frightened if I run into a snow-bank to stop us?"

Our brave girl answered, "No!" and in another second we plunged half-way through a mighty drift which had been gathered at the corner of the building. Nephi only waited to lift our little sweet-heart out and then he ran to the door, shouting:

"Brother Clarke, the tramps are stealing your horses and robbing your house! They've tied Phoebe into a chair, and they'll kill her if you don't hurry!"

I could hear no more, for the drift had been quickly falling about me and I was completely buried.

The next day Nephi came and dug me out; and as he drew me proudly home he and little 'Nerva, who was with him, talked with each other and said how good it was they had such a Swiftsure; that our speed had enabled the men of the village to get to the house in time to save Phoebe and capture the tramps; that Barney's fall had killed himself and broken his rider's leg; and, finally, that we three—Swiftsure, and Nephi and Minerva—were to be petted and praised as the plucky people who had been the cause of the rescue.

* * * * *

Well, that was only one incident in our stirring lives. More than half a score of years have passed. I have had at least two pairs of new shoes since that night. Nephi ceased to coast with me long ago. But, thank heaven, he would never sell me. I served his younger brothers as truly, if not as lovingly, as I had served him. Three years ago I had a bad fall while going over the great "jump" and ever since then I have been laid up in the barn, a partial invalid. My joints are unsound; I am rheumatic and trembling. Some of the boys and even two or three upstart sleds have sneered at me lately. But you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; and these people can never get over their low birth.

To-day something very strange happened to me; and that is why I tell this story. I was wide awake, enjoying the glorious sensations of the piercing cold, when a lady, tall and shapely, with golden hair and blue eyes, came into the barn, leading a toddling child. She said, in a tone which made my very center-beam thrill with emotion:

"There it is, sure enough; dear old Swiftsure! Now mamma's little Nephi shall have a ride."

The gentle lady drew me from my corner, out into the Winter's snow and sunlight. She placed a rug upon me and put the little fellow astride.

"Are you afraid?" she asked.

"No, no! Gee up, old Swiftsure!"

That voice, those sturdy little legs across my back, those chubby hands clasping my sides! They seem like a baby imitation of what I once knew and loved.

"Mamma's boy must play with this good old Swiftsure; for papa is on a mission now and we cannot buy a new sled. We love Swiftsure—papa and mamma do. To-night I will tell you a fine story—how we all had a race to the old meeting-house."

That voice; that hair; those eyes!

* * * * *

It is night and I am alone. I have thought over the affair until it is all as plain to me as is the straight, smooth, new course down the meeting-house hill. I have concluded that if Mrs. Minerva will have a decent carpenter brace me up with some aristocratic timber I will be glad to enter the service of little, toddling, petticoated Nephi.

THE answer to the enigma published in No. 23 is DESERET NEWS. It has been correctly solved by Arus L. Bird, Springville; William. Brewer, Henneferville; Annie Knudsen, Maria Andersen, Mount Pleasant; G. W. Ingram, E. W. Nichols, Brigham City; Willard Call, Bountiful; Jos. P. Sharp, Vernon; Birdie Black, Fillmore; Alice Glover, West Jordan; Nora Hudson, Kaysville; Edgar Fillmore, Payson; Clara B. Hudson, Kaysville; George A. Topham, Paragonah; Etta Williams, Mayfield; Lettie Mowrey, Ogden; Jos. O. Lange, Koosharem; Charles Jarvis, Woodruff, Arizona; Ezra Christianson, Manti; Annie N. Bowring, Brigham City; Ernest Smedley, East Bountiful; Millie Howell, Clifton, Idaho; Louisa Ingram, Brigham City; C. L. Berry, Jane Albrand, Thomas C. Jones, Orson H. Hewlett, Salt Lake City.

BAD company is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first and second blows, may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head the pinchers cannot take hold to draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HELEN PIKALE.

I WELL remember the first time I ever heard the names "Mormon," "Mormonites," "Latter-day Saints." They sounded very strange to me. A neighbor related to my stepmother that a company of "Mormonites" had gone to the Rocky Mountains, led by a Prophet whose name was Joe Smith, to build a new Jerusalem and prepare for the coming of the Savior, which they said was near at hand. I listened attentively and regretted that their prophet's name was Joe or Joseph. My reason for this regret was, there was a man living in our neighborhood whose Christian name was Joe, who was forever picking quarrels and wanting to fight somebody at every gathering where he chanced to be; and for this I not only disliked the man, but his name. So much for prejudice. But the idea that the "Mormons" were led by a Prophet, who claimed to be sent of God, and that the coming of the Son of man was near at hand, I did not feel to dispute, and remember saying to myself: "All these things may be true and the day of judgment close at hand;" and oft times afterwards, when alone, would think of these subjects and ponder upon them in my heart, though I said nothing to anybody about them. It was in the summer of 1836 that I first saw an elder. Lorenzo D. Barnes and Samuel James were the first who brought the gospel to the people where I lived, and were the first I heard preach. I was then in my twenty-first year. Before I heard the elders they had held several meetings in the neighborhood, and the people said they were smart preachers, that they had the Scriptures at their tongues' end, and seemed to know the Bible by heart. Their meetings were well attended, meeting-houses, school-houses and private houses were filled to overflowing. But soon the priests raised the howl of "false teachers," "false prophets," "delusion," etc. Newspaper stories were hunted up and read to the people by the priests; but it was not long before the elders began to baptize, and soon a large branch was raised up.

Jesse Turpin, a priest, baptized me in July, 1837, (not in a horse track as was reported, because I was small, and a little fun at my expense was thought not to be amiss) in Harrison County, Virginia, now West Virginia. As soon as I had been immersed, and while yet standing in the water, Brother Turpin laid his right hand on my head and prophesied that I would go forth and preach the gospel, stand before great men of the earth, and bear testimony to the truth of "Mormonism." I was confirmed by the laying on of hands by Elder John Lyons. Soon after this, while at secret prayer one morning in the woods, the Holy Spirit came on me to that extent that I sprang to my feet and shouted for joy; but before jumping up and while praying, my eyes being shut, I saw a light that seemed to rest on me from behind; a stream of a fog-like appearance shot out of my mouth, and as I jumped up, I felt and thought I was about to behold an angel. My tongue apparently moved and talked of itself, and I felt as light as a feather.

From the first gospel sermon I heard preached by Brother Barnes, followed by Brother James, I never felt to dispute or doubt their message. I took great pleasure in reading the Scriptures. The Bible had become to me a new book, even before my baptism. After joining the Church, while I was reading the book of Covenants, I came to the revelation on the Word of Wisdom. At that time I was using tobacco; that is,

I smoked cigars. I had just bought a bunch of one hundred; I picked these up, walked to the door, and I scattered them to the four winds.

At the time the Elders made their appearance in our neighborhood and began to preach, the inquiry was, "Where did they come from?"

An uncle of mine said he knew. "They had come from the moon, and had found a new road to heaven, four hundred miles nearer than the old route."

"But how did they get down?"

The reply was, "They greased themselves and slid down on a rainbow."

My uncle was called an infidel, because he did not believe in the so-called religions of the day. He had not as yet heard the elders preach; but when he did, he took them in; his house was a home for them. He joined the Church and died in the faith.

My father moved up to Far West in the State of Missouri, the place which the Prophet Joseph had designated, after the expulsion of the Saints from Jackson County and Clay County in that State, as the place of gathering for the Saints. He went up by land, pitching his tent by the way. I went up in advance, taking a few boxes of goods that could not well be taken in a wagon. I took steamer at Marietta on the Ohio river, and landed at Richmond Landing, on the Missouri river, thirty miles from Far West. I arrived at this latter place in June, 1838, and it was here that I first saw the Prophet Joseph Smith.

In the days of which I write there were no railways, at least I had not seen or heard of any. Journeys were performed on foot, on horseback, or by teams and wagons over poor roads, except on the rivers, where steamboats plied between distant places on their banks. Turnpikes and graded roads were few and far between. In the country I was familiar with stages for passengers there were none, except the mail coach; and the United States mail was carried mostly on horseback, and the postage on a single letter was twenty-five cents.

(To be Continued.)

THE TRUE MAN.—No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.

TRUE GREATNESS.—It is by what we ourselves have done, and not what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is thought that has aroused intellect from its slumbers, which has given "luster to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed the soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that we hold communion with Shakespeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.

THE BEST BOOKS.—The books which help you most are those which make you think most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading; but a great book that comes from a great thinker, it is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty.

A CHEERFUL, LOVING HEART IS NATURE'S SWEETEST CHARM.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

Moderato. mf

1 How soon youth's flower of beau - ty fades, When life's springtime is past! The
2 The fier - y glance from spark - ling eyes With age grows dim and cold; And

ver - nal bloom of child - hood gay Doth but a mo - ment last. . . .
foot - steps once so light and free Will tot - ter when one's old. . . .

p Each gen - tle ray of morn - ing light That beams up - on one's face, . . . And
The win - ning smile of in - no - cence Of youth - tide's sun - ny day, . . . Each

out - ward mark of love - li - ness Grim care may soon e - rase;
grace of form and feat - ure rare, All, all may pass a - way;

CHORUS. *f Allegretto.*

Rit.

But there is a lasting beauty, One that never should depart: It's the sweetest charm of nature, 'Tis a cheerful, lov - ing heart.

VANDERBILT'S WEALTH.

VANDERBILT'S wealth is estimated at two hundred millions of dollars, though we see it stated that it is nearer three hundred millions. We have seen some curious calculations respecting this wealth.

If it were converted into two hundred millions of silver dollars and massed together in one solid square pile it would measure thirty feet long, broad and high, and weigh (as seventeen silver dollars weigh one pound, avoirdupois) 11,760,000 pounds, or 5,880 tons.

If these dollars were taken out into the fields and laid close together side by side, they would cover over seventy acres of ground. If the dollars were shoveled into wagons, holding a ton each, it would require 5,880 wagons, 11,760 horses and drivers, and if arranged in a line—allowing each team 15 feet—the line would stretch out 15 miles.

If these dollars were placed in sacks, a hundred pounds each, (representing seventeen hundred dollars each) each sack carried on the shoulder of a porter, it would require an army of 117,600 porters; if placed in a line, shoulder to shoulder, allowing each porter only three feet, the line of porters would reach sixty-six miles. These dollars could pave a boulevard fifty feet wide and twelve miles long with a solid pavement of silver. If piled on top of each other they would make a solid silver column three hundred and fifty miles high.

If these two hundred million dollars were laid side by side in a straight line they would reach nearly five thousand miles. If one should attempt to count these two hundred million dollars, dollar after dollar, at the rate of a hundred dollars every minute and keep it up twelve hours every day, seven years would elapse before he reached the last dollar.

A little nephew of an editor asked how many pints of peanuts and sticks of molasses candy these dollars could purchase him. He answered:

"As to the peanuts, this wealth could purchase—at the rate of five cents per pint—four thousand million pints or sixty-two million bushels, which would load up a fleet of two thousand ships of the capacity of thirty thousand bushels each, which would supply the entire population of the United States—men, women and children—with nearly three months' rations of peanuts, one pint daily each."

"As to the candy, these dollars could purchase—at the rate of a cent per foot—a twisted rope of it three million eight hundred miles long, which could surround this globe a hundred and twenty times, ascend to the moon, coil around that satellite, descend to the earth, and if reeled off could supply the entire population of the globe, Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, Australia, and the islands of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans—men, women and children—each with a stick of molasses candy thirteen feet long."

And yet with all this wealth poor Vanderbilt could not take a dollar away with him, he had to leave it all behind. He had a grave probably three feet wide by seven feet long, no more space than a poor pauper would occupy. The question of importance to him when death struck him was not how much wealth he had here, but how much he had laid up in heaven. He is said to have been the richest man in the world; but there is many a poor man, with scarcely enough to buy him a meal of victuals, who, without doubt, had more treasure in the other world than he.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

PLEASANT REFLECTIONS.

BY J. CRYSTAL.

I never see the snowflakes fall
But I'm carried back to my early youth,
When my mind was free from care and thrall,
And my guileless heart knew nought but truth.

How well I remember my varied joys—
The hallowed hand-sled, the snow-ball's fun—
How I rolled and frolicked with the boys
From the school's release till the setting sun.

How we built our castles with crystals bright,
And made our balls for the battle near;
And bravely fought with a zest and might
That would honor do to a cavalier.

I can hear the mirthful echoes still,
That rolled from the shores of the frozen lake,
Where we plied our skates with a heart and will,
Till our wearied limbs were like to break.

I can see old "Curly" still retreat,
As he watched for the snow-balls I made to throw;
I can see him bound with his nimble feet,
And echo the pleasures I loved to know.

I can see the church and the village school,
Where I used to gambol so fond and gay;
And the thoughts of my playmates fill me full,
As I think of the many who've passed away.

But, then, again, when I think aright,
And muse on a future so fraught with bliss,
Beyond the curtain of death's dark night,
I feel that repining would be amiss.

I know that a morning of love and youth
Again will dawn on the sons of men,
When hearts, bound closer by ties of truth,
Shall meet, no more to be parted then.

Ye eddying crystals, sweet and bright,
Deseend and fill me with peace and love!
Ye whisper softly that all is right
And pure that comes from the throne above.

O! may my offerings, pure as thine,
Ascend to God as I struggle on;
And the welcome plaudit at last be mine,
"Come, share my glory, my faithful son!"

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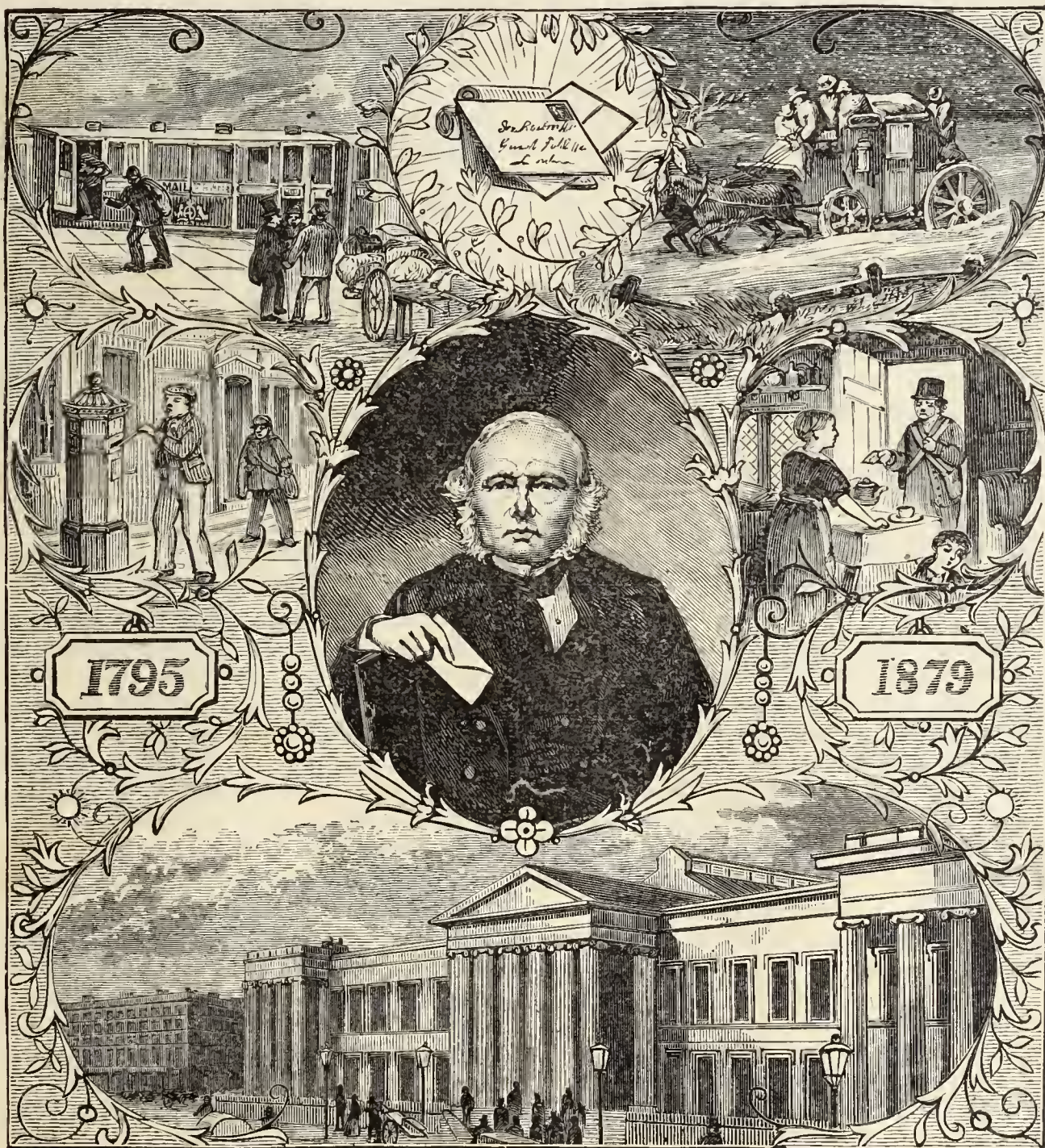
SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 15, 1886.

NO. 2.

SIR ROWLAND HILL.

WE to-day present to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR a portrait of the great post-office reformer of England,

Sir Rowland Hill. He was born at Kidderminster on the 3rd of December, 1795, and was no less noted in his youth for his



studiousness and quiet ways than for his desire to in some way benefit his fellow-men. For a number of years he was employed as teacher in a public school, in which capacity he was very successful and much liked by all his pupils. In the year 1833 he accepted an appointment as secretary to the Royal Commissioners who had charge of affairs in South Australia, but this did not lead him to forget the cause of education in which he felt a deep and abiding interest, and much of his spare time was occupied in the diffusion of useful knowledge.

It was not until the year 1837 that Sir Rowland Hill issued a pamphlet, which brought him both fame and fortune, recommending a low and uniform rate of postage throughout the British Isles. His ideas met with the immediate approval of the masses, who had previously been compelled to pay the most exorbitant rates for the delivery of mail, and to send and receive letters was, for a poor person, a very expensive luxury. It only needed, however, the suggestions contained in this pamphlet to start the ball rolling which was to bring the desired relief. Petitions immediately began to reach the House of Commons from different sections of the country urging an investigation of Hill's plan, and before the year expired a committee had been appointed by the House to consider the merits of the proposed reform.

Three years elapsed before the uniform rate of postage was established, and as an experiment four pence (eight cents) only was charged per letter. This price was shortly afterwards reduced to the present penny rate, and it was found that the revenues of the government were increased rather than diminished by the reduction in the rate, people being thus induced to correspond more than they had done previously.

The success of the plan brought its originator into public and favorable notice. He was immediately placed in the treasury where he was gradually but surely perfecting his system, when the Tories succeeded to power and he was dismissed. The temporary loss of position proved, however, a benefit to Sir Rowland. The people were incensed at the removal of this public benefactor and immediately raised, by subscription, £15,000 which sum was presented to him. In 1846, the Whigs having again returned to office, Hill was appointed secretary to the Postmaster General, and in 1854 became secretary to the post-office. This latter position he held for ten years, when failing health induced him to resign. A yearly salary of £2,000 was granted him for life and he was presented with £20,000 by Parliament as a partial reward for his faithful public labors. His death occurred on the 27th of August, 1879.

The principal features of Sir Rowland Hill's plan were the adoption of a low and uniform rate of postage, a charge by weight, and prepayment. A penny was the fixed price for the delivery of letters weighing no more than one-half ounce. Postage stamps were also introduced at this time, and double rates were charged on all matter postage on which had not been prepaid. The money order system was also perfected and this department became much more remunerative to the government than it had been when high charges were made for the transmission of money. Taken altogether Sir Rowland Hill did more for the post office department of Britain than any man before or since.

A LIFE of the most absolute devotedness to God is the only righteous way of living; no man lives a righteous life that doth not live a devoted life.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is a growing tendency in some quarters to create class distinctions and to draw lines of division between neighbors and members of the same Ward, because of some possessing monetary and other advantages. If the distinctions were the result of the differences in the real worth of these classes they would not be so objectionable, because intelligence will always cleave to intelligence and light to light, and people of certain tastes will seek the society of those who are congenial to them. But the distinctions of which I speak are not of this character. They are those which exist in the world, and which are being introduced here. In one of our papers, which gives considerable prominence to social events, the words, "society people" are frequently used; and in speaking of a certain person the other day it called him "a young society gentleman." In the world, from whence we have been gathered, such expressions are understood; but what is meant by them among us is not exactly clear. Used among Latter-day Saints, they strike one as being exceedingly absurd. Our settlement of this Territory is sufficiently recent to give people of middle age a very good knowledge of the origin of all our families and of those, also, who aspire to be "society people;" and to one who is acquainted with these families it appears very ridiculous to see the young people who belong to them, while calling themselves Latter-day Saints, putting on the airs of superiority which in the outside world is assured by certain classes of society. Such exhibitions of vanity are in bad taste, and no newspaper does its duty to the community which contributes to the growth of such foolish tendencies.

Another practice which prevades in some communities is to parade in the newspapers the names of those who give dinner parties to their friends, with the names of the guests and the style of dress each lady wears. This is the fashion of the world, but sensible people in the world consider such things in bad form. It is especially hurtful to young ladies, as it has a tendency to make them either vain, because they are in a position to procure fine dresses, or dissatisfied and discontented, because they are not in a position to dress as well as some others. The history of the sex will show that more women have been led astray through this passion for dress and the gratification of such vanity as is pandered to by such publications, than by any other cause.

Another bad fashion that has grown up among us is that of giving wedding receptions. Upon such occasions it is generally expected that every guest will bring or send some present to the young married couple, and these are paraded with ostentation for the admiration of all visitors. Of course, where such a practice prevails it is the desire of every bride to have the most elegant and costly presents to display, and the guests who receive invitations, and who are in moderate circumstances, feel embarrassed. They do not wish to appear stingy or mean, and yet their purses may not be in such a condition as to permit them to make presents of any value. How right-feeling, independent people can put themselves in a position of this kind—to receive presents from all their acquaintances, outside of their family circle—and not feel humiliated at the proceeding has always been a mystery. No high-spirited man desires to be put under obligation by having gifts conferred upon him which he cannot reciprocate, neither does he desire to start out in life as a receiver of alms. It is all well enough for relatives, if they feel inclined to do so, to make presents according to

their means, and because of the great interest they take in their young kinsfolk who marry; but friends outside of their relatives to be expected to do this, or for such a fashion to grow up is in exceeding bad taste. In our community, believing, as we do, in plural marriage, such a fashion is very inappropriate. Is it a good fashion which permits wedding receptions to be given in the case of girls who become first wives, which cannot be given to their sisters who become plural wives? Is it wise or proper to make such distinctions between wives whom every right-feeling Latter-day Saint looks upon as equal and occupying the same status? It may be well enough for monogamists to have a fashion of this kind if it pleases them; but for Latter-day Saints to ape the fashion, unless they intend to repudiate the principle of patriarchal marriage, is very inconsistent. It is an attempt to graft a Gentile fashion on to our system that is altogether incongruous and makes a distinction between the first and the other wives, which is all wrong and contrary to every principle that we believe in. On this account, if on no other, this practice should be discontinued.

A VISIT TO CUMORAH.

BY J. W. S.

THE hill Cumorah, dear to the heart of every true Latter-day Saint, is situated in the north-western part of the State of New York, well up towards Lake Ontario. On the morning of the 25th of September, last year, I stepped off the New York Central train at the town of Palmyra and at once set out on foot towards the hill, which is about six miles from the railway depot. Crossing the Erie Canal I walked up the main street to a cross-road running at right angles to the street I was on, and here, to my astonishment, I saw what I had never seen before in America: On either of the four corners of the cross-roads was a large church, built in palatial style—a Baptist on one corner, then a Methodist, next an Episcopalian and last a Presbyterian; and all were within a hundred feet of each other. While contemplating the spectacle I could not help thinking that the people of Palmyra must be very devotional or else they were running a lively competition for converts; perhaps both.

Taking the road running directly south I walked about four miles over a good path and through the most beautiful scenery, for the road on either side was dotted with fine farms and nice farm houses, with rolling hills here and there in the background, making altogether a lovely landscape. At length I arrived at the hill, which is situated on the east side of the road. It is the largest in that vicinity, but would be considered nothing more than a good-sized knoll in our mountain region. It lays north and south, rising gradually from the south and terminating abruptly at the north. The east and west slopes are also quite steep. Approaching the north end I discovered a notice: "No Trespassers Allowed on the Hill;" by permission, however, of Mr. Sampson I made my way to the top, and from the summit obtained a beautiful view of the surrounding country.

At the time the Prophet Joseph found the plates it is said a Mr. Randall Robinson owned the hill. The east side and part of the west side is now owned by Mr. Geo. Sampson; the balance of the west side is owned by Mr. Jeremiah Like. The latter gentleman has his claim fenced and partly under cultivation. Mr. Sampson has most of the east side under cultivation,

especially at the north end, which from the base to the summit was plowed up and sowed with small grain when I was there. With the exception of three houses around the north end of the hill there are none in the immediate neighborhood. No doubt the hill was covered with timber at one time as the large stumps still remaining amply testify; but at present, with the exception of some saplings and trees on the south end and one tree on the east side towards the north, it is bare. On the west side, towards the base and north end, there is a green spot left in the plowed ground. The residents claim this is where the plates were found; but this is incorrect, because we know they were found "on the west side of the hill, not far from the top."

After contemplating for some time the scene at my feet, and reflecting on the mighty events that have transpired in the history of our people from the time the Prophet Joseph Smith found the plates in this sacred spot until the present day, I made my way to a farm about a mile north of the hill. This farm is now owned by a Mr. Miner. Upon it is a good-sized hill or knoll, on the east side of which are the ruins of a large cave or dug-out. No house is near nor is there any evidence that there ever has been. The roof has fallen in, the hardwood saplings forming the rafters having rotted. In the middle of what was once the floor stands a rude table, formed by two heavy hardwood planks being set in the ground at a convenient height and another plank, about three inches thick, laid across the top. The planks look very old. The people living there state that at the time the Prophet obtained the plates the Smith family lived on this farm, and that Joseph built the cave that he might be able to translate without being interrupted, and also be free from molestation by persons who would be likely to steal the plates if they got the chance. As to the truth of this story I cannot state, but I give it as it was told to me by an old resident. The owners of the place kept the cave in repair for a number of years and looked upon it as a relic; but time has done its work, as evidenced by the condition in which I found it.

Mr. J. H. Gilbert, the man who set up the type for the first Book of Mormon, still lives in Palmyra. He is a very pleasant gentleman to talk with and seemed to be much interested when speaking upon Utah affairs. He is quite aged, being eighty-four years old on the 13th of next April. Notwithstanding his extreme age he is quite sprightly and holds a position as clerk in the Palmyra post-office. During our conversation he informed me that he set up the Book of Mormon from the copy now in the hands of David Whitmer, and that the signatures of the witnesses were all in one handwriting. He has now in his possession the proof-sheets of the first edition of the Book of Mormon. He considers them quite a curiosity; so much so that recently when he had his photograph taken he held them in his hand, exhibiting the title-page. Any of our people visiting the Eastern States should certainly stop off at Palmyra and pay Cumorah a visit. They will there find many things of interest to a Latter-day Saint.

UNPERFORMED PROMISES.—A large promise without performance is like a false fire to a great piece, which dischargeth a good expectation with a bad report. I will forethink what I will promise, that I will promise but what I will do. Thus whilst my words are led by my thoughts and followed by my actions, I shall be careful in my promises and just in their performance. I had rather do and not promise, than promise and not do.—*Warwick.*

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

A WELCOME ADDRESS.

RECITATION FOR A SABBATH SCHOOL REVIEW.

We welcome all our parents here,
Our friends and teachers too,
To hear what we shall have to say
At our Sunday School review.

We've met on this bright Sabbath morn
To scan our lessons o'er,
And show what progress we have made
Since thus we met before.

The object of our school it is
To train our minds in youth,
That as we grow we'll understand
The principles of truth.

One principle that we are taught,
Is order, without which
It is impossible for us,
Great excellence to reach.

Another thing our teachers try
To impress upon our mind,
Is to be punctual always,
And never be behind.

How nice 'twould be if every one,
On time would always be!
What great confusion could be saved
By punctuality!

Many good rules in school are taught,
And our teachers always seek,
To have us practice in our lives,
What truths we learn each week.

To act with courtesy we're shown,
And ever to be kind,
To parents and associates,
We're told to keep in mind.

This is the place each Sabbath day,
Where children all should meet,
And none should ever stay away,
To play upon the street.

Each one is welcome here to come,
And join our happy band,
We'll treat you kindly if you do,
And lend a helping hand.

TABLE RULES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

1. When seated at the table, remain quiet until the rest of the family are also seated.
2. Bow your heads and close your eyes while a blessing is being asked upon the food.
3. Wait until your turn comes to be served, and do not call out for what you want.
4. Turn your face one side to cough or sneeze.
5. Do not find fault with the food, or ask for things not on the table.
6. Be gentle and polite, and say "please" and "thank you," when asking for or receiving anything.
7. Eat slowly, and with as little noise as possible.
8. Do not try to speak when your mouth is full of food, and do not put too much in your mouth at once.
9. When you have finished eating leave your plate, knife, fork and spoon in good order.
10. In going from the table do so quietly, and without disturbing others.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

Was this the first time Joseph had ever tried to pray with his voice? What power and influence took hold of him when he had commenced? What was the effect upon him? Did he give it up after this? What did he ask of the Lord? At this moment of great alarm, what did he see over his head? Who spoke unto him and what were the words? What answer did he get concerning the religions of the day? What important promise did the Lord make unto Joseph at this time? When did he receive this first visitation?

THE names of the rivers in the "Hidden Rivers" puzzle, in No. 24 Vol. 20 are: Jordan, Ogden, Weber, Provo, Green and Bear. We have received correct answers from John V. Bluth, Ogden; Fred H. Ottley, Union; Byron H. Allred Jr., Myra I. Allred, Garden City; Frank Pickering, Payson; Chas. Neal, Plain City; J. B. Watson, Lake Shore; Wm. Brewer, Hennefer; Elizabeth Manning, Farmington; Wm. M. Dye, Riverdale; Elizabeth A. Richins, Ogden; C. L. Berry, Sidney Chalker, C. B. Donkin, Salt Lake City.

MORE PRIZES.

Besides the prizes we offer, as mentioned in our last number, we also propose to give the following:

For the best short and simple story or poem, suitable for this department of the INSTRUCTOR, we offer as a prize a work on Natural History in 2 vols., and for the next best story or poem a History of Australia.

For the best puzzle, enigma or charade, we offer as first prize "History of Richard I," and for second prize "Natural History of Birds."

All competitors for these prizes must send in their productions before the 1st of July next.

SCRAPS OF WIT.

The man who cut a big hole and a little hole in the door, so that the big cat and the little cat could both go in and out, has been matched by a Lowell man, who put up a single bell in his house and attached a wire from it to his front door and one to his back door. It usually takes two journeys to discover at which door somebody has pulled the bell.

Literary young man at party—Miss Jones, have you seen "Crabbe's Tales?"

Young lady, scornfully—I was not aware, sir, that crabs had tails.

Young man covered with confusion—I beg your pardon, ma'am. I should have said, read "Crabbe's Tales."

Young lady, angrily scornful—I was not aware that red crabs had tails, either.

Exit young man.

Dr. Louis, of New Orleans, who is something of a wag, called on a colored Baptist minister, and propounded a few puzzling questions.

"Why is it?" said he, "that you are not able to do the miracles that the apostles did? They were protected against all poisons and all kinds of perils, How is it you are not protected now in the same way?"

The colored preacher responded promptly, "Don't know about that, doctor; I s'pect I is. I've taken a mighty sight of strong medicine from you, doctor, and I is alive yet."

"Ah, ha!" said the farmer to the corn. "Oh, hoe!" said the corn to the farmer.

BURIED CITIES.

BY J. LEON FRANK.

John, see to the stock to-night, as it is very cold. It was a queer sight to see the man tie his legs in a knot at the circus.

Now, Johnny, be a very good boy, and I will give you a nice cake.

We all sat down on a log and ate our lunch with great relish.

I thought I'd die laughing when Martin tickled.

By buying a good article you'll find it pays on the average much better.

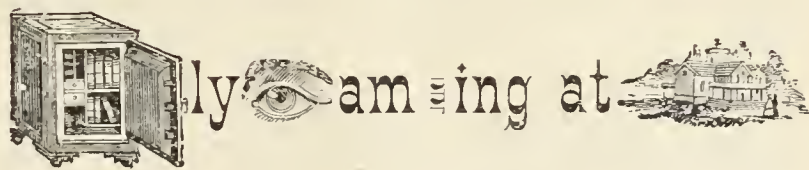
In each of the above sentences will be found the name of a city in Utah.

ENIGMA.

BY A. B.

I soar among the clouds above,
And scale the mountains high;
I sink to the depths of lakes and seas,
And fly up to the sky;
In heavenly spheres I make my home,
To the sun I reach afar;
I'm seen in all the planets, too,
And with each distant star.

REBUS.



We have on hand quite a number of enigmas, puzzles, etc., which have been sent to us with the request that they be published. Some of these possess considerable merit, and we would be pleased to publish them, but the parties by whom they have been sent have failed to forward us the answers to the puzzles they have composed. We are unable to tell whether these puzzles are correct and suitable unless we have the answers to guide us; and we cannot spare the time to find out the answers. In forwarding such productions hereafter, remember and send the solutions with the enigmas or puzzles.

A DAY'S ADVENTURE.

BY J. H. D.

THIS bit of adventure is written expressly for the boys. It happened in the latter part of August, 1866. The writer had been told to go out on the range west of Salt Lake City to hunt up a yoke of cattle, preparatory to going to the canyon. On his way down City Creek Road, towards Jordan Bridge, he fell in company with another boy about his own age (just starting in his teens). Arriving at the bridge, we filled our canteens with a supply of fresh water and went our way.

I do not recollect what sort of clothes we wore, only that I remember Tom (my companion) having quite a large piece of buckskin or elkskin sewed on the hindermost part of his pantaloons. Tom was in search of some cows. Our course was west by north. We traveled in this direction for eight or ten miles, taking a look at every lot of cattle we came across; but no success. We traveled about until we were tired out, and having no luck we were discouraged.

Tom said to me: "Let us cross over this slough and go over to yon farm house and see if we can get a fresh supply of water."

I agreed to this, for our canteens were empty.

Arriving at the farm house we asked the folks if they would be so kind as to let us have some water. They told us to take a bucket and go over to where they had dug a large, round hole. We went as directed, found the place, filled the bucket full and took a drink—oh, what awful water! Almost as bad as the lake itself! We went back to the house and said that we could not drink the water, as it had too much salt in it. The man of the house came out and said he would go and show us how to get fresh water. Arriving at the same round hole, he took the bucket and put it on the hook, tied it with a cord and then, taking hold of the stick, pushed the bucket away down four or five feet below the surface of the water and then brought it up quickly.

"Now, boys," said he, "take a drink of this." We did, and it was very good. We filled our canteens and went our way. We had learned a lesson: that the salt water separated from the fresh and was on top and the fresh water in the bottom.

From the well we changed our course to the north-east. After walking an hour or so we became rather hungry, so I suggested to Tom that we eat our dinner. He agreed. I sat down and took my dinner out of my pocket. Tom sat down about ten feet from me, on a little hump of earth. He had got but fairly seated when suddenly he jumped up, yelling, "Snakes, snakes!" with all his might. I got up very quickly, I can tell you.

"Where did you see snakes, Tom?" I asked.

"Why, man," said he, "I sat right down on top of one!"

We went over to where he had been sitting and, sure enough, there were snakes. Right on the spot where poor Tom sat down was a monster rattlesnake, and all ready for battle. We had no weapons with which to attack the enemy; but in a moment Tom had his shoes off. I followed suit, and we both pelted away at the snake with our shoes until it had to surrender. After the reptile was dead we took the rattles off, which numbered thirteen. These Tom put in the crown of his hat, saying they would cure the headache. We had not the least doubt but that Tom would have been bitten, had it not been for the buckskin patch on his pants.

We now traveled on and, after awhile, arrived away down on the Jordan River; and I assure you we were pretty well tired out. We would not care so much if we could only find what we were hunting for. There was no luck for us that day. We felt very bad that we had to go home without the stock.

The glorious sun had now descended behind the western mountains, and it was high time for us to make our way towards home. We held council as to the course we should take on our way back. I favored going up along the bank of the river as the shortest route; but this had its drawback on account of a brake, or washout, a distance up. Tom was in favor of going back nearly the same way as we came. This would be a long way around, probably a distance of eight miles more than the river route. We at last decided to follow the river and, without further delay, started on our journey. We were aware that sometimes it happened that there were boats on our side of the river at a certain place, but we were disappointed this time. We concluded to go up the river bank for a mile or two further, thinking we might make some of the folks living on the other side of the river hear us. To make matters worse, it began to rain very heavily, and it was so dark that we could scarcely find our way at all. We groped along as best we could. Sometimes a flash of lightning would aid us some in finding our way through the willows and brush.

Finally we came opposite a residence. Here we shouted at the top of our voices, endeavoring to arouse the people across the river and get them to come to our aid; but our efforts were useless. The thunder began to rattle and the lightning flashed all the more; the rain came down in torrents, until we were wet to the skin; in fact, there was not a dry spot on us. Things looked very dark indeed. We saw no hopes of escape. There we were on that bank in a wilderness of trash. The old river looked black; in fact, everything looked black, both below and above. Should we attempt going up the river, we would surely fail to cross the brake, or washout, and perhaps we would be drowned. I could see no way out except for me to swim over and procure help for my companion. This course I at last determined to take, and I made it known to Tom. He shook his head, saying: "Don't attempt it, for I am sure you will never reach the other shore alive. This is a trickish old river." At last I began to pull off my wet clothes, having determined to cross.

Just as I was about ready I told Tom to find a suitable place for me to start from. Tom complied. After he had left me for a few minutes I heard him shouting, "A boat, a boat! Yes, sir; I am sure it's a boat! Come this way, Jack."

I made my way as fast as I possibly could. Sure enough, there was a boat. It had now cleared up sufficiently for us to see what we were doing. We pulled the craft out of the river, emptied the water out and then began to look it over. It was an old rig; the part that was in the water was in tolerably fair condition, but the other part was pretty well dried up. We found one good oar and a piece of another. The best one I intended to use on the lower side. We could gain the other shore with only one, but it would take more time. I put myself ready with the oars, while Tom was to have his hat ready to bail out water in case she should leak badly. At last we gave her a shove out into the stream. I pulled with all the strength I had in order to make the landing which was straight across from where we started. Tom worked like a good fellow with his hat, but we found the water was gaining fast upon us. I saw that we could not make the landing, so I changed her course partly with the stream, and with about half a dozen more strokes we reached the willows on the opposite shore. I

was in hopes that we could hold the craft until we climbed up the bank; but we failed in this. The boat was nearly full of water and the strong current forced it from under our feet. We hung on to the brush for dear life, while the old craft went down the river. At last, with a hard struggle, we managed to climb up through the willows and briars, out to the bank.

You can imagine our feelings at this moment better than I can describe them. We had a very narrow escape, indeed, and we were very thankful, I assure you. Had it been in the day time it would have been more sport than anything else; but in such a night as this it was most terrible, especially for a couple of youngsters. We were now safe and sound, and about an hour's walk brought us to our homes.

I have not seen Friend Tom since that night; but I have heard that he has been on a mission to England. No doubt he still remembers that awful night.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

[Through the courtesy of the late William Clayton's family, we are allowed the privilege of publishing this journal which contains some very interesting incidents of Church history. It is written in narrative style and not in the form of a diary, and was prepared, principally, at the time of the occurrence of the events which it so graphically details. The intimate associations between the leaders of the Church in early days and our deceased brother, will make this series of articles, we are confident, both interesting and instructive to the many readers of the INSTRUCTOR].

THE Latter-day Saints were expelled from the State of Missouri, under the exterminating order of Governor Boggs in the Fall and Winter of the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight. Having been plundered of all their property, they settled in this place—then called Commerce but subsequently named Nauvoo; while they were in a stripped and destitute condition. Nearly all of the Saints were sick, and many of them died in consequence of exposure and the lack of the necessities of life. There were then but two or three houses in the place; and, therefore, the majority of the people dwelt in tents and in the open air, exposed to all the rigors of an inclement season.

In September, 1839, the Apostles started the second time for England. They, themselves, were ill and they left their families in sickness and poverty. The Apostles who took this trying journey at that time were Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff and George A. Smith. Elder Richards was already in Great Britain; and he was ordained to the Apostleship when the others of the Twelve reached their destination.

During the Winter and Spring of 1839, nearly all of the Saints moved into Nauvoo, the only exceptions being some few families who scattered about among the people of the State of Illinois.

As soon as the health of the brethren would in anywise permit, they began the work of putting up log cabins for shelter. In the course of the season the majority were made tolerably comfortable in this respect, though many still suffered greatly for want of food.

The spot of land on which the Saints located was very wet and consequently very unhealthy; but by the blessing of God the health of the Saints improved, and they learned the neces-

sary course of life in this trying region, and were able to improve the character of the soil which they cultivated.

Before even this state of comfort was achieved, the authorities began to talk upon the subject of building a temple, wherein to administer the ordinances of God's house. Several councils were held and a place selected whereon the temple was contemplated to be built. The matter was laid before the conference on the 6th of October, in the year 1840; and the Church voted to commence the work immediately. On this day the conference appointed a committee of three, viz: Alpheus Cutler, Elias Higbee and Reynolds Cahoon, to carry the business into operation and to oversee the work.

During conference President Joseph Smith explained to the Saints the law of tithing and the plan upon which the building of the temple was to be conducted.

Several plans for a temple were made and submitted by various individuals, but the only one which was satisfactory to the Prophet was the one drawn and presented by William Weeks.

On the twelfth day of the same month, the brethren commenced the opening of a quarry from which to obtain stone for the building. Brother Elisha Everett was the man who struck the first blow on the works. He has continued in this labor from that time on until the present, and has proved himself a faithful worker and a worthy man.

The committee contracted with Daniel H. Wells, Esq., for the land whereon to build the temple; and on the nineteenth day of January, in the year 1841, the Lord, through His servant Joseph, gave a revelation approving the selection of a temple site and commanding the erection of the sacred structure upon that spot.

(To be Continued).

THACKERAY'S CONTRITION.—Thackeray was of a sensitive temperament, but he also had a generous nature. Though easily offended, he readily forgot and forgave. His contrition sometimes expressed itself in a humorous form. He was at one time a welcomed visitor at the house of Lady Ashburton, who was somewhat free with her tongue and her opinions of persons. Something that the saucy hostess said offended Thackeray, and he not only declined her invitations, but spoke of her with discourtesy.

Some months after, when his angry feelings had died out, he received from Lady Ashburton a card of invitation to dinner. He returned it with a pen and ink drawing on the back, representing himself kneeling at her feet, with his hair all aflame from the hot coals she was vigorously pouring on his head out of an ornamental brazier.

This humorous expression of contrition was followed by a complete reconciliation. The satirist and the saucy lady continued a warm friendship.

GOOD ADVICE.—Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations. Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment or for the safety and benefit of others.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

HABITS of industry are most valuable to the young people of both sexes. The happiness of their lives depends, to a very great extent, upon their training in this direction. No idle person can be truly happy. Work seems to be a necessity imposed upon us in this state of existence by our Creator, and it is of the utmost importance that young people should be taught how to perform it in the easiest and best possible manner. We look upon this kind of teaching as of equal importance to the education of schools. Any education that gives the pupil the idea that it is more honorable to live by one's wits than by steady labor, is false and will be attended by injurious consequences. Boys and girls who are taught to perform labor properly and skillfully, and are trained in habits of steady application, will make good citizens.

One of the evils of much of the present system of education in the United States is that, in too many instances, the young imbibe the idea that they can gain their livelihood in an easier way than by manual labor. In such cases the result is most unfortunate. The country is filled with half-educated people, many of whom are too proud to work at laborious occupations, and who think that their education should bring them a living either in some profession or in some genteel (as it is called) employment. We should deplore the spread of such views among the rising generation of these mountains. It would be a most unfortunate thing for the young people of our land to come to the conclusion that labor—honest labor—in any form is degrading. We have noticed a growing tendency, however, among young people to seek for easy employment.

Among our young men candidates for employment as clerks in stores and other business that does not compel them to be exposed to the weather or to soil their hands or their clothes in rude labor, are far too common. It would be far better for many of them to learn farming or some branch of mechanism.

It should be the aim of boys and girls to acquire as good an education as possible and to learn some skilled branch of industry, by means of which they can sustain themselves. Much of the happiness of married life depends upon the ability of the husband to furnish his wife, or wives, and children with the necessities and comforts of life. Poverty is frequently inevitable; and in the providence of our God He has seen fit to call His people to receive many lessons in that direction. But the poverty of the Latter-day Saints has seldom been due to idle habits or to shiftlessness and bad management, but to the persecutions which they have endured at the hands of their enemies.

We admire the remark of the young man who presented himself to the father of the girl he loved and asked his permission to marry his daughter. The father was a rich man and proud of his riches, while the young suitor was not favored with much of this world's goods. The father turned to him, and, in a rather haughty tone, asked the young man what he was worth and what he could do to make his daughter comfortable. He replied that he was not worth very much, but *he was chuck full of hard work*. He secured the girl, and by his industry and energy soon acquired a competency.

Young married people starting out in life may be poor, but if they have good health, are industrious, and know how to apply their labor, there is no danger, in this land of ours, of their ever being destitute. They can soon surround themselves with the comforts of life. But if the husband be shiftless and lazy, or be destitute of skill, they are likely to remain poor, and dissatisfaction and unhappiness are apt to creep into the household. No parents who have daughters whom they love feel well in trusting their girls to such characters. Experience in life has taught them that such unions are not likely to be happy; for while women will go through every kind of affliction and trial, hand in hand with their husbands if they should be unfortunate or be stripped by acts of violence and mobocracy, they cannot feel well in bearing poverty that is the result of bad habits and bad management.

We think it the duty of all parents to give their children at least a reasonably good education. They should be kept at school during the school age, and then they should put them in positions to learn some useful branch of industry and to learn it thoroughly. They should teach them economical habits and, as far as example and advice can go, prepare them for the serious responsibilities of life. When they have done this they have laid the foundation in their children to be good citizens and useful members of society, especially if above all these things they teach them the principles of righteousness and the love of God. This is a duty, as we understand it, that devolves upon all parents toward their offspring. They are not required to bring their children up in idleness, to surround them by easy circumstances, to give them means to squander without knowing what it has cost to earn them, for by so doing they injure their children and they do society harm.

Then, in their turn, children are under obligations to their parents. If old age or misfortune comes upon the parents and they are reduced to poverty, it is the duty of the children to relieve their wants, to lighten their burdens and to assist them to the extent of their power. These obligations are reciprocal, and mankind has been placed in such a situation that one cannot be independent of the other. A child may not have the opportunity of repaying its parents for the cares and attention which they have lavished upon him, but he, in his turn, can repay that obligation by doing for his children that which his parents have done for him.

We trust our juveniles will all seek to learn some branch of industry, by which they can sustain themselves in reasonable comfort and help to sustain others. If a boy learns to be a mechanic, let him learn to be an industrious and a good one. So, also, if he learns any other branch of industry. If he becomes a farmer or a stock raiser, let him master the science of agriculture and of stock raising so thoroughly that he will raise the best and largest quantity of grains and vegetables on the smallest space of ground, and the best breeds of cattle, horses and sheep. It is a good lesson for a young man to learn in starting out in life to be thorough in all that he undertakes, to do everything as well as it can be done, and to acquire a character for reliability. Habits of this kind, when once formed, cling to a man through life and are of great value to him.

Girls, also, should learn to be thorough housewives. If they know a friend who is skilled in any particular branch of female industry, they should seek to profit by her example and learn from her the art which she has acquired, whether it be in cooking particular dishes, in doing some other branch of housewifery, or in the making of any article of dress. If our young people will all take this course their generations will continue to be happy and prosperous.

THE CHILD CÆSAR.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR was the greatest man whom Rome ever produced. He was one of the most famous personages of whom we have any account in history. He was a brave and marvelously-skillful warrior, a fine and moving orator, a successful and exalted statesman.

its courageous power and intelligent purpose, should so rouse the envy of impotent but aspiring rivals that they were fain to slay him to share his absorption of popularity and authority among themselves.

It is related of him that in his childhood he had a huge Numidian lion for a playmate. This superb beast he received as a gift when it was less than a year old. It was then but



He was descended from a noble line of ancestry; and was the son of a prætor. His early days were spent in the mingled luxury and severity which surrounded the highest type of Roman domestic life in the first century before Christ. His boyhood was a worthy forerunner of the manhood which, in

partially mastered: with the assistance of his own young African slave he made it his pet, taught it to carry fragile objects with delicate grasp in its mighty jaws, and to wear a noose over its kingly nose. In the intervals of recreation which were allowed him from a rigid course of polite and scientific

study, his favorite pastime was to wander through the gardens and balconies of his home, attended by his Ethiopian servitor and the submissive lion. His parents and their visiting friends were often in a state of alarm during his earlier efforts to subjugate his pet. But when it was seen that the monarch animal was quite subdued, and that the lion feared the little Caesar's eye more than bars of red-hot iron, all the people at the palace were content to let the child have his way and lead his shaggy playmate wherever he chose. It then became no unusual spectacle for some delicate, perfumed Roman lady to stroll out upon the balcony and ask the future statesman to play for her delight his graceful antics with the mighty beast.

Cæsar, as he grew older, exercised more and more this courage and the power of bending others to his will. And from his early youth he was famed among his countrymen. At the time when Sylla, to compass the establishment of his own mastery of Rome, was securing the execution of leaders of the opposing faction, Cæsar, then only a boy and belonging to the proscribed class, dared to present himself to the people as a candidate for the priesthood. He was rejected through the instrumentality of Sylla. The latter then considered the propriety of having Cæsar put to death; and when the leading men said that it was not worth while to contrive the death of such a mere child, Sylla replied: "Ye know little who do not see more than one Marius in that boy."

Cæsar escaped and in the end more than justified the words of Sylla.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

PRELIMINARY.

WE live to die and die to live. This is the resurrection paradox—the wonderful story of life by death. The idea of a future, general resurrection is cherished, nevertheless, in the all-but-universal human heart. Still, pertinent is the query of its rationality. Is it the phantasm of the mind, the seductive shadow of allusive hope, the crystalization of our unfounded wishes, the senseless aspiration of crawling, death-doomed worms; or is it an inspiring truth?

Upon this great question the human family are divided in sentiment. Our hearts certainly cling to the doctrine with all their life-loving fondness, and the division of opinion must originate in the cold, speculative powers of the intellect. To this our chapter of testimony is submitted and the appeal for impartial judgment made.

Infidelity, with the full value of an imperious *ipse dixit*, asserts that the doctrine of a general resurrection is inseparably associated with a state of mental imbecility; or, at best, it finds a lodgment in minds but imperfectly developed. The idea, we are informed, has no foundation in reason or in common sense. They say the whole analogy of natural phenomena argues with tremendous power against its probability, and scientific developments testify of its absurdity. Its grave is dug and the vanguard of civilization, emancipated from the thralldom of priestly superstition, is already chanting its funeral requiem. But wisdom itself admonishes us to make haste slowly to sound the death-knell of humanity's most blessed hope. If the doctrine be buried a new grave must be dug,

for it can never be entombed in the deserted sepulchre of Jesus.

Anti-resurrectionists maintain, as fundamental principles, that all truth is eternal, and what is not eternally true is no truth at all; that truth is uncreatable in its very nature, etc. From these premises the conclusion is deduced that if the resurrection *de facto*, or doctrinally, depends on Jesus Christ it is not an eternal truth, and, hence, is an unfounded myth. This position we accept, though it apparently involves insuperable difficulties in an attempt to prove the resurrection doctrine an undeniable truth.

In this undertaking to demonstrate the reliability and verity of the resurrection doctrine it is the purpose to appeal to scientific facts, and also to the declarations of holy writ. The purely rational arguments will be presented first, and in the following order:

1—We will prove that the resurrection idea is not antagonized by the analogy of natural phenomena, but, on the contrary, that nature, in its varied phases, affords us the strongest ground of hope.

2—Call attention to the scientific fact that there is no life but by death. Life dies that life may be.

3—Show the surprising correspondence which exists between that philosophical truth and the scriptural doctrine of the fall and resurrection of man.

4—Prove that the resurrection, *de facto*, is as old as the eternities.

5—Examine the principal physiological objections to the resurrection doctrine.

6—Notice some minor objections.

STATEMENT OF THE DOCTRINE.

Death, like a sleuth hound, scents every track of life. We see the chase, we hear the victim's agonizing cry and stigmatize the whole as an unequal race, for death is bound to win. Thus they seem adapted by nature's laws—life to lose and death to wear the victor's crown. This is, however, but one scene in a wondrous drama and another is to follow. The ashes of the dead are seeds of life. Life's expiring wail is scarcely hushed till death's exultant cry is throttled in the mighty grasp of a new and resurrected life; not new created, but revived; not succeeded, but continued. The same bodies which have lived and died shall live again; and the same flesh that has been corrupted shall be restored. Our physical organism shall be immortalized without the loss of a single fundamental element or principle of which it is composed, the blood, in its present state or condition, forming the only exception needful to mention. We shall rise unscathed from the supposed annihilating catastrophe of death with a sweet consciousness that our identity has been preserved inviolate. The graves must be opened and the sea give up its dead. The earth and the air must yield our hidden dust and the spirit come to claim its own; then together, as a reorganized personality, our immortalized mortality, the tabernacle of the deathless spirit, with it, shall live the eternities through. Barring the brief period that intervenes between our mortal death and our immortal resurrection, the eternal perpetuity of body and soul united is the essence of the scriptural doctrine of the resurrection. More than this it cannot be, and to confess to less yields the point.

THE ANALOGICAL FOUNDATION OF THE DOCTRINE.

In accordance with the stated plan of investigation, we will now notice the analogical formation of the doctrine. The question is: Does natural law support or antagonize the idea

of the transference of a human organism from a lower to a higher state of existence? If proof can be supplied to demonstrate that natural phenomena occupy a friendly position respecting this question, the rationality of the doctrine of the resurrection is established.

Now, that there is confessedly nothing in the notion of such transference antagonistic to natural law is acknowledged in the accepted postulate that a change of condition is not an anomaly in the processes of nature. This is the general proposition, and instances of metamorphosis under this law of nature are so abundant, and it is so generally acknowledged to be incontrovertible, that no great amount of time will be consumed in adducing examples. These may be found in every branch of the animal kingdom. We instance the *autifa* among the *crustacea*, and the *musca domestica*, or common house-fly among insects. Some mollusks afford striking examples of metamorphosis; and they may be found among the *radiates*. *Marsupials*, among the *vertebrata*, undergo remarkable transformations; and other mammals do also, even those that start in life nearest the terminal form.

But perhaps the most striking examples of the natural law of metamorphosis are found in the development of the tadpole and the silk-worm. At birth the tadpole possesses no limbs and locomotion is effected by means of an extended body which somewhat resembles the tail of a fish. Blood circulation is carried on by a heart with two compartments only: an auricle and a ventricle. It possesses no lungs and respiration is performed by gills. After it has attained to a certain growth, however, an auricle is added to the structure of the heart, lungs are developed and the use of its gills is gradually superceded by the exercise of its newly-acquired organs of respiration. The stomach is organically adapted to its new mode of existence; and finally the tail is absorbed, legs are developed and the transformation is completed. By this astonishing process the common frog is produced.

The silk worm grows rapidly for twenty days, then spins its cocoon and then passes into the chrysalis state. While in this condition the most wonderful metamorphosis occur. *Antennae* appear on the head, and in place of single eyes it has compound ones. The stomach is contracted and the intestines are lengthened. To complete the adaptation of the little creature to its new sphere of life, it is furnished with wings, and it flies away to sport in the genial sunbeam, or to explore the wonders of its new world.

If, now, we take a broader view of the subject our discoveries will warrant the conclusion that the transference of matter from a lower to a higher state is a primary law of nature, and that it is of extensive, if not universal, application. Such is the testimony of science, and it perfectly comports with the word of God. Our own bodily substance, as flesh, bones, etc., owes its existence to the operations of this wonderful law. The crude elements of the earth and of the invisible atmosphere are primarily organized into vegetation, and this, in turn, either mediately or immediately, into all the component parts of our wonderful organism. A fleshy tabernacle for the spirit has been erected out of a little iron, phosphorous, lime, water, etc., nine-tenths of the whole consisting of the latter element—water. Let us not question the possibilities of matter when operated upon by the forces of the universe. See what they have accomplished for each one of us, and strictly in accordance with law!

If we descend to particulars our minds must be filled with astonishment at the marvels of nature. For instance, any one, upon first beholding the beautiful contrivances and the exquis-

ite delicacy of the lower organs of the body is naturally predisposed to expect the most elaborate machinery in the brain organization, which is the seat of the mind. How surprising, then, to have revealed to us only cells and fibres! "The brain is the least solid and most unsubstantial-looking organ in the whole body. Eighty per cent. of water, seven of albumen, some fat and a few minor substances constitute the instrument which rules the world. Strangest of all, the brain, which is the seat of sensation, is itself without sensation. Every nerve, every part of the spinal cord, is keenly alive to the slightest touch, yet the brain may be cut, burned or electrified without producing pain."—*Steele*. Until scientific infidelity informs us how the organ which is the seat of sensation can not be made to feel, it cannot consistently deny anything marvelous in the resurrection. Thus have the elementary principles of our corporiety been evolved into a condition incomparably superior to their lowly normal state; but more of this hereafter.

Again; accepting the nebular theory of La Place as a cosmic beginning, the transference of a glowing, homogeneous, gaseous cloud of fire-mist into solid, heterogeneous, opaque masses of earth requires the most astonishing metamorphosis. We can scarcely conceive of others that are greater; certainly of none of which we may even suspect matter susceptible.

Infidels delight to assail revelation with geological data; but the resurrection doctrine is in no danger from their assumptions. This science glides back through the numberless ages and reads, in the familiar rocks, the different epochs in world-building history, each of which records the earth's progress and elevation in the scale of being. Contrast the Azoic age, when no life was, and when the seething oceans held riotous sway, when all the elements met in tumultuous warfare, when dark chaos reigned supreme, with the life, beauty, harmony and adaptation of all things now visible to subserve their destined purpose, and what greater transformations are required in the resurrection?

(To be Continued.)

A NATION'S GLORY.—The true glory of a nation is in the living temple of a loyal, industrious and upright people. The busy click of machinery, the merry ring of the anvil, the lowing of peaceful herds, and the song of the harvest-home, are sweeter music than the paeans of departed glory or songs of triumph in war. The vine-clad cottage of the hillside, the cabin of the woodsman and the rural home of the farmer are the true citadels of any country. There is a dignity in honest toil which belongs not to the display of wealth, or the luxury of fashion. The man who drives the plow, or swings his ax in the forest, or with cunning fingers plies the tools of his craft, is as truly the servant of his country as the statesman in the senate, or the soldier in battle.

A LONG INKSTAND.—In Algiers, Africa, there is said to be a river of genuine ink. It is formed by the union of two streams, one coming from a region of ferruginous soil, the other draining a peat swamp. The water of the former is strongly impregnated with iron, and that of the latter with gallic acid. When the two waters mingle, the acid of the one unites with the iron of the other, and thus forms a true ink.

A HOLIDAY STROLL IN PRUSSIA.

(Continued from page 375 Vol. 20.)

I FOUND I had not yet reached Erkner, but a brisk walk of fifteen minutes brought me there. Nearly the whole forenoon was spent in distributing tracts, and in defending our principles to the best of my ability among a party of rough-speaking, but warm-hearted choppers and sawyers, the din of whose labor made it a trying ordeal for my lungs. At noon I accompanied one of them to his home, and administered to his infant boy, of whose life he despaired, though still manifesting some faith that the power of God could preserve. Our repast was brought on the table in a large wooden bowl, and consisted of the sourest kind of *sauer kraut*, in the bosom of which nestled a solid cube of the fattest kind of bacon. For liquid refreshment we had white beer, a harmless insipid sort of beverage, in an overgrown goblet, from which all drank in succession.

I designed making a town fourteen miles further before night, but failed, as before, to reach it. The afternoon walk was one of the most agreeable I ever took. The sun's rays were warm, the air was balmy as in Spring, and the peace and solitude of the forest filled me with emotions of a most delightful nature. I indeed felt with the poet, that

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods."

In one of the charming glades through which I sauntered—a veritable paradise for fairy folk—I could not withstand the temptation to recline a while, close my eyes and give way to the imagination which such a spot could not fail to arouse. The result was a long nap, no dreams, and awaking with an aching in the muscles and bones of my whole body. I was now able to make but sorry progress, and was overjoyed to come upon an unpretentious domicile, right in the midst of some large trees. The proprietor, a young forester, sat in front of the door cleaning his gun and watching with amusement the gambols of a young hunting dog, which leaped about the little open space which served as front door yard. A belated, limping traveler could never be allowed to go by his door, the hunter said, so we entered it together. Antlers and stuffed animals and birds were the principal articles of adornment, but they were arranged in an artistic and tasteful manner. The bed to which I was shown was not so comfortable as my last one, and my sleep was not nearly so refreshing. However, I awoke free from pain or soreness, and without breakfast, but with many thanks for my lodging, resumed my journey. It was scarcely daylight, and the dismal croaking of the tree-frogs seemed to encourage my loneliness, to which was added some concern at the threatening aspect of the heavens, from which presently rain began to fall in torrents. I sought the best shelter I could in a tangled copse, and waited impatiently for a change. This soon came, and with the shining of the sun my spirits arose correspondingly. If I walked along with the less elasticity, that my stomach was empty, it was not because my heart was sad, for I whistled and sang as merrily as a schoolboy. The shot of a gun right close to me and the self-satisfied chuckle of the sportsman, brought me to a full stop, until my friend the forester, who had not stopped for the rain and had thus got ahead of me, emerged from a neighboring thicket with a dead fawn over his shoulder. He regretted having allowed me to leave without breakfast, and insisted on my sharing his cold dinner, which, since it was barely enough for one, we soon despatched. He proved to

be well-informed, and quite a traveler, so in conversation two hours slipped by almost unconsciously. I then journeyed on to Fuerstenwalde, a large manufacturing town with very extensive breweries, and after a variety of experiences succeeded in finding an inquiring friend with whom I had had some correspondence. Our interview was rather stormy, for the man proved to be an adventurer and had undertaken on the strength of my letters to organize a party of his own ilk, for all of whom he expected free emigration tickets to Salt Lake City. He could not pretend that I had in any letter given him the slightest foundation for his scheme, and had final recourse to the threat that he would make my business known to the police authorities in Berlin and secure my expulsion; from which dire vengeance, I may say, I never heard a rumor from that day to this.

Between Fuerstenwalde and Briesen, eleven miles, there was the same extent of woods, lakes and creeks, and innumerable enchanting spots where even a person as little susceptible as myself could not help feeling poetical. Right at the base of a monument erected to the memory of a gallant officer who was thrown from his horse and killed in the chase, I wrote, with a tree stump for my desk, letters to loved ones at home, and sent back a postal card to the anxious friends in Berlin.

A blacksmith in Briesen, at whose forge I stopped to get a ferrule put on my staff, invited me to his home, and entertained me royally. His little ones gazed on me who had come "clear from the other side of the world," as though I were of another species. The scrutiny seemed satisfactory, however, for during the balance of the evening I was never with less than two of them clambering over my knees and hanging on my neck. The sturdy mechanic read some tracts hastily through and wanted twenty-five to give to his friends, a request which, of course, I gladly acceded to. He urged me strongly to call on him as I returned, saying he had not talked half enough on this "new religion." Three days later I accepted his invitation, and was treated with still greater kindness. I left him firmly believing and waiting for his wife to get ready for baptism.

About noon of the fourth day I reached my destination, and before night had finished the business which had called me thither. The city of Frankfort on the Oder contains some fifty thousand inhabitants, is a very old commercial city, and is still the resort, during fair time, of thousands of Polish and Russian Jews, and some of the oddest specimens of humanity one can well imagine. When I was there preparations were being made for one of these periodical fairs and the long-coated worthies, some of them filthy with dirt and most repulsive in general appearance, were objects of great interest to me. A nearer acquaintance was not desirable, however, under the circumstances, and I was content to watch their traffic and trading from a distance.

One day in the city spent very pleasantly, and I trust not without profit, and I turned my back on Frankfort. I have already anticipated some features of the return journey, which occupied the same length of time and was enlivened by somewhat similar experience. The child of the wood-chopper at Erkner had been healed, but the father, far from being humble and thankful for its recovery, expressed the belief that such a manifestation of power could only be from the devil, and turned me from his door with a curse. Some of his associates were more favorable, and rated him soundly for his ingratitude and profanity.

I made several new acquaintances on the way back, and reached my little room on the fifth floor well and hearty after an eight days' absence. The old lady wept tears of joy, and

otherwise gave full vent to her feelings, while her quieter husband merely said that "the power of God and the virtues of the staff" would, he was sure, bring me back in safety. On my own part I was more than pleased with my journey. I could not foretell at that time, neither do I know now, what the results may be, to the cause in whose interests I labored. This much I may say, that a happier and more joyous holiday season I never spent in all my life than that consumed in the solitary jaunt between Berlin and Frankfort on the Oder.

J. Q. C.

LONG WORDS AND SENTENCES.

BY KENNON.

LANGUAGE is the vestment of thought; and just as men dress themselves in a thousand varying styles—neatly, soberly, richly, heavily, tastefully, dazzlingly, scrupulously, extravagantly, scantily, gaudily or fantastically—each man according to his own peculiar whim or principle; so ideas are clothed, adorned, hidden or exposed, as the case may be, in all manner of raiment from the soft gray tint of a Quaker maiden's speech to the flaming scarlet hue of a politician's harraugue.

One man seeks to restrict himself, as nearly as possible, to the short, terse words of Anglo-Saxon origin; while another rejects every sentence which cannot marshal its long array of incomprehensible, octosyllabic words. Very frequently the former class numbers some ripe scholars of good ideas, whose attainments in Latin, Greek, French and the mosaic of modern English are unexcelled: while the latter class not less often contains some man who never had, and is incapable of having a single original thought, and who chooses his words by their volume of sound and not by their sense.

Among the most laughable varieties of human expression are those afforded by the latter class; and not always is that amusement occasioned by the ignorance of the speaker or writer, but it is often caused by the effort of some learned fellow to exhibit his acquired knowledge.

A man well known in this region was asked by a young boy: "Judge, what is the aurora borealis?"

"Ah," said the judge as he looked down at the little questioner from a height of lofty superciliousness, "the aurora borealis. Yes, yes; the aurora borealis is a conglomerated and heterogeneous corniscation of scintillating aerolites."

This same judge was known never to acknowledge that a question was beyond his power to reply. A roguish youth once asked him, with the utmost gravity, "Please, sir, will you tell me the difference between the synthetical method of analysis and the analytical method of synthesis?"

"Certainly, my dear boy. The most apparent thing in the Aristotelian system of psychological and argumental philosophy." And then he unconsciously avenged himself upon the mischief-maker by talking for a full hour in counterfeit Johnsonese to give the desired explanation. When the judge was through, the joker was so debilitated that his fellow-conspirators, who had been listening with handkerchiefs stuffed into mouths, were obliged to support him tenderly from the spot.

Besant and Rice, in their wonderfully-bright "Titania's Farewell," quote a German writer as speaking in this way of Shakespeare:

"It cannot be too distinctly borne in mind that the inwardness of this poet's genius, and the noblest portions of his considerable creative faculties, are mainly German in their tendencies toward the embodiment of the ideal; while very many of his productions, with more or less distinctness, not only in their generalizations of the unique, but equally—if not, perhaps, rather—sometimes in a still greater measure, in the analogization of that consecutiveness which is evolved from the development of the interpenetrative conjunction of his ratiocinative idiosyncrasies, which in their turn depend"—

A young writer of essays the other day read, in our presence, a very learned original production upon some physiological question from his own pen, opening as follows: "Metempsychosis, or, in other words, the theory of the transfusion of blood." A little more modesty would have spared him his sad blunder.

Markham, in a dissertation upon "The Good Housewife," says:

"Next unto her sanctity and holiness of life it is meet that our English housewife be a person of great modesty and temperance, as well inwardly as outwardly; inwardly as in her behavior and carriage towards her husband, wherein she shall shun all violence of rage, passion and humor, coveting less to direct than to be directed, appearing ever unto him pleasant, amiable and delightful, and though occasion of mishaps or the misgovernment of his will may induce her to contrary thoughts, yet virtuously to suppress them and with a mild sufferance rather to call him home from his error than with the strength of anger to abate the least spark of his evil, calling into her mind that evil and uncomely language is deformed even though uttered to servants but most monstrous and ugly when it appears before the presence of a husband; outwardly as in her apparel and diet, both which she shall proportion according to the competency of her husband's estate and calling, making her circle rather straight than large, for it is a rule, if we extend to the uttermost we take away increase, if we go a hair's breadth beyond we enter into consumption, but if we preserve any part we build strong forts against the adversaries of fortune, provided that such preservation be honest and conscionable."

Any person who can not get his fill of that sentence simply by reading it two or three times, should be required to diagram and parse every word.

But, while we may be somewhat amused occasionally by long words and sentences, we must not forget that many scholars use them. Sometimes long words are deemed preferable to short ones for the purpose of imparting a sound of magnificence in conveying a certain idea. Sometimes long sentences are employed for a kindred purpose. And sometimes both ponderous words and interminable sentences are used by a learned writer from his admiration for that particular style. For instance, there is Dr. Johnson, the great scholar and dictionary writer of the last century. Of him Taine, the great French student of English Literature, says:

"His phraseology rolls over in solemn and majestic periods, in which every substantive marches ceremoniously, accompanied by its epithet; grand, pompous words peal like an organ; every proposition is set forth balanced by a proposition of equal length; thought is developed with the compassed regularity and official splendor of a procession."

It is only a matter of taste. In forming style, young people will be governed by their own notions of what is most worthy. But if they conclude to use long words and involved sentences, they should at least avoid the tiresomeness of Markham and they should endeavor to escape from the commission of such blunders of diction as would make themselves and their work objects of ridicule.

OUR TERRITORY.

BY Z. B.

INTRODUCTION.

UTAH—a brief and insignificant title, indeed, for the most beautiful, the most prosperous and the most peaceful Territory under the flag of our beloved country. We possess a Territory rich in minerals, in agriculture, in horticulture and stock-raising and in all the natural resources and facilities necessary to the establishment of a wealthy and independent state. Beautiful in her soil and climate, in her rivers and lakes, in mountains, valleys, wooded glens and sunny skies; prosperous from the energy and frugality of her founders, and the honesty and virtue of her sons and daughters; peaceful beyond example under the lash of a parent government goaded to acts of oppression upon a loyal people, by a blind and prejudiced popular opinion, which has been fanned into a flame by the slander and misrepresentations of a horde of adventurers and a press that for unscrupulous lying has no equal in any country.

It is a conceded fact that the general progress of Utah in all these things is unparalleled. True, some of the other Territories have surpassed her in special features, such as mining or stock-raising alone, by the aid of boundless capital and governmental patronage. But that we may properly estimate the merits of a community engaged in the development of a new country, the circumstances attending their settlement, their financial condition, the natural advantages and impediments of soil and climate, and the facilities for communication with other parts must be considered.

When Utah was first settled it was a barren waste, designated on the maps of this region as a portion of the Great American Desert. Its soil, to all human appearances, was utterly sterile. The climate was so rigorous that in Salt Lake Valley, now brought to so high a state of productiveness, no month of the year was free from frost.

Her pioneers were a band of refugees in search of rest from the persecutions of their fellow-men—outcasts seeking in the haunts of savages the boon that was denied them among civilized, Christian men, viz., the right to worship God as conscience dictated. Unable to live in Ohio they had, as a sect, moved west into Missouri, on the then western confines of the Union. Here they prospered for a season, but as the years rolled round the clouds of religious hate and judicial persecution gathered around them and they were forced to retrace their steps into Illinois, where they built the beautiful city of Nauvoo, leaving their possessions in Missouri to the spoilers. But here, again, their rest was of short duration. By the treachery of friends and the intolerance of enemies, their prophet murdered and their beautiful city ravaged by the mob, they were again driven from their homes, in mid-Winter, and robbed of all they could not carry with them. Crossing the Mississippi River on the ice, in February, 1846, they turned again westward, setting their backs upon a civilization that afforded them no rights in common with the rest of mankind, and designing to find an asylum in some far-off wilderness where Christian intolerance, as they hoped, would never reach them.

Strange scenes, indeed, to be enacted in this the nineteenth century! The history of those times sounds like some fabled tale of the long ago, or the fancied vagaries of an unsettled brain recounting the persecutions of the early Christians, the horrors of the Inquisition and the sufferings of the Huguenots and Puritans. But no. In the very heart of "free America,"

under a "government of the people, by the people and for the people;" in a land dedicated to religious freedom, whose inviting hand was outstretched to the oppressed of all nations, saying, "Come, share with us the fruits of the tree of liberty, whose roots were moistened by the blood of patriots and martyrs;" under the eyes of a Christian people, revering the Bible, perusing with horror the tales of the Book of Martyrs, boasting of their civilization, their inventions and the unparalleled progress of the arts and sciences; among such a people her own sons were murdered in cold blood and her daughters ravaged without redress; the torch of the incendiary was applied in the broad light of day, while the shouts of Bacchanalian revelry resounded through the sacred precincts of the temple, and homes of the fugitives, and 15,000 to 20,000 inoffensive people were the victims. Surely truth is stranger than fiction. But to return to our narrative.

It was under these circumstances that the pioneers of Utah began the journey of over a thousand miles over a trackless prairie. After untold hardships, which decimated their ranks and left the weaker ones to moulder in hastily-prepared graves by the way, the remainder of the advance company reached the valley of the Great Salt Lake on the 24th of July, 1847. As has been remarked, the country was then a desert; trappers whom they passed on the way, knowing their destination, said they would give a thousand dollars for the first ear of corn that could be raised here. And yet, nothing daunted, trusting implicitly in the Almighty Hand that had hitherto sustained them, they set to work with characteristic energy, putting in crops on the very afternoon of their arrival. This was the rude beginning of Utah's agriculture. Naturally their attention turned to this branch to sustain life. It has ever since been the chief industry of Utah; and as it is the foundation of all other industries it naturally claims our first attention. We will consider it in a future number.

SYRIAN CHILDREN IN ARITHMETIC.—Children in Syria have few advantages of schools, and there is no system of public education, and only wealthy families secure good tuition for their boys. The girls, even in the best families, are uncared for; their education is thought to be a matter of small importance. But a recent visitor in Syria gives a good report of the boys who run wild in the streets. They show a singular aptitude for numbers, though they have never studied arithmetic, nor even learned the multiplication table.

He says they can cipher mentally with great rapidity. When he proposed hard sums to them, that would take up a good deal of room on a slate, they worked them out in the head, and almost uniformly without making any mistake. Many of their games in the street, into which they enter with great enthusiasm, are imaginary bargains, with mutual sales and exchanges; and they count up their losses or gains as rapidly as an accountant could have worked them out on paper. It is possible that our schools give too little attention to mental arithmetic and devote too large a share of study to the slate and the blackboard.

HABIT hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind that there is scarce anything too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible nor improbable.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 14.)

I HERE write a few items that should have had place in my last article, and it may not be altogether out of place to write them now.

Not long after I joined the Church I went to see my grandfather, who lived in the neighborhood where I resided. My object was to have a talk with him and see if I could induce him to go and hear the Elders preach; for he himself was a minister and had been a professor of religion for more than forty years. He was my mother's father and a great reader of the Bible; but when I mentioned "Mormonism" he utterly refused to have anything to do with it. I offered to lend him the Book of Mormon to read; but this he refused. Knowing he was naturally fond of reading, I said:

"Grandfather, I believe you would read the book if you thought no one saw you; and I think if I was to slip into your house some day when you were not around, and you found it on the table by the side of your Bible, your curiosity would lead you to read it."

He said: "If I was to find the Book of Mormon in my house I would burn it."

While talking, he placed his hand on my head, saying: "O, you sleek-headed boy! If your mother had been living you never would have joined the Mormons."

Soon after this he was taken sick and continued to grow worse. One night I was called up and told that my grandfather was dying. As I arose from my bed a thought came to me that if I would pray in secret for his recovery he would not die. I yielded to the impression. The folks were so certain he was struck with death that my uncle (his son) had gone to a store near by to get cloth to make the burial clothes. The change for the better was so sudden that my aunt (not a member of the Church) from some cause, suspected what I had been doing, and asked me if I had not been out praying for grandfather. I simply assented to the fact. In a day or two he was up and around, as usual.

I was at this time in the employ of my uncle, making his apples and peaches into brandy. One morning my uncle said to me: "If there was an Elder within twenty-five miles I would go and be baptized." This reached grandfather's ears, and he disapproved of it so much that he told my uncle if he did join the "Mormons" he would not deed to him the place he had given him. It was not long until the Elders were around preaching; but my uncle never joined the Church. He became a disbeliever in the gospel and is to this day. I attribute this to his fearing his father more than his Maker; or, in other words, he loved his farm more than he loved God. Shortly after this, grandfather was taken sick, and in a few days died.

Soon after his death I dreamed he came to me. He appeared to be frightened and in great alarm, and in the earnestness of his soul he begged me to forgive him for talking as he did to me in opposing the truth; and he acknowledged he was wrong. I have been baptized for him and have done his work.

While passing down the Ohio River and up the Mississippi, on my way to Far West, I saw nothing that took my attention as did the first Indian I ever saw. I met him in St. Louis. He was large in stature, was wrapped in his blanket, and to me his countenance appeared grave. He seemed to be alone. I could not take my eyes away from him. I gazed and called to

mind the Book of Mormon, the record and history of his race, and the promises therein. I was filled with pity, and from that day to this I scarcely ever have seen a red man without having those feelings and reflections.

While passing up the Missouri our steamer came near running into a deer that was swimming the river. Everybody on board sallied out to see the sight. The poor creature was dreadfully frightened, and we came so near to it that one of the passengers threw a billet of wood at it. I thought it made poor headway to escape danger.

Leaving the steamer at Richmond landing I set out across the country for Far West. Having a rifle with me, I shot a fox squirrel. This I did in order to have a fair chance to examine it, for I had never seen one before. I found it larger than the gray and black squirrels of my country (Virginia), and very different in color. The back was red, mixed with gray and dark hair; the sides were streaked with red, and it had a long, bushy tail, more or less red, and its bark somewhat resembled that of a fox; hence, I suppose, the name.

I was struck with the country: the richness of the soil, from four to six and even eight feet deep; the beautiful, rolling prairie, the flowers of different hues and the nice grass waving in its lovely green. I thought of Abraham and the promise made to him and to his seed forever. Then the game was so plentiful and honey abounded. Almost in every grove of timber could be found the honey-bee, with its rich stores laid up in the hollow trunks and limbs of trees. The climate I also thought pleasant; but the Winters, I believe, are severe.

The first time I beheld the Prophet Joseph I felt and believed he was all the Elders had said he was. I well remember, also, my feelings the first time I was in the presence of the Patriarch, the Prophet's father. I felt as though he could read my very thoughts. In his appearance he seemed to me to favor the old patriarch Jacob. He was, like his son Joseph, large, (not fat) being rather tall and, withal, big-boned and heavy-muscled. I was at a fast meeting where the Patriarch gave some blessings, mostly to children. In talking to the people he made these remarks:

"Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand: 'Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the earth.'"

"Now," said he, "how can that be said to you unless you are blessed?" This at once explained a principle that was new to me.

(To be Continued.)

GOOD EXERCISES FOR CHILDREN.—John Adams, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, in a letter to his wife, dated Philadelphia, July 7, 1776, in speaking of the education of his children, says:

"Children should be set to compose descriptions of scenes and objects, and narrations of facts and events. Declamations upon topics and other exercises of various sorts should be prescribed for them."

"Set a child to form a description of a battle, a storm, a siege, a cloud, a mountain, a lake, a city, a harbor, a country-seat, a meadow, a forest, or almost anything that may occur to your thoughts. Set him to compose a narration of all the incidents and events of a day, a journey, a walk or a ride. In this way a taste will be formed and a facility for writing acquired."

SCHOOL THY FEELINGS.

WORDS BY C. W. PENROSE.

MUSIC BY L. D. EDWARDS.

School thy feelings, O my brother, Train thy warm, im - puls - ive soul; Do not let e - mo - tions
smother, But let wisdom's voice con - trol. School thy feelings; there is pow - er In the
cool, col - lect - ed mind; Pas - sion shatters reason's tow - er, Makes the clearest vis - ion blind.

School thy feelings; condemnation
Never pass on friend or foe,
Though the tide of accusation
Like a flood of truth may flow.
Hear defense before deciding,
And a ray of light may gleam,
Showing thee what filth is hiding
Underneath the shallow stream.

Should affliction's acrid vial
Burst o'er thy unsheltered head,
School thy feelings to the trial,
Half its bitterness hath fled.
Art thou falsely, basely slandered?
Does the world begin to frown?
Gauge thy wrath by wisdom's standard,
Keeping thy rising anger down

Rest thyself on this assurance:
Time's a friend to innocence,
And that patient, calm endurance
Wins respect and aids defense.
Noblest minds have finest feelings,
Quiv'ring strings a breath can move,
And the gospel's sweet revealings,
Tune them with the key of love.

Hearts so sensitively moulded,
Strongly fortified should be,
Trained to firmness, and enfolded
In a calm tranquility.
Wound not wilfully another:
Conquer haste with reason's might;
School thy feelings, sister, brother,
Train them in the path of right.

PASSING AWAY.

I asked the stars in the pomp of night,
Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,
Bright with beauty and girt with power,
Whether eternity were not their dower;
And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,
Bearing this message to mortal ears:
"We have no light that hath not been given;
We have no strength but shall soon be riven;
We have no power wherein man may trust;
Like him are we—things of time and dust,
And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,
And the song of our silence is 'Passing away.'"

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VOL. XXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 1, 1886.

NO. 3.

A CHINESE SCHOOL.

MANY of our young readers will doubtless be amused, in looking at the accompanying engraving, to see the children with long, braided hair, loose blouses or frocks, and wooden-soled slippers. But such a scene can be witnessed in nearly

punished. Whippings are not, however, very common in Chinese schools; by means of rewards and kind persuasion the careless or indifferent pupil is sought to be reclaimed, but if these are unavailing he is punished by being forced to kneel at



every city and village in far-off China, where great attention is paid to the education of the youth. The master can be easily recognized in the picture; he is listening to his little pupil recite, but should the latter fail, through negligence, to properly learn and repeat his lessons he will most likely be

his seat before the whole school, or sometimes by the door, holding in his hands a lighted stick of incense (a sort of slow match) until it has burned to a certain point. If these things have no effect upon the refractory youth, the rod is applied.

Boys are viewed with special favor in that country, as par-

ents live without honor and satisfaction, and die unhappy if they are not blessed with male offspring. As a natural result of this feeling greater care and attention are bestowed upon the education of the boys, and from infancy they are trained in numerous ceremonies and instructed in various studies. Writing is taught by placing a piece of transparent paper over a copy and allowing the student to trace, with his hair pencil, the various characters. Large copies are given at first and the size is gradually reduced as skill is acquired. Instead of slates white-painted boards are used in the schools, from which the writing can be erased. Object teaching is almost invariably employed during the early stages of instruction, but before a student dare present himself for examination even in the common school he must have committed to memory the so-called "Four Books," which contain the doctrines of Confucius.

When the examination in his own district is successfully passed the student is ranked as a bachelor, and is permitted to undertake more advanced studies. Triennial examinations are then held at the various provincial capitals and those who succeed at these are considered qualified for actual employment. Once in three years all of this latter class go to the city of Peking to be examined for the doctor's degree, to which not more than thirty can be admitted at one time. From among these doctors are selected the members of the imperial college of Hanlin, whence the ministers of the emperor are generally chosen.

Some of the rules prepared to govern the pupils in the prosecution of their studies many of our boys and girls might do well to follow. "The student is directed to keep by him a common-place book, and daily to record in it what he reads; then at intervals of ten or twenty days to con over what he has before learned; thus the lover of learning daily acquires new ideas, and does not lose those he already possesses."

When one is reading he is directed to concentrate his whole mind upon the matter before him, and on no account to let his thoughts be diverted from the subject under consideration. "I have seen," says a Chinese writer, "those men who covet much and devote themselves to universal knowledge. When they read they presume on the quickness of their genius, and section after section passes before their eyes; but when do they ever really apply their minds to the subject? Better a little and fine than much and coarse. The ancient military rule makes the power of an army to consist in its perfect training and not in its mere numbers. I deem the same to be true in reference to reading."

Another important point for the student to consider is how to apply his knowledge. Some persons, though they have read and studied a great deal, are incapable of applying their learning to any useful end. This condition of things should not exist. All real knowledge should be made practical.

"Studies ought to commence during the fifth watch (before five in the morning), for these early hours are many times more advantageous than the subsequent forenoon and later portions of the day. On no account should there be breaks of five and ten days in one's studies. Do not fear being slow, only fear standing still; fear one day's scorching heat, followed by ten of cold. In prosecuting a journey on the road, he who walks fast and stops frequently does not get on so well as he who walks constantly at a slower pace."

Students are then warned of the folly of collecting many books instead of reading them. Such people are considered far below the poor, starved scholar, who takes a few coppers and buys a book which he carries home, but never puts out of his hand until it is completely his own.

These are some of the precepts given for the guidance of the Chinese youths while pursuing studies which, if thoroughly learned and practically applied, will bring both honor and reward to their possessor.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

THESE marvelous changes, we are informed, are the product of the operations of natural and inexorable law. Suppose all this be granted, it merely manifests the most capricious spirit to claim so much for nature in one instance and to deny her power in another. The resurrection doctrine simply requires a second manifestation of the life or force which the workings of inexorable and natural law have created. That the former is pre-eminently more practicable than the evolution or development of new life is a manifest truth. The resurrection does not, in any sense, require a creation nor an evolution; but simply a reorganization and a revivification.

If the real issue hinges on the possibility of giving life to what is dead, the resurrection is most assuredly practicable, looking at the question from the infidel position. If the operations of inexorable natural law have caused an azoic world to produce life, and to teem with it in every quarter, it certainly can not be contrary to natural law to suppose an azoic human corporiety can be made to live also; be it for the second or the fortieth time, were it necessary. Just how this can be done we do not know; but Christians will be able to define, with a satisfactory clearness, all about the method by which a dead body can be vivified by the spirit when some one informs us of the *modus operandi* of vivifying our bodies in the first instance.

The point is, whether it be more marvelous that our spirits should repossess our bodies after we are dead, or that they should take possession of them before we are at all really alive. It is quite generally affirmed by Christians, and maintained by many others, that spirits are not transmitted by parents to their offspring. Our earthly fathers are the authors of our physical organism only, of which the spirit takes possession at some time subsequent to conception. This is affirmed to be at the period of "quickening."

What, then, are the facts prior to the quickening of bodies? The mortal corporiety and the spirit are wholly separate and distinct. The foetus is simply an organized mass of substance, preparing for its adaptation as a spirit tabernacle; existing in the manner it does for the purposes of protection, nutrition, growth, etc. It is not an essential part of the mother's corporation, and possesses no life of its own. The mother's spirit can no more enter into and individualize it than her soul can give a separate and distinct individuality to her hand or foot. The foetus lives in no higher sense than any excrescence or tumor of her body. Individually it has no existence. It feels nothing, knows nothing; is not sentient; is lifeless, soulless; dead to its own spirit. The demise of the mother adds but one more name to the hosts of the departed. But a change comes. Instantly upon the entrance of the spirit the foetus becomes animated with a life of its own, wholly distinct from that of the mother. It has become an individual; and now the mother's death involves the dissolution of two spirits from

two bodies. Thus in the history of every individual, from Adam to the babe last born, spiritual life, in the highest sense, has been given to the dead.

When Christians, with an overweening predilection for the alleged certainties of science (physiological science especially), unravel the mysteries which lie at the beginning of their earthly career, it will be time to take offense at difficulties that are supposed to obstruct our entrance upon a higher life.

The geological facts that have been mentioned are undeniable. Science predicts that other changes await our world and the whole system to which it belongs, in the tireless flight of time. Revelation also says that it shall fall and rise again—*Rev. xxi.*

In concluding this part of our task we nail the proudest banner of infidelity—Darwinianism—to the standard of truth. We do not affirm its theories; but it serves our purpose to let the enemy hear the hostile booming of his own cannon. Here is a man, there lies a sponge; sire and son, they say. Light and darkness, holiness and vice, heaven and hell are more closely allied, apparently, than these two beings of the same great family. Contrast the life forms of a sponge, the lowest type of animal existence, with human life, the highest. How wide the difference! How insignificant the beginning! What resemblance of moment can be traced between them? How do they compare in form, in structure, in design, in mode and condition of life, in power, in mentality, in anything worthy of notice? One anchors his frail life barque to the rocks on the shores of the restless sea: the other, in his stately ships, rides upon the bosom of the mighty deep, or vies with the wind in his flight across the land. One possesses wondrous beauty of form and a divine power of expression, sparkling wit and profound wisdom, and makes the elements his slaves; but what corresponding or equivalent powers does the other enjoy?

But where, we ask, is the source of this wonderful law of evolution? Does it depend on inherent will-power—the organizing energy of some essential, indwelling principle pertaining to all matter—or upon some extraneous force, or agency? If the former, why should it now cease to act? Is there no higher type of life than mortal man? Search through the rock-learned book of nature and note these facts: Every geological epoch successively elevated the world in the scale of being; and from the first to the last of its transformations, animal life perfectly corresponded in development with these different periods in world-building history.

When the earth once more rises, in accordance, too, with scientific prophecy and the declaration of holy writ, shall there not be, in that new and glorious epoch, a corresponding higher and better life? Infidelity says no, and thus belies its own foundation. Scripture affirms that life shall keep pace with the world's progress, and thus allies itself with known scientific facts. If, however, the law of evolution depends on extraneous forces, we may rationally conclude that the Hand which has raised the animal inhabiting the sponge and made it stand on its feet as a man, will not suffer His grandest work to perish as a potter's vessel is broken to pieces.

These facts suffice our purpose, since they incontestibly prove that the graduation of the human body to a higher state of existence is more in accordance with than contrary to natural law. Does it not tax the credulity of any one, not acquainted with the facts, to accept the proposition that flies are evolved from footless maggots; frogs from tadpoles; butterflies from worms; human flesh from ashes, etc.; as much as to believe that substance which has been organized and vivified once may be subjected to a reorganization and revivification? We

assert our firm conviction, in view of all the developments of science, that if the resurrection doctrine was not a subject of revelation, infidelity would affirm it as most probable in some form.

The only objection of value which can be urged against these conclusive analogical arguments is founded upon a dissimilarity of condition. Animals and insects do change, but death is not an element of such transformation. Man, however, dies and in this respect is ruled out of all analogy with them. To this we reply: Death cannot destroy material substance, it can dissolve it only. The iron, lime, etc., of which our bodies are composed, are still iron, lime, etc., after death has passed upon them. They have not died, in a philosophical sense, at all; for no difference can be detected by the appliances of the most perfect chemical analysis. Sufficient iron has been obtained from a dead body to make a mourning ring. Death is simply a dissolution of ties; and the consequent disorganization of organized earthly substance.

Now, it is very apparent that this disintegration of the particles of our corporiety is a necessary prerequisite to a reorganization; and such reorganization is essentially necessary to adapt it to its new mode of existence in the hereafter. Here it is important that we clearly discern that though the resurrection requires the resuscitation of our earthly corporiety, it does not admit we shall be raised subject to all the conditions of life that now prevail. There must be a physical adaptation to the requirements of an immortal existence.

So far, then, as the objection we are considering is concerned, its force is wholly voided, since our argument shows that if a disorganization were not affected by the common agency of death, our dissolution would have to be brought about by some other means; and there is no logical reason why our dreaded foe may not be employed, as well as any other agency, to accomplish this necessary work. In this view of the matter, death is not a barrier; but it occupies the most friendly position respecting the resurrection doctrine. It performs an essential labor, and sustains the position of an indispensable help-meet.

It will be perceived, now, that the real issue must depend upon the truth of the statements that our present physical structures are not perfectly adapted to an eternal existence, and that a reorganization affords a rational basis for effecting this grand desideratum. If proof of these affirmations can be supplied, the argument is most conclusive and ought to be final.

An impartial consideration of the following facts will satisfy all candid minds that the position is a sound one: We notice first that though the resurrected body is to be identical with our mortal tabernacle, atom for atom, it will be dissimilar in many very important respects. It cannot be questioned that the exponents or defenders of the resurrection doctrine are justly entitled to define what is meant by it. This has been done already so far as to determine *what* shall be resurrected, and it now remains to ascertain our future inheritance.

(To be Continued.)

THERE is an invisible pen always writing over our heads, and making an exact register of all the transactions of our life. Not our public conduct only, and what we reckon the momentous parts of our life, but the indulgence of our private pleasures, the amusement of our secret thoughts, and idle hours, shall be brought into account.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

TRY AGAIN.

The heading of this little article should be the motto of every boy and girl. Any child that wishes to master a study or a piece of work should have the patience to try again if he fails at first.

Some may think the art of reading or writing is very hard to master, but walking or speaking is just as hard to learn, and yet most of us are able to walk or speak pretty well before we are three years old. But being so young we generally forget what great efforts we made, and how often we failed, in trying to perform these tasks.

We might all learn a lesson in perseverance from a young child just making its first attempts at walking. Time after time it falls to the floor,



Not only once again, but as often as he fails, and until he succeeds.

Children should, at the earliest age, make it their aim to never give up any good purpose until it is accomplished. When one gives up trying because he fails, it is a sign that he is making no progress. Such a one has not as much determination as he did when he was a baby, scarcely a year old: for at that age every child shows a wonderful amount of persistence and energy in trying to learn the art of walking.

but rises to its feet and tries again just as often.

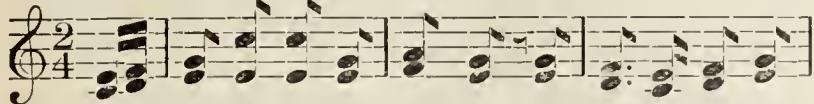
The boy in the picture before us is one of that class of youths who always try again if they make a failure. It is this class of boys who make the great men which we read about in books of history. No boy who always says "I can't," when set to do anything, will be of much use in the world. Nobody admires such a one; but the boy who is willing to try is a hero, and will become useful in life. Never say "I can't," but try until you succeed. No one without trying knows what he is able to do.

WHAT I LOVE.

BY E. F. P.

[The words of this little song may be recited instead of being sung, if desirable, or if the person wishing to learn it has no one to teach him the tune. The lines marked: 1 belong to the first verse; those marked: 2, the second; those marked: 3, third.]

SOLO OR DUET. *Lively.*



1 I love the balmy springtime, With pretty birds and
2 I love the grand, high mountains Among which I was
3 But far above all oth - er Dear ones, I love much



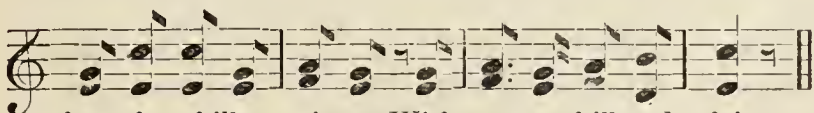
1 flowers; I love the pleasant summer, With
2 born; I love the ho - ly temples Which
3 best The Lord, our Heavenly Father, For



1 sweet, refreshing showers; I love the bounteous
2 our blest vales a - dorn; I love my dear re-
3 by Him we are blest With ev - ry joy and



1 autumn, With gold - en fruit and grain; I
2 la - tions—Each brother, sis - ter kind; My
3 comfort Sur - round - ing us be - low, Our



1 love the chilly winter, With snow on hill and plain.
2 father and my mother I ev - er love to mind.
3 life, our health and raiment He doth in love be - stow.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. To whom did Joseph relate this vision a few days after he received it? 2. How did he treat Joseph's description of the vision? 3. How did this make him feel? 4. Did he believe the words of the preacher? 5. When the news of the vision spread through the neighborhood, what course did the people take? 6. What class of people were the most active in this business? 7. Why was Joseph persecuted and hated?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 1.

1. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. 2. Joseph Smith. 3. December 23, 1805, in the town of Sharon, Windsor Co., Vermont. 4. Until he was about ten years of age. 5. The town of Palmyra, Ontario (now Wayne) Co., New York, and from there to Manchester, in the same

County. 6. A religious revival, in which the ministers of the different sects in the locality joined in order to arouse the people on the subject of religion. 7. No. Though all professed to believe in Jesus Christ and in the Bible, they quarreled with one another about the doctrines of Jesus. 8. It caused him to think deeply upon the subject of religion, and he became somewhat uneasy respecting the course which he should take. The confusion and strife which he saw among the preachers puzzled him. 9. The 5th verse of the 1st chapter of the Epistle of James: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." 10. To do as James directs, and ask of God, for which he retired to the woods one fine Spring morning.

The following named persons have sent answers: W. L. Worsencroft, F. Pickering, Jannie Smith, Edith Kearl, Mary Emily, H. C. Blood, Rosie M. Sedgwich, W. J. C. Mortimer, H. T. Ward, Allie Young, Martha Terman, R. Hurst, H. H. Blood, W. N. Draper, Alice Crane, L. E. Kearl, Estella Cole, Eliza Morgan, A. Barrett, G. E. Court, G. M. Ward, W. Davis, Jr., S. Stark, S. P. Oldham, Louisa Johnson, Cynthia Burnham, J. Morgan, I. Fisher, Marinda Monson, W. D. Dixon, W. E. Cole, Louisa Steele, Avildia Page, Eleanor Harper, N. Otteson, Elizabeth S. Zundel, Mary A. Crookston.

BOOK OF MORMON ENIGMA.

1. A notable city spoken of in the Book of Helaman. 2. A Nephite who kept the records of his people after the death of Jacob. 3. A stand erected in their synagogue by the Zoramites. 4. The prophet who wrote the largest book contained in the record. 5. A son of this prophet. 6. A prophet who lived at the time of the destruction of the Jaredites. 7. The last of the Nephite prophets. 8. A king whose name is mentioned in the Record of Zeniff. 9. A companion of Alma. 10. A forefather of Ether.

The initials of these names spell the name of a Lamanite chief who was scalped by a Nephite soldier.

THE words forming the Square Word Puzzle given in No. 1 are DEAD, EASE, ASIA, DEAD. The words of the Pyramid Puzzle are A, ALE, OPERA, PRESENT. Answers to both have been received from John V. Bluth, Ogden; Josephine Workman, Egin, Idaho; Frank Pickering, Payson; Cynthia Burnham, Richmond.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 31.)

AS I have said, it was in June, 1838, that I reached Far West, where for the first time, my eyes beheld the Prophet Joseph Smith. It was at a meeting in an unfinished frame building; and here, too, for the first time, I saw our beloved brother, Erastus Snow, then a beardless boy. The Prophet called him to the stand to preach; and he *did* preach. He selected a text from Daniel 2nd chapter, and when he had concluded, Joseph got up and complimented the young Elder; "but," said the Prophet, "I will correct the idea in regard to the little stone rolling forward. Not so. It is stationary like a grind-stone, and, like a grind-stone, it revolves." He made motions with his hands showing how it turned, and said, when the Elders went abroad to preach the gospel, and the people became believers in the Book of Mormon, when they were baptized they were added to the little stone; thus they gathered around it, so that it grew larger and larger, until it had already begun to pinch the toes of the image, and it would finally break it in pieces, and it would be carried away like the chaff of the Summer's threshing floor, while the stone would keep growing until it filled the whole earth.

About this time I was at the trial of Sister Marsh, the wife of Thomas B. Marsh, President of the Twelve, for skimming milk. Joseph was present. It was clearly proved she had not kept the promise she had made. Bishop Partridge and others plead with her to make things right, and offered to give her time; but no; she called on God and angels to witness her innocence. This brought the Prophet to his feet. He said: "Sister Marsh, if you say that, you lie like the devil." He said it in earnest, too. This remark made me stare. However, I soon got over it. So much for tradition.

I visited Diahman in Daviess County, and in company with the Prophet and others went to see Adam's altar. It was in the timber, and where the stones came from, of which it was made I have no idea, as there was none like them in the country so far as I could learn. The stones of which it had been built were in huge blocks laying around near each other. In the afternoon of the same day, Brother George A. Smith and I went and bathed in Grand River, after which we went to the house of Lyman Wight, where the Prophet Joseph, Sidney Rigdon, Don Carlos Smith and David Patten were. Some of them had killed a large rattle snake; they were looking at it, and here I heard Brother Patten say he had seen Cain, the murderer of Abel, as he was standing in a tent door, "and he was as black as the ace of spades."

I could not help looking at Lyman Wight, as he was going about, bare-headed and with his sleeves rolled up. I thought he was a rough-and-ready looking fellow.

In the Autumn of this year (1838) the mobs were making threats and I was placed as guard one evening near the printing office, in Far West. I was told to let no person pass without giving the counter-sign, not even the Prophet himself. In the night some horsemen came galloping up the road. I hailed them and demanded the counter-sign. They could not give it; but said they were brethren who had been out to Diahman and were cold and hungry and in a hurry to get home. I offered to take them to guard quarters, and if the captain of the guard was willing to let them pass, all right. This they would not do, and threatened to ride over me. I presented my gun, and told them I would shoot the first man that made the attempt.

By this time we were doing some loud talking, so much so as to bring some of the brethren living near by to see what the matter was. After some little parley one of them said, "give me a gun and I'll shoot him, so help me God." Hold on! said a voice in the printing office, and out came Thomas B. Marsh. He said, "the little man is in the line of his duty, and if I had five hundred such men I could take the whole State of Missouri." I always liked Brother Marsh for this, and when he left the Church I could have wept. After eighteen long years had passed, and he returned to the Church, my joy was as great as my sorrow had been.

I remember how well I enjoyed myself one evening listening to President Rigdon, as we called him, relate a little of his experience in the Church as a preacher. He said he never was at a loss for words but once, and that was when he had an appointment to preach among a den of professors of religion. He had determined to give them a good rousing sermon and to do so he had carefully prepared before hand what he should say. He had a good congregation. He opened his meeting by lining out a hymn, the people singing it as he lined it out. He then knelt down and prayed, and afterwards lined out another hymn, and the people sang it.

As some of my little readers may not understand what is meant by lining out a hymn, I will explain. Sometimes congregations do not have hymn books. In that case the minister reads two lines of the hymn to be sung, and then the congregation sing them. When these are sung the tune stops till two more lines are read, and then the singing is resumed. This is continued until the whole hymn is sung. When congregations understand the tune, and they enter into the singing with spirit and fervor, as they frequently do, this style of singing becomes very effective and arouses all who hear or take part in it.

When the singing was finished he opened his Bible and read his text. He had everything cut and dried as he thought, for the occasion. He compared himself, in describing what occurred, to a violinist. He said he touched on a string but it did not sound. He touched on another string and it did not sound. He touched the third and fourth with no better success. Everything was out of tune. Being naturally a man of words, he continued for a short time, but wound off as quickly as he could without being too abrupt. He gave notice that he would preach again that afternoon; and without going to his dinner, he went to the woods and bowed down by the side of an old log; "and if ever," said he, "a poor soul prayed, I did." When he returned, the house was filled with people, waiting for him. He took his place in the stand, lined out a hymn and the congregation sang it. He prayed and lined out another hymn, and it was sung. He opened his Bible, read his text, and pretty soon he touched a string and it sounded. He soon touched another and it sounded. Then he touched the third and fourth and found them all in tune. In fact, all the instrument was in tune, "and if," said he, "the sectarians ever did get it, they did on that occasion."

He also spoke some very comforting words, saying: "As it was in the days of Jesus so it is now," quoting the words of the Savior to His disciples. "To you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them who are without it is not given," etc.

That such a man as Sidney Rigdon, the Prophet's spokesman, who with the Prophet beheld the visions of God and saw the glories of the righteous and the miseries of the damned should fall away from the truth and become an apostate, caused me to marvel and take warning to myself, lest, as Paul

says, "I become a cast-away." This reminds me of a saying of W. W. Phelps, that "prayer is the only coin that will purchase blessings from the Lord." Yet if our acts do not comport with our professions our prayer will not avail much.

Almost the very first time I saw Parley P. Pratt, was in George M. Hinkle's store in Far West. He said he never went to hunt his cow when she was lost without going in secret and asking the Lord to direct his steps to find her.

Sidney Rigdon was a large man, rather corpulent, and in appearance, some perhaps might say, prepossessing. I think anyone would say from his physique that he was an orator. But there was one thing about him I disliked; that was his style of confessing the sins of naughty Saints, if I may so express it. It seemed to me he took delight in doing this.

Let me explain this. He would arise in the congregation, and in their presence make a confession in the name of some brother who had committed an act or acts of which he disapproved, and this he would do as though the man himself was making the confession. Of course he would set forth the conduct he was confessing in the strongest light, and make it as severe upon the brother in whose name he was speaking as possible. It was nothing more nor less than whipping a brother for his acts: and when Sidney Rigdon had the whip in his own hand there was no let up, and as I thought, it was used without mercy.

As I have stated, I was delighted with the country and the beautiful rolling prairies with their myriads of flowers of varied hues and the splendid range for bees and cattle. Truly it might be said Missouri was a land flowing with milk and honey, and one might suppose the people lived like nabobs. I speak of the old settlers on the frontiers and not of the Saints. But they did not live well. They seemed to be careless or indifferent about their living, or else they knew no better. Corn and swine, or in other words, "hog and hominy" was the principal diet. Of course they had as a change their butter, beef, milk and honey. Men and boys wore buck-skin clothing; that is, their pants and hunting-shirts were of buck-skin. The women and girls wore linsey and flax and tow-linen shirts. They lived in log houses with puncheon floors, and sometimes in houses with no flooring but the naked earth. The doors consisted of loose boards hung on wooden hinges. The chamber floor in such houses was of loose boards, and the room was reached by the means of a ladder, up which the bride and groom often ascended to pass the night in sweet repose soon after the marriage ceremony was performed. I cannot call to mind seeing a cooking-stove; but there were the skillet, the bake-oven and iron pots. Sometimes bread was baked on a board in front of the fire. This was called johnny-cake. Over the fire-place were buck-horns fastened to the wall, wherein laid the rifle and on which hung the shot-pouch. Tin cups, gourds and noggins, pewter spoons and tin dishes I might say were the chief cupboard ware. Then there were the hominy-block, the hand-mill and the tin-grater, the latter used for making meal before the young corn became too hard. Meal was sifted through a sifter made of rawhide which was stretched over a hoop. It was of sheep or deer-skin with the wool or hair taken off and the holes were made through it with a hot wire. As a general thing the people were healthy and I believe kind to strangers, though they united in driving the Saints from the State through their ignorance and the influence of the priests and leading men of the country.

(To be Continued.)

COMMON sense is of more value than rare accomplishments.

THE DARING ARTILLERYMAN.

AN incident of the late war, hitherto unwritten, has just been related to me by a gentleman whose informant was a Confederate soldier who participated in the affair. My friend is a man of perfect truth, and he vouches for the similar character of the Southern trooper; though unfortunately my informant has forgotten many of the attendant facts, and indeed all of them, except the bare circumstance as follows:

The time was one Summer day; the scene was a wooded, rolling region near the Border. An advance body of 5,000 Confederates had been skirmishing with a smaller troop of Union soldiers. In the evolutions it became necessary for the latter to fall back to make a flank movement. Their way led through a neck of woods; and as they penetrated the dark recesses, the enemy, fearing an ambuscade, retired 300 or 400 yards across an open, rolling space. Here they stood drawn up in a line about one mile in length facing the wood; and, as I said, about one and a half furlongs distant from it. The troops were deployed with loaded muskets, awaiting command.

Accompanying the Union force was one piece of artillery, drawn as is usual, by four horses. This gun could not pass with the main body through the dense, pathless wood; and, as the only feasible route leading to the destination of the Union troops was across the mile of open space in front of the Confederate lines, the loss of the piece seemed inevitable. This was the thought of the rebels, as they rested upon their arms. But suddenly at their extreme right and skirting along the edge of the timber appeared the gun, drawn by four galloping horses. Only one man was with the piece, and he was riding the near wheeler. As the daring artilleryman and his charge appeared on the crest of the first hillock a storm of bullets swept from the Confederate line; but the only effect was to quicken the already terrific gallop of the horses. Astonished that the first discharge did not bring down the fool-hardy man and his horses, another company opened fire. This also was without avail. Onward swept the horses and the gun; steadily sat the brave rider. Over little hills and down into hollows went the forlorn hope—running the gauntlet.

Five thousand guns were discharged at the man and his horses while they were making their desperate journey. At last they rose to the last elevation: a final rattle of musketry came from the Confederate lines; and then the artilleryman took off his cap and looking back at the enemy, waved it above his head, while those who were nearest to him heard faintly his cry of defiance.

As man and gun and horses dashed out of sight, cheer after cheer burst from Confederate throats. The chivalrous Southerners knew and admired courage, and would not withhold its deserved praise even when it was clothed in blue uniform.

So far as could be observed from the Confederate lines, the heroic artilleryman ran the gauntlet unscathed. It was not even to be observed that any one of his horses was wounded. This seems little short of miraculous. At least 5,000 bullets were sent, with deadly aim and intent, whistling after the Union soldier.

The name of the daring hero of this adventure was never learned by his admiring enemies, who were the only eye-witnesses of his plucky ride. And it is not strange that such should be the case. War shifts the scenes so rapidly that a man has no time for retrospection, until after the curtain is dropped upon the last act of the tragedy. Then it is too late to trace a single individual among the thousands of actors who have been upon the boards.

My informant believes that this incident has never before been written.

KENNON.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 1, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

A VERY important truth was taught by Jesus unto His disciples when He said: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

He wished His disciples to understand that the Lord watched over them and that they were the creatures of His care. It was necessary that they should know this. Unless they knew that God was watching over them, they might get frightened when their enemies threatened them. Jesus was aware of what they would have to meet. They would have enemies on every hand. Those enemies would seek their lives; and they would, finally, kill all of them but John. How necessary, then, it was that they should be taught beforehand that the very hairs of their heads were numbered, and that they were of more value than many sparrows. God watches over the birds, the animals and every thing there is on the earth and in the water. Birds have no barns or granaries, yet God feeds and takes care of them. So he does of man.

Man is the child of God and is of far greater worth in His sight than the birds and the animals. He has placed him to be at their head and to rule over them. Man can kill birds, animals and fish, when he needs their meat, and he can eat them, and the Lord does not condemn him for so doing. They are placed on the earth for man's use and benefit. This proves that God places a higher value upon man than he does upon birds, beasts and fishes. If a sparrow can not fall to the ground without being noticed by our Father who is in heaven, it is very plain that He knows everything that happens to children. They should have no fear in times of trouble and difficulty; but should trust in God, who has numbered the very hairs of their heads. He sees them; He knows their wants. If they do not have such things as suit them, He is aware of it; and if they are things that would be good for them, and they ask Him, they will receive them. If they are sick, or in trouble, the Lord knows all about it, and when they cry unto Him He hears them, and will answer them.

This knowledge should make children very happy. No person in this Church should ever be unhappy, unless he or she has committed sin. Where there has been sin committed, then there should be sorrow and repentance. It is not God's desire to see people miserable. Why should they be sorrowful, unhappy or miserable? If He will not suffer a hair of their heads to fall without its being missed, and they do right, what have they to fear? He will not suffer anything to happen to them but what will be for their good.

Children, be happy. Do not think that God does not notice or care for you. He does. He loves you with great and undying love; for you are His children. Put your trust in Him always, and He will deliver you. There is a great difference in the disposition of children. Some are always cheerful, while others are sad and gloomy. Children can change their dispo-

sitions if they try. They can encourage bad temper until they become very cross and disagreeable, and be able to fly into a passion in a minute, or they can encourage a sweet temper and a peaceful disposition. They can be gloomy and low-spirited, or they can be cheerful and joyous. Remember, children, that happiness lies within your reach, and that it depends upon yourselves whether you enjoy it or not.

A BAD habit which boys and girls, but especially the former, often acquire, is that of using improper and inelegant language. The use of slang phrases and nicknames is very common among boys at play. It is with reference to the habit of talking slang more particularly that we wish to say a few words to the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Not that we believe many of them are guilty of the habit; for we are satisfied that they who make a study of the principles inculcated within its pages have too much good sense to give way to such vulgarity. Still there may be some who have fallen into this habit, and in hopes of inducing them to forsake it we call their attention to the subject at the present time.

In some old settled countries, boys who spend most of their time in the streets have so far systematized the habit of talking slang that they can converse upon any subject they wish to and be as completely unintelligible to the uninitiated as if they were talking in a foreign tongue. There is little fear that those for whose benefit we write will ever carry it to such an extent as this; but yet a great many of the boys in Utah are in the habit of using slang phrases. How often, when passing along the streets, do we hear the boys mixing in their general conversation such phrases as "you bet," "you git," "you bet your bottom dollar," "bully," "bully boy," "old hoss," "old stick-i'-the-mud," and numberless other meaningless and vulgar expressions, some of them being too vile to appear on the pages of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. There are others who are in the habit of frequently using nicknames, such as "Captain," "Colonel," "Bishop," and other titles misapplied quite as ridiculously. This slangy, low style of conversation should be guarded against. If it is not watched it will steal on a boy so gradually and imperceptibly, and will become a habit so strong, that he will be almost unconscious of the use or impropriety of such expressions. This habit, when thoroughly acquired in childhood, will be found very difficult to overcome, and will often prove a source of shame and mortification to those guilty of it, as it is one of the strongest proofs of vulgarity and of the lack of proper mental discipline and training. It is positively inadmissible in decent society, and will prove a perpetual bar to the social advancement of him who makes a practice of it. A slang phrase never adds strength to an expression; but it is always inelegant and improper. We wish the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to zealously guard against this habit; for however great their attainments in an educational point of view, they will prove of but little avail in promoting their interests in life so long as this habit is indulged in. No true gentleman or lady ever uses nicknames, slang phrases or language in the least tinged with profanity. Upon those who have fallen into any of these discreditable habits, we urge the necessity of continual watchfulness until it is thoroughly overcome; and if this little article should lead any to reformation and victory in this particular they will, in days to come, feel very glad that they ever obtained possession of this number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

A HEART unspotted is not easily daunted.

• A BROKEN PROMISE.

AMONG all the young men in the place where the incident we are about to relate occurred, none had better prospects than George Lloyd. Being the son of honorable parents who had been long and favorably known in the community, he found no difficulty in forming associations with anyone whom he chose. Intelligent, quick-witted and active, his society was

and skillful mechanic, named William Fox, who frequently rendered George valuable assistance in the direction of the affairs entrusted to his care. His talents were not such as to cause him to shine in company as his more gifted companion did, but his industry and application were unsurpassed. For him George Lloyd had a deep and abiding friendship, and frequently received beneficial counsel and admonition from his more sober companion.



courted by certain classes of persons who sought to make friends with every young man of brilliant attainments. His position was that of foreman in a large manufacturing establishment, owned partly by his father, and to which there was a probability of the son succeeding when he should have proved himself thoroughly competent to carefully manage such a growing business.

Beside him in the establishment worked a poor but diligent

Things moved along satisfactorily and prosperously with these two young men for several years. George became a partner in the business and was delighted when his old position of foreman was given to his friend William. Even now their intimacy did not cease nor their interest in each other's welfare abate. Peace and prosperity reigned until one fatal New Year's Day, long to be remembered, when the two friends went out to make some calls. Before starting out it was agreed

between them that no intoxicants should that day pass their lips, not knowing but fearing, as every young man should do, the result of taking the first glass. The day passed pleasantly until towards evening, when only one call more remained to be made. Their resolution of the morning had been faithfully kept, but now their tempter came. Entering the beautifully-lighted room where their evening was to be spent, they were approached by a beautiful, smiling maiden, with a glass of wine in either hand. They respectfully declined the proffered refreshment, but on being urged by the fair hostess, for whom both young men entertained a very high regard, George yielded to the temptation which his sturdy friend resisted, and thus became a breaker of his word. Could he but have foreseen the result of that misstep he would doubtless have died before thus indulging his appetite. By this one act he aroused in himself the desire for drink which he had not the power to resist. True, his downfall was not sudden. Gradually but surely was the net wove about him by the destroyer, which was to eventually effect his ruin.

For a time his friends thought but little of his indulgence in this direction, though his parents plead with him from the first to overcome the growing passion. As he continued to yield, however, to this self-destroying inclination, his acquaintances began to lose faith in him and finally lost hope in his reformation. His downfall was now hastened. His business was neglected and his property squandered; he became a frequenter of gambling hells, whiskey dens and a regular street loafer. Finally he allowed his share in the business to be sold under mortgage to pay his many debts. The purchaser was William Fox, who by steady industry and frugality had succeeded in saving considerable means. He had manfully stood by his friend and sought to reclaim him from ruin, until the latter scornfully forbade his further efforts.

One day, some years later, as William alighted from his carriage in front of his own home, he having now become very wealthy, he observed a man in a state of intoxication leaning against the railing. Approaching he recognized his old friend and former master, George Lloyd. But, oh, what a change! Dissipation had ruined the features once so pleasant and fine and he was a real picture of misery. William, with his characteristic kindness, invited him to enter the house, where he was made to feel at home by the generous-hearted family. His reformation was sought and to his credit be it said he did, in part, overcome this great weakness. But do what he would the taste for drink was still with him, and his desire to indulge himself would occasionally overcome his good resolutions. He regained, in time, some of the confidence and respectably he had lost, but never did again reach the position he lost through taking his first drink from the hand of a beautiful but thoughtless girl.

WHEN I think on the eagle's carrying up of the shell-fish into the air, only to the end he may break him by his fall, it puts me in mind of the devil's costly courtesies, who, out of the bounty of his subtility, is still ready to advance us to destruction. Thus more than once he dealt with my Redeemer; no sooner had he raised Him to the top of an high pinnacle, but straight follows, "Cast Thyself down:" and having placed Him on high mountain, let Him fall down and He shall be largely rewarded with His own. If advancement be so dangerous, I will take heed of being ambitious. Any estate shall give me content: I am high enough if I can stand upright.

Warwick.

TEMPTED.

"DAVID, d'ye think it's comin' on to blow?"

"It looks like it up in the no'th-east. Seems to be a fillin' in to leeward, too."

"Yes, it looks bad all 'round. I guess we'd better count on bunking at the station to-night."

"Well, I s'pose we must if you say so. Sarah has been a-watching the weather all the afternoon. Seems as though she knows when I've got to go on station 'fore I do myself. She don't like to have me leave her alone with the children; and to tell the truth, cap'n, I don't really like to do it myself. If I was a young feller without a family I wouldn't mind it."

"Neither would I, David; and yet I don't want any reckless young chaps in my crew. Boys that think it's a kind of a lark to spend the night at the station will do very well in ordinary times; but if it comes to going off in a boat, I'd rather risk my life with steady men, who know just what the danger is and are willin' to face it; men who go because it's a Christian duty; and if there's some one praying for 'em at home, so much the better."

"Of course I'm ready to go, cap'n. Do you think we'd better muster the whole crew?"

"Better notify 'em to come down if it turns out to be a rough night, David. If the wind off shore is shifting to nor'-ward, we shall catch it heavy before midnight."

"Very well, I'll send Steve Hendrickson round to tell the men."

"Yes; and let him come down to the station to get my mare. I'll go and saddle her for him. Tell him to come ready to stay all night, for we may want him if anything happens."

"Steve is too good a boy to lose," mused Captain Wooley as he turned back to the life-saving station, of which he was the keeper. "He's doing all he can to support his mother, and will make a true man. I'll keep him in the house to-night and not put him to rough service. He had a narrow escape in the last storm, and someone else can take the chances this time."

The keeper was as good as his word, and when Stephen returned from his round among the crew of the station he found his orders were to take charge of the house, keep up the fires and have hot coffee ready when the men came off duty. This was dull music for an active, daring boy, accustomed to exposure and eager for adventure; but Captain Wooley's crew, although volunteers, always obeyed orders without murmuring.

The storm came down heavily during the night and a watch was detailed to patrol the beach, about half the men going out. Towards midnight a call came for help from station No. 7, the next station up the beach. There was a wreck ashore near the line between the two districts, and Captain Wooley went up with the remainder of the crew.

Stephen was left alone, with only the fire for company. He found the hours passed very slowly. He had been hurt in a previous storm and laid up at home for several weeks. Money had run low the while, and the time was near at hand when the interest of a mortgage on his mother's place would fall due.

His thoughts, as he sat by the fire, were not pleasant, for his mother had no one but him to depend on, and he puzzled over all sorts of vain plans for raising the needed money before quarter-day.

He was only a lad of fifteen years. This care weighed upon him heavily. Besides the fear of trouble in case the interest

was not forthcoming, he had an old-fashioned feeling of honor about paying a debt when it was due.

With this anxiety on his mind he dropped into a dose and dreamed of seeing a rainbow over the sea, with one end resting on the beach. He remembered, in his dream, the old couplet:

"Where a rainbow touches ground
A pot of money may be found."

He thought, "Of course there isn't any money there, but I'll just dig down a little ways just for fun;" and he was about starting for the spot when he heard voices calling:

"Here, Steve! Here's the money over here!"

He sprang up, hardly knowing whether he was asleep or awake, and presently heard Dave Throckmorton's voice hailing again:

"Here, Steve! Show a light, can't you?"

He ran and threw open the door and Dave came in, with another of the crew, bearing the lifeless form of a man on a stretcher, with a tarpaulin thrown over it.

"He's gone, I guess," said David. "We dragged him out of the surf, but a broken spar struck him and I'm afraid he's past help."

They laid the bruised figure carefully in a bunk and then hastened back to the scene of the wreck. But Stephen, after examining the injured man, came to the conclusion that life was not extinct, and he therefore set to work, applying such restoratives as the station afforded.

The limp form was that of a young man, whose fair skin and soft hands told that he was not a sailor. Brown curls were matted over the pallid face. The lips were drawn tight over clenched, white teeth; but Stephen saw, with a new sense of pity, that the features were cast in a pleasant, winsome mould.

The lad worked industriously and intelligently, experience having taught him what to do, and after a time he had the satisfaction of seeing his patient's eyes slowly open. Having succeeded in restoring consciousness, Stephen administered stimulants and nourishment according to his best judgment.

The night wore slowly away and still no one came from the wreck.

The "rescue," as those are called who have been rescued from the sea, breathed enough to show that life still lingered, and no more.

After a time the fire burned low and Stephen rose to put on more wood.

While drawing the coals together, he was startled by a cry from the bunk, and turning towards it he saw his ward trying to raise himself from the bed.

"Help! Help!" called the "rescue." "Help me up!"

"No, no!" cried Stephen in alarm. "Lie still; it may be death for you to stir!"

"I'm going fast! Lift me up!" and as he gasped these words the young man actually succeeded in drawing himself up into a sitting posture, though the struggle to do so was evidently terrible.

"Cut open my shirt," he said, faintly; and as Stephen hastened to comply, he added:

"Now, unfasten my belt."

Drawing the belt from around his waist, he handed it to Stephen, saying:

"Take this and" —

The sentence was never finished. The words expired on the speaker's lips. His head sank forward and his hands dropped heavily on the bed.

Stephen hurriedly thrust the belt into his guernsey, caught the falling form in his arms and endeavored once more to revive the fading spark of life. He labored earnestly and long, using every means he could think of: but in vain.

Convinced at last that his task was hopeless, Stephen turned from the bunk, worn out and sad at heart. He found his neglected fire had burned to ashes on the hearth, and while he was rebuilding it the crew of the station returned from the wreck. They brought with them several "rescues," the room at station No. 7 being overcrowded.

Among those they brought were a woman and child, whom Captain Wooley consigned to Stephen's care, asking him to take them home to his mother, who would provide for their wants and make them comfortable.

The lad took the little one on his arm, and carrying a ship's lantern he led the way home. His mother was sitting up waiting for him, fast asleep in her arm-chair. He gave the shipwrecked mother and baby into her charge, and then wearily went to his own room for a few hours' rest.

(*To be Continued.*)

PEEL'S LESSONS IN ORATORY.

SIR ROBERT PEEL was, as O'Connell the Irish agitator once sneeringly reminded him, the son of a rich cotton manufacturer. "The despicable son of a spinning-jenny" was O'Connell's coarse epithet, and it led to a duel between him and Peel. His father, when Peel was but three years old, determined to bring him up expressly for the House of Commons. He would sit him on the table, and say—

"Now Robin, make a speech, and I will give you this cherry," or whatever the prize might be.

The little fellow could utter but a few words, but they were applauded and rewarded. The applause, even more than the cherries, stimulated him to the exercise of his "gift." Before Robin was ten years old, he could address a company in the parlor with eloquence that was quite effective.

As he grew up, his father would take him on Sunday mornings to church. On their return home, Robin would repeat in his father's private room, as well as he could, the sermon which he had heard. At first, little progress was made. The father did not expect the small boy to remember much of the sermon. But this Sunday afternoon exercise so formed the habit of attention and retention, that in time Robin could repeat the sermon almost word for word.

When Peel entered the House of Commons, at the age of twenty-one, he startled the public by the solidity and brilliancy of his speeches, and the ease and impressiveness of his declamation. Few knew how long and severe had been the training which made him an orator. Nothing had been left to chance. The far-seeing father had taken care that the labor, without which there is no excellence, should be commenced while the son was yet lisping an infant's prattle. Success as an orator was guaranteed because the foundations had early been laid deep and firm.

AN upright posture is easier than a stooping one, because it is more natural, and one part is better supported by another; so it is easier to be an honest man than a knave.

THE grave is the common treasury to which we must all be taxed.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Edmunds bill which has passed the Senate is, without doubt, the most comprehensive and sweeping in its provisions for the destruction of religious liberty of any bill or act that has been presented to a legislative body for generations. Its author must have been inspired by Satan to have conceived of so many ingenious and cunning features to destroy every vestige of religious liberty in the Territory of Utah. The bill has been prepared with the greatest possible care. Much time has been spent upon it. And the more it is read, the more apparent becomes the devilish ingenuity of its author in providing means by which to destroy the "Mormon" people and their religion.

The first section makes it compulsory for wives to testify against their husbands, if required to do so.

The second section gives the authority to issue attachments for witnesses, without a previous subpoena, compelling the immediate attendance of such witnesses whenever the officer shall think it necessary.

The third section increases the time during which prosecutions for bigamy, polygamy or unlawful cohabitation may be commenced, to five years instead of three, as the law now stands.

The fourth section is intended to cover all the marriages of the Latter-day Saints, and to require every man who performs the marriage ceremony to give a certificate, which shall be filed in the office of the probate court. This certificate is to contain the names of the parties to the ceremony, the person who performs the ceremony, and shall be signed by the parties who are married and by the minister who performs the ceremony. If any person violates this section, the punishment is a fine of not more than \$1,000.00, and imprisonment not longer than two years, or both these punishments, as the court may decide. It makes no difference whether this ceremony be one performed in our temples and intended for time and eternity, or for eternity alone, this provision of the bill is intended to cover it and to compel all these ceremonies to be made public. Of course, the intention is to make use of such evidence in prosecutions.

The next section states that every certificate, record, and entry of any kind, concerning any ceremony of marriage that is made or kept by any person in the Territory, shall be subject to inspection by officers appointed under the authority of the United States. The violation of this section is punished by the same penalty as the preceding. It also empowers such officers, by warrant, to cause such record to be brought before them. The object of this is to give United States officers access to all our sealing records.

The seventh section takes away the vote from the women of the Territory.

But it is in the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth sections that the most hateful provisions of the bill are found. Fourteen trustees are appointed who shall take charge of the property, business affairs and operations of the Church. It is not very clear whether they are intended to supercede our present Trustee-in-Trust and the assistant Trustees or not. The language of the bill rather conveys the idea that they shall perform the duties that now are performed by the Trustee-in-Trust and his assistants in the management of our tithing and of our public Church funds. But the discussion in the Senate rather leads to the conclusion that they are intended to act with our

Trustee-in-Trust and assistant Trustees; but as they will outnumber ours, they will, of course have their own way. In fact, it is avowed that was the purpose in appointing fourteen of them, there being only thirteen of ours; that is, one Trustee-in-Trust and twelve assistant Trustees.

These fourteen are to be appointed by the President of the United States, and their term of office is to be two years.

The attorney general, also, is instructed to institute and prosecute proceedings to confiscate all the property of the Church, except buildings that are exclusively used for the worship of God.

The courts are also empowered to compel, in a summary way, the production of all books, records, papers and documents of, or belonging to, the Trustee-in-Trust or his assistants, to control or manage the property belonging to the Church. These funds are to be used, so the bill says, for the benefit of the common schools of the Territory, under the direction of the secretary of the interior. How much will reach the common schools when these fourteen trustees have handled the property one can imagine who knows anything about the operation of such offices!

The Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company is to be broken up, and any funds that can be obtained belonging to it are also to be devoted to common schools, under the direction of the secretary of the interior and the President.

Another section gives authority to the governor, the secretary and the judges to re-district the Territory.

Another section gives all the authority necessary to commissioners and to the marshal that these functionaries can possibly require, to do anything and everything they may deem proper to bring the people into bondage.

The territorial superintendent of district schools, also, is to be appointed by the supreme court of the Territory, who shall make reports as to the number of Gentile and "Mormon" children that attend the schools, and also have power to do everything necessary to use the taxes which the people contribute in a way that will be most effective towards destroying any influence that education may have on the minds of our children in favor of our religion.

It is impossible to fully describe the terrible train of evils that will follow the enactment of this bill into law. Every provision is designed for the destruction of our entire organization and for the obliteration of every distinctive feature of our religion.

The original bill excluded houses "exclusively used for religious purposes" from confiscation; but an amendment was made in the Senate, and the language was changed to read: "exclusively used for the worship of God." There seems to be, to a cursory reader, no reason why this should be changed; but the change exhibits the animus of the bill. Our temples are used for religious worship. We have an Endowment House that is used for religious worship. The object is to prevent them from being exempted by this clause; therefore, it was changed to the houses "exclusively used for the worship of God"—that is, such houses as our enemies think necessary for the worship of God, as Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, etc., use. These only are exempted. The design is to steal everything that we have—all the Church funds that are used for building temples and for the carrying on of the work—and to confiscate to the government all our buildings that are not used for the worship of God only. Edmunds, in the discussion, plainly stated that the intention of the bill was to deprive us of the means of propagating our religion. The Perpetual Emigrating Fund is to be destroyed, because by its means we are able

to bring our poor co-religionists from foreign lands. Edmunds designs that this shall be stopped; that we shall receive no strength, no additions from that source. He also designs that emigration from heaven shall be stopped, and that our children shall not be so numerous. He designs that the building of temples shall cease; that the sending of missionaries abroad shall cease; that all tithings, if paid in at all, shall be paid in to agents of the government, who shall spend it in accordance with their views.

Imagine, if you can, the havoc that fourteen men, selected for the purpose of hunting up all the property that has ever been owned by the Church, would commit in this Territory, with such courts and officers as we have at the present time! No band of highwaymen could despoil the people more effectively than these licensed plunderers would do. Their object would be thievery, but they would have the cover of law under which to do their stealing. And their powers would be of the most ample description to compel the Trustee-in-Trust and the assistant Trustees elected by the Church, to account for every dollar which had ever passed through their hands of which they could find any trace. They would have the right to go through every book which contains any accounts connected with tithing, to ascertain all that had been contributed and what disposition had been made of it; and there is no room to doubt that innumerable pretexts would be seized by them for commencing criminal prosecutions against the First Presidency and other leading men. There is no end to the mischief of which such a body of men could be capable, if the bill were to become law. There is nothing to restrain them from going to the greatest extremities.

There is nothing said in the bill as to who is to pay them. Perhaps it is the design for them to collect their pay by a percentage on the business that they do—such percentage as is allowed in our laws to trustees. If so, what an incentive this would be to men of scoundrelly instincts to resort to all manner of vexatious proceedings to get possession of Church property! If we were a foreign power and had been conquered by the force of arms, and were at the mercy of our victors, they could scarcely do any more than Edmunds proposes to have done in this bill. The turning loose of these fourteen pillagers upon the community would be attended, in many respects, with as serious consequences as the confiscation of the public property of a beaten people by their conquerors.

Is it not incredible that in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and in the great republic of the United States, such propositions are passed, by an overwhelming majority, by the Senate of the nation? We have, by thrift and economy, built up a great commonwealth. In obedience to the command of God we have contributed a tenth of our income to the carrying out of His designs and purposes. In doing so we have injured no one. Thousands upon thousands have been benefited by our contributions in this direction. Our public works have given employment to thousands of workmen and diffused the means of the wealthy portion of the community, to a considerable extent, among the poorer classes of society. The poor have been fed, and clothed and housed, and made comfortable; so much so that the want of food is unknown in our land. Our missionaries have traversed sea and land without purse and scrip, or, in other words, without charge to the world to whom they carry the glad message of salvation, and have not been a burden to anyone. We have brought from foreign lands thousands of people who, if it had not been for our aid, would have been groaning in the most abject poverty. The land is filled with a happy people, prosperous and contented.

But it is an Eden that is too smiling and prosperous for Satan to suffer to remain undisturbed. The same malignant and devilish spirit which entered Paradise and introduced sin with its fearful train of evils, has determined to destroy all that is desirable in this Territory and reduce us to the level of the wicked world around us. And to effect this the whole force of the United States government is to be brought to bear upon us. Officers are to be appointed to positions of influence and power in our midst, whose duty it will be to use all means within their reach to strip us of every vestige of human rights. The vote has not been taken away from the entire people; but these officers are to be empowered to so district the Territory that others than "Mormons" can obtain control of the Legislature. It is only a question of time, if those who favor this bill can have their way, that the right to vote will be taken away also, if the control of the Territory cannot be obtained in any other manner.

How wonderfully God is fulfilling the words of His servant Joseph! He plainly predicted that the time would come when the government of the United States would wage the same war upon the Latter-day Saints that townships, counties and States were then doing. We see the literal fulfillment of that prediction at the present time, and this warfare will continue against the Church of God until Zion is redeemed. There are many members of the Church who have either joined the Church since the former scenes of mobocracy were enacted or have been born since then, who have expressed themselves to the effect that it would have pleased them to have had the experience of the Saints in early days, and to have passed through the severe afflictions of Missouri and Illinois. But no one need fear that he will not have opportunity enough to show his faith and endurance in the work of God. That with which we are now threatened assumes the form of law; but it is as violative of every principle of right and of every Constitutional guarantee as the doings of the mob in Missouri and Illinois were. If the Lord permits them to carry out their purpose, the effect will be about the same. We shall be robbed of our property. We shall be denied our rights. Our liberties will be trampled upon just as effectually as they were by the acts of the organized mobs in the country from which we were compelled to flee.

This is a good time for each one who belongs to the Church to examine the foundation of his faith. The prospect is that we shall have to pass through scenes that will test the courage, the endurance and the stability of all the Latter-day Saints. False spirits will doubtless make their appearance and endeavor to lead away the Saints of God by their strong delusions, and all hell will combine with the powers of earth in the endeavor to overthrow the purposes of our God and to prevent the fulfillment of the prophecies He has made concerning Zion. All Latter-day Saints should so live that they will know for themselves, by the direct communication of the Holy Ghost, that they are doing the will of God, and that, though the hour may be dark and the prospects threatening, He is still with His people as much as when the skies were brightest and the prospects most cheerful.

HE who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.

HE who saith there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

NOTABLE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING AUTHORS.

BY NEJNE.

WHEN Byron wrote the wonderful satire which lifted him to fame's great lights, he had no thoughts of stirring the world. His sole aim was to be personally revenged upon the daring reviewers who had so scathingly criticised his "Hours of Idleness." Probably literature owes the awakening of Byron's genius to the harshness of the "Scottish Reviewers" and the transcendent success of the youthful poet's reply. Without these fortunate incentives, the man who ranks next to Shakespeare in our literature might have lapsed into unconquerable idleness, or he might have offered to the world only the timid, vapid productions of a dormant poetical fancy.

If Walter Scott had not failed in a business venture so disastrously as to be left in poverty and in debt, the world would have lost more than a trifle of the glorious productions of this master which are now enjoyed by the readers of "Waverley." In two years following his commercial disaster, Scott earned by his pen for his creditors not less than £40,000—equal to the prodigious sum of \$200,000.

The learned Erasmus was once making a long and lonely journey in a post-chaise; and with no other thought than to amuse himself he composed his noted panegyric on "Moria" or Folly.

Gibbon, speaking of his own grand work, Roman history, says:

"At the outset all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the time era of the decline and fall of the empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters and the order of the narration; and I was often tempted to cast away the labor of seven years."

Benjamin Franklin's first essays in authorship were made by stealth; otherwise they would scarcely have seen the light. He was employed in the printing office of his brother; and it was his custom to secretly write articles upon the burning questions of the day, and to slip the manuscripts under the office door at night. His brother, who would have soundly boxed the youngster's ears if he had known the truth, used to read these anonymous communications with great delight, after which he would give them the place of honor in his journal that they might be enjoyed by the great public.

Some of Goldsmith's most delightful creations were brought forth while he was upon the verge of starvation.

Doctor Johnson produced "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia" during the nights of one week, to obtain money with which to give the corpse of his mother a Christian burial.

Bunyan wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" in Bedford Jail, where he spent twelve years of his life. He had been imprisoned for heretical teachings. His confinement resulted in giving him an undying fame.

Dryden's poverty was so great that, according to an agreement which has been preserved in print, he sold to Tonson, the publisher, 10,000 verses of poems for £300.

Mary, Queen of Scots, became a writer of poetry during her imprisonment by Elizabeth, just as the latter had displayed considerable poetical talent while she was suffering the confinement imposed by Bloody Mary.

Cervantes, the immortal author of "Don Quixote," often went hungry.

De Foe laid the foundation for much of his literary labor while a prisoner in Newgate.

In the reign of Henry VIII. of England, a reformer named Tindal printed a translation of the New Testament, which had been a sealed book for the masses. Bishop Tonstall preferred to burn the works of heretics rather than to pile faggots around the heretics themselves; so he conceived the idea of buying up the entire edition of Tindal's translation and casting all the copies into one common flame. He employed as his agent a merchant who happened to be at heart a Tindalist. The pseudo agent took the earliest opportunity of informing his leader of the project, to the no small delight of the latter. The fact was that Tindal was disgusted with the edition, because of its numerous inaccuracies; but poverty had prevented his issuing a more correct translation. Tonstall's project was successfully executed with the secret help of Tindal himself, every unsold copy being supplied to the bishop—we may well believe at the highest possible price—and a mighty bonfire was made of the books in Cheapside. With the money thus obtained, Tindal brought forth his long-desired and corrected translation; and the bishop's bonfire had so kindled the hearts of the populace that the new books were sold by the publisher ten times more rapidly than he had been able to dispose of the old ones. The affair ended, too, in a good joke; for one of the men engaged in selling the later work in London was brought for secret examination before the Lord Chancellor. That high dignitary promised absolute immunity to the Tindalist if he would but reveal the name of the person who had assisted in the production of the second edition. Judge of the chancellor's chagrin when the heretical fellow accepted the offer and answered: "Our principal help was from Tonstall, bishop of London, who benevolently purchased the greater part of our first and incorrect edition, and by this means gave us the money with which to print our new lot of books."

A great Portuguese poet named Camoens—probably the most brilliant light in the literature of his country—was once rebuked by a nobleman for having failed to write some promised verses. The poet replied: "When I wrote verses I was young, had food and raiment, was a favored friend of men and lover of the ladies; then I felt poetical ardor; now I have no spirits, no peace of mind. See there my Javanese who asks for money to purchase firing, and I have not even a copper to give him." Camoen subsequently died of want in Lisbon; and a learned and good friar, who was probably at the death-bed, wrote the following words in a copy of the poet's masterpiece, "The Lusiad," which identical book—after three hundred years—is still in the possession of a noble English family:

"What a lamentable thing to see so great a genius so ill rewarded! I saw him die in a hospital in Lisbon, without having a sheet or shroud to cover him, after having triumphed in the East Indies, and sailed 5,500 leagues! What good advice for those who weary themselves night and day in study without profit."

IN the morning, when you awake, accustom yourself to think first upon God, or something in order to His service; and at night also let Him close thine eyes, and let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time beyond the needs and conveniences of nature; and sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east!

NOTHING but innocency and knowledge can give sound confidence to the heart.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 23.)

IN the month of February, 1841, Elder Alpheus Cutler, assisted by Elder Cahoon and others, laid out the foundation of the temple. On the eighteenth day of that month the brethren began to dig the cellar. As it was the wish of President Joseph that the corner stones of the temple should be laid on the sixth day of the next April, the corners for the foundation were first excavated; and about the first day of March the cellar walls were commenced.

On February 22nd the committee organized the city into Wards and called upon the brethren to come forward and labor every tenth day. By this means they were enabled to rush on the work so rapidly that by the sixth day of April the walls were sufficiently high at the corners to admit of the laying of the corner stones. And notwithstanding the extreme poverty of the Church, the labor moved on quickly and the prospects seemed very cheering and pleasing.

I will now extract from the *Times and Seasons* of April 15, 1841, as follows:

"At an early hour on the sixth inst. the several companies constituting the Nauvoo Legion, with two volunteer companies from Iowa Territory, making sixteen companies in all, assembled at their several places of rendezvous, and were conducted in due order to the ground assigned for general review. The appearance, order and movements of the Legion were chaste, grand and imposing, and reflect great credit upon the taste, skill and tact of the men comprising said Legion, especially the chief officer of the day, Major General Bennett. We doubt whether the like can be presented in any city in the western country.

"At half past 7 o'clock, a. m. the fire of artillery announced the arrival of Brigadier Generals Law and Smith at the front of their respective cohorts; and at 8 o'clock Major General Bennett was conducted to his post under the discharge of cannon and took command of the Legion.

"At half past 9 o'clock, a. m. Lieutenant General Smith with his guard, staff and field officers, arrived at the ground and were presented with a beautiful silk national flag by the ladies of Nauvoo, which was respectfully received and hailed by the firing of cannon, and borne off by Colonel Robinson, the cornet, to the appropriate position in the line; after which the lieutenant general, with his suite, passed the lines in review. At 12, m. the procession arrived upon the temple ground, inclosing the same in a hollow square, with Lieutenant General Smith, Major General Bennet, Brigadier Generals Law and Smith, their respective staffs, guard, field officers, distinguished visitors, choir, band, etc., in the center and the ladies and gentlemen citizens surrounding the interior. The superior officers, together with the banner, architects, principal speaker, etc., were duly conducted to the stand at the principal corner stone, and the religious services were commenced by singing from page 65 of the new hymn book."

President Sidney Rigdon addressed the assemblage at some length, after which a hymn was sung under page 205. and the closing prayer was offered.

"The architects then, by the direction of the First Presidency, lowered the first (S.-E. corner) stone to its place, and President Joseph Smith pronounced the benediction as follows:

"This principal corner stone, in representation of the First Presidency, is now duly laid in honor of the great God; and may it there remain until the whole fabric is completed; and may the same be accomplished speedily, that the Saints may have a place to worship God, and the Son of Man have where to lay His head."

"President Sidney Rigdon then pronounced the following:

"May the persons employed in the erection of this house be preserved from all harm while engaged in its construction, till the whole is completed; in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; even so. Amen."

"Adjourned for one hour.

"Assembled according to adjournment and proceeded to lay the remaining corner stones according to previous order.

"The second (S.-W. corner) stone, by the direction of the President of the High Priesthood, with his Council and President Marks, was lowered to its place, when the President of the High Priesthood pronounced the following:

"The second corner stone of the temple now building by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in honor to the great God, is duly laid, and may the same unanimity that has been manifested on this occasion continue till the whole is completed; that peace may rest upon it to the laying of the top stone thereof, and the turning of the key thereof; that the Saints may participate in the blessings of Israel's God within its walls, and the glory of God rest upon the same. Amen."

"The third (N.-W. corner) stone, superintended by the High Council, as representatives of the Twelve (they being in Europe), was then lowered to its place, with the benediction of Elias Higbee as follows:

"The third corner stone, in representation of the Twelve, is now duly laid; and as they are, in some measure, the support of the Church, so may this stone be a firm support to the corner, that the whole may be completed as before proposed, and according to the order of the priesthood."

"The fourth (N.-E. corner) stone, superintended by the Bishops, was then lowered to its place, and Bishop Whitney pronounced the following:

"The fourth and last corner stone, expressive of the Lesser Priesthood, is now duly laid; and may the blessings before pronounced, with all others desirable, rest upon the same forever. Amen."

After the corner stones were laid and the conference was over, the work upon the temple seemed to progress more rapidly. There were about eighteen stone cutters engaged to dress the rock for the building. Up to this time the work performed was nearly all done by tenth days' labor. But after this the Saints began to bring in some provisions, property and money; and the committee was enabled to employ a number of stone cutters and keep them constantly at work. The tithing labor also increased through the continued immigration of Saints from abroad.

When the Winter season set in toward the close of the year 1841, the walls on the south side were built up to the water table, a part of which also was laid. On the north side the walls were only about two feet high. In this state the structure remained until the Spring of 1842.

(To be Continued.)

THE reason that many men want their desires is, because their desires want reason. He may do what he will that will do but what he may.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 6.)

IN my last I referred to the time of my sojourn at Opatiki, on the Bay of Plenty. The day that we were there, having borrowed some money from Elder Ashworth, with whom we parted in the mountain fastnesses, we were enabled to purchase some cheese and bread. We moved to the outside of the town and reposed upon the green grass and eagerly devoured our repast, while our animals grazed upon the meadow.

After eating and resting we continued our journey northward. It was our good fortune to fall in with a gentleman who was acquainted with the country and route of travel. Gaining the ocean we followed the sandy beach, which was equal in convenience in travel to a planked road. However, toward evening we left the beach and followed a trail which meandered through the hills for some distance. Finally we reached a river about three-fourths of a mile in width. We were rowed across in a boat by a Maori, while our poor animals were obliged to swim that distance. After reaching the opposite shore we followed the beach. Again we left the ocean just as it was getting dark. The clouds hung black and threatening over head, while the rain, when total darkness enveloped the earth, came down in torrents. We knew not where we were or where we were going, being obliged to hang on to our faithful animals and let them go their own way. The gentleman who accompanied us informed us that we were on a dangerous trail. The night became so dark that we were obliged to occasionally strike matches to see where we were. At length we came to a promontory at the foot of which our eyes were greeted with the appearance of the beautiful town of Whakatane, nestling immediately beneath our gaze. Wending our way from this eminence we entered the place and had a good bed for ourselves and a place for our animals.

Next morning we proceeded along the beach and crossing rivers the same as the day before, until we arrived at a Maori *pah*, where we were cordially received and persuaded to remain over Sunday, when we preached the gospel to them. Continuing our journey we reached the wonderland of the southern hemisphere, which I will describe in the future.

(To be Continued.)

SEEK ONLY THE GOOD.

The honey-bee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and garden o'er,
To gather in his fragrant Winter store,
Humming in calm content his quiet song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips;
But from all rank and noisome weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness ever pressed
Within the poison chalice. Thus, if we
Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
In all the varied human flowers we meet
In the wide garden of humanity,
And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
Hived in our hearts, it turns to nectar there.

GOOD HEART AND WILLING HAND.

In storms or shine, two friends of mine
Go forth to work or play,
And when they visit poor men's homes,
They bless them by the way.
'Tis willing hand! 'Tis cheerful heart!
The two best friends I know,
Around the hearth come joy and mirth
Where'er their faces glow.
Come shine—'tis bright! come dark—'tis light!
Come cold—'tis warm ere long!
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Who falls may stand, if good right hand
Is first not second best:
Who weeps, may sing, if kindly heart
Has lodged in his breast.
The humblest board has dainties poured,
When they sit down to dine;
The crust they eat is honey sweet,
The water good as wine.
They fill the purse with honest gold,
They lead no creature wrong;
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Without these twain, the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear,
But with them, poverty grows rich
And finds a loaf to spare!
Their looks are fire—their words inspire—
Their deeds give courage high;
About their knees the children run,
Or climb, they know not why.
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
Ne'er finds the journey long—
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

THE slave who digs in the mine or labors at the oar, can rejoice at the prospect of laying down his burden together with his life; but to the slave of guilt there arises no hope from death. On the contrary, he is obliged to look forward with constant terror to this most certain of all events, as the conclusion of all his hopes, and the commencement of his greatest miseries.

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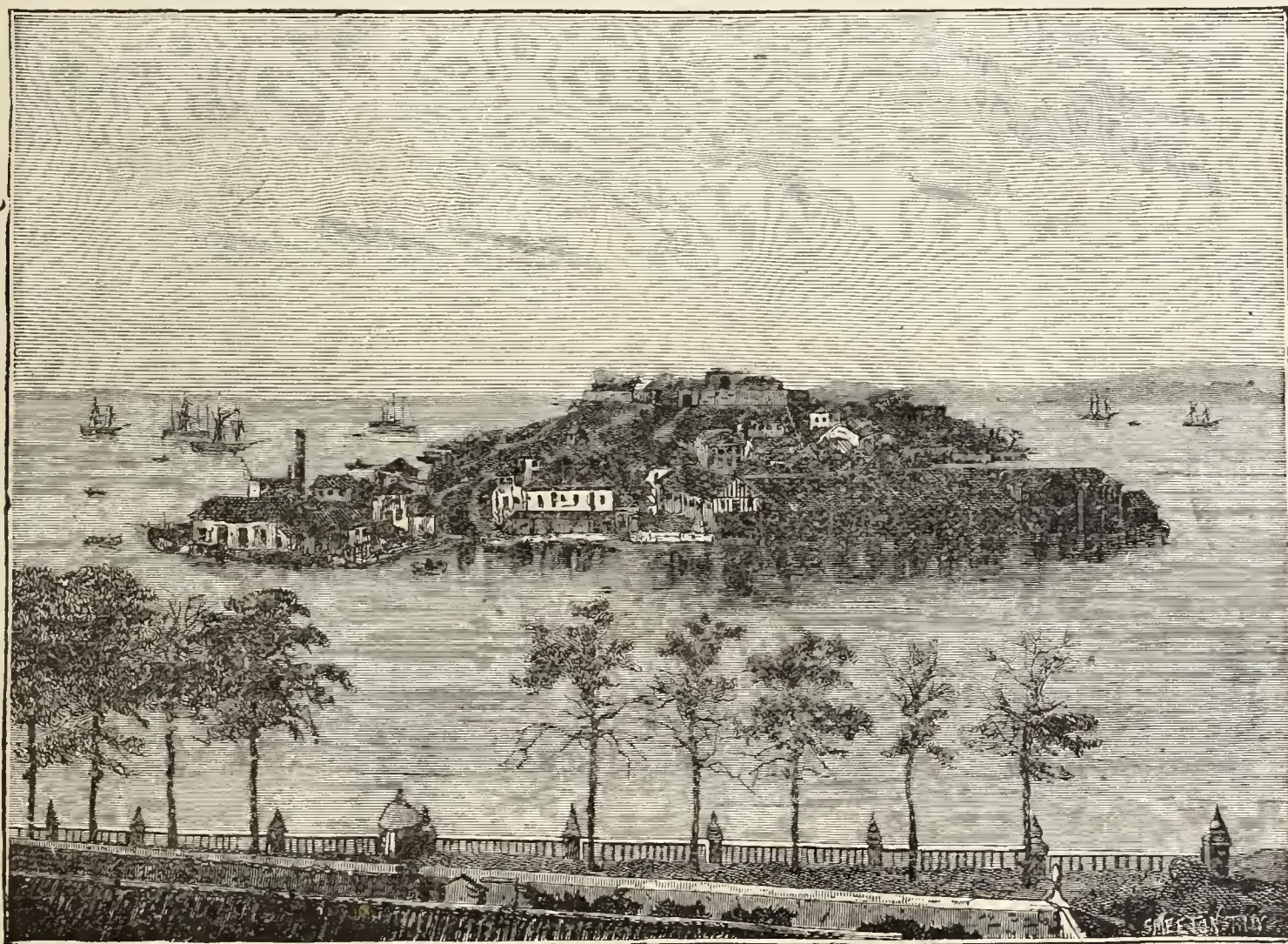
SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1886.

NO. 4.

THE BAY OF RIO.

THE Bay of Rio, or Rio de Janeiro, is said to be the finest, safest and most commodious harbor for the anchoring of ships in the world. It is entered from the south, through a channel about one mile in width. With the exception of this opening it is entirely surrounded by land. The narrow entrance

The Bay of Rio de Janeiro is an indentation of the south-eastern coast of Brazil, in South America. On the west side of the bay, about four miles from its mouth, or the passage which connects it with the Atlantic, rests the city of the same name. This is now the capital of the Brazilian empire. It is



and the shores on all sides are lined with mountains and hills. The bay extends inland seventeen miles, and is twelve miles broad. Its entrance is of sufficient depth to allow vessels to pass through it with the utmost security, and without the aid of a pilot.

a city of considerable commercial importance, being the chief mart of the empire. The population is given as 420,000 inhabitants. There is what is called the old town and the new town, the latter adjoining the former on the west, and separated from it by a large square, or park. Upon this square are sit-

nated a garrison, the national museum, some public buildings, etc. The chief article of importation is coffee. During one year yearly 500,000,000 pounds of this berry were shipped from its port to different parts of the earth. Sugar, rice, cotton and other things are also exported in large quantities.

The Bay of Rio de Janeiro is dotted with a number of small islands, one of which is shown in the picture. It presents a beautiful appearance, being surrounded by green hills, while in its calm, unruffled waters are ever to be seen vessels from all parts of the world floating at anchor. Thousands of ships come to and go from this magnificent harbor every year, bringing the manufactures of other lands in exchange for the products of the surrounding country.

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

[The manuscript of the following original article was supplied to us, from a source believed to be authentic, as a truthful relation of the incidents which it portrays. Its detail of narration and its historical consistency enforce the belief of its genuineness. We offer it as being evidently the work of a man familiar with life and localities in Russia; whatever its other merits or demerits may be.]

CHAPTER I.

IN the closing days of 187— Russian high society was beaming forth its most dazzling rays. Never since the days of unscrupulous, usurping Catherine had there been such abandon and brilliance.

Alexander II. had begun to realize, after some years of patriotic duty, the necessity for relaxation. He had therefore thrown open the superb Winter Palace to a series of the most brilliant spectacles which his pleasure-loving nobility could produce. A vast congregation of foreign diplomats had come to pay court to this wonderful monarch—the man whose will was iron but whose heart was a white, unsullied flower. And these foreigners lent blazonry to the shifting scenes of court enjoyment. Besides, in the exclusive circles of society near the imperial throne, there were under discussion two totally-unconnected facts—but each of great social importance.

The first of these circumstances was that Princess Olga, reputed to be one of the most beautiful and one of the richest women among the aristocracy of Europe, was to be brought out at the czar's diplomatic ball. This lady, the daughter of a princess, claiming descent from Alexander Newski, and of Count Nestor Ivanovitch, a noted soldier and shrewd politician, was probably as well known as any court lady of St. Petersburg long before her face had been seen and recognized by half a score of the court gallants.

The other of these two notable circumstances was that the czar had sent a welcoming invitation to Lieutenant Vladimir Pojarsky, the most reckless and dashing youngster in the army and secretly whispered to be a most pronounced rebel. Vladimir was remotely, through his mother, an offshoot of some long-buried imperial trunk; and from her he had inherited certain high dignities and rich estates. His father was one General Feodor Pojarsky, who had held high military rank in the aspiring days of selfish, foolish Nicholas I., and who had been sentenced to perpetual banishment to Siberia for having dared to differ from his weak monarch's views regarding the Russian domination in Europe.

On this occasion the dazzling Winter Palace was one blaze of glory. Ten thousand people—one thousand of whom were distinguished guests—thronged its luxurious apartments and flashing corridors. The czar held his seat of state in the distant hermitage; and here, surrounded by trusted friends, only those whose loyalty could be asserted by some near devotee, were permitted to appear.

It chanced that as the Count Nestor Ivanovitch stood at the right hand of the empurpled chair, with his radiant daughter leaning upon his arm, a pompous chamberlain approached, followed by an erect, soldierly-looking fellow, dressed in plain but elegantly-fitting uniform. He wore no sword, as weapons were not permitted in the presence of the monarch; but he showed his military training and his worthiness thereof in every gesture.

"The Lieutenant Duke Vladimir Pojarsky," cried the chamberlain, and then retired.

The form of state was that the youth should bend to the very marble steps before him; and that only upon the emperor's recognition should he dare to raise his head. But Vladimir Pojarsky stood erect, with dilating eyes, before his autocratic czar.

Alexander arched his brows in surprise and anger, and then muttered:

"So, I find this young rebel's incendiary theories have not been exaggerated."

Then, in a stern voice, he roared:

"Wretch! are you so much of a barbarian or criminal that you fail to bow in the presence of your czar?"

Still unbending the young duke answered:

"Little Father, I bow to no man who keeps my father's bones in Siberia, away from Christian burial. Sire, I love you for your goodness, for your broad sense of justice; but, sire, my father was sent to Siberia upon a false charge of treason when I was barely able to climb upon his booted knee. He had served your father faithfully and was exiled without a moment's consideration. When he was reported dead of the horrible toil to which he was condemned, I had just been called to the Little Father's service. I asked for permission to bring the body of my beloved home for burial beside the grave of my broken-hearted mother. I was rudely repulsed. Sire, I serve my country because I love her and because I reverence you. But now that you know my sorrow and the injustice which I seek to redress, your good heart will pardon me if I refuse to bow until an edict of justice shall be issued."

Never had such a daring speech been uttered within those walls. The attendants shrank back in absolute affright. The Count Ivanovitch shook as if with the palsy; while his lovely daughter turned pale and red by turns—pale at thought of the young lieutenant's danger, red at sight of his superb, courageous manliness. The czar slowly rose from his seat, his eyes flashing a fearful anger, while his white face twitched convulsively. He shrieked:

"Take that insane boy to!"—

Then he stopped. The undaunted figure before him must have suggested the remembrance of his own daring youth, for he abruptly broke off. He gazed a moment, during which the fierce, deep lines of his face softened. And then he quietly remarked to his attendants:

"Let the Lieutenant Duke Vladimir Pojarsky have free egress. Do not dare to apprehend him. We will see whether the imperial uniform covers the breast of a traitor."

All at once, awake to the realization of his temerity, dazzled by the grandeur of his czar, and not less excited by a pair of

brown, pitying, admiring eyes, Vladimir allowed himself to be hurried across the mosaic floor. He reached the end of the royal apartment; then the helping, guiding hands were withdrawn as the attendants returned to their duties.

Numerous passages led away from the hermitage to the Winter Palace. Down one of these corridors the soldier plunged. Suddenly, under one of the bejeweled chandeliers, he saw a tall, golden-haired figure, a girl covered with flashing jewels and rich white furs—a girl who looked at him with that same pair of unfathomable brown eyes which had thrilled his heart with their pity and admiration, when he stood in the imperial presence.

At sight of this beauty standing alone, Vladimir stopped.

He passed his hand across his brow in an effort to recall his dazed and scattered faculties; and then he muttered some incoherent words of gratitude for kindness so undeserved.

The lady quickly recovered from her dismay and swept her gleaming trail to one side. Seeing the embarrassment of the youth, and remembering the terrible ordeal through which he had passed, in very mercy she felt constrained to speak:

"Lieutenant, the Duke Vladimir Pojarsky, I saw you at the czar's reception a moment since. Sir, I am unknown to you; my father has returned to obtain a message from the czar. My father is an officer of the government. Be careful! For heaven's sake, be careful! You may be exiled, executed, for your temerity!"

"Oh, speak on!" said Vladimir. "I could listen forever! If I have succeeded in arousing compassion in your breast I am content."

A moment's silence ensued. Vladimir looked up and down the long corridor. No soul was visible. With a tremor for which he could not account, but could not control, he leaned towards his fair companion, and said:

"Your father has been delayed, or else has taken the wrong passage to the palace. Accept my arm and I will escort you to your friends in the ball-room."

Olga placed her dainty hand lightly upon the soldier's sleeve.

This grand pair wandered down through the corridor, up across the flower-blooming balconies, and finally down upon the glassy floor—constantly conversing, never heeding the flight of time, until suddenly an *aide* in the imperial uniform stood before them and said:

"With most profound respect, Princess Olga, I am requested to escort you to your father who, with the czar, awaits you in the hermitage. To you, Lieutenant Duke, my message is that you will find the minister of police awaiting you in the conservatory."

(To be Continued).

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

IN the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians, the Apostle Paul says:

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It [the body] is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. * * * As is the earthy, such

are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

This quotation plainly informs us that our bodies hereafter are to possess many qualities of an essential nature that are the exact antipodes of those they now inherit. There is an infinity of contrasted meaning existing between the terms "mortal" and "immortal;" "corruption" and "incorruption," etc., as usually defined. None, then, can disagree with the apostle's proposition that a change is involved in passing from one of these states to the other: a change, too, of such magnitude that our minds can but feebly comprehend its significance.

Again, mortality and immortality are, and of necessity must be, predicated upon the nature and constitution of things. We do not affirm the Almighty could not prolong mortal life to an endless eternity; but He does not act thus. Nature and nature's God do not conflict; and this fact is tantamount to the intervention of an impossibility that they can. Now, man dies, not because he is immortal, but for the reason that he is mortal by nature: and it is just as evident that when we become immortal, the change must be a natural, a constitutional one.

But the substitution of an immortal for a mortal organism is a process radical in the extreme: the two things are wholly and essentially different; and the question is, What does such metamorphosis or substitution demand? What does it affect? Not the spirit, not the real ego of each personality; not the soul-life; for all this is already constitutionally immortal; nor can it affect the real nature of substance, since that is likewise essentially eternal. Hence, for the very reason there is nothing else for the process of change, or of metamorphosis, to affect, we must refer it to a work that is wrought upon our bodily structure. A change in our make-up is demanded and we must be remodeled, chemically rendered impervious to the assaults of disease, and impregnable to the catastrophe of accidents. But new chemical compounds can not be made without a disintegration, in the first place, of the particles of our existing bodies; or, if the term "death" is more appropriate to express such dissolution, let us apply it. Sickness and pain, which terminate in death, are caused by a disordered condition of the whole, or of a part, of our physical organism. If all parts of our system always perfectly performed the respective functions assigned them, we could not die, provided we were properly started in our existence.

But perfect action can be affirmed of perfect organs only. The facts are, however, that our physical system is extremely liable to get out of order, which is proof conclusive that each and every organ of the body is imperfect.

(To be Continued.)

DOING good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

LET us not run out of the path of duty, lest we run into the way of danger.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

BREAKING THE SABBATH.

The Lord has commanded us to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. He intends that we should do no unnecessary work on that day. It is also expected that children lay aside their play things and go to Sunday school and meeting. Sometimes children think they can enjoy themselves by going off to play on a Sunday instead of going to meeting as they should. But if they have been taught that it is wrong to spend this holy day in play they will find that there is no pleasure in so doing. Their consciences will continually remind them that they are doing wrong, and they will feel unhappy.

Let me tell you of a little fellow who learned by sad experience that there was no pleasure for him in breaking the Sabbath.

One Sunday afternoon he decided to go fishing with some other boys, instead of attending meeting as his parents expected him to. Of course the thoughts of disobeying his parents and breaking the Lord's day made him very unhappy. But he went in spite of these unpleasant feelings. He thought it would be cowardly of him to not go after promising the boys he would.

At the place where he and the other boys stopped to throw in their lines was a fence running a short distance into the stream. The boy thought it would be a good idea to sit on the part of the fence that overhung the stream and there cast in his line. So he climbed along to the desired point on the fence and there settled himself.

The posts that were in the water happened to be rather loose in the ground, and it required considerable care to keep the fence steady. Before many minutes had passed another lad made an attempt to climb out towards the end of the fence. He did not know it was so unsteady, and almost the first step he took upset the boy who had seated himself on the top of the post that stood farthest into the stream. With a great splash he went to the bottom, head first. The water was not very deep, and he soon managed to get out.

When he got to the shore his companions only laughed at the mishap, thinking it a good joke. He did not consider it any joke, however. He had felt miserable since leaving home, and this greatly added to his discomfort. He had disobeyed

his parents, broken the Sabbath, and now he was unable to keep from his parents the knowledge of his disobedience, for he had to go home to get a change of clothing. It would be difficult to tell his feelings at this time. You may be sure that he did not soon forget this severe lesson.

When he reflected upon the matter, he recollected several other instances of his disobedience. He also observed that the result in every case was similar—it always caused him considerable mental suffering. He concluded that in the future he would be more careful to obey his parents and avoid breaking the Sabbath.

WHILST THERE'S LIFE THERE IS WORK TO DO.

What ever thy place in life may be,
List to my motto, you'll find it true;
There is a mission appointed thee,
And whilst there's life there is work to do.

Be thine a rich or a poor estate,
Work on, work on, but withal be true;
And thou wilt find that it is thy fate,
Whilst thou hast life to have work to do.

And if for ourselves no help we need,
As this life's journey we travel through,
How many we find to prove indeed
That whilst we live there is work to do.

Then whatsoever thy lot may be,
List to my motto, you'll find it true:
There is a mission appointed thee,
And whilst there's life there is work to do.
S. C. WATSON.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is harder than earning money? Collecting it.

When is a horse not worth a dollar? When it is worth less (worthless).

Who is that lady, whose visit nobody wishes? Miss Fortune.

What thing is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends? A ditch.

What word of five syllables is that, from which, if you take one syllable away no syllable remains? Monosyllable—no syllable.

Why does the eye resemble a school-master in the act of flogging? It has a pupil under the lash.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. When did Joseph receive the next heavenly visitation? 2. Who appeared unto him at this time? 3. What announcement did he make concerning the gospel? 4. What did he tell him about a certain hidden treasure? 5. What was it to contain? 6. What were hidden with it? 7. Of what use were they? 8. What charge did the angel give him concerning these treasures?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 2.

Q. Was this the first time Joseph had ever tried to pray with his voice? A. Yes.

Q. What power and influence took hold of him when he had commenced? A. The power of Satan, which bound his tongue so that he could not speak.

Q. What was the effect upon him? A. He was much frightened and he felt as though he was about to be destroyed.

Q. Did he give it up after this. A. No.

Q. What did he ask of the Lord? A. To deliver him out of the power of his enemy.

Q. At this moment of great alarm, what did he see over his head? A. A pillar of light much brighter than the sun. As soon as it rested upon him he saw two glorious personages standing above him in the air.

Q. Who spoke unto him and what were the words? A. Our Heavenly Father, who called Joseph by name, and, pointing to the other, said: "This is my beloved Son, hear Him."

Q. What answer did he get concerning the religions of the day? A. That they were all an abomination in His sight and that he was to join none of them.

Q. What important promise did the Lord make unto Joseph at this time? A. That the everlasting gospel should be made known to him at some future time.

Q. When did he receive this first visitation? A. Early in the Spring of 1820.

Two friends, an Englishman and an Irishman, traveling, had a double-bedded room at an inn. Being awakened by a noise in the night, the Englishman called to his companion to light the candle. "Where is it?" asked Pat. "At your right hand on the table." "Are you crazy?" cried Pat. "How can I see which is my right hand in the dark?"

CHARADE.

I am a house all snowy white,
Made of the queerest things;
Of wood and grass, and cast-off robes
Of peasants and of kings.
With skins of goats and bleating lambs
My roof is covered warm,
While under lies a thatch of straw
To shelter me from harm.
No chief e'er dwelt in marble halls
More spotless white than mine,
No king or prelate ever lived
In palace more divine;
Within my numbered rooms nothing
Is there of earth or air,
Described or known to mortal man,
That is not gathered there.
The greatest builders known to fame
Who rear me fair and high,
Themselves inhabit me in life,
And also when they die.
I am a nursery of light
And reason to the young,
And to the old a fund of wealth
In every land and tongue.

The following named persons have sent answers to the questions on Church History published in No. 2: Cynthia Burnham, W. J. C. Mortimer, Sarah E. Cole, N. Otteson, W. N. Draper, S. B. Oldham, F. Pickering, G. E. Court, Mary E. Chandler, J. Folkman, W. E. Cole, L. A. Burnham, H. C. Blood, H. Muir, Rosie M. Sedgwick, Elizabeth S. Zundel, S. E. Welchman, I. Fisher, Lizzie Hatch, Mary A. Crookston, Elizabeth A. Mumford, R. Hurst, W. D. Dixon, H. T. Ward, G. M. Ward, N. Andrus, M. Lavisch, Louisa Johnson, Marinda Monson, Linnie Cutler, T. E. Jacobson, A. L. Page, M. J. Richards, Matilda Sandberg, Martha Terman, J. M. Cahoon, Eliza Morgan, J. R. Morgan, O. Jorgensen, Allie Young, A. Barrett, C. Alfsen, R. A. Turner, Etta Huish, A. G. Marler, W. Davis, Jr., Louisa Steele, H. H. Blood.

The names of the cities in the Buried Cities Puzzle are, Stockton, Manti, Beaver, Logan, Tintic, Payson. The answer to the Enigma is the letter S. The Rebus reads, "Safely I am resting at home."

We have received correct answers from H. C. L. Jergensen, Isabel Laycock, Lucy Rogers, Josephine W. Howard, Olivia Johnson, Wm. Brewer, Lovina Brewer, C. L. Berry, L. Hill, E. B. Hawkins, Wm. A. Skidmore, Pearl Burk, Clarissa A. Howard, S. F. Len, S. P. Oldham, Juliett Howard, Alice E. Porcher, Lizzie Wardle, B. A. Seare, G. Wright, E. Fillmore, Nora Hudson, Clara Hudson, Elizabeth A. Mumford, D. H. Sedgwick, Fannie Hudson, G. E. Court, Rose E. Page, F. Pickering.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 38).

SHORTLY after the Saints were driven out of Missouri, I was called to go on a mission, having been ordained an Elder while in Far West. A young man by the name of Amos Lyons, a priest, traveled with me. Neither of us had ever attempted to preach.

Soon after starting out we called at a house to get a drink of water; but in reality to begin business, by telling the people our message. We were asked where we were from. We told the family we were missionaries and members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. "Latter-day devils," said a woman lying in bed, at the same time turning herself over so as to get a good view at us, "if you were sons of mine I would sew you up in a sheet at night, while you were asleep, and I would go out to the Hazel brush, get me a lot of good switches and I would whip Mormonism out of you; be ashamed to go about preaching old Joe Smith."

We endeavored to reply, saying it was the gospe of Jesus Christ; but she gave us no chance to slip in a word edge-wise and we soon left to try again. It was not long till we called at a house to stay all night. We told who we were, and we were asked if we would preach that evening if the neighbors were invited in. We replied we would be pleased to do so. I being the oldest, and also an Elder, I led out; Brother Lyons followed. Both discourses put together were not, figuratively speaking, a yard long. At the close of the meeting we were advised to leave off preaching and go home, for we were more fit to drive oxen. It was not a great while after this we called to stay over night at a house, and on leaving the next morning an old lady, perhaps the mother or mother-in-law to our host, gave us some money. She gazed at us and tears came in her eyes as we shook hands to leave. We felt to leave our peace and blessings on that house, so far as the old lady was concerned; for we felt she had an inward testimony we were servants of God. But no invitations were given us to preach.

My companion was soon taken sick with chills and fever. I worked for a well-to-do farmer to keep us until Brother Lyons recovered so as to travel. In a couple of weeks he was all right, and we bent our course towards the land of our birth, Virginia. We reached Jackson County, between Big and Little Kanawha rivers, late in the Fall. Here we preached a few times and baptized a man and his wife. We went into Harrison County, to spend the Winter among our friends and relatives.

In the Spring I returned to Jackson County, leaving Brother Lyons in Harrison County, he having concluded to marry a wife. I continued my labors, baptized five, and held a two days' public discussion with a Baptist minister. A man by the name of Stockhouse was present during the debate, and at the close said, so I was told, that he had offered to help tar, feather and ride me on a rail; but now he was my friend, for I had proved there were more than five hundred apostles, and he could not see but I had as much truth on my side as the Baptist or any body else had on his, and that I should not be molested where he was, if he could help it.

I returned home to Illinois, and during the Summer of 1842 I labored more or less in the stone quarry, helping to get out rock for the Nauvoo temple. If my memory serves me cor-

rectly, it was in the month of August of that year the Prophet called a special conference. A good number of Elders were called to go on missions. Among the number I was called, and about the first of September, I left Nauvoo in company with Jacob G. Bigler and Josiah W. Fleming. When we reached Fulton County we called on a relative, at whose house we had the privilege of holding one meeting. Our relative wanted to know if we thought the Lord was so proud that He must have a temple built for Him.

About this time, meeting with Elder Alpheus Harmon, he having no companion and wishing one, I traveled with him. We passed through Illinois, the northern part of Indiana and into the north-western part of Ohio. Not meeting with any encouragement, and cold weather coming on, Brother Harmon concluded to return home to Nauvoo; and there, in the woods, we blessed each other, shook hands and parted. I felt lonely, for Brother Harmon was good company, and, I believe, a good man. Poor man! I afterwards learned he froze to death while crossing a bleak prairie just before reaching Nauvoo.

I continued my travels, preaching at every chance. It was about the first of January, 1843, snow on the ground a foot deep, while wending my way through a deep forest that, late in the afternoon, I reached the first settlement, cold, tired and hungry. I knocked at the door of a respectable-looking house and was told to come in. The man of the house was sitting at a shoe bench, I asked if he would please keep a servant of the Lord all night. In reply I was questioned as to where I was from and to what order I belonged. I said I was from Nauvoo and belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He said he had never heard of that name before. Then I explained and told him we were known as "Mormons," though that was not our true name. "Oh yes, I have heard of the Mormonites, and I shall not keep you."

He had a family of children grown up to manhood and womanhood, who all stood gazing at me as though I was some strange creature. All this time I stood with my valise in hand, for they had not even offered me a seat. I turned on my heel and left to seek quarters elsewhere. I had not walked one hundred and fifty yards when I heard some one call to me. On looking around, I saw the man of the house in the yard calling me back. He said he had concluded to keep me over night, "for," said he, "I want to have a talk with you." As I came up he invited me in and took my hat and valise, and told me to take a seat near the fire and warm myself, adding that it was now his chore time and to make myself as comfortable as I could until he came in, when supper would be ready. I did not have to wait long, and I soon noticed whenever a question was asked there was quite an anxiety on the part of the wife and daughter to hear what the "Mormon" had to say. As we were finishing supper a pedler drove up and called to stay all night. Being introduced to each other by our host, he commenced as though he had the world by the wrist and was going to use up "Mormonism" in less than no time, and me as a false teacher; but the Lord was with me, until at last Mr. McMelon, the host, said to the pedler, "it is no use for you to argue with him, for the scriptures are all on his side." It was Saturday night, and the next morning, after breakfast, my host invited me to go with him to meeting and I might give out an appointment to preach that evening at his house. This to me was unexpected. The meeting was Lutheran. I was introduced to the minister. He was a pleasant-looking man, and treated me very courteously. At the close of his discourse, which was very good, he invited me to speak. I did so and gave out my appointment. The minister told the people to

turn out and go and hear me, for he believed I was a good man. That evening the sleigh bells made music to my ears and I had a full house. After meeting several tarried a while to talk with me; and from that time doors were opened and Mr. McMelon told me to make his house my home as long as I pleased. There was a Campbellite preacher by the name of Moses Bonom, or some such name, who would meet me at the most of my meetings and fight the truth and do all he could to prejudice the people against me and the truths I advocated.

INDEPENDENCE AND THE HEADRICKITES.

BY J. W. S.

THE site of the great temple, to be built in the last days in Jackson County, Missouri, is a point of interest to everyone who looks with pleasure on Zion's future greatness, and many of the Latter-day Saints have been led there by a desire to stand upon the sacred spot designated by the Lord as the place to build His holy house in this dispensation. Impressed with this same feeling I paid Independence a visit to see the temple lot and pick up any items that would be of interest to my friends, and now give the readers of the JUVENILE the results of my visit. Traveling south from Kansas City, by the Missouri Pacific railway, one passes by the town of Independence, which is about ten miles from the former place. It has been described so often that to do so again in detail is unnecessary, consequently to be brief I will say the town of Independence is the county seat of Jackson County, Missouri, which is situated in the western part of the State. It has some very nice residences though they are not as numerous as in some other towns of the same size I have seen. The population numbers between five and six thousand. The streets are laid out at right angles, running north and south, east and west. They are not wide, and in some places are quite steep, for while the town site is more elevated than the surrounding country it is more or less rolling. Shade trees are quite plentiful in many of the thoroughfares. The town boasts of a very fine court house, which stands in the middle of a public square. Through the courtesy of the county clerk I was permitted to go up into the tower, from which a very fine view of the surrounding country is obtained. Across the street on either side of the court house square are situated the stores and business houses, and though none of them are palatial, and a good many inferior, still there are several that carry a full stock of well-selected merchandise.

Of course the point of attraction for the Utah visitor is the temple lot. It is situated on the street running east and west, on the south side of the court house square, and about three-fourths of a mile west of that building. How much was dedicated as the temple lot when that event took place I am not prepared to say. It now consists of about two and a half acres, and is a block by itself with streets all around it. The land drops a little to the south and west, is well fenced with barbed wire. The posts are about eight feet apart, and nine wires are stapled on to these about six inches apart. There are no houses on the lot. It is sown to red and white clover and small shade trees are set out at convenient distances apart. Seeing the lot was so well taken care of I repaired to the court house to find out if possible who the claimants were. Entering the recorder's office I told that official that I would like to look up

the record of the "Mormon" temple lot. He informed me I could do so but only through an attorney. The books were accessible to the public only by this means. He told me, however, that the lot was still owned by the "Mormons," was held in charge by trustees appointed by that body, that Mr. Richard Hill was one of them, and directed me where to find that gentleman. Thanking the recorder for the information I started out to find Mr. Hill, who, by the way, is a blacksmith. I found him in his shop, which is located half a block east of the court house on the same street where the temple lot is located. Entering the shop I stated to Mr. Hill that I was from Salt Lake City, had stopped off at Independence to pick up some items. Understanding he was one of the trustees of the temple lot I would be obliged if he would give me the information I desired and would be glad to reciprocate in any way I could. I found Mr. Hill a very pleasant gentleman with whom to talk, as was Mr. Geo. Frisley, another of the trustees who was in the shop at the time. Mr. Hill stated that the temple lot was now claimed by the Headrickites, an offshoot of the Church, and gave me their history as follows:

Mr. Headricks was a member of the Church in early times and suffered with the people in the persecutions the Church passed through. When the people were driven from their homes and the body of the Church moved west, Mr. Headricks settled in Illinois, about the year 1850. He gathered around him a few followers and organized them into a religious body. This took place near Bloomington, in the above named state. They remained there until about 1866, when they moved to Independence, Missouri, making that their headquarters. They found the temple lot claimed by several parties who held it as outlawed property on account of non-occupation. The Headrickites bought it up piece by piece as opportunity offered until they had purchased the whole and fixed it up in its present shape. They now claim to have a legal title to it under the laws of Missouri.

Last season their numerical strength was about fifty, presided over by Daniel Judy. During our conversation Mr. Hill called to mind over twenty factions that had split off the Church since the Prophet Joseph's day. Some still maintain their organization while others had been swallowed up in the Josephite sect. I asked him wherein his people differed in belief with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in Utah. He answered, "We do not believe in celestial marriage, or plurality of wives. We do not accept the law of tithing, as revealed July 8th, 1838. We believe in paying a tenth of our increase, but repudiate turning in surplus property as a foundation. We do not believe in baptism for the dead. We do not believe in the translation of the Book of Abraham from the papyrus. We do not believe in a plurality of gods," etc.

In fact the bone and sinew of "Mormonism" seems to be repudiated by them. They think the Church in Utah is in transgression, of course, but entertain the belief that after the Lord purges us from our iniquity (polygamy) we will come down and build up the temple with them.

The country around Independence is beautiful and by the eye of faith a person whose mind is lit up with the Spirit of God can comprehend in part at least the glory that will yet rest upon it; but what a cleaning up the Lord must do before the "pure in heart" can go back and build up the waste places of Zion "without a dog even being present to wag his tail as an objection!"

POVERTY wants some, Luxury many, Avarice all things.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

EXPERIENCE has taught us that too great care cannot be taken in the selection of works for young people to read. Impressions made in early life are apt to be very lasting, and the thoughts of children take color and character from the expressions of those whose conversation they hear, and from the books they read. One who has experience, if shown the kind of reading that a man or woman indulges in, can form a very good idea of the character of that person's mind. It is always interesting to us, in visiting a house, to examine the books that are lying around, because by so doing we are enabled to form a conclusion as to the bent of the family's minds. Well-thumbed Bibles, Books of Mormon, Books of Covenants and other Church works convenient to hand always speak well for a family's faith and taste. It is an evidence that the family take interest in those precious records and that their minds are being stored with the principles of their religion. But it is not unfrequently the case that one may visit houses of members of the Church and instead of getting sight of any of these records, if there are books at all in sight, they are novels or other trashy literature.

In these days newspaper reading is almost universal. Many busy people find no time to read anything more than the newspaper. How important it is, under such circumstances, that newspapers should be rightly conducted! There are papers—and they are numbered by scores and hundreds—which should never be permitted to enter the house of a Latter-day Saint. They should be kept out of the hands of the young of both sexes, for the reason that they are contagious. Many people are very careful that their children shall not be exposed to measles, small-pox, diphtheria and other contagious diseases; but they are quite indifferent as to the contagion which is communicated through improper publications.

Our attention has been frequently called to the pernicious effects of perusing a paper that has long been published in this city, called the *Tribune*. It is one of the vilest sheets, and probably the most vile, that is published within the confines of the United States. Its columns are filled with the most atrocious falsehoods concerning the people of Utah, their leaders and everything connected with them. It deliberately misrepresents and falsifies the words and acts of prominent citizens and the people themselves. And yet there are those who call themselves Latter-day Saints who read this filthy sheet. There is only one way in which it can be done by those who call themselves Saints, and that is as described by Pope in his well-known lines about vice:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

A Latter-day Saint who first reads that paper may feel disgusted at it; but like vice, as the poet describes it, when seen too often and read, familiarity with it takes away the disgust. The first time it is read the lies which it contains shock the

reader; but if the reading be continued, familiarity with the falsehoods gradually removes that feeling, and by degrees the sharp things that are said, the biting sarcasms, the plausible statements, the foul scandals and the misconstruction of motives are viewed as having some degree of truth in them, and by degrees the itching curiosity to know what the malignant sheet says upon any noteworthy occurrence causes it to be sought for. Such persons excuse themselves for reading it by saying they "don't believe anything that it says, but they want to see what it has to say," as though it should make the least difference to a Latter-day Saint what it says. We have known men who held office who seemed to consult its columns, as though they considered its utterances important, and, perhaps, in their secret souls they do stand in fear of its censure more than they do the censure of their brethren and sisters.

Where this paper of which we speak has been regularly read by Latter-day Saints they have either lost the faith or will lose it if they continue the practice. It is an impossibility for people to take pleasure in such writings without partaking of the spirit that inspires them. The curiosity that prompts one to desire to see what it says is a curiosity that Latter-day Saints should not indulge in. It is an impossible thing for us to keep the run of all that the world say about us. If we were to allow our time to be engrossed by seeking for and perusing all that is published concerning us, we should have no time to peruse anything else. There is too much truth for us to study and learn, in which we can take delight, without spending our time in reading attacks upon us, and upon our doctrines, and upon our policy, and denunciations of our qualities.

When this paper to which we refer was first issued the editor of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* was then editing the *Deseret News*. He was made an object of attack by the editor of that paper. We found that if we paid attention or attempted to reply to the villainous falsehoods which it contained concerning us, we would have more than we could do, and in such a warfare a man who had any conscience stood no chance with the irresponsible blackguards who manufactured slander for its columns. We made it a rule at that time—a rule which we have strictly observed ever since—not to read the paper at all, no matter what it contained. During the years of its publication we have strictly adhered to this resolution. Upon one occasion our attention was called, by one of the clerks in the *Deseret News* Office, to a weekly number, which contained no less than nine articles in which our name was mentioned; but we did not even then take the time to read them. What profit is there in reading falsehoods and slanders, especially when you cannot, with any sense of dignity, reply to them? From what we have heard we have been abused without stint in its columns ever since, but it has never proved the least annoyance to us because we paid no attention to anything that it said, and we feel that in this case,

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

While we were in charge of the *Deseret News* we steadily pursued that course and ignored utterly the existence of this vile production. Its ravings, its threats, its falsehoods, all passed unheeded, and, so far as we were concerned, for all the effect they had, they might never have been uttered. We know by experience that this is a far better course than that pursued by many, whose morbid curiosity prompts them to examine its columns. What effects would such a paper have upon us, as a community, if we never read it? Would it annoy us? Would it make us angry? Would it disturb us in any

manner? Not in the least; no more than such a paper would if it were published on the Fiji Islands and in a language of which we knew nothing. This is the true way to treat such filthy emanations. But there is a class of people who seem never to be satisfied unless they can taste or smell something that has its origin with the devil. They have a taste, apparently, for foulness. If it were possible for them to get to heaven and a paper were published in the infernal regions, they would want some news-seller to introduce it into the New Jerusalem. This, probably, is a strong comparison, but not too strong for the case. Latter-day Saints who introduce this paper into their households would be guilty of just such folly if they had a residence in the Holy City.

We trust that the JUVENILES of this Territory will profit by what we say upon this subject. Read good books. Read truthful statements. There is an abundance of truth in the world. Seek for it; take pleasure in it. Never allow your minds to be polluted by reading that which is untrue, or slanderous, or derogatory to holiness. The spirit of the evil one seeks to defile the Almighty—to picture Him as a tyrant and as unworthy of the homage and worship of men. There is nothing too holy, too pure or too exalted for him to degrade. And it is the same spirit which prompts the people who write for and publish the sheet of which we speak to utter their vile slanders and atrocious falsehoods concerning those who seek to obey Him.

A MYSTERIOUS PREACHER.

BY H. BELNAP.

ON one calm, sunny day, in the month of May, 1878, a supposed clap of thunder directly over the city of Lexington, Henderson County, Tennessee, redounding from the hills and cliffs near by, greatly excited the curiosity of the peoples of that region. The farmer stopped his plow, gazed around for an approaching storm; but seeing no cloud in the clear sky threw his plow again into the furrow and plodded on, as though nothing had happened. The workman in his shop laid down his tools, walked to the door, to see from whence the storm was coming. The merchant and the tailor did the same, but seeing no sign of a storm returned in wonderment to their labor, and consoled themselves with the thought that the noise was only one of the phenomena of the nineteenth century.

One strange feature, however, of this occurrence was that every person who lived within eight miles of Lexington stated that the sound proceeded either from a bluff located near the city or else sounded directly overhead. Reports soon came that this peculiar sound was heard for thirty miles around.

In the afternoon of the same day a strange man appeared near Lexington, the county seat. He was rather spare built, of medium height, had fair skin, and dark brown hair which was rather thin and inclined to curl; his beard was of a reddish cast and not very heavy. Judging from his appearance his age was between twenty-seven and thirty years.

The object of this stranger was to announce a meeting which was to be held in the neighborhood that evening. Being rather poorly clad, and because of his seeming intimate acquaintance with the shortest roads in the fields and woods, he excited the curiosity of a great many people, and as a consequence the meeting house, that evening, was crowded to its utmost capacity.

At the hour appointed the stranger took his position on the stand. After looking around the assembly for a few moments

he arose, and in a very clear, sharp tone called the audience to order. He then sang a hymn that was most pleasing both in sentiment and melody.

On arising to speak he astonished his congregation by not using that whining tone which is usually characteristic of modern divines, but spoke in a clear, decisive tone. He was very calm in his introductory remarks, but grew more eloquent as he entered deeper into his subject.

At the close of the services he appointed, at the solicitation of those present, several meetings to be held in the surrounding country.

He gave his name as Robert Edge, and said he belonged to the Church of God, but concerning the place from which he came, the inquirer received no satisfaction.

The news that a strange but eloquent preacher had come into the country, spread far and near. In his first circuit through different parts of the county this person pursued a very peculiar but effective course. Seemingly his object was to get all classes of people out to hear him. By way of illustration, when he first entered a neighborhood whose dominant sect was of the Baptist persuasion, he would speak upon some gospel principle of which this class of people were particularly fond, and display its good features in a very pleasing and beautiful manner. It is needless to say that after thus speaking the Baptists would gather around him and express their appreciation of his remarks. When he entered a Methodist, Presbyterian or Campbellite neighborhood he pursued the same course with regard to the good features of their respective religions. Occasionally he would intermingle his ideas upon other principles, such as free thought, independence of character, etc. By this means he gathered around him the Methodist, Presbyterian, Campbellite and the so-called sinner. His fame as an eloquent speaker grew so rapidly that people of all classes gathered to hear him from localities twenty and thirty miles distant.

By this time a great many began questioning among themselves why it was that no one had ever seen Mr. Edge either come or go any great distance from the meeting-house. When he would come to meeting no one remembered seeing him until after he had arrived in the crowd, or was in the pulpit. They at once appointed persons to watch him, but they, as well as the people, were sure to lose track of him before he had proceeded very far, unless he had, perchance, accepted an invitation to accompany some of his hearers home.

Mr. Edge being a supposed stranger in that locality the people wondered why he did not ask his way when desiring to go from one place to another. One evening a gentleman who had never before seen the mysterious preacher came to his meeting, and was very much pleased with his discourse. At the close of the meeting the stranger arose to his feet and asked Mr. Edge if he would be kind enough to come and speak at his house the following Wednesday. Mr. Edge dropped his head a moment as though thinking whether he could fill the appointment or not, then looked up and replied, "Yes sir, I will be there at seven o'clock."

The gentleman lived several miles from where that meeting was held, and therefore wondered why he was not asked the road leading to his residence, but no questions were asked. The people where he was then stopping said they watched Mr. Edge very closely but learned to their satisfaction that he did not make any inquiries concerning the gentleman's name or his place of residence; still, when the time for the meeting came he was in his place.

(To be Continued.)

SCENES IN SWITZERLAND.

THERE are many things in the little Swiss republic which would interest, instruct and amuse the boys and girls of Utah, who have, perhaps, never been away from their moun-

girl on her way to market. One day, and sometimes two, of each week is set apart in the cities for marketing. On such days the sides of the streets are lined with women offering for sale the products of the farm, dairy, orchard or garden. These women frequently walk several miles before daylight, carrying



tain homes. The customs of the people in that country are so very different from ours that an American who goes there finds something new almost every day to attract his attention.

The part of our engraving numbered 1 represents a peasant

on their backs and in their hands the peculiar-shaped baskets seen in the picture, filled with what they have to sell, or else they pull with the assistance of a dog a small wagon-load of truck. Some of these women, whose partners are too poor to

either rent or own a piece of land, spend days in the woods and on the hillsides gathering the small berries which grow there, and which they are glad to sell for a mere trifle.

Scene number 2 represents the sleeping place of a herdsman in the mountains. During the Summer months the cattle, which frequently receive more attention and care than human beings do, are generally herded in the mountains, where their yield of milk is also generally made into cheese and butter. But when the cows give no milk they are driven to places more distant from the cities and are there watched by herdsman who sleep right among them in the open air.

In number 3 we see a dealer of curds and whey, which articles are considered quite a luxury by some of the Swiss, and on market days stands where these things are kept are generally pretty well surrounded.

One is frequently very much astonished to see the young goat herds, as seen in number 4, climb around the sides of the mountains in search of some stray animal. Sometimes these daring but sure-footed boys can be seen from the valley below standing upon the edge of a great precipice, the sight of which makes the beholder dizzy, with as little concern as though they were on the level ground. Many are the adventures and narrow escapes met by these mountain boys while guarding the herds of goats entrusted to their care. These animals are very much valued in Switzerland, where they supply milk for thousands of families.

In picture 5 a boy is seen engaged in making toy animals out of wood. This is quite a branch of industry in some parts of that country; and great quantities of the toys thus made are shipped to various parts of the world. In wood carving, scroll sawing, etc., some of the Swiss can scarcely be excelled.

The Swiss people are as a rule a hard-working and hospitable race. Their reputation for bravery is almost world-wide. Their country is naturally one of surpassing beauty, and it is no wonder that the people become very much attached to it. But the poverty to-day among certain classes of the inhabitants is very great, and there is no good prospect of relief in this matter in the future. As a result many of them are seeking new homes in America, and not a few come to Utah, where prosperity generally attends them, and they become good and honored citizens.

THE BLUNDERS OF EDITORS AND PRINTERS.

BY NEJNE.

VERY few of the young people of Utah can practice the art of printing; and comparatively few even understand anything of the system under which books are produced.

There is more liability to error in the work of an editor or printer than in almost any other vocation. When the reader shall learn, if he does not already understand, the versatility required from an editor and the intricacy of movement in printing, he will be more amazed at the knowledge possessed by writers and the skill possessed by compositors, than amused by their mistakes.

In every printing office there is a proof-reader whose business it is to correct every article for the press. Think for a moment of the diversity of knowledge which he must possess! Can you be astonished if occasionally he lets slip a mistake,

especially since he has no means of learning the peculiar meaning of any editor except by a study of an author's hieroglyphics?

A few examples of "The Editor and Printer's Blunders," are herewith given. I believe that they have never before been collated:

An Ogden editor speaking of an aristocratic bride, wrote: "her classic countenance," and the printer made it appear, "her *clastic* countenance." The young husband did not take time to learn the qualities of the feminine face, but began to hunt the editor. The latter decamped; and it was only after the groom had learned the supple power of a fragile woman's speaking and scolding apparatus that he forgave the "joke" and became a sworn friend to the "sarcastic" editor.

A town in Nevada is called Genoa. Speaking of the derivation of its name, an aspiring but ignorant Western editor wrote: "It was out of loyalty to this, his native town, that the great Frenchman said, 'See Genoa and die.'" Genoa is not in France; and, besides, the familiar saying does not refer to Genoa but to Naples, the superb Italian sea-port.

During the war, a Northern editor wrote, "The gun-boats of the Confederates were of little avail in the entangled swamps." The copy of the paper which reached him, read, "The gum-boots of the Confederates, etc." He wrote for the next day's issue a very emphatic correction "For, gum-boots of the Confederates were of little avail in the entangled swamps," our readers will do us the justice to believe that we wrote and intended to say, "the gun-boats of the Confederates were of little avail in the entangled swamps." But the mistake had already been corrected; the proof-reader had discovered the error after the first and incorrect copy of the paper had passed into the editor's hands; and, before any part of the circulating edition had been struck off, the proper change in the types had been made. The next night a new proof-reader was on duty. He saw the corrected edition of the journal. And when the editor's correction appeared in proof and manuscript he concluded that the editor had merely made a silly, but not unusual transposition. He therefore "corrected" the proof, and made it read "For, gun-boats of the Confederates were of little avail in the entangled swamps, our readers will do us the justice to believe that we wrote and intended to say 'the gum-boots of the Confederates were of little avail in the entangled swamps.'" The article of correction creating the amusing error which it had intended to excuse appeared thus in the papers, and another good intention had gone to make pavement.

It is not long since a Washington paper—the editor of which had intended to say "Cromwell's boyish battles," printed "Cromwell's boyish rattles."

A Salt Lake paper speaking about the Legislative proceedings upon a certain day recently, said: "The business of the day was opened by a benediction by —."

Rousseau wrote to the younger Racine, "I enjoy the conversation within these few days of my associates in Parnassus. M. Piron is an excellent antidote against melancholy; but, unfortunately, he departs soon." Des Fontaines, the journalist, either through malicious wit or by accident, in quoting the expression, stopped short in the midst of the closing phrase; and the paragraph appeared:

"Rousseau says, 'M. Piron is an excellent antidote against melancholy, but unfortunately —.'"

Piron never forgave this accident or intended insult, and to revenge himself he resolved to compose one hundred epigrams against Des Fontaines. Sixty of these slashes he had administered when the journalist died.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 47).

DURING all this time there had been no general tithing record opened. The money and other property contributed had all been paid over to the committee, and receipts were issued to the several donors. Elias Higbee kept the books and work accounts, and generally wrote the receipts for tithing. This branch of the business occupied nearly the whole of his time. Elders Cahoon and Cutler hired the laborers, superintended the work and kept an oversight of the entire business.

On the 25th day of September, 1841, Elders Alpheus Cutler and Peter Haws, started for the pine country to obtain lumber for the Temple and Nauvoo House. They took with them, Tarleton Lewis, Jabez Durfee, Hardin Wilson, Wm. L. Cutler, Horace Owens, Octavius Pauket, Blakely B. Anderson, James M. Flack, Nathaniel Child, Brother Child's wife and daughter, and Peter W. Conover. These brethren spent the Winter in the pine forests, and toiled diligently in their appointed work. They suffered some because of the cold in that northern region, but they made good progress. By the following July, they had succeeded in making up and bringing to Nauvoo a large raft of first-rate pine timber. By this means the prospect of the work was much brightened.

On the 13th day of December, 1841, the Prophet Joseph appointed Apostle Willard Richards to be recorder for the temple and scribe for the private office of the President.

The recorder opened his office in the counting room of President Joseph's new brick store on Water Street, and he immediately began to record the tithings on the Book of the Law of the Lord, page 27. The first record was made under the date of December 1, 1841. It was one gold sovereign, valued at \$5.00, to the credit of John Sanders, late from Cumberland, on the borders of Scotland, Europe.

A short time previous to this Joseph had been appointed "Sole Trustee-in-Trust for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints;" and, consequently, it became his prerogative to receive all the donations for the Church and the temple. Late in the evening of the 11th of December, the Trustee-in-Trust instructed Brigham Young, president of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, to visit the members of the building committee and inform them more fully regarding their duties—to notify them not to accept any more tithes and consecrations, except such as were received from him. On the morning of the 13th, this message was delivered by Brigham to the committee in the presence of Elders Kimball, Woodruff and Willard Richards.

When this order was understood by the Saints, the business of the recorder increased rapidly, and having many important matters crowding upon him, he found it necessary to appoint Saturday of each week as the time for receiving and recording the tithings of the brethren. He published a notice under date of January 12, 1842, informing the Saints of this regulation; and it was subsequently carried into effect. But the business increased so rapidly that he could not keep pace with the work. He therefore counseled with his brethren of the Twelve; and, having received permission from President Joseph, he called Elder William Clayton, lately from England, to assist him. Elder Clayton accordingly entered the recorder's office on the 10th day of February, 1842, and continued therein from that time forward.

I will now copy an extract from the revelation of January 19, 1841, concerning a baptismal font:

"For there is not a place found on earth that he may come and restore again that which was lost unto you, or which he hath taken away, even the fullness of the Priesthood;

"For a baptismal font there is not upon the earth, that they, my saints, may be baptized for those who are dead;

"For this ordinance belongeth to my house, and cannot be acceptable to me, only in the days of your poverty, wherein ye are not able to build a house unto me.

"But I command you, all ye my saints, to build a house unto me; and I grant unto you a sufficient time to build a house unto me, and during this time your baptisms shall be acceptable unto me." (*Doc. and Cov. Sec. cxxiv. 28, 29, 30, 31*).

In conformity with the foregoing item of law, in the Summer and Fall of the year 1841, the brethren entered into measures to build a baptismal font in the cellar floor near the east end of the temple. President Joseph approved and accepted a draft for the font, made by Brother William Weeks; and on the 18th day of August of that year, Elder Weeks began to labor on the construction of the font with his own hands. He labored six days and then committed the work to the carpenters. On the 11th day of August, Brother Weeks began carving the oxen, twelve in number, upon which the font was to stand. After carving for six days, he consigned this branch to Brother Elijah Fordham, the principal carver, who continued until they were finished. They were completed about two months after their commencement.

At 5 o'clock in the evening, the 8th day of November, 1841, the font was dedicated by Joseph Smith the Prophet. After the dedication Brother Reuben McBride was the first person baptized, under the direction of the President.

Brother Samuel Rolfe, who was seriously afflicted with a felon upon one of his hands, was present. President Joseph instructed him to wash in the font and told him that the hand would be healed. The doctors had told him that he could not recover before Spring, and had advised him to have his hand cut. He dipped his hand in the font, and within a week he was perfectly healed.

After this time baptisms were continued in the font, and many Saints realized great blessings—both spiritually and bodily.

I will here state that on the 25th day of September, 1841, a deposit was made in the south-east corner stone of the temple.

It was late in the Spring of 1842, when work was opened upon the walls, and little was done until Brother William W. Player came in June. He had just arrived from England, and had come with the full intention of working on the temple. He began to labor about the 8th day of June; and he spent some time in regulating the stone work already set which had not been done very well. About the 11th of the same month he set the first plinth on the south-west corner of the south side.

During the Summer he lost two weeks of work, having to wait for Elder Cahoon's sons' plinths, which they were cutting, they playing in the stone shop much of their time.

The work progressed but slowly during this season, as there was but one crane; but the delay arose through the stones not being cut fast enough. By the Fall, however, Brother Player had got all the rock-work laid around as high as the window sills, together with all the window sills including that of the large east Venetian window. He had also two courses of pilaster stones on the plinths all around.

During the greater part of the time in the Fall, and especially toward the season when the work ceased, when Win-

ter set in, Brother Player was very sick. He nearly lost the use of his hands and feet, and several times he fell, through weakness, while on his way home. He considered that his sickness was caused by the change of climate and by his having drunk bad water while coming up the river.

(To be Continued.)

TEMPTED.

(Concluded from page 43.)

AFTER retiring to his room to rest, and on taking off his guernsey, Stephen Hendrickson noticed the belt, which he had forgotten, fall to the floor.

"There," he said to himself, "how stupid! That is a money-belt, probably, and I ought to have turned it over to Captain Wooley."

Then thinking there might be wet papers in the belt, he decided to open it and spread the contents on the floor to dry.

He knelt down, unfastened the straps and turned back the lappets.

There was a paper in the wallet quite dry, the belt being waterproof. He picked up the paper and under it lay a package of money.

He placed the light on the floor and regarded the package with curious interest. As he looked he saw, to his amazement, on the top of the package, a thousand-dollar bank-bill.

He had never seen so much money in his life, and had not known before that there was such a thing as a thousand-dollar bill in the world.

He stared at it as if fascinated, and pored over it with intense scrutiny until every line was stamped upon his mind. After a time the thought came:

"Whose money is this?"

He had been cold, kneeling on the floor partly undressed, but now a feverish heat flashed over him as a thought came of all he could accomplish with this money, lying before his dazzled eyes, if it were only his own.

And why not his own? To whom did it belong if not to him? Wasn't the belt a fair prize cast up by the sea, with no one to claim it?

No living soul, probably, had any knowledge of the belt or of the money, and all he had to do was—to do nothing. The belt had been given to him—why should he give it to someone else, who had no more claim to it than he.

But, then, Captain Wooley was very scrupulous to have everything of value turned over to the proper officials and duly accounted for.

Well; perhaps the belt ought to be given up; but then, two of those wonderful big bills would pay off the mortgage.

There were other bills in the package and two of them would hardly be missed; two out of so many would be no more than a fair salvage, and no one need ever know a word about it.

As these suggestions whirled through his mind the boy took up the belt, put it under his pillow and crawled into bed. He was sorely tired, but so desperately wide awake that it seemed as though he could never sleep again. He tossed from one side of the bed to the other, and rolled over and over, unable to lie still an instant.

A thousand projects came into his mind for quietly buying up the mortgage without anyone being the wiser, not even his mother.

His thoughts seemed to run like lightning and his head throbbed violently. His eyes were burning hot and the lids refused to close. Ever before them he could see that thousand-dollar bill, as if in a picture of fire.

His mouth and throat were parched and his lips were dry, and at last he had to sit up in bed, so intense were his feelings. Then, in his distress, it occurred to him that he had neglected to say the prayer his mother had taught him to repeat every night on going to bed.

Stephen was not a religious boy—thinking about as much and about as little of religious matters as active, driving-head-long boys of his age usually do—but he loved his mother and had always obeyed her wishes as well as her commands.

Half mechanically and by force of habit he now slipped out of his bed and knelt beside it to render thanks and implore protection in the simple form of words he had learned at his mother's knee.

He felt strangely uncomfortable as he bowed his head upon his hands. His mind was in such a turmoil that he hardly realized what he was saying; but when the words, "lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," rose to his lips, a sharp sense of their mighty meaning came upon him.

So strong was this that he saw the right as he had not felt it before and sprang to his feet, hurried on his clothes, seized the belt in one hand and his boots in the other and ran down stairs in his stockings.

As he opened the door the gray light of early morning stole in, and through the rain that was still falling he could see the smoke curling over the tops of the neighbors' kitchen chimneys. Hastening down to the station, he found Captain Wooley standing in the door in angry discussion with a low-browed, black-visaged man in sailor togs.

"Longshore Pirates!" the man was saying as Stephen came up.

"Pirates!" shouted the captain, hot with wrath. "We've saved many a hundred thousand dollars first and last, and no one ever lost a dollar by us since I've been on this shore!"

"Cap'n," said Stephen, "here's a belt the poor fellow in the bunk had on last night. I ought to have turned it in when you came back from the wreck, but I forgot it at the moment."

"There!" cried the captain, "What did I tell you? I knew the money would turn up if it was on our shore!"

"Yes, yes!" said the dark-looking man; "that's it. Give it here; I'll take charge of it."

"Not much!" answered Captain Wooley. "You may be the young man's brother, as you claim, but if so, your looks belie you. I'll put the seal of the United States Life-Saving Service on his effects, and his relatives will get possession in due course, and if you are one you'll then get your share."

The black-browed sailor turned away, looking blacker than ever and was no more seen at Station No. 6. When he was gone, the captain commended Stephen for bringing back the money; but the boy, red with shame and contrition, stopped him and humbly confessed how he had been tempted and how saved.

The captain was troubled with a little fit of coughing just then, and somehow he could not see very well for a few minutes. Then he was quite grave and for a long time silent; but he never seemed to think any the less of Stephen, after all.

He told the story of the belt to the friends of the deceased when they came down from New York, a day or two later, and for years afterwards, until the mortgage was paid off, a check for the amount of the interest regularly came by mail to Mrs. Hendrickson just before quarter-day.

OUR TERRITORY.

BY Z. B.

AGRICULTURE.

I HAVE just come from a tour of the granaries and cellars where I have been admiring the plump, round kernels of wheat, oats and barley; the large potatoes, some of them smooth, others gnarled into all kinds of fantastic shapes; the luscious red apples also, still well preserved, and jars full of all kinds of fruit, from the little red cherry to the ponderous bell-shaped pear. And in the midst of all this plenty, my thoughts revert to that hot, sultry, July afternoon, when those hardy, sun-burnt pioneers broke ground on the present site of Salt Lake City, and planted a few shrivelled up potatoes, looking to nature and to God to reward them with a harvest. Should the farmers of to-day fail to plant their potatoes in May, or in June at the latest, they would abandon the idea of having a crop for that season. But there are times in human experience, when, under circumstances of dire necessity, men throw themselves completely into the hands of Providence. This was one of those instances. And in committing to the parched earth a handful of shrunken potatoes almost at the beginning of the fiery days of August they trusted still, that their efforts would not be in vain. And they were not.

From this small beginning, Utah's agriculture has grown steadily and rapidly; but it has been under many difficulties. Not only was the climate rigorous and in almost every way forbidding; but in those days Utah was one of those desolate spots to which heaven seemed to forbid its rain. Often, between the months of April and October, not a drop would fall and the husbandman was compelled to betake himself to irrigation from mountain streams, many of them at that time, meagre in the extreme. From small beginnings, this system of agriculture has grown to formidable proportions; and now, wherever there is a tract of land susceptible of cultivation, however difficult of access by water, if it be within the range of possibility, there may be seen approaching it the winding course of a canal. Many of these canals have been constructed at immense cost of toil and treasure, and wherever the tourist goes in Utah, they are a source of wonder and admiration.

The streams from which the water supply is obtained are mostly confined to narrow and deep mountain gorges, while many of the farms are located on the high benches that flank the stream on either side. In order, therefore, to bring the water to the use of irrigation, it must traverse the devious course of steep hillsides from a point far up the stream, and in many places presents, to the puzzled beholder, the appearance of water running up hill. I need not describe to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, many of whom are boys who have stood "watering" for days together, with blistered legs from the reflected rays of the scorching sun of Summer, how the water is taken from these larger canals into smaller ones and is then flooded over the ground several times in a season, for they are already familiar with it. But, while this is a laborious process for the Utah farmer, it has this in its favor: that so long as there is water in the streams, which by the way, have greatly increased in volume since the settlement of the Territory, he is measurably certain of a reward for his toil, and is not, to the same extent as others, dependent on the caprices of the seasons. There has never, I believe, been a season since the first settlement of the Territory when crops have failed generally from want of water; but in a number of instances other causes, notably hordes of crickets, locust and worms, have devastated large sections of country, leaving it almost as bare as though swept by fire.

Happily these visitations are becoming less frequent and we have entered upon an era of great agricultural prosperity. The seasons are much modified. Winter's cold is less severe, and the hot breath of Summer is moistened by copious showers. Under this system of irrigation the desert has been made to "blossom," as the prophet said it would, and has "become a fruitful field;" our valleys and hillsides are covered with verdure; where once the sage and cactus held undisputed sway, there now stand hamlets and cities whose air is fragrant with odors from garden and orchard, and their streets are lined with shade trees at whose feet flow crystal streams of water.

Since 1868, with the exception of two seasons, we have always had a surplus of wheat; and large quantities of oats, barley, potatoes, etc., are exported annually, being valued in the markets of the world for their excellent quality.

According to the "Utah Gazetteer," published in 1884, "The surveys of public lands in Utah up to June 30th, 1878, showed that 8,178,819.97 acres had been surveyed. This amount is divided into arable, timber, coal and mineral lands. It is assumed that not less than 2,000,000 acres were surveyed for agricultural purposes. Statistics collected under the direction of the Legislative assembly of the Territory in 1875, showed that 223,300 acres of land were then under cultivation, 77,525 acres requiring no irrigation, 35,706 acres required watering once or twice a year, to secure satisfactory productiveness; 87,774 acres three or four waterings; 21,761 from four to ten irrigations during the season. According to statistics then gathered, 10,000 acres were reclaimed that year. There were in use 2,095 miles of large or main canals, and 4,888 of minor canals or ditches—6,983 in all. The census returns show that there were 9,452 farms in Utah in 1880 with an acreage of 655,524. Of this amount 416,105 was tilled. The value of the farms including buildings, etc., is placed at \$14,015,178 and the value of machinery at \$946,753; while the value of all farm products sold that year is estimated at \$3,337,410."

From the same compilation of statistics the yield of wheat for 1875 was 1,418,783 bushels, oats 581,849, barley 359,527, corn 317,253 and potatoes 1,306,957. In 1883, however, a careful computation of the wheat crop showed that it had increased to 3,000,000; or, that in eight years the yield had more than doubled. This was due largely to the introduction of "dry farming," which produced large quantities of wheat on land which had before been considered valueless for agricultural purposes on account of the absence of water. Wheat is raised almost exclusively on these dry farms so that the same rate of increase would not be applicable to other grains. But there has been a great increase in all kinds of cereals in the past ten years and the amount may safely be placed at not less than one half greater than the above figures.

In the exceptional case the yield of small grains is sixty to eighty bushels per acre; and of potatoes and other roots five hundred to six hundred bushels; but the average yield of wheat is twenty, oats thirty, barley twenty-five, corn twenty, potatoes one hundred and thirty and other roots one hundred and twenty-five bushels per acre. Lucern hay yields in some cases as high as nine tons per acre, but the average is only three and one half; and, meadows one and one half tons per acre.

By the census returns of 1880 the population of the Territory was given in round numbers as 142,000. At present it is variously placed at 175,000 to 200,000. Admitting that the larger number is correct, that the wheat crop is 3,000,000 bushels per annum, as given in 1883, and that it requires, as it does, six bushels of wheat per annum for each person, the home consumption would be, 1,200,000 bushels, leaving a surplus of 1,800,000 bushels per annum.

BLESSED ARE THE PEOPLE.

Moderato.

SIMPLIFIED FROM AN ANTHEM BY A. C. SMYTH.

Blessed are the peo - ple who know the joyful sound,

Blessed are the peo - ple who know the joyful sound, INSTRUMENT.

Who know the joyful sound: They shall walk
A little slower.

f Blessed are the peo - ple who know the joyful sound: *mf* They shall

They shall walk

in the light, They shall walk in the light, They shall walk in the

walk in the light, They shall walk in the light, They shall walk in the light,

in the light, They shall walk in the light, They shall walk in the

Tempo primo.

light, They shall walk in the light. They shall walk in the light of His coun - te - nance, And in His

They shall walk in the light, They shall walk in the light of His coun - te - nance. And in His

light, They shall walk in the light,

righteousness shall they be ex - alt - ed, And in His righteousness shall they be ex - alt - ed. A - men.

righteousness shall they be ex - alt - ed. And in His righteousness shall they be ex - alt - ed. A - men.

LIFE'S REALITIES.

BY J. C.

HUMAN life, at its longest, is transient as a dream, and every reflecting person knows full well that our brief existence here is not capable of affording to us a sufficient opportunity to develop the latent and wondrous powers with which we are endowed. Our best and brightest moments of enjoyment are measurably fettered and blended with care and trouble; and physical weakness gradually and surely steals upon us ere we have well had time to learn how to begin to properly live.

But despite this knowledge the human race are great natural, persistent dreamers. At midnight and at noontide, alike, they indulge in dreams and visions that carry them away from the hour of present realities to fondly cherish some ideal fancy that looms up before them in the future; and very often, indeed, there is much more pleasure and joy in hopeful anticipation than there is in actual realization.

When we settle down to solid thinking and consider things in their true light, it is manifest, after all, that life principally consists of stern realities, and, if properly spent, is practical more than theoretical.

It is never safe to trust the future for that which we might enjoy to-day; nor is it wise to depend upon anyone to do something for us that we could easily do for ourselves. Supposing some power to be always doing for us and we had all our whims and peevish wants supplied, aside from self-reliance and self-effort, how could we ever reach to the vast intelligence and governing power for which we were created and adapted?

Many instances present themselves before us in every-day life to prove the incompetency and shiftlessness of those who have been deteriorated through our indulgence; or, to use a common aphorism, spoiled with kindness.

The Almighty, in His infinite mercy and kindness, created man with all the attributes common to Himself, with a destiny equal to His own; and He decreed that man should become intelligent, powerful and appreciative through a gradual process of physical, mental and moral application, and anything that would tend in the least to impede this fiat is foolish, unnatural and unjust.

Just think of the folly of a student desiring to learn the various branches of education, asking or expecting his teacher or his class-mates to study up all his tasks and exercises for him! Such a course would be ruinous in the extreme to his best interests and would lead to his being a laughing-stock and a disgrace to the school; whereas, by depending mainly on his own resources, by striving to master every rule so as to understand it perfectly, he might hope to some day be a credit to his teacher and an honor to his race.

That there is no royal road to true greatness is proved in a multitude of ways and by thousands of circumstances. A person might have all the wealth of a Rothschild or a Vanderbilt and yet be but a very dim spot in the firmament of learning. If learning were purchasable with money the rich would make a monopoly of it, as they do of other material things; but God's justice, impartiality and wisdom are apparent in this, as in all the other manifestations of His kind providence. He attaches no tokens of royalty to birth or to death, nor to any of the intermediate stages of man's existence, save it be through the lineage of the holy Priesthood.

We come and go equal, only as we distinguish ourselves by properly using, while here, the blessings, gifts and opportuni-

ties placed within our reach; and it is not he who only dreams of great things that is apt to get them; but it is he who lives a practical, virtuous life and makes the most he can of present opportunities that will be likely to make a good mark in this life and write a good record for the better and happier life that is to come.

BE PATIENT.

Be patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear against the earth;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ of the seed has birth—
How noiselessly and gentle it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands
up in the day.

Be patient! oh, be patient! The germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth—must underground be
wrought;

But as sure as there's a power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with liberty—the blade-time shall be
here.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—go and watch the wheat-ears
grow—

So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change nor throe—
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown—
And then again day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient—though yet our hopes are green,
The harvest fields of freedom shall be crowned with sunny
sheen.

Be ripening! be ripening!—mature your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on freedom's
harvest day.

MORE than half the troubles in this world are imaginary. The real mountains we must cross are not many. The most of us are like the little girl who sat crying on the floor. After awhile she stopped and seemed buried in thought. Looking up suddenly she said: "Mamma, what was I crying about?" "Because I wouldn't let you go down town." "Oh yes!" and she set up another howl. So we older babies busy ourselves about the merest trifles, and get into complaining habits, about half the time forgetting exactly what it is we are so upset about, yet going right on in the same melancholy mood. It is all nonsense. The world is what we make it. If we want to be miserable we can be, and we can find plenty of company, but if we want the sunshine we can always find it, for it fills all God's universe.

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NO. 5.

FISHERIES.

THE view before us is that of a Norwegian fishery. In the foreground we see a boat with several occupants, who are engaged in catching fish. Two of these are just easting into the water a peculiarly-shaped basket, in which they secure the

The fishery business of Norway is an important industry of the country. It furnishes employment for upwards of twenty-five thousand persons. The business is carried on along the sea coast and on the lakes and rivers of the interior. Salmon,



unsuspecting dwellers of the deep. In the distance other vessels are also in sight. The men on one of these are drawing in their net or seine, watching, no doubt, with a considerable amount of interest to see what the result of their effort will be.

herring and cod are captured in great quantities during certain seasons of the year; and not less than three or four million dollars are realized annually by those engaged in this pursuit. A great proportion of the fish captured in this part of the world is smoked and dried and exported to other countries.

The fishing industry has been followed as an occupation for thousands of years, and it forms an important feature in the commerce of all civilized nations. Many uncivilized people also depend to a great extent for their sustenance upon the fish they secure for food. It would be difficult to estimate the value the fishery business is to mankind, or to know the extent of suffering which would be caused if this industry ceased. It is an occupation that is of great benefit to poor people. It requires but very little capital to carry it on, as it can be pursued on the smallest scale. It is, of course, free to everybody with certain restrictions regarding the seasons to which it is to be confined. The fisherman has nothing to do but to reap the harvest, as it might be called, without the trouble of sowing, or caring for it until it is ready.

But very few persons here in Utah are occupied in catching fish for a livelihood. Fishing is looked upon by us as a sport, and is usually engaged in as a pastime. Our lakes and rivers do not abound with the finny tribe to a sufficient extent to make it very remunerative to capture them. On this account a great deal of our fish food is imported, either in a fresh condition or else canned or dried. And a very high price is paid by us for these luxuries compared to what they can be procured for in places where all kinds of fish are caught.

There are several places in the world which are noted for the fish harvests they produce. One of these places is the coast of Newfoundland, where cod fish are taken in great quantities. The principal occupation of the inhabitants of this island is cod fishing and curing. The Columbia River, from which the salmon is procured for our market is abundantly supplied with this particular species of fish. During the fishing season vessels made for the purpose move along the river and scoop up the fish by the hundreds and thousands. The work is prosecuted on an extensive scale. Not only is the fish captured upon these vessels but it is packed ready for exportation without being taken to the shore.

There are many ways of catching fish, some of which are well known to our readers; and many are very curious and novel. Some Indian tribes shoot them with arrows, while others strike them with spears. The most common method is with a net of some kind. Of late years fish-catching has become quite an art.

The consumption of fish food is enormous. No less than two million pounds of salmon alone are used annually in London. Other kinds of fish are consumed in much larger quantities. The number of herrings eaten in this great city is estimated to be nearly three hundred millions per annum.

The shell-fish, such as oysters, lobsters, crabs, shrimps, etc., that are yearly consumed amounts to many thousand tons. And yet the seas and oceans are teeming with the finny creatures. One would almost think that the waters were being cleared of their inhabitants, judging by the rate at which they are being captured. But the supply apparently is equal to the demand. In fisheries that have been used for several hundred years the supply is just as great as ever.

PLEASURES OF THE MIND.—Pleasures of the mind are more at command than those of the body. A man may think of a handsome performance, or of a notion that pleases him, at his leisure. This entertainment is ready, with little warning or expense; a short recollection brings it upon the stage, brightens the idea, and makes it shine as much as when it was first stamped upon the memory.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 48.)

ON the 13th of October, 1884, we left Matata and traveled along the ocean some distance. We then took to inland traveling over a comparatively level country, however somewhat broken with hollows. On the second day of our journey we reached a place called Ohinemutu, near which are numerous hot springs, from which arise volumes of mineral vapor in divers places. The town is situated on a series of these hot pots.

We spent much time in pleasantly examining these boiling pots in which the natives cook their food, which is a great saving in fuel. Many persons have been scalded to death by accidentally falling into them.

In the evening we preached and talked much to the natives and afterwards took a pleasant bath in the beautiful warm water.

At this juncture of my narrative, agreeable to promise, I will give a description of the "Wonderland of the Pacific," and more especially that which is known as the *Rotomahana*, or Warm Lake.

"To the west of the range of hills which constitutes the backbone of the North Island of New Zealand, and in the middle of this island, there lies a broad table-land at a considerable elevation above the sea level, and which is buttressed by Mount Egmont on the western sea coast. That the formation throughout this tract of country is volcanic scarcely requires stating, for there are everywhere unmistakable symptoms of the fiery origin of the existing order. Nearly all the way from Cooke's Strait to the Bay of Plenty the soil is covered with pumice-stone, tufa, trachyte and rhyolite lava. The active volcano, Tongariro, at times makes the day gloomy and the night lurid with the masses of heavy smoke and smouldering flame which burst forth from its hoary summit.

"In the center of this table-land lie the group of lakes, geysers, etc., which are known under the general name of 'Rotomahana,' and Dr. Hochstetter has pronounced to be the most remarkable in the world. The extent of country comprised in this hot lake district running from Tongariro to Whaka-ari or White Island to the Bay of Plenty, is about one hundred and twenty miles in length, by ten miles broad. This district constitutes one, and by far the largest, of three distinct volcanic zones in the North Island.

"The other two occupy respectively the narrow isthmus on which the city of Auckland is built and the similar tract of country at the Bay of Islands. But the latter two volcanic zones, besides being much more limited in extent than the more southerly one, are also distinguished by the fact that their volcanic action is extinct. As has been mentioned, the table-land which comprises the hot lake district exhibits the rarest and grandest volcanic phenomena which are to be witnessed anywhere on the globe. Its environments are on a scale of grandeur in keeping with its own wonderful character. Towards the south it is bounded by two mountains—Ruapehu, an extinct volcanic cone of 9,200 feet in height, and the active volcano, Tongariro, already referred to, which attains an altitude of 6,500 feet. On the west stands the noble peak of Mount Egmont, another extinct volcano; and bounded in the district from the ocean on the other side of the island the ever-restless volcanic island of Whaka-ari sends up those unintermitting clouds of smoke and steam which have gained for it the name of White Island."

(To be Continued.)

THE RESURRECTION.
SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 51.)

OUR mortal bodies are not adapted to a prolonged existence; or, if they are, how comes it to pass that we all die so soon? The fault or defect is a constitutional not an accidental one. If we could, for the time being, elude the grasp of death, suffering no physical change, and plant our feet upon the blessed shore where immortality reigns, we would still inevitably die; for if we die in time, a small part and portion of eternity, the mere fact that we had entered upon an existence in a sphere where the great bulk of time is stored would not prolong our lives. Is it not patent to all that we are physically constructed to invite death; and arranged in such a manner that our fall and dissolution is but a question of time, not of eternity? Our corporiety is not a perfectly harmonious organism and must be put upon that basis before it can be made immortal. There is too much friction about our machinery to give us any hope of great durability; something soon must break or wear out; hence, if we are to be immortalized a reorganization is necessary, and our death or dissolution becomes a necessity.

Some may say that our argument is negated by the affirmation of scripture that those who are alive and remain at the coming of Christ shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye; while the present hypothesis involves the element of time to the measure of centuries, for ought we know. This we confess; but the twinkling of an eye also requires time for its accomplishment. Again, the gist of the argument is not that death and the subsequent slow process of dissolution must pass upon us; but that our disintegration into our ultimate particles must take place by some process. That death is the familiar agency employed to effect this does not preclude the use of other means to accomplish the same purpose.

The labor requisite to disorganize and reorganize our mortal bodies in the fraction of a second, under the omnipotent hand of God, is not greater than that which Paul affirms He will do in an eye twinkling, when changing mortality to immortality, corruption to incorruption, etc.

There is, commonly speaking, a measureless gulf existing between these two different states; and we challenge our objectors to bridge it with a more rational and probable theory than the one herein maintained.

Captious objectors will doubtless assert the present hypothesis's claims too much. They affirm the resurrection of man is ruled out of all analogy with the metamorphosis of the lower animals and insects, because death was not a condition at all of such transference. Now, because death, or dissolution, is proven a necessity in the process of immortalizing mortality, it ought also to be an element in the examples of metamorphosis which have been offered.

But since it is not, all such metamorphosis are not in analogy with man's resurrection; and, hence, the analogical foundation of the doctrine is destroyed by our own arguments. This back-handed conclusion is quite to our liking. These objectors have wholly overlooked the important fact that insects, etc., are metamorphosed from mortality to mortality, from corruption to corruption; while the resurrection is a means of raising our mortality to a blessed immortality: of making it all that it now is not. It is very apparent, then, if

no new element were introduced into the process there could be no warrant for even suspecting the success of the undertaking. The very ground of the objection supplies the real strength of the argument.

Again, if death, or dissolution, be necessary in the transference of mortality to immortality, by parity of reasoning it is also essential in reducing an immortal being to mortality. Now, since Adam was originally created immortal and afterwards became like us, subject to death, and actually did die, he must have suffered the death penalty on two occasions. What of this? Did he not cease to be an immortal being by becoming mortal? The theory now advocated does not require him to pass through a metamorphosis oftener than any other hypothesis demands. If he were originally wholly immortal, he certainly did descend to mortality by some process, and after that suffer a natural death.

Since we have proven that man must be immortalized, if the work be done at all, by a reconstruction of his body, we maintain that immortality may be mortalized by the same process. To assume this is just as rational as to assert that if a person can cross from New York City to Brooklyn by the great bridge, he can also go from Brooklyn to New York by the same highway.

The question really is, What is a rational theory for spiritualizing matter and for materializing spirit? Science does not fail to respond to our query. It informs us that by disintegration, by the losing of its several and every part, atom by atom and particle by particle, a piece of matter carried in the hand may be spiritualized to such an extent as to require space almost equal to that enclosed by the orbit of Saturn to contain it. Could it not be reduced to its normal condition by a gravitating action and rearrangement, atom by atom? Such, certainly, is the rational conclusion.

The other statement, however, remains unproven still. Though it is manifest that if we ever become immortal, some great change must be wrought in our constitutional make-up; yet it is not so clear that any simple rearrangement of the particles of our bodies—the forming of new chemical compounds—will suffice to endow our physical organism with the power of ceaseless and eternal activity. In a future part of this article it will be shown what astonishing results are obtained by differently compounding the same elements.

But, were those scientific facts wholly lacking, a knowledge of the structure and of the component parts of the different organs of our bodies, and also of the duties which these several organs are required to perform, will serve to remove doubt on this point. The different parts of our physical organism are not chemically compounded alike, and the result is that some tire easily, while others sustain the most protracted and arduous labor without apparent fatigue. But what is most surprising is that the organ which is obliged to toil the longest and the hardest—never, while life remains, ceasing its activity—shows no sign of weariness. This organ is the heart: "The marvelous little engine throbs on continually at the rate of 100,000 beats per day, 40,000,000 per year; often 1,000,000,000 without a single stop. It is the most wonderful of machines. Its daily work is equal to one-third that of all the muscles. If it should expend its entire force in lifting its own weight vertically it would rise 20,000 feet in an hour. * * * The greatest exploit ever performed by a locomotive was to lift itself through less than one eighth of that distance. During a life such as we sometimes see it has propelled half a million tons of blood,"—Steele.

(To be Continued.)

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

RAGGED DICK.

Richard Linton, known among the boys of the neighborhood in which he lived as "Ragged Dick," was regarded as a dull and stupid lad. He had but few play-mates, as most the boys of his age considered him an uninteresting associate. He usually amused himself among smaller children, who were always delighted with his droll sayings and his odd ways.

Dick was generally looked upon as being only half-witted, and the neighbors would sometimes exclaim, "Poor Dick will never be of much use to anyone, he is so stupid!"

The boy was, in fact, very slow to understand, but he was not so dull as some thought him to be. When thoughtless, foolish boys would sneer at and try to make sport of him he always appeared too stupid and dull to understand what they meant, so they soon learned to leave him alone.

But while Dick Linton was not popular with the boys he was steadily forming a character for honesty and reliability in the neighborhood where he lived. People who knew him had learned to trust him; and whenever persons wanted anything done they could always rely upon Dick as being the one who would perform it satisfactorily.

So this poor lad, as he grew up, found plenty of odd jobs to work at near his home. By such means he managed to help a good deal towards the support of the family. His mother, who was left a widow when he was but ten years old, had three children to support, and what little she was enabled to earn by hard labor was all she had to do it with. And when Dick, who was her oldest son, became able to work, he proved a great help to her.

Several of the boys who used to play tricks on poor Dick, and tease him in various ways, turned out to be good for nothing fellows as they grew older. They thought the occupations Dick engaged in were too humble for such smart boys as they were to follow. Instead of seeking work at home they wandered off in search of something better. By so doing they got into bad company and learned evil habits. While Dick always had plenty to do they were wasting half their time in looking for work.

By and by young Dick got a position where he had an opportunity of learning a useful trade.

He was recommended to this situation by a neighbor who knew of his integrity.

Although he was rather slow in learning the trade, he made steady progress, and in time, by constant labor in the one pursuit, he fairly mastered the business. He could now earn a good living and support his mother and her family.

All this time young Dick attended the Sabbath school and meetings regularly, and he grew up with firm faith in the gospel, and became a useful member of the Church.

REMEMBER, BOYS MAKE MEN.

When you see a ragged urchin,
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
Dirty face and bare red feet,
Pass not by the child unheeding;
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown he'll not forget it;
For remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant, youthful spirits
Overflow in boyish freak,
Chide your child in gentle accents:
Do not in your anger speak.
You must sow in youthful bosoms
Seeds of tender mercies; then
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage,
When the erring boys are men.

Let us try to add some pleasures
To the life of every boy;
For each child needs tender interest
In its sorrows and its joys;
Call your boys home by its brightness;
They'll avoid a gloomy den,
And seek for comfort elsewhere—
And remember, boys make men.

HIDDEN ADVICE.

To you I'm indebted for favors shown,
And since you request it, Bessie,
If the gentle muse my efforts will crown,
I will send you a rebus in essay.

One word taken from each of the above lines will form a bit of advice that all are familiar with.

The answer to the Book of Mormon Enigma published in No. 3 is ZERAHEMNAH. The initials of the following words form the name: Zarahemla, Enos, Rameumptom, Alma, Helaman, Ether, Moroni, Noah, Amulek, Heth. Correct solutions have been received from Leonard Pearson, Ezra Christianson, Henry H. Blood, Frank Pickering, Louisa S. Allen, C. L. Berry, Irene Steele, Jas. F. Smith, Fannie Hawley, M. E. Chandler, E. Bagley, Mamie Conrad, Belle Rubey, Samuel Stark.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 3.

Q. To whom did Joseph relate this vision a few days after he received it? A. A Methodist preacher.

Q. How did he treat Joseph's description of the vision? A. With contempt, saying that it was all of the devil; that visions and revelations had ceased when the apostles passed away.

Q. How did this make him feel? A. Very much disappointed, as the man professed to be a great lover of God.

Q. Did he believe the words of the preacher? A. No; though all the world should oppose him, and deny that he had seen anything, Joseph knew that he had both seen a light and heard a voice speaking to him.

Q. When the news of the vision spread through the neighborhood, what course did the people take? A. They persecuted him and did all in their power to injure him.

Q. What class of people were the most active in this business? A. Professors of religion.

Q. Why was Joseph persecuted and hated? A. Because he told the people the Lord had spoken to him.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. Did Joseph go to the place shown him in the vision where the plates were buried? 2. Where were they buried? 3. Describe the manner in which he found them. 4. What did he do after beholding them? 5. What did the angel say unto him? 6. When did Joseph go there again, and how often? 7. When were they delivered into his hands? 8. Give a brief description of the plates. 9. When were they buried?

The following named persons have sent answers to the questions on Church History published in No. 3: Leone Rogers, H. H. Blood, D. W. Evans, Mary A. Crookston, Belle Buckley, F. Pickering, Alice Crane, W. L. Worzencroft, H. Muir, Ada P. Minkler, Eleanor Harper, G. Rasmussen, R. Hurst, L. R. Anderson, J. M. Kirkham, Mary E. Chandler, H. T. Ward, E. Bagley, Emily E. Brough, Dencey Terry, Allie Young, G. S. Forsyth, Myra Hall, Adelia Hall, Elizabeth S. Zundell, G. M. Ward, Louisa Steele, A. Barrett, Rosie M. Sedgwick, G. Robertson, Jr., S. Stark, W. J. C. Mortimer, Etta M. Huish, W. D. Dixon, J. Folkman, Marinda Monson,

W. N. Draper, Estella Cole, W. E. Cole, Eliza Morgan, J. R. Morgan, Louisa Croshaw, F. W. Kirkham, C. Alfsen, Alice A. Keeler, E. Porter, H. C. Blood, S. B. Oldham, G. E. Court, W. Davis, Jr., O. Jorgensen, Martha Terman, Hannah Grover, M. E. West, Rozina Brown, R. H. Brown, N. Andrus, Avildia Page, Lizzie Hatch, E. V. Blunderson, E. E. Kearl, A. G. Marler, Edith Kearl, Jane Welch, May Merrill, Sarah Farnes, I. Fisher, Huldah L. T. Stout, Jannie Smith, Sarah Bennett.

It is quite pleasing to note the interest taken by so many of our young readers in answering the questions published in the INSTRUCTOR upon Church History. It denotes that the children of the Saints are improving in their knowledge of matters pertaining to the Church. We remember, many years ago, when the JUVENILE was in its infancy, of a catechism being published which was seldom answered by more than one person. Now we have from seventy-five to a hundred names of children answering the questions in each number.

The value of the prizes offered is nothing compared to the amount of good the research and the exercise will do you in preparing answers to these questions. Most of them are correctly answered and pretty well written, but the style in which some of them appear calls for a few suggestions, which we give with a view to further improvement:

Begin all your communications with the name of the city or village and date in the right hand corner of the sheet.

Write plainly the number of the paper in which the questions appeared.

Always write the questions and give the answers direct, brief and to the point; making each question and answer a separate paragraph.

Aim to be as neat in your penmanship and as correct in spelling and punctuation as possible. Do nothing carelessly.

Write all matter intended for publication only on one side of the paper. If sending enigmas, charades etc., or their answers, or ordering books, always use another sheet of paper.

Send in your answers promptly and do not forget to sign your name. Not attending to one or the other of these items has been the reason why many names have not appeared while the answers may have been well prepared.

We have been often asked which is the best history of Joseph Smith. That published in volumes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is the most authentic known to us.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

BY E. R.

*Written for the Mutual Improvement Association of the
Seventeenth Ward, Salt Lake City.*

WASHINGTON City presents some peculiar features to which no other city of the United States can lay claim. It contains 180,000 inhabitants, and with its rapid strides in its improvements, is soon destined to be one of the most magnificent cities in the world. The peculiar feature consists in its wonderful progress with no manufacturing or commercial interests to support or contribute to its prosperity, and the remarkable uniformity of climate, for as a rule it is comparatively mild and balmy during most of the year. As it is the seat of the federal government it is the fountain head from which springs all the patronage, politics and legislative enactments which bear upon the destinies of the people; hence all the citizens of the United States are naturally attracted to the spot, making it necessarily a cosmopolitan place of sojourn. The first thing that attracts the attention of the visitor to this city is its broad streets and wide avenues, lined with a most luxuriant growth of beautiful shade trees. The streets run east and west and the avenues across each way diagonally, and are named after the several States of the Union, the grandest of which is Pennsylvania Avenue, which is five miles in length, extending from Georgetown to the navy yard gate, making a grand boulevard, taking in the Presidential Mansion, the Treasury Department and the Capitol, and is the chief promenade of the beauty and fashion which congregate there.

Another feature which attracts the eye of the stranger is the smooth pavements and clean streets, and its neatly-dressed inhabitants, which give the city the appearance of being always in holiday attire.

Still another feature of great beauty is the many large and commodious parks filled with rare trees and shrubbery, beautiful foliage and adorned with fountains and statuary. These parks and reservations are dispersed throughout the city in such numbers as to give it the name of the "City of Parks." They are much frequented in fair weather as a playground for children, a retreat for lovers and students of nature; and it is truly refreshing and pleasant to stroll through these parks or to rest upon the comfortable seats provided for those who desire to enjoy the beauty surrounding, and witness the gay gambols of the many pretty children over the green turf or sporting with the gold fish in the fountains.

In Washington one will meet people hailing from every State in the Union; so those living there a short length of time feel comparatively at home and are sure to meet people from their own locality, and the first salutation that reaches people on their introduction is, "What State are you from?" Thus colonies are formed such as the New York State Association, the Bay State Club, New England Society, etc., etc., thereby bringing visitors with citizens from the several States in close social relations, and making the stranger's sojourn quite at ease while at the nation's capital.

To give a complete description of the public buildings in Washington would require more time than the limit of this article would allow. They are designated, however, as follows: The State, War and Navy departments, combined in one, which the visitor there should not fail to take in and see. The diplomatic apartments, is where the representatives of foreign governments assemble to negotiate their treaties. Then comes

the Treasury Department, where over two thousand people are employed in keeping Uncle Samuel's accounts. Next in order is the Department of the Interior, under the guardian care of which come all the federal offices of the Territories, including our own Utah.

Next comes the General Post-Office Department, where all the arrangements are made for carrying and distributing the United States mail all over this vast country.

Lastly may be mentioned the grand Capitol building, where assemble all the wisdom and statesmanship of the nation to frame and enact our laws. It is probably one of the most magnificent buildings in the world. It is built entirely of white marble and cost eighteen millions of dollars. In this building is the Senate Chamber, which meets in the north wing, and the House of Representatives in the south wing. Here also the Supreme Court of the United States deliberates. Of course these names do not comprise all the public buildings in Washington, but are what are known as the Executive Departments only. There are, besides these, the Agricultural Bureau, Smithsonian Institute (which has a very interesting history), the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where all the government money, bonds, securities and national bank-notes are printed. There are also the Government Printing Office, National Museum, Botanical Gardens, and the National Observatory. The latter contains one of the largest and most complete telescopes for astronomical observations of any in the world; also the U. S. Pension Office just completed.

One of the most grand and imposing objects of interest in this city is the Washington Monument, which contains a block of stone from each of the different States and Territories of the Union, one of which is a large granite rock from Utah, which was hauled over the plains by team before the railroad extended as far west as this Territory.

Its erection was begun in the year 1848 by an association incorporated by Congress, and after an expenditure of \$230,000, voluntarily contributed by patriotic citizens of the Republic, the work upon it ceased and for twenty years it stood in an unfinished condition. In 1876 Congress made an additional appropriation of \$200,000, and it was completed on the 22nd day of February, 1885, upon the birthday of him in whose honor it was erected. It forms a lofty and plain obelisk, seventy feet square at the base and is 575 feet high.

St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome is 434 feet high. The Strasburg Cathedral is 466 feet high. Cheops, the highest of the Egyptian pyramids is 456 feet high. These three respectively being the highest extant, thus it will be seen that the Washington Monument is 109 feet higher than any other structure in the world. It is constructed of large blocks of white marble, and within the interior the various States have contributed specimens of their mineral productions to be placed in niches for that purpose. An elevator conveys visitors to the top of the monument, from which elevation on a clear day can be seen a distance of forty miles.

Society in Washington is composed of two classes. While it is the political center of the government it is not in reality the social center, for the reason that its society is based entirely upon official life, hence its social structure differs somewhat from the society of other cities.

The first class consists of the families of the higher officials, such as members of the cabinet, judges of the Supreme Court, senators and members of the House of Representatives, and is guided in its forms and ceremonies in the order of rank maintained, namely: The President's wife, or hostess of the White House, comes first in order and takes precedence as first lady

of the land. Next is the wife of the chief justice of the Supreme Court, next the wife of the secretary of state, down through the cabinet officers to the senators and lastly the wives of members of the House of Representatives. Then comes a sort of annex to this society, the members and representatives of the foreign governments residing in Washington and is called the diplomatic corps. The class named is exclusive and is somewhat transitory, as those composing it are constantly changing, rendering the *personnel* of it cosmopolitan in character, but maintained and guided by fixed rules and regulations.

The second class is made up more of a substantial and sincere social character, which forms ties of a more lasting and enduring tenure. It is composed mostly of citizens of the States who have come to make Washington their home in retirement, literary people, writers, scientists and people of intellectual turn of mind. This class is separated into distinct societies, such as the Shakespeare Club, the Unity Club, Home Circle, musical and art circles. This is by far the most enjoyable and lasting feature of Washington life, and forms long and enduring friendships.

One of the most notable peculiarities of Washington of late years is that it has become the Mecca of the bridal tourists. Scarcely a week passes that there are not large numbers of them at the various hotels, and they take in the sights with a zeal and interest equalled only by their admiration of each other. They can always be distinguished by the confidential manner and tender solicitude manifested in the inspection of the various objects of interest.

I must not forget to mention some of the beautiful places contiguous to Washington, among which are the Soldiers' Home, a beautiful place just beyond the suburbs of the city, the Tomb of Washington at Mt. Vernon, another place of great interest and accessible by a delightful sail on the blue waters of the Potomac River, and Arlington, the soldiers' cemetery. Arlington was formerly the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the great Confederate chieftain, but is now one of the largest of the national cemeteries, and contains 15,000 of the nation's dead who fell in the late war of the rebellion.

A visit to this grand and beautiful city is a delightful privilege and of incalculable benefit. It should be seen by all the nation's youths before seeking in a foreign clime the interest and novelties of travel.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

I SHALL probably have considerable to say, in a future number, upon subjects that are now agitating the public mind. One of the most extraordinary movements which has been made by our enemies is the offering, by the United States marshal, of a reward of \$500.00 for information which would lead to the arrest of the editor of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*. The following is a copy of the placard, which was accompanied by a tolerably fair likeness of the editor:

\$500.00 REWARD!

I will pay the above reward to any person for information leading to the arrest of

GEORGE Q. CANNON,
against whom an indictment is now pending in the Third District Court of Utah.

All information, and the names of those furnishing the same, will be held in the strictest confidence.

E. A. IRELAND, U. S. Marshal.

DESCRIPTION:

About 55 years old; about 5 feet 8 inches in height; hair very gray; full chin whiskers, gray; no mustache; full round face; heavy build; walks very straight. The Photograph attached is a very good likeness.

Salt Lake City, U. T., Feb. 9th, 1886.

This is a most extraordinary proceeding. The editor of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, it is said, has been indicted for unlawful cohabitation—an offense which comes under the class of misdemeanors. If upon trial he should be convicted and a verdict of guilty be rendered by the jury, the extreme penalty of the law would be six months imprisonment in the penitentiary and a fine of \$300.00. To offer a reward of \$500.00 for information concerning such an offender is probably without a parallel in the history of jurisprudence in this country. It shows that it is not the offense with which he is charged to which importance is attached so much as the possession of his person for reasons outside of those which appear in the charge. An importance is attached to him that does not belong to a criminal charged with such an offense. He is supposed to represent a system, and the desire to arrest him seems to have a political significance and has its origin in reasons of state. Our enemies would cover us, if they could, with contempt. They would belittle us and, if possible, destroy us. And yet it is an extraordinary fact that they, by their acts and conduct towards us, give us an importance in the eyes of the whole world that we would not perhaps otherwise have. They seem determined to lift us up into fame and to impress mankind with the idea of our greatness.

THE FORCE OF LIGHTNING.—A person may be killed by lightning, although the explosion takes place at the distance of twenty miles, by what is called the back-stroke. Suppose that the two extremities of a cloud, highly charged with electricity, hang down towards the earth, they will repel the electricity from the earth's surface, if it be of the same kind with their own, and will attract the other kind; and if a discharge should suddenly take place at one end of the cloud, the equilibrium will instantly be restored by a flash at that point of the earth which is under the other. Though the back-stroke is often sufficiently powerful to destroy life, it is never so terrible in its effects as the direct shot, which is frequently of inconceivable intensity. Instances have occurred in which large masses of iron and stone, and even many feet of a stone wall, have been conveyed to a considerable distance by a stroke of lightning. Rocks and the tops of mountains often bear the marks of fusion from its action, and occasionally vitreous tubes, descending many feet into banks of sand, mark the path of the electric fluid. Some years ago, Dr. Fielder exhibited several of these fulgurites in London, of considerable length, which had been dug out of the sandy plains of Silesia and eastern Prussia. One found at Paderborn was forty feet long. Their ramifications generally terminate in pools or springs of water below the sand, which are supposed to determine the course of the electric fluid. No doubt the soil and substrata must influence its direction, since it is found by experience, that places which have been struck by lightning are often struck again. A school-house in Lammermuir, in East Lothian, has been struck three different times.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

EVERY day's experience in the Church of Christ brings more forcibly home to us the importance of courage as a quality which should be possessed by Latter-day Saints. The Prophet Joseph has been credited with the remark that a coward never can enter into the celestial kingdom. Valor is a requisite that cannot be dispensed with in the character of a man or woman of God.

There are two kinds of courage. One is courage to meet physical danger and to brave death in its various forms. This is called physical courage. Then there is moral courage—one of the rarest qualities to be found among men—the courage to avow convictions and to maintain them, and to face all the moral consequences and obloquy which may attend the espousal and advocacy of principles or practices which are unpopular. We have known men of unsullied courage, who have proved their fearlessness upon the battle field and in other positions of danger, who possessed but little, if any, moral courage. They shrank from the consequences of advocating or defending unpopular measures or unpopular doctrines.

Latter-day Saints need to have these qualities combined. They should not only have the courage to maintain their convictions and to endure all the consequences which may follow such a course, and this, too, without shrinking, but they need physical courage, so that no terror of bodily injury will weaken or appal them. If you look around, you will see among your acquaintances, at the present time, traits of character exhibited that under more peaceful circumstances remain hidden. You will see men who may have passed as brave men who now manifest a lack of moral courage, who are timid, and who think certain measures are not wise policy. Such characters are all the time inclined to make compromises, and to say and do things that they think will avert trouble. Some even go so far as to be willing to sacrifice principle for the sake of avoiding difficulty or a conflict. Others who may not have shown any special qualities heretofore, now evince a firmness, a determination and a courage that they were not credited with possessing.

These are times to call to the surface qualities of this description. We are threatened with destruction. The tide which is flowing against us is now at its flood. Advantage after advantage, as our enemies think, is being gained over us. They rejoice in the prospect of the speedy overthrow of the work of God. They look at our condition from man's standpoint. They see a nation of fifty-five millions arrayed against the work of God. The government stands by and permits the greatest outrages to be committed, without offering any objection; in fact, it appears evident that the worst conduct of the federal officials meets with approbation. "What is to prevent the continuation of this?" our enemies ask, "and if this be continued must the Mormons not be overthrown and their Church be broken to pieces?"

If the natural eyes of man could see all there is connected with this warfare—the fifty-five millions on the one side and the two hundred thousand on the other—then the calculations of our enemies would be well founded. But the natural eye does not behold the entire field of operations; the natural eye does not behold the entire forces that are arrayed against each other. The fifty-five millions, with all their wealth and power, are a palpable, tangible reality, perceptible to the natural senses. The weakness of the two hundred thousand is also plain to be seen. But the invisible forces and powers which take part in these movements are concealed from mortal vision. They can only be perceived and felt spiritually, by the eye of faith and by the spiritual senses.

Men and women who live so as to be open to these spiritual influences are conscious of the existence and operations of invisible powers in their behalf. This fills them with courage and with the capacity to endure. But those who do not live so as to be open to these impressions are in the same condition as the enemies of this work. They only perceive that which is presented to their mortal sight. The rest is hidden from them. Hence, they are filled with fear, and they tremble at the sight of the great danger which they perceive. They would, if they could, force the leaders of the Latter-day Saints to make a compromise; for, reasoning upon what they call natural principles, they see no hope for escape in any other way.

Physical and moral courage, unless associated with purity and with faith, are not of themselves sufficient to enable men and women to stand in this Church. Possessed of these qualities only they could not endure the ordeals through which Latter-day Saints have to pass. But where Saints possess purity of character and faith, and live so as to have the Spirit of God as their companion, then, if possessed of physical and moral courage, they can pass through every trial without trembling or failing. These are qualities which should be cultivated. Especially should children learn to look with confidence to their God, and to feel that whatever the trials may be He is able to bring them through victoriously.

Courage is a quality that can be cultivated, like every other quality of mankind. It should be a characteristic of all the Latter-day Saints. Indecision, weakness and vacillation should be unknown among Latter-day Saints when principle is concerned. We should be willing to maintain principle against all odds and trust in the Lord for the consequences. God has made us the guardians of a great trust. He has imparted unto us His everlasting gospel. He has given unto us great knowledge and has made us promises concerning the future that we should be the people, above all other people, who shall maintain civil and religious liberty, and who shall preserve to this continent free, constitutional government. Having this destiny assigned unto us, we should keep it constantly before us and remember that the Lord expects us to be valiant in maintaining the right, in never bowing the knee to power improperly administered, and to never

"Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
That thrift may follow fawning."

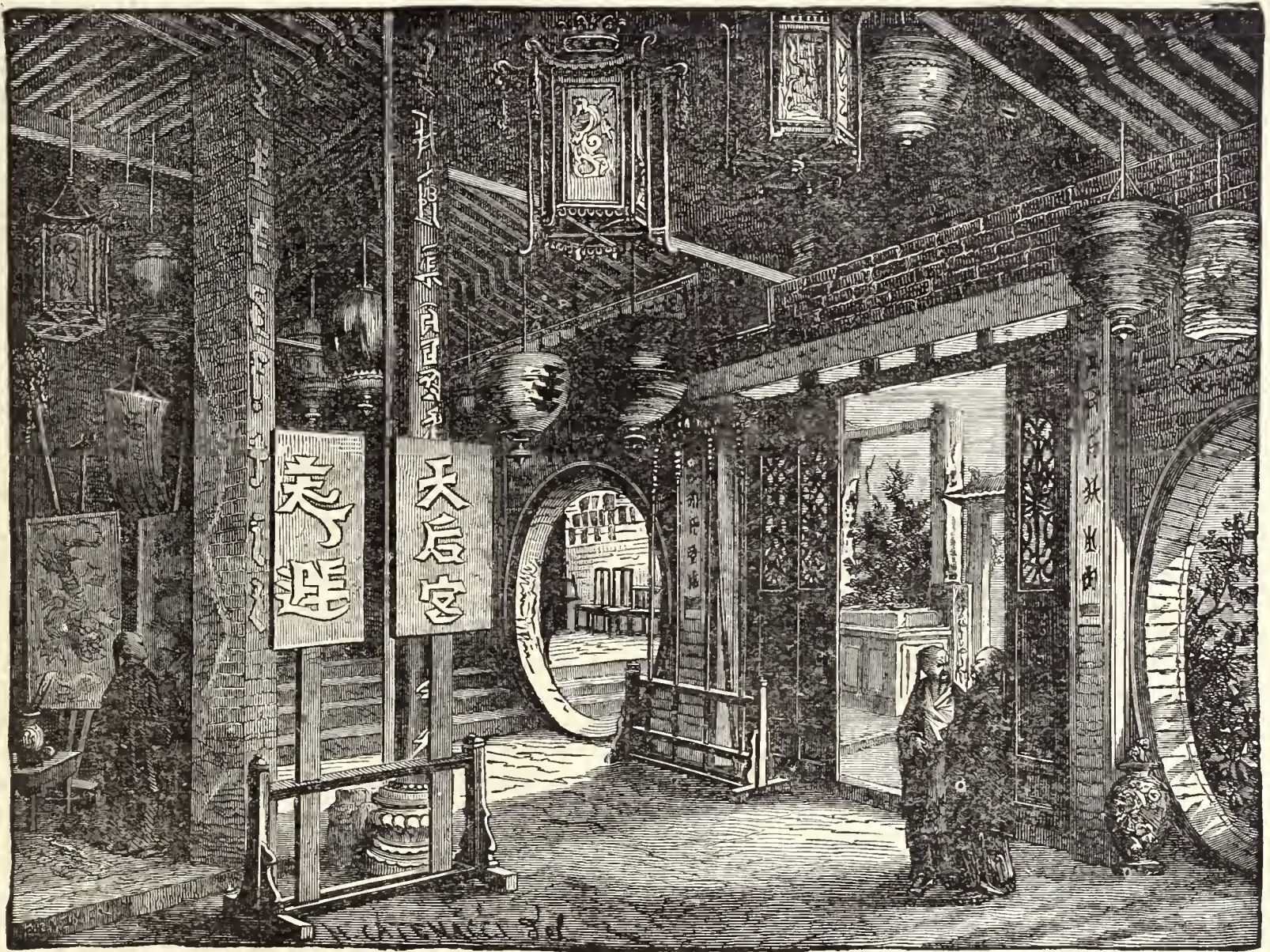
If we will prove valiant and maintain the truth, the Lord will sustain us and bring us off conquerors.

He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty.

A CHINESE TEMPLE.

IN our engraving to-day we see represented an entrance to a Chinese temple, one of those places of which, until recent years, very little was known. The path which leads to one of these edifices is generally lined on either side with fruit and eating stalls, until a large, clean, open space is reached through which a broad pavement of granite leads. Into this space vendors of different articles dare not enter. This path leads to the first room, where some huge figures are frequently placed as guards to the entrance, and the walls and ceiling are decorated with different articles of Chinese manufacture. Passing through this portico, another open space planted with trees is reached, and so the granite pavement continues to lead some-

550 B. C. in the state of Loo. From his youth he withdrew himself from the associations of other children and devoted himself to the study of moral and political science. As he grew to manhood his greatest desire and chief labor was to correct the vices of his countrymen and have them governed by a code of moral laws, the observance of which would eventually purge the state of iniquity. But when he found his counsels unavailing among the nobility he immediately abandoned the station to which his talents had raised him and commenced a pilgrimage through various parts of China, proclaiming with great power his ideas of right. The ranks of his followers rapidly grew and he was soon offered positions of responsibility and trust by the rulers of the different divisions of the country. These, however, he resolutely refused and



times through several different apartments before the temple itself is reached.

There are recognized in China three different kinds of religious belief: *Yu*, the doctrine of Confucius, *Fo*, or Buddhism, and the sect of *Taou*, or "Rationalists." Of these, however, the first named is known as the state religion and the others are permitted to exist though they are not countenanced by the government. The doctrine of *Fo* regards neither heaven nor earth; its only object is to increase its numbers and create a unity among the members. The doctrine of *Taou* seeks only individual enjoyment and preservation. The doctrine of *Yu*, or Confucianism, consists in a belief of a Supreme Ruler, a place of glory and one of punishment, and other things which in many respects resemble the faith of Christians.

Confucius, the founder of this latter religion, was born about

sought retirement that he might continue his studies and prepare those writings which have now become the sacred books of China, and which have continued his reputation until the present time.

When this latter labor was fairly commenced disciples began to flock to the sage in great numbers and his labors therefore increased very materially. The later years of his life, however, were not passed pleasantly. He was frequently implicated in the petty disputes which often arose between the small states of his day; and when a quarrel arose in which the sovereign of Loo was defeated Confucius was compelled to flee northward to the kingdom Tsy, where for a time tranquility prevailed. In his seventy-third year he died, but his writings, among which are many things of great value, still live, and will doubtless continue to exercise an influence on the Chinese people.

RICHES.

BY W. J.

RECENTLY, as is quite natural, much has been published in the various papers and periodicals of the day, with regard to the enormous amount of property the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt had inherited, amassed, and disposed of by will. Many curious arithmetical calculations have been made and published, one object of which has been to enable the general reader to comprehend to a greater extent the vastness of his great wealth; for, hearing someone say, "Two hundred and fifty millions of dollars," or reading those words, does not convey to the mind an adequate idea of the immense sum named.

In this connection other millionaires have received public notice, and among them are the following: Sidney Dillon, of railroad notoriety, with his millions; Cyrus W. Field, famous for his Atlantic cable and New York elevated railroad system achievements, and his millions; George M. Pullman, of Pullman car fame, with his ten millions; Samuel J. Tilden, once Democratic candidate for the office of President of the United States, with a fortune of ten millions; W. H. Sharon, the "silver king" of Nevada, and his twenty-five millions; J. W. Mackey, a greater "silver king" of Nevada, with a greater fortune of fifty millions; the wealthy Californian, ex-Governor Leland Stanford, represented to be worth fifty millions; Jay Gould, who made the first official map of Delaware County, New York, thus making his first two hundred dollars, whose wealth is roughly estimated at one hundred millions; and last, and wealthiest, too, among Americans, was Wm. H. Vanderbilt, whose immense wealth has been variously estimated at from two hundred millions to two hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

Wm. H. Vanderbilt has not only been pronounced the richest man in his native land, but he has been declared the richest man in all the world. This latter statement, however, cannot be received as being strictly correct in view of another statement which reads thus: "The wealthiest man in the world is said to be the Chinese banker, Hong Qua, of Canton. He pays taxes upon an estate of \$450,000,000, and is estimated to be worth a billion *taels*, which in our money would be \$1,400,000,000."

In regard to Mr. Vanderbilt, Chancey Depew, in the *New York Sun*, reports the following: "Although Mr. Vanderbilt was enormously wealthy, he had a very clear idea as to the value of money. He invariably invested his income a long time before he received it, so that he was constantly in debt and pressed for money. This caused him to look out for his dollars very sharply. He considered his money, not relatively to his great wealth, but on the same footing as the money of other men, and expected as much for it."

The acquirement of wealth by honest business methods is legitimate enough, no doubt, and many accumulate considerable means in an honorable way, doing much good with their wealth while they live, and bequeathing it in such a manner that it is a permanent benefit to many after they die. But there are many whose principal god is gold. They exercise all their physical and mental powers—they unite them, and concentrate them, too, to secure gold, gold, gold! They will work for it, fight for it, beg for it, steal for it, starve for it, lie for it, and die for it. A modern writer says: "This madness for money is the strongest and lowest of the passions; it is the insatiate Moloch of the human heart, before whose remorseless altar all the finer attributes of humanity are sacrificed. It

makes merchandise of all that is sacred in human affections; and even traffics in the awful solemnities of the eternal world."

Where the sole object is money, what consideration is there for the poor seamstress or artizan? Just about as much consideration as a general who is bent on victory and glory has for the tens of thousands against whom he is waging war. He will win, no matter what amount of property is used or destroyed, nor how many thousands of valuable lives are sacrificed on either or both sides. He will wade knee deep in precious human blood, if necessary, to gain the victory and the victor's laurels. So with the being who has resolved to become a millionaire at all hazards. The weakly-fingered seamstress, with dim eyes and starving body, may stitch, stitch, stitch, for sixteen hours out of each twenty-four, in order to gain a mere bread-and-water pittance, with which the spirit is coaxed to linger a little longer in an emaciated body; the over-worked, poorly-paid, thinly-clad, and badly-housed artizan may work, work, work, having his nose kept at that proverbial grindstone almost from his cradle to his grave, so as to secure means enough to enable him to just barely vegetate, while his employer rolls in luxury upon the very essence of his muscle and brain; and wealth producers generally may toil and tire, work and worry, subsist and suffer, and drudge and die, never realizing but a modicum of the benefits—no matter! Some man has decreed that he will become immensely rich, and "the end shall justify the means." But he who spoke as never man spake asked this question: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

And there is more couched in this question than may appear to the superficial reader. It does not merely mean seeking for this world's wealth and neglecting the soul's salvation, as is frequently thought and asserted; it applies to the unscrupulous money-maker who "loses his own soul" by his unrighteous, dishonest and oppressive methods of acquiring the much-coveted wealth. And those who are guilty of this, will meet a terrible realization of this truth when they pass to their judgment beyond the tomb. When the honorable millionaire leaves mortality he will find that he is destitute of the principal thing he worked for in life, and having no claim for reward outside of a few generous acts he performed by will or otherwise. When the thorough-paced money-grub passes to his account, he leaves, of necessity, all his ill-gotten and other accumulations to others, and meets an accumulation of guilt which he piled up while bartering his soul for gold. When he dies who has obeyed and lived the gospel of the Son of God, he, also, leaves the filthy lucre behind him, but he stands on the shores of the other world a son of God! Clothed with the Priesthood and power of Jehovah! An heir of God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ, and entitled to thrones, principalities, and endless increase and dominion in the celestial worlds—he has what he has worked for; but the money-grub leaves behind him all he has worked for. Wise and blessed are they who "lay up treasures in heaven"—who live and labor in mortality to secure eternal riches beyond the tomb!

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.—None can love freedom heartily but good men; the rest love not freedom, but license, which never hath more scope or more indulgence than under tyrants. Hence it is that tyrants are not oft offended by, nor stand much in doubt of, bad men, as being all naturally servile; but in whom virtue and true worth most is eminent, them they fear in earnest, as by right their masters; against them lies all their hatred and corruption.

HOW TWO LITTLE CHILDREN SPENT CHRISTMAS IN THE TROPICS.

BY HOMESPUN.

THERE was no snow on the ground, nor frost flowers on the windows, when little Lucy and her brother woke up Christmas morn in their warm, sunny home. There was no fire-place for Santa Claus to come rushing down with his prancing steeds to fill the little stockings that hung under the mantel.

Little Lucy asked her mamma about this last matter the night before; but her mamma replied that doubtless Santa Claus would find a way to manage in spite of all these obstacles. Then their talk turned on the Savior and His birthday, and how He came so lowly into the world; and mamma was obliged to get the Bible down and read the sweetly-simple, solemn story to Lucy and her brother, and as she read, the little white curtains fell over the bright blue eyes and two little spirits wandered in dreamland hand in hand with the angel children of their late heavenly home.

Next morning, before the bright, big sun arose over the sea, Lucy opened her eyes and called out softly:

"Mamma, mamma! Did Santa Claus come?"

Then she happened to turn up her eyes to the white-covered top of her bed (around which hung lace mosquito netting) and espied the little stockings hanging over her head.

"Here they are!" and then such a clatter! No complaints were made at the small amount of candy, or for the lack of fine, elegant presents. The little girl grasped her tiny doll and examined with delight her home-made doll-house, with chairs, table and bed with a cunning mosquito netting hung around to protect Miss Dolly from the little pests. She espied a scrap of wall-paper on the floor which was exactly like the paper on her doll-house and carefully treasured it, as she remarked that Santa Claus must have dropped that as he hurried away.

After breakfast each had a beautiful orange and then came to mamma to be dressed for the concert to be held by the white Saints and the native Saints combined. Lucy was neatly arrayed in her clean, white frock, with a bit of blue ribbon around her waist. Her brother wore his new gingham suit, and presently away the two little ones set out with papa for the meeting-house, for poor mamma was ill enough to stay in bed all Christmas day.

There were the natives, with their dark but beaming faces, all seated, awaiting the arrival of the white brethren and sisters. The whole house was decorated with ferns and green, sweet-smelling wreaths.

At the end was a stage, upon which the participants came out and performed their parts. There was a deal of good singing by the natives, as well as the *haolies*. The native brass band, led by one of the brethren, made some very excellent music. In short, everybody had a very good, enjoyable time.

Something had been troubling little Lucy's busy brain, and when she came home she confided it to her mamma. It was this:

"Why is it that little native babies are black?"

Mamma was rather puzzled how to answer such a philosophical question and imprudently and hastily answered:

"Why, you might as well ask me why the sun shines."

"Oh, the sun shines to give us light."

"Yes," chimed in her brother, "the sun makes us warm."

Mamma was silenced, but Lucy was not. Presently the little maid said with a thoughtful air:

"Well, mamma, I guess God must make them in another place to what He makes the white babies."

Then mamma and Lucy had some happy talk about Jesus and how He loved little children, and by that time dinner was ready. And although it was so far away from her old home, Lucy was delighted to see the table groaning under roast beef and plum pudding, with an elegant iced cake standing so high and decorated with beautiful wreaths of ferns. And there were oranges and bananas, too. So, you see, this little girl was blessed with all that was needful to make her happy or good.

About 4 o'clock Lucy's papa started for the beach, with the two children, to take a surf-bath. I don't suppose many of my little readers ever enjoyed this luxury. But Lucy enjoyed it, oh, so much! Her little brother, who is only three years and a half old, is not quite as brave as five-year-old Lucy. He was undressed and ran up and down the yellow sands, screaming with laughter as the waves dashed up on his tiny legs. But he preferred keeping out of the cool embrace of the curling waves, only allowing their caresses once in a while.

But Lucy dashed fearlessly in, and when the water got too deep she begged papa to take her upon his back. And then such sport! Papa swam away out into deep water and Lucy lay so quietly on his broad shoulders. Pretty soon papa proposed a dive down into the deep blue water. Lucy was quite ready for that, too, and clasping her hands tightly around papa's neck, called out:

"All right!" and down, down they went. And away scamp-ered the fishes in amazement at such a queer sight. Up, up so quickly now they come, and Lucy rubs her hand over her face to brush the water off and once more calls out:

"All right!"

Papa sent Lucy out after this, thinking she had been in long enough. So she started for the shore; but it was such fun that she did not try to go very fast.

You must know that every ninth wave is a "big wave," and as Lucy had her back turned she did not see this wave coming to her. Papa did and turned to look for her; but all he saw were two little legs sticking straight up in the air, and then the little woman was rolled over and over unceremoniously by the dashing waves. But before papa could reach her she had picked herself up and got away up on the beach, laughing at the fun and quickly wiping the water from her face.

As the sun set over the inland mountains they reached their home and related to mamma all their happy experiences. Not long after this the little forms were robed in their nightly garments, and after their quiet evening prayer each little one kissed papa and mamma good-night and lay down gladly to rest.

And this was their Christmas! Little friends, are not all Christmases blessed and good in the holy religion which is so much to us "poor, despised 'Mormons?'"

JUSTICE is the fundamental and almost only virtue of social life: as it embraces all those actions which are useful to society; and that every virtue, under the name of charity, sincerity, humanity, probity, love of country, generosity, simplicity of manners, and modesty, are but varied forms and diversified applications of this axiom—Do unto another only that which thou wouldest he should do unto thee.

A MYSTERIOUS PREACHER.

BY H. BELNAP.

(Continued from page 57.)

AS we have now given a brief outline of the course pursued by Mr. Edge when he first came in their midst, as well as some of his peculiarities, we will turn to the doctrines taught by him.

Although he had been speaking quite freely upon the principles advocated by the various sects, seemingly to draw around him the different classes of people, he gave them to understand that he believed first, in a tangible God—in a God that could walk, talk, understand and be understood; in a God that had passions to love and hate right and wrong principles.

Second, in a repentance that consisted in turning from sin, and learning to do well.

Third, in a baptism after the likeness of the death, burial, and resurrection of our risen Redeemer, in a baptism that would cleanse one from his sins, and enable him to walk in a newness of life, as did our Savior when He passed from mortality to immortality.

At this time he only referred to the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, as being a principle taught by Jesus Christ and His apostles, and left the query on the minds of the people, how such and such doctrines could be taught in His Church now, and yet He be an unchangeable being.

Mr. Edge dwelt very elaborately upon prophecy contained in the Old and New Testaments. First he referred to prophecies that have received their literal fulfillment, in order to give them a correct understanding of the term. Then very ably referred to many prophecies that are being fulfilled, or that have not yet received their fulfillment. Such as those referring to the second coming of Christ, to the gathering together of Israel; to the rebuilding of Jerusalem by the Jews; to the mountains of ice flowing down and highways being cast up for the people to travel upon who should come from the north countries whither they have been scattered; to the restoration of God's kingdom upon this continent, before that reign of peace for one thousand years, with Christ and His people.

About this time Mr. Edge held a meeting at the city of Lexington that will long be remembered by the multitude that gathered to hear him from the surrounding country. Their attention was first called to his peculiar prayer, wherein he asked the Lord to grant unto all people everywhere the desires of their hearts; should they seek knowledge, to cause that they might be filled; should they ask for wisdom, to give it unto them; if notoriety or fame be their object, to permit them to obtain it; if it be gold they are seeking, to fill their laps; should the reverend divines seek to bring souls unto Christ, to aid them in so doing; should they preach for hire and divine for money, to hinder them not from receiving it; should the loaves and fishes be their desire, to fill their plates. More especially did he appeal to God that all those who were then assembled might depart filled with that for which they came; if gospel truths be what they are seeking; to fill them to overflowing; if curiosity is what they came for, to cause that they might return feeling more curious.

Those who have listened to the many long appeals for the wandering sinner by the reverend divines can better imagine the amazement of this assembly than we can describe it.

When Mr. Edge arose to speak every eye was fixed upon him, wondering what next. That afternoon he took for his

text "Mystery, Babylon the great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth," referred to in the seventeenth chapter of Revelation.

At first he explained in a short but clear manner how beautifully God's Church was organized in the apostles' days; how nicely every principle was linked together from faith, repentance, baptism and the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, to the resurrection of the dead, after which he brought down in a vivid and forcible manner the history of God's people until the last one that had the testimony of Jesus was driven to an untimely grave.

With this he connected Catholicism and the dark ages, when man could circumnavigate this globe in search of one divinely authorized servant of God who had the spirit of prophecy, and not find him.

After Mr. Edge had proven from the scriptures and profane history that God's people had been destroyed and every vestige of His Church taken from the earth he very frankly told them that every sect and creed over this broad land was wrong, and that all had departed from the faith once given to the saints. He then bore a powerful testimony that the gospel in all its primitive beauty had been restored to the earth, and that, too, with apostles and prophets and inspired men at its head. He then called upon all to repent of their sins and come out of Babylon and follow Christ, for the hour of God's judgment was at hand.

After this most wonderful discourse Satan himself seemed to turn loose. The people were divided among themselves and began contending with each other. The preachers flew into a perfect frenzy and began plotting and planning how to get rid of this fellow. And, by the by, our new preacher seemed to have turned loose also, for he went through the country like a man inspired of God, warning the people to repent and serve their Maker, or some of the most fearful calamities that ever befel man would come upon them and this nation.

Many of the honest-in-heart gathered around him and began to enquire from whence he came and where could this kingdom of God be found that he had so beautifully described.

They still received no satisfaction as to where he came from, but the kingdom of God, said he, "is located within these United States."

To give you a better idea how Mr. Edge was questioned, and how peculiar his answers were, we will relate an instance.

While walking the road one day the boys began remarking among themselves, how hard it was to find out who this Mr. Edge was, and where he had come from. At this one Jones, a Baptist deacon, spoke up in a very determined manner saying, "Why, I'll dig him up this evening."

Mr. Edge had an appointment for a meeting in a private house that evening near by. As it happened, he stayed with the family where he held meeting that night. At supper Mr. Edge had eaten but very little, when he pushed back from the table and began pacing the floor, as though somewhat uneasy. However, in a few moments he turned to the family and remarked, "I am going to be tempted by the devil this evening through a man."

Soon the young people began gathering in from all directions anticipating some fun between Jones, the deacon, and our strange preacher.

Just as the last rays of the sparkling sun sank behind the horizon, Mr. Edge discovered a man climbing the fence, a few hundred yards off, as though coming to meeting. Turning to the family he remarked, "Here comes the gentleman now!" On his arrival it proved to be Jones, the deacon.

By this time a goodly number had gathered in, and Mr. Edge had taken his seat in the far end of the room, beside a small table containing his Bible and hymn book. When Mr. Jones came in he deliberately walked across the room and sat down beside Mr. Edge. After a few moments' silence Mr. Jones enquired, "My friend, where are you from?"

Mr. Edge looked up from his Bible as though somewhat astonished, and replied, "From about six miles," meaning the next neighborhood, where he had just left.

Mr. J.—"What church do you belong to?"

Mr. E.—"The Church of God, sir."

Mr. J.—"Where is it?"

Mr. E.—"In the United States."

Mr. J.—"You have been speaking about one being ordained before he had the right to preach. By whom were you ordained?"

Mr. E.—"By Jesus Christ, sir."

Mr. J.—"Where?"

Mr. E.—"In eternity."

Mr. J.—"How long have you been preaching?"

Mr. E.—"About eighteen hundred years."

At this point Mr. Jones sprang to his feet and walked away in disgust.

(To be Continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 55.)

AT one of my evening meetings a party came with tar, intending to tar, feather and ride me on a rail. A friend came and sat on the side of the table where I was and the man of the house said to the mob:

"Come in and behave yourselves, and listen to what the man has to say. If you don't, I'll use my rifle on the first man that attempts to disturb him while under my roof."

At this all took seats; and when meeting broke, all left without further mischief.

One evening I was pelted with some snowballs. This was as I left a school-house where I had just held a meeting. At this moment two horsemen rode up and enquired for the "Mormon" preacher. I said I expected I was the person they wanted. At this they invited me to get up behind one of them and go home with them. I must confess I felt a little dubious, not knowing what was ahead. However, I mounted up behind and had not gone far when I learned they were brethren on the way to Nauvoo; but cold weather and deep snows had prevented them from traveling and they had stopped for the Winter at a neighboring village, Lima. At a late hour that evening they heard of my meeting and had come in haste, hoping to arrive before meeting closed. They lived six miles distant. Their names were Ira Oviatt and a Brother Cole. Through these brethren I had the Lima court house to preach in; and although there was considerable prejudice I had friends and homes provided during the cold Winter months.

I simply mention this to show how easy it is for the Lord to provide for His servants and open the way that the people may be warned. The Book of Mormon and Voice of Warning were read by many; but, strange to say, not a soul offered himself for baptism. Even money was given me. One young man, a school teacher by the name of Jonathan Church, at one time

gave me three dollars. He made no pretension to any religion; he professed to be an infidel, but said if there was any truth in the Bible the "Mormons" had it.

When Spring came and the weather and roads were good, I left that part of the country and made my way to Jackson County, Va. Here it was that I heard of the death of the Prophet and Patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum Smith. I was in the town of Ripley, standing in a store, when Lawyer Smith of that place came in and told me there was a paper in mourning for me in the post-office. I hastened there, and to my intense sorrow I found the rumors confirmed concerning their massacre at Carthage Jail by an armed mob painted black. At first my feelings were those of anger. I could have fought. Soon, however, I felt like weeping, and at once a feeling of loneliness came over me. It was the *Times and Seasons*, which had been sent me, which contained the dreadful news. The counsel to the Elders was to stop preaching, unless invited to speak, and to return home. Being out of means, it so happened that I was invited to take up a school of small children and teach them as far as I had ability, being myself limited in the rudiments of education. I did so. I continued school teaching, being at times invited to preach. I had with me the "Views of the Prophet on the Powers and Policy of the General Government," also the correspondence between Joseph Smith and Henry Clay. There were those who read them who swore they would sooner have voted for Joseph than they would for Polk, for the latter they knew nothing about, but they would risk the "Mormon" Prophet.

In the Spring of 1845 I returned home to my father's house. He was then living on Bear Creek, sixteen miles south of Nauvoo, and when the mob commenced burning out the Saints in that part of the country my father was forced to pack up and leave. He moved into Nauvoo for safety.

In the Fall of this year mobs began to burn the property of the Saints living in the outer settlements of Hancock County, driving men, women and children from their homes, setting fire to their dwellings and stacks of grain. While I am writing I fancy I can see the great clouds of smoke and steam ascending as plainly as I saw them then. In the darkness of night the heavens were lit up by the flames of some poor brother's house, set on fire by wicked men who had supposed "Mormonism" would have died after killing the Prophet and Patriarch.

The sheriff of the county, though not a "Mormon," did all he could to quell the mob and stop the burning and driving; but this seemed only to enrage them the more.

At last the governor sent General Harding with 400 or 500 militia to Nauvoo; but instead of making any arrests and assisting the sheriff, he dismissed him and told the Saints nothing could be done to protect them, for the mob were determined to drive them from the State and therefore they must go.

The work on the temple continued and was so far completed that on Monday, the sixth of October, a general conference was held in it and continued for three days, when it was agreed that the Church should leave and go to a country where they could enjoy the fruits of their labors, and where God Himself was the sole proprietor of the elements. It was decided to leave as soon as possible. The authorities of the Church had appealed to almost every governor in the United States, and also to the President, to use their influence to stop the mob and establish us in our civil and religious rights, and I have yet to learn that there was a single invitation given for the Latter-day Saints to remain within the States.

As soon as conference closed the whole Church began to make preparations to leave the country, not knowing where they were going; neither did they care much, only that it might be where we could worship Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience without being mobbed for it, for I knew of no law the Church had broken that we should be exiled from our homes or renounce our religion. If I have been correctly informed, Thomas Ford, the governor of Illinois, and other leading men of the State, actually proposed to the Latter-day Saints to leave and go to Oregon or to California.

(To be Continued).

CURING THE ITCH IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

BY C. H. W.

DURING the Franco-Prussian war a large body of French troops took refuge in Switzerland, to escape capture, and according to certain rules of war among civilized nations, they were compelled to remain inactive, having retreated to neutral ground. While there they infested the portion of the country where they were quartered, (the east Swiss) with the disease commonly known as the itch to such an extent, that hardly a family escaped the dreadful scourge.

These French troops had just left when I received my appointment to take charge of the east Swiss conference, with headquarters at Zurich. As soon as I was settled I started on a five weeks' trip, to visit the several branches of the conference. I had a delightful time, the scenery, the costume of the people, the animals, especially the cows, the mode of living and farming, everything was new and interesting to me. The Saints were glad to see me, as they always are, to see a new Elder just from Zion. Nothing was too good for me, and my time was spent in trying to do them good, in imparting to them such instructions as the Spirit of the Lord gave unto me. I will here make a statement which has been made by hundreds of Elders, that there is no occupation so pleasant, so agreeable and so profitable as preaching the gospel, when one enjoys the spirit of his calling.

I returned to headquarters, feeling extremely well and thankful that my lot had been cast to labor in so delightful a district and among so good a people.

A few weeks after my return I began to be troubled with an itching between the fingers, on the wrist, elbow and knee joints, and various other places of my body. At first I paid but little attention to it, but the weather being warm, the itching increased, pimples became visible and little sores made their appearance, caused from an irresistible desire of the sharp ends of my fingers for something to do. "Lord bless the duke of Argyle," escaped my lips many a time after a good rubbing on the door-post.

Things went on in this manner for several weeks, when a good brother from this valley with an M. D. attached to his name made his appearance, assigned to labor with me as a traveling Elder. I at once made known to him, what I thought, was the matter with me and flattered myself that I would now receive some relief, for by this time my condition was anything but comfortable. After a thorough examination the doctor looked at me and smiled, stating my fears were without foundation, and assigned as the cause of my itching, the too liberal use of the juice of the grape and of the mild drink made of barley. This was astonishing news to me. I had thought that

I was indulging very sparingly, making some pretensions to keeping the Word of Wisdom. I now felt satisfied to let the doctor share my bed and board and after a few days rest we started out together on a similar trip, through the conference, to that which I had made.

We had a very pleasant time together; and after several weeks' travel were met at Schaffhausen by the president of the mission. As bad luck would have it there was only one bed at our disposal; money we had none, with which to hire lodgings for the night, consequently we were compelled to pile in together. In our joy at meeting I never thought of making my troubles known to the president until about eleven o'clock in the evening, after having laid in bed for about an hour talking. He slept in the middle. Did you ever see a cork fly out of a champagne bottle? Just about in the same manner he flew out of the bed, when I told him what ailed me, and walked the floor the remainder of the night.

On our arrival in Zurich it was thought best for me to go to a physician to ascertain what really was the matter. I hunted up the best one in town. He exhibited considerable amusement at my ignorance, pronounced my affliction a genuine case of itch, and recommended me to go to the public hospital, where I would be cured in twenty-four hours, and all my clothes disinfected at the same time. So on my return we all three made our way to the hospital and on examination were all found guilty of the same crime.

We were at once conducted into a bathroom, stripped of our clothing and put into a hot sulphur bath. A piece of sand soap was given us with which to open the pores and also rub off the heads of the pimples. The steward himself supervised and threatened several times to use the soap on us if we did not do it according to his instructions.

This operation completed we were ushered into a very hot room, provided with a lot of bunks, furnished with a mattress each and several dirty-looking blankets. After partaking of a bowl of soup, with something very hot in it, we had to lie down on these bunks, while a waiter with a bucket of some yellow-looking ointment daubed us over from head to foot. In a moment I felt as though I was enveloped in fire. I bit my teeth in the blankets. Talk about seeing stars, why, it is no comparison. The blankets were then wrapped around us and fastened in such a manner that we could not have the use of our hands to wipe off the perspiration that was flowing in little streams from our foreheads into our eyes. Occasionally the same waiter would come with a dirty towel and act the good Samaritan.

At the expiration of six hours we were released from our very unpleasant situation for half an hour, then followed another bowl of soup, another daubing and another six hours' sweat. This was repeated a third time making in all eighteen hours soaking—enough to cure almost anything. After this we were again given a bath, which felt more agreeable than the first one, our clothing in good shape were handed back to us and after paying five francs each, (about 95 cents) we were pronounced clean and permitted to depart. It seemed as though about five skins were taken off from me; how many the other brethren lost I am not able to state.

My sympathies all this time were with the president of the mission who seemed to suffer severely and as I thought innocently. I tried to comfort him by telling him that he, from then on, could not say I had never given him anything.

As for the doctor I felt it served him right, a man professing to be an M. D. who didn't know the itch when he saw it, ought to suffer and learn by experience.

Shortly after this the president and myself in traveling together caught the same dreadful disease a second time. What to do at first we did not know. The reader may imagine our feelings after what we had passed through. We were at the time of discovery traveling towards Weinfeld, our road was leading on the borders of a nice little grove of timber. We concluded to retire into the grove and ask the Lord to heal us. After selecting a spot, we knelt down, each one offering up a prayer for our deliverance from the disease. We felt very humble, I can assure you, and the prayers came from the bottom of our hearts. We felt confident that our Heavenly Father would hear and answer them. He did so, we were healed from that very hour and went on our way rejoicing, our hearts overflowing with gratitude to Him who is always ready and willing to bless and prosper His faithful servants.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 60).

ON May 11, 1842, General John C. Bennett was cut off from the Church for adultery and other wicked conduct. He soon after turned to be a very bitter enemy of the Church, generally, and of President Joseph, especially. He labored hard to create excitement and bring a mob upon the Church.

On the 14th day of May, a report came into the city that Ex-Governor Boggs, of Missouri, had been shot; and, upon the morning following, the report seemed confirmed. The Quincy *Whig* published an article in which the Prophet was charged with being accessory to the assassination of Boggs. Soon after this time, John C. Bennett left Nauvoo, and, taking advantage of the shooting, he used every effort to criminate President Joseph.

On the 8th day of August following, the sheriff of Quincy came with a writ and arrested the President at the gate of his own premises. Joseph immediately took out a writ of *habeas corpus* from the Municipal court of the city of Nauvoo. The sheriffs were unwilling to listen to it; but, fearing to attempt taking him away by force, they agreed to leave him in the hands of the city marshal, while they went to consult Governor Carlin upon the subject. On the 11th, the sheriffs returned, but the Prophet had concluded to keep out of their reach; and, consequently, they could not find him. The sheriff tarried in Nauvoo several days, frequently uttering heavy threats to be executed if the President failed to give himself up, but the officer finally concluded to leave the city. The President remained secure at Brother Sayers' on the north of the city, about a mile from the corporation, where he was visited frequently by Sister Emma and his brethren. As soon as it was satisfactorily ascertained that the sheriff had gone away, Joseph returned home and remained in the city, but not coming out before the public.

Many rumors were constantly in circulation concerning the threats of the Governor and the Missourians; and considerable excitement was manifested throughout the country. Governor Carlin offered a reward for the apprehension of the President, as, also, for O. P. Rockwell who was charged as being the principal in the assassination of Boggs.

On Saturday the 3rd day of September, the sheriff (Pitman) came again, with another writ, and entered the house while the

Prophet was at dinner; but Joseph succeeded in getting away undiscovered. At night he went to Brother Edward Hunter's house, and remained there for some time, in perfect security. After the officers returned to Quincy, the President came home; but yet kept himself close and out of sight.

On Friday, October 7th, several reports came to Nauvoo, showing Governor Carlin's determination to have Joseph taken to Missouri. The Prophet concluded that it would be wisdom to be still more careful, and in order the more effectually to secure himself from the grasp of the enemy, he left the city that same evening, accompanied by John Taylor, Wilson Law and John D. Parker. They traveled all night up the country to the north, and went to the house of Elder John Taylor's father, where Joseph stayed for some time. By these means, the plans of his enemies were completely frustrated, and the officers gave up the chase. He was, however, at any time liable to be arrested both by virtue of the writ and the proclamation offering a reward of \$200 for his capture.

On Monday, December 26th, he suffered himself to be arrested by Wilson Law, on the proclamation, and on the following morning started for Springfield, accompanied by about sixteen of the brethren. His object was to stand trial before Judge Pope on *habeas corpus*. This was consented to, at the suggestion of Mr. Butterfield, U. S. District Attorney, who had been consulted in relation to the matter and had expressed assurance that the President would be acquitted.

The company arrived at Springfield on Friday the 30th, and on the following morning application was made for a writ of *habeas corpus* from the U. S. District Court. The writ was granted and Monday morning, January 2, 1843, was appointed as the time to try the validity of the arrest. On Monday the company repaired to the court; but Mr. Lamborn, the State's attorney, pleaded that he was not ready for trial, and the case was postponed until Wednesday. Accordingly, on Wednesday at 9 a. m. the trial was opened. Its result was the release and discharge of Joseph both from the writ and proclamation.

This was a source of great rejoicing to the brethren; and, on our return to Nauvoo, it gave gladness to the whole Church. The Saints regarded this as another interposition of the Almighty in behalf of His persecuted people; and great joy prevailed to see our Prophet once more freed from his enemies.

(To be Continued.)

BEAUTY.—Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of spring: it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass; it haunts the depths of the earth and the sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it, cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul, when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire.

AWAKE, YE SAINTS OF GOD, AWAKE!

WORDS BY E. R. SNOW.

MUSIC BY H. A. TUCKETT.

A - wake, ye Saints of God, a - wake! Call on the Lord in mighty prayer, That He will Zi - on's
D. C. Though Zi - on's foes have counseled deep, Although they bind with fet - ters strong, The God of Ja - cob
bondage break, And bring to naught the fowler's snare. He will re - gard His people's cry, The
does not sleep, His vengeance will not slumber long.
P. C.
widow's tear, the orphan's moan; The blood of those that slaughtered lie, Pleads not in vain be - fore His throne.

Then let your souls be stayed on God,
A glorious scene is drawing nigh;
Though tempests gather like a flood,
The storm, though fierce, will soon pass by.
With constant faith and fervent prayer,
With deep humility of soul,

With steadfast mind and heart prepare,
To see the eternal purpose roll.
Our God in judgment will come near,
His mighty arm he will make bare,
For Zion's sake He will appear,
Then O, ye Saints, awake, prepare.

CURIOUS CEREMONY IN ALGIERS.—A letter from Algiers contains the following:

"I have just witnessed a ceremony very curious to European eyes—the return to their families of the caravan of pilgrims to Mecca. Their approach had been announced on the previous day, and the whole Arab population went out to meet them, some on horseback, others on foot, with their wives and children. Some of them carried flags of various colors, and many of them kept firing off their guns, without which there can be no *fete* with this singular people. I joined the *cortege*, and after proceeding for some time in the midst of this picturesque group, I perceived the looked-for travelers approaching. The whole party with whom I was commenced singing, or rather shouting, in chorus:

"O, pilgrims, in the house of God, have you seen the prophet of the Most High?"

"We have seen him, and we left him at Mecca; he there prays, fasts, performs his ablutions and reads the holy books," was the reply; after which the party hastened to salute them, to kiss their garments and to offer them hospitality. Happy was he who could entertain them in order to draw down on his tent the blessings of the All-Powerful. Each of the pilgrims

had brought from Mecca small chaplets, which they distributed to their relations and friends, and also phials filled with the water of Birzemzen, a fountain in the holy house. This water is kept to sprinkle over the bodies of the dead. The Arabs consider the journey to be attended with much danger, as the road is infested with robbers, and the expedition occupies from twelve to fifteen months, during which time they have innumerable hardships to undergo, the endurance of which they, however, hope will be the means of obtaining pardon for their sins."

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GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

TERMS IN ADVANCE:

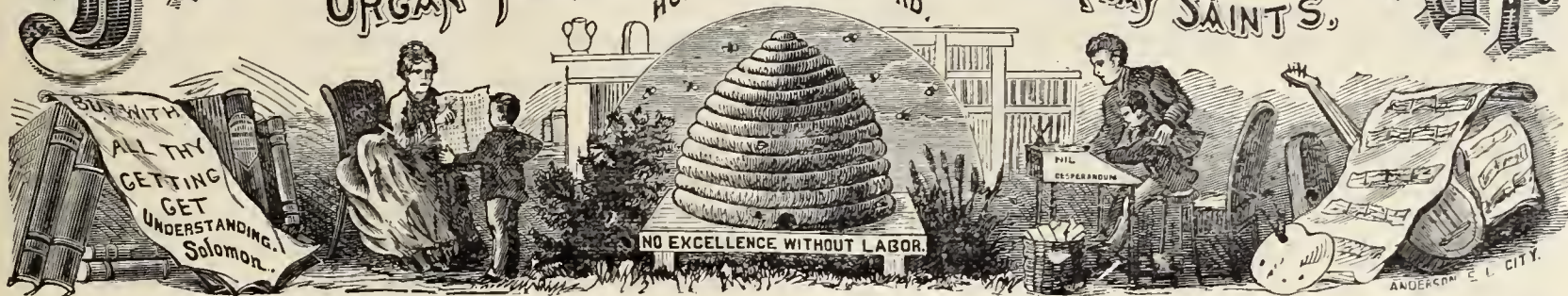
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XXI.

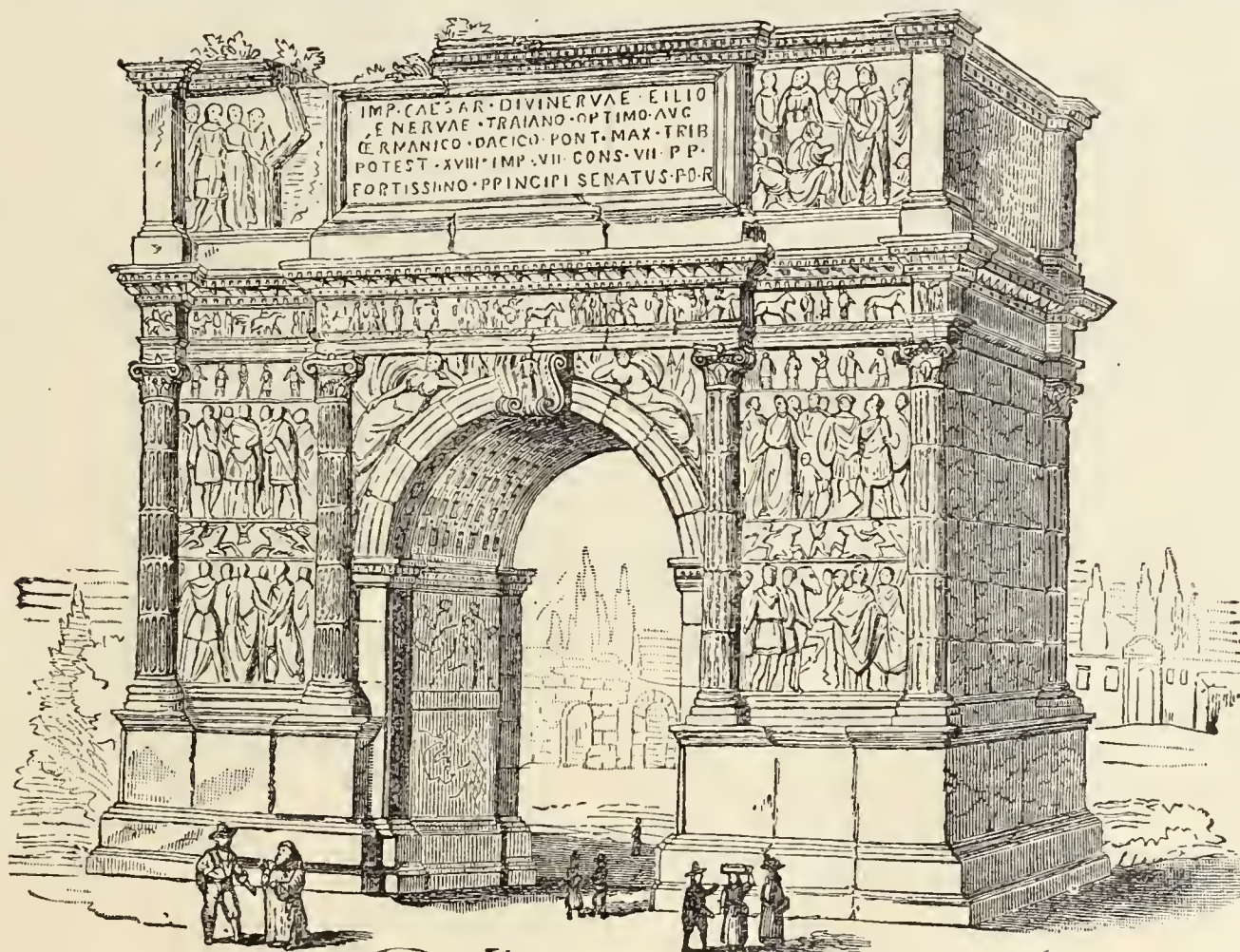
SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 15, 1886.

NO. 6.

TRIUMPHAL ARCHES.

AMONG the ancient Romans there was an established custom of giving a public demonstration in honor of a warrior on his return from a victorious conflict on the battle-field. This display of homage was called *triumphus*, from which the term triumph, now used to express victory or success, is derived. The conqueror would enter the city through the *porta triumphales*, or triumphal gate, and immediately a

captives and other prisoners in chains were also paraded in the ranks. The victor was placed towards the rear of the procession, mounted upon a round chariot, and surrounded by his family and nearest friends. From the entrance to the city the procession would move along the street until it reached the capitol hill, where sacrifices were offered, and some of the prisoners were put to death.



grand procession would be formed. This procession was headed by the magistrates and senate of Rome, who came forth to meet the hero. Next in line was a body of trumpeters, followed by a train of vehicles loaded with the spoils of the conquered enemy. Then came a band of flute players, behind which were the oxen, that were to be sacrificed upon the occasion, and the sacrificing priests. The distinguished

In the evening the conqueror was honored with a great banquet which ended the day's celebration.

Upon the occasion of a *triumphus* all work in Rome was suspended, and the whole populace would turn out to witness the parade. Feasting was indulged in throughout the city, and the day was one of general merriment.

The honor of such a magnificent demonstration as the

triumphus was tendered only to leading generals. An inferior method of showing deference to one not titled to so much honor was called an ovation, and was somewhat similar to the one described, though less brilliant and showy.

It eventually became customary in Rome to erect triumphal arches in honor of different emperors, the same as monuments are now built to perpetuate the memory of the illustrious dead. These arches were often decorated with pictures in bass-relief, and contained inscriptions telling in whose honor they were built.

There are in Rome three of these triumphal arches still existing, though to some extent ruined by the ravages of time. One of these is called the Arch of Constantine, a view of which is here given. It was erected in honor of this emperor, who ruled during the early part of the fourth century of the Christian era.

The Emperor Constantine, during his reign protected the Christian religion, and during the latter part of his life it became the state religion. The pagan temples, it is said, were closed, and heathen sacrifices were forbidden. But Romish customs and mythology became engrafted in the doctrines of Christianity, and thus it was that they became so perverted. The apostles of Christ had long since been put to death, and the Priesthood was withdrawn from among the people.

Constantine, no doubt, favored Christianity on account of the increasing power, held by those professing it, and not because he believed in its doctrines. It is stated, however, that he consented, a short time before his death, to be baptized, and thus become installed into the Christian faith.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 78.)

ON the 31st of December I received my endowments, and on the 7th of February, 1846, the giving of endowments in the temple ceased. That day upwards of 600 went through. At evening, when Brother George A. Smith came home, he said:

"Now, let the mob work; the Priesthood is secure on the earth. The temple has answered the end for which it was built. The mob thought when they killed the head the body would surely die; but they made twelve heads, and if they kill the Twelve they would make seventy more, and they never can kill the body."

He seemed to be made easy in mind because the Priesthood and the keys thereof were now secure.

On the 9th, the temple was discovered to be on fire. Luckily it was soon put out, after which the band played several tunes on top of it. Since then I have understood that a man by the name of Agno, or some such name, was offered five hundred dollars to burn it.

Late in the afternoon of the 9th of February, 1846, in company with Brother George A. Smith's family and Father John Smith and family, I turned my face westward. We crossed the Mississippi River and made our way to the place of camping, on Sugar Creek, six or eight miles from Nauvoo.

On the seventh of the same month President Young called the camp together and commenced to organize companies of hundreds, of fifties and companies of tens, and gave instruc-

tions in regard to our moving westward, preparing outfits, etc. The previous night was severely cold. On the morning of the 19th snow began to fall in large quantities, making everything look gloomy. That night the wind raised and upset our tent. Men and boys turned out in their night-clothes, and with considerable merriment, put it up again.

On the 21st my father, with others, put up a coal pit near Brother John Lytle's forge (Brother Lytle being a blacksmith) to have coal for shoeing horses; and on the 24th, word was brought into camp that the night before the Mississippi froze over.

On Sunday, March 1st, at 2 p. m., camp broke and made a general move for the great West. The afternoon was warm, the snow was melting and the road soon became muddy and miry, and dreadfully cut up with the wagons. We traveled a few miles and camped. That night was terribly cold.

On the morning of the 3rd the people were called together by the sound of the bugle, when Brother Brigham addressed them. He cautioned them to be careful and not crowd upon each other with their wagons while driving, and gave instructions to the pioneers in regard to their duty; likewise to the guard, that they bring up the rear and see that nothing was lost or left behind.

On the 8th, we reached Richardson's Point, where we lay several days owing to bad weather and bad roads. Here several of the brethren (including myself) made rails for a man living near our camp, and took provisions for pay. At this place my father was taken sick and for several days he was not able to be around. A Mr. Cox, the owner of the land, brought in a bill of ten dollars for damage caused by "Mormon" horses gnawing the bark off the young oak and ash trees.

On the 9th of April, soon after camp broke, it began to rain and continued all day. At times it came down in torrents. In a short time the earth became so soft that wagons mired down and could not be moved. Men, women and children got out to lighten up and were completely drenched with rain; and this while on a prairie, far from timber. It was a time of suffering. Those who reached timber fared but little better, for the timber was mostly green elm and required a great deal of coaxing to get it to burn.

The next day teams were sent back to bring in the wagons and families. How our hearts ached for the little children having been out all night without a spark to make them comfortable! It, however, soon cleared up and in a few days the ground settled and the roads were good.

About this time I went with some brethren to buy corn of the Missourians. We stayed all night at a Mr. John Ratliff's. He fed our teams some threshed oats and a few bundles in the sheaf. We slept on the floor, furnishing our own bedding and our own provisions. The next morning, when asked what his charge was, he said, "Two dollars." He was asked if that was not rather high. He replied:

"I have been pestered enough with the Mormons once before in this State, and I am not going to be pestered any more for nothing."

He also stated that he had helped to "take Joe Smith once."

About the middle of April the young grass began to appear and the days were warm and pleasant. Snakes were very plentiful and two oxen belonging to Brothers Kimball and Yearsly were bitten by them. Game was there in abundance, especially wild turkeys, which could be heard gobbling every morning and evening in the neighboring woods.

Brother George A. Smith said he wanted me to be his Nimrod and kill some game; so one afternoon, in company with

one of his men, I shouldered my rifle and left camp to be gone all night, taking provisions for supper and breakfast. Just as the sun set we heard turkeys flying up to roost, and on moving forward a few steps we saw them. There was a fine flock. They did not see us and we therefore decided to leave them undisturbed until morning. We moved a little to one side out of their sight, where we kindled a fire, ate supper and passed the evening in pleasant conversation.

Before the peep of day we were at the roost and took stations near each other behind trees. We waited in silence until it was light enough to see to shoot. Each of us then selected a turkey and fired at the same time. At the crack of our rifles my turkey fell. This shot only seemed to partially waken the others up. Our guns were soon reloaded and fired, when a second bird fell near our feet from the effects of my shot. The flock was now completely aroused, and with outstretched necks peered in all directions to discover what was the matter. My companion became discouraged at his first shot and had reserved his fire. He handed me his gun with the remark: "Blame the luck! Take my gun; I can't hit anything," and before all had left I had fired his gun and brought the third to the ground. Being now in possession of three fine turkeys we lost no time in making our way back to the camp (though our load was so heavy as to make us sweat before reaching it), where we were complimented on our good luck.

About the middle of June our camp reached Council Bluffs, and on the 22nd of the month my brother, Jacob, and John D. Chase, with two wagons and four yoke of oxen, started down through the country to purchase provisions. On the 30th Captain Allen arrived at Council Bluffs and enquired for Brigham Young. With him were five men and a baggage wagon. Jesse B. Martin and I were out hunting lost cattle on that day and we met the captain riding on a horse a little in advance of his men, his sword hanging by his side. He asked us if we knew Brigham Young and whether or not he was in camp. We replied that we knew Mr. Young, but could not say as to his being in camp at that time.

The next day, at 10 a. m., a meeting was called; and if I remember right it was held at or near Elder Taylor's tent, where Captain Allen addressed the Saints. He stated that he was instructed by Colonel Kearney, who also was instructed by the President of the United States, James K. Polk, to invite the "Mormon" people to become volunteers in the service of the United States for one year to go and help take California. He wanted five hundred men who could be ready to march in ten days and join Colonel Kearney, who was already on the way to Santa Fe. Those who volunteered would receive pay and rations and all other allowances, the same as other soldiers, and at the end of the year be discharged and have all the arms, tents, camp-kettles, in fact, all the camp's accoutrements, thrown into the bargain.

President Young, addressing Captain Allen, said:

"You shall have your battalion if it has to be made up from our Elders."

He immediately arose from his seat and walked out, saying: "Come, brethren; let us volunteer!" and soon the full number was obtained, I being among the enrolled. It was, however, against my feelings, although I was willing to obey counsel, believing all things would work for the best in the end. Still it looked hard when I called to mind the mobbings and drivings, the killing of our leaders, the burning of our homes and forcing us to leave the States. Uncle Sam took no notice of these things, but was glad to call on us to help fight his battles. To me it seemed like an insult; but there was one consolation,

and that was we had the promise of Brother Willard Richards that if we were faithful "not a man shall fall by an enemy; at least, there will not be as much blood shed as there was when Joseph and Hyrum fell at Carthage."

(To be Continued.)

THEY DECEIVE THEMSELVES.

BY DANIEL TYLER.

OUR official enemies claim to believe that the many prosecutions and persecutions they heap upon the Saints are evidences that the cause of God is weakening and that we will soon yield to their oppressions and renounce a vital principle of our holy religion. They try to persuade themselves that might is right, no matter how cruel and wicked, and that God will not interfere to relieve His favorite people from their cruel and ruthless persecutions. Like Napoleon I. they say that "heaven is on the side of the heaviest ordnance."

I regret to say that there are some who call themselves Latter-day Saints, who think that the Church might give up just a single principle of our holy religion—that of celestial marriage—rather than suffer so much persecution and wrong. To all such I would say: O, ye of little faith! Do you not know that God revealed this sacred principle as a stepping-stone to eternal life and the exaltations among the gods in the resurrection of the just, that He might raise a righteous seed unto Himself?

There was a time on this continent when the Lord revoked the practice of plural marriage because of the wickedness of those who claimed to belong to the Church of God, for the reason that He could not raise a righteous seed from that corrupt people. He told them at the same time that if in the future He determined to raise a righteous people unto Himself, He would command His people to enter into that eternal covenant. This is as much as to say that He could not raise up a righteous seed unto Himself without that sealing power. He never did so; and judging the future from the past, we may justly conclude that He never will, especially when we remember that he has said His people are damned if they do not enter into and abide in that portion of the celestial law.

As to the vain hope of our religious persecutors, including government officials, that they are destroying it, their efforts will amount to no more than the wind which waves the sturdy oak and causes the roots to sink deeper into the earth and give a greater strength and vitality to the whole tree. The Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants all foretell the severe trials and persecutions of the Saints in the last days. John, the revelator, saw our day, and said:

"Satan hath come down among you, *having great wrath*, knowing he hath but a short time."

Yet, no matter how many individuals weaken and deny the faith, the kingdom of God is set up for the last time and will never be thrown down nor left to another people. This is a decree of the Lord which is firmer than the rock of ages.

LET not any one say he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying him into action; for what he can do before a prince or a great man, he can do alone, or in the presence of God, if he will.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

MISCHIEF PUNISHED.

FREDDIE and Jimmy were brothers. Like boys of their age are very often, they were too small to do much work; but they were just large enough to do lots of mischief. There was nothing around their home but what they would meddle with; and very often they would annoy their parents by prying into things that they were told to keep away from.

Sometimes one of them would climb a tree, and get upon a small limb that would break under his feet, and down to the ground he would fall, often receiving some pretty bad bruises and scratches.

One day the boys' father came home with a hive of bees, which he placed under a shed made for the purpose. As soon as the hive was set in its place the mischievous boys were warned to keep away from it. They never had seen a hive of bees before, and did not know what dangerous little creatures the bees were. The next day after the hive was placed in the shed they were both out quite early in the morning. The first thing they did was to run to the hive, to see what the bees were doing. At first they were a little afraid, thinking it might not be safe to go very close. The bees had not yet begun to stir at this early hour, and everything about the hive was quiet. One of the lads got a long stick and pushed the end of it through the little door of the hive, thinking to awaken the inmates.



In a few moments a number of bees came darting out to see what was the matter. The boys did not feel much alarmed at this, as they did not think the bees could harm them.

But presently young Jimmy began to scream and run towards the house. A bee had stung him on his neck, while at the same time another bee ran his sharp lance into Freddie's thumb. This made him dance and squirm with pain. He did not run to the house, however, for fear he would get a scolding, as he had been told to not meddle with the hive.

For some time after this the two boys were very careful about how they acted; but they soon forgot this painful experience, and again they were as full of mischief as ever.

In the course of time the boys became large enough to attend school and to do many small jobs for their parents after school was out. They now had but little time in which to do mischief, and they became very obedient children.

In after years they profited by the experience they had with the bees. When ever they were

tempted to disobey counsel this sad incident would come to their minds, and caused them to act with care, thus saving themselves from many troubles.

THE following was the form of the Lord's prayer in the year 1300: "Fader our in hevne, Halewayed be thi name, Come thi kingdom, Thi will be don as in hevne and in earth, Oor uch dayes bred give us to-day, And forgive us our dettees as we forgiven our dettours, and lede us not into temptioun, Bote delyvere us of yvel. Amen."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 4.

1. When did Joseph receive the next heavenly visitation? A. On the 21st of September, 1823.
2. Who appeared unto him at this time? A. The angel Moroni.
3. What announcement did he make concerning the gospel? A. That the time was at hand for it to be revealed in its fullness, and preached in power unto all nations.
4. What did he tell him about a certain hidden treasure? A. That there was a book, written upon gold plates, buried in the ground.
5. What was it to contain? A. An account of the people who lived in former days upon this continent, also the fullness of the everlasting gospel.
6. What were hidden with it? A. Two stones in two silver bows, which were fastened to a breast-plate, and were called the Urim and Thummim.
7. Of what use were they? A. God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book from the language in which it was written into English.
8. What charge did the angel give him concerning these treasures? A. That after he had obtained them he must not show them to any person unless the Lord commanded him to do so.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. Where did Joseph remove to after he obtained possession of the plates? 2. Who came there to see him after he began to copy the characters and translate them? 3. What did he do with some of the characters which Joseph had drawn off, and the translations of them? 4. What did he do after he examined them? 5. What did he do when told that Joseph had the plates revealed to him by an angel of God? 6. What did he tell Martin Harris he would do if he would bring him the plates? 7. When Mr. Harris stated that part of them were sealed what was his reply? 8. Quote a prediction of this incident, and state where it can be found. 9. To whom did he take them afterwards?

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a room full of married folks like an empty room? Because there is not a single person in it.

Why is a palm tree like a chronologer? It furnishes dates.

THE SOUL OF THE BABY.

BY LULA.

One little head full of all sorts of things;
Two little feet that balance on springs;
One little nose that is fashioned just right;
Two sparkling eyes that are wondrous bright;
Two little ears that must listen and hear;
Two loving arms to hug mamma dear;
Two downy cheeks that are red as a peach;
Two chubby hands with five fingers on each;
Or four dimpled fingers and one dimpled thumb;
Two rosy lips that can say "Papa's come!"
Two rounded knees that bend meekly each day,
At morn and eve as we all kneel to pray;
One body filled with one spirit so sweet
Forms the pure soul of the baby complete.

The following named persons have sent answers to the questions on Church History published in No. 4: F. Pickering, H. C. Blood, W. J. C. Mortimer, Martha Terman, Alice Crane, S. Stark, C. Alsen, D. W. Evans, Hannah Grover, D. E. Coleman, H. T. Ward, G. M. Ward, Avildia Page, I. Fisher, Lizzie Hatch, Jane Welch, W. E. Cole S. E. Cole, H. H. Blood, W. D. Dixon, Eliza Morgan, J. R. Morgan, W. L. Worzencroft, Eleanor Harper, Marinda Monson, G. Rasmussen, J. Folkman, Allie Young, Jannie Smith, Mary E. Chandler, R. A. Turner, Susie S. Coleman, Dencey Terry, E. V. Bunderson, Rosie M. Sedgwick, Louisa Johnson, L. R. Anderson, S. P. Oldham, H. Muir, G. E. Court, W. N. Draper, May Merrill, M. B. Andrus, Elizabeth Andrus, Louie Kimball, Ina Pomeroy, C. Shippen, Elizabeth S. Zundell, O. Jorgensen, Nephi Otteson, Etta M. Huish, L. A. Burnham, N. Andrus, Mary A. Crookston, Alice A. Keeler, G. Robertson, Jr., F. W. Kirkham, J. E. Bunting.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 4 is A BOOK. We have received a correct solution from C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City.

"Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning, when I went away?" said a carpenter to a rather green lad, whom he had taken for an apprentice. "All but the handsaw, sir," replied the lad, promptly. "I couldn't get all the gaps out of that."

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 60).

DURING all these troubles and excitement the Saints did not cease in the least their exertions to build the temple. The work continued to move on with the usual vigor.

Several circumstances pertaining to the temple occurred during this time, which I now proceed to notice:

Willard Richards, the recorder, having in the early part of June obtained permission from the President to go to the East to get his family, made preparations to depart upon this journey. On the 29th of June he transferred the "Law of the Lord" and books belonging to the temple to the care and charge of William Clayton. One or two days later Elder Richards started away.

About nine o'clock on the evening of Saturday, September 3rd, the President was at Bishop N. K. Whitney's, but was about to leave that place to go to Edward Hunter's. He called William Clayton to him and said:

"Brother Clayton, I want you to take care of the records and papers; and from this time I appoint you Temple Recorder; and when revelations are to be transcribed, you shall write them."

This was done because Elder Richards had more work than he could attend to, he being engaged upon the Church History, which the President was anxious should progress as fast as possible.

While President Joseph was concealed at Father Taylor's, Elder Cahoon and some others went to visit him. He gave them many glorious instructions, and in his conversation requested Brother Cahoon, as soon as he should return home, to call upon the Saints to put a temporary floor in the temple, that we might be enabled to hold our meetings within its sacred walls.

Accordingly, on Sunday, the 23rd day of October, the committee laid before the Saints the President's request and called upon them to begin work on the morrow to accomplish this object.

On the following day the brethren began their labor on this temporary floor; and on Friday, the 28th, the floor was laid and seats were fixed ready for meeting.

On Sunday, the 30th, the Saints held the first meeting in the temple, and were addressed by Elder John Taylor, one of the Twelve Apostles. It was expected that the President would be there himself; but he was sick and unable to attend.

This movement added a new stimulus to the work; and the hearts of all the Saints seemed to be filled with joy and gratitude for this privilege.

The Prophet, before he went up the river, had called upon the members of the Temple Committee to come together to have a settlement.

On Saturday, October 1st, they met at the President's house, he being sick. The recorder and Bishop N. K. Whitney were present.

Some reports had been circulated to the effect that the committee was not making a righteous disposition of property consecrated to the building of the temple, and there appeared to be some dissatisfaction among the laborers on account of these reports.

After carefully examining the books and making inquiry into the entire proceeding of the committee, President Joseph

expressed himself as being perfectly satisfied with the committee and its work.

The books were balanced between the Trustee-in-Trust and the committee, and also each individual account was carefully examined.

The wages of the Trustee-in-Trust, the members of the committee and the recorder were also fixed by the President; and it was agreed that each should receive two dollars per day for his services.

The President remarked that he was amenable to the State for the faithful discharge of his duties as Trustee-in-Trust, and that the Temple Committee was accountable to him and to no other authority; and that no notice must be taken of any complaint unless it were properly brought to him, when he would make things right if any change were needed.

The parties separated perfectly satisfied, and the President said that he would have a notice published stating that he had examined the accounts and was satisfied. This notice appeared in the *Times and Seasons* of October 15th, 1842.

At this council it was also agreed that the recorder's office should be removed to the Committee House near the temple for the better accommodation of the business.

Accordingly the committee built a small brick office for the recorder; and on Wednesday, November 2nd, the recorder moved his records, books, papers, etc., to the new office and began business there forthwith.

Brother James Whitehead was called into the office on the 11th of June to assist in keeping the books; and from this time forward the business continued to increase and contributions came in plentifully.

(To be Continued).

THE LOST FOUND.

FIFTY or sixty years ago, it was the custom for gentlemen wishing servants to visit the emigrant ships as soon as they arrived in port. Selecting the man or woman who pleased them they would pay his or her passage money, about seventy or eighty dollars, to the captain, agreeing to give the servant clothing and board, and at the end of three years' service, twenty or thirty dollars.

One day a gentleman, a man of fortune, residing in Philadelphia, went on board an emigrant ship to hire a girl, or "purchase her time," as it was then called. He selected one and was shown her father. The old man was anxious to go with his daughter, and after some persuasion the gentleman purchased his time.

"Well, now," said the old man, "here's my old wife; take her also."

There was something so attractive in the countenance of the old woman that the gentleman bought her time.

Going together to the registrar's office to complete the bargain, the gentleman was surprised to find that the name which the emigrants gave was spelt and pronounced like his own. Inquiries ended in his discovering that he had bought the time of his own father and mother.

When six years old, a son of the old folks had been taken to America by a gentleman and they had lost all knowledge of him, indeed, they had almost forgotten they had a son in America. They recollected, however, that the boy had a mark upon his shoulder. The newly-found son was stripped in the office, and, to the great delight of the aged couple, there was the birth-mark.

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER II.

VLADIMIR relinquished the arm of the frightened princess, and in a moment she was gone.

He turned away sick at heart; not so much because of the dreadful physical punishments which might be in store for him, as because of the evanishment of those tender yet proud brown eyes which had last shone upon him.

Slowly he wound his way among knots of beauties and gallants until finally he stood alone beneath the central dome of the conservatory. He was overarched by a shadowing banana tree; and, toying idly with its flaming blossoms, he mused upon the new factor in his existence. He did not even remember his physical danger. He only recalled a face of beauty, with eyes of unfathomable depth.

His lovely companion had not revealed her name during their delightful promenade. Such a revelation was not necessary. Even before the czar's messenger had accosted the lady as Princess Olga, Vladimir had known that he was in the society of that famous beauty. The fact is that when he stood before his monarch, that thrilling side-glance from pitying eyes had taught him the truth. For once the resounding formality of the Russian court had been utterly overlooked. These two people knew each other—that was enough.

While he thus mused he was approached by a messenger, who handed him a sealed note. Vladimir broke the official wafer hurriedly and read as follows:

"Sir—

"Our imperial master graciously forgives your awful offense upon this sole understanding: that you shall quit St. Petersburg within twenty-four hours. After five years of foreign travel—which I trust may teach you what you lose by an exchange of Russian civilization for the barbarism of other lands—you may return and ask pardon.

"—— MINISTER."

What! quit the czar's realm and with his departure lose the new-found Olga! A protest—angry and suicidal—sprang to his lips. Fortunately he was alone and his passionate exclamations were unheard.

But he made the solemn determination that he would not depart, let fate do its worst. At least, he would not leave unless dragged in chains.

That night, to gain a temporary refuge and to obtain time for thoughtfully maturing some plan for the future, he hastened to his own magnificent country house on the contiguous island of Aptekarskoi. This palace, with its internal and surrounding wealth, had belonged to his mother; and when the confiscation of the General Feodor Pojarsky's estate was made under order of the Emperor Nicholas, this beautiful and costly villa had alone been spared. Vladimir's mother did not long survive the shock of her beloved husband's banishment; and when the boy was but eighteen years of age he was alone in the world, with an unwieldy estate and a mighty title.

Vladimir would not even have sought this temporary retirement, for he was naturally an impulsive and hot-headed youth; but his army discipline had taught him method, and besides, his love made him cunning. He knew that he could spend one day near the Winter Palace, in his proper person, without getting into the hands of the police.

His thoughts were troubled. But of one thing he was certain, he would first of all endeavor to gain an interview with Princess Olga. His subsequent conduct must be governed greatly by her reception of his addresses.

To accomplish his purpose he conceived a daring scheme. On the night following the czar's ball he disguised himself as an imperial courier and went dashing through the grand streets of the city. He knew the palace of the Count Nestor Ivanovitch, on the Nevski Prospekt. Thrice he passed it in his flying sledge. It was brilliantly-lighted but silent. No guests came nor went. The mansion stood far back from the avenue; but after his eye had opportunity to note the details he saw dimly a single sleigh standing near the side entrance. This was the door leading to the count's offices; and Vladimir concluded that either Ivanovitch had an official visitor or he himself was about to leave the palace on business. Hope sprang in the soldier's heart: and, concealing himself and his sledge as much as possible under the trees which lined the avenue, he awaited at a little distance to see who should emerge from the gates.

He had not long to remain inactive, for soon the jingle of bells approaching from the palace caught his ear; and a moment later a sleigh dashed out upon the avenue. Then he heard the words distinctly spoken:

"To the office of the minister of police."

It was the count's voice; and without waiting to learn anything more, Vladimir quickly made his way to the official entrance of the mansion. Here he boldly demanded the count, when the obsequious servant stated that his master had just left the palace, and had gone to some place to the servant unknown. Vladimir abruptly ordered:

"Then request your mistress, Princess Olga Ivanovitch, to give me audience at once."

The astonished domestic hesitated at this unusual demand; but the pseudo-courier threw back his fur coat and revealed the imperial uniform, at the same time saying:

"It is in the name of the czar."

Without any further delay the servitor departed, and the lieutenant was left standing in the softly-lighted, warm library.

After a brief space of time, amazement in her face at such a strange summons, Olga appeared at the door.

(To be Continued.)

PLAYING ON NO STRING.—Paganini, the wonderful violinist, used to play upon one string. An anecdote of him shows how he played upon no string at all: One day a great lady in Rome said to him, "Signor Paganini, I understand that you can execute an air on one string of your violin."

"Madam, you have heard the truth," replied the great virtuoso.

"Will you allow me and my friends to hear you?"

"Certainly."

So the great lady gave a reception, at which Paganini was invited to perform his violin trick. After playing a selection upon one string, Paganini was thanked by his hostess, who said, "Now, Signor Paganini, as you do wonders on one string, can you perform on no string at all?"

"Most assuredly," answered Paganini.

The lady asked if he would do so for her, and he gave his consent. A day was set, the great lady invited a number of friends to witness the miracle. When all were assembled, Paganini failed to appear. News came soon that he had that day left Rome.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

MANKIND cling to the earth and set their affections upon its elements. It is very strange that we should become so much attached to things which we know will perish, and which, when we go away, we know we cannot take with us.

Death brings all men to a common level; the powerful prince and the mighty conqueror, when death comes, are reduced to the same level as the humblest laborer and the commonest beggar. All their glory, their riches and luxuries they must leave behind. Even their bodies must be reduced to their native elements, and being a part of the earth, remain on it.

Men spend their lifetime in heaping up earthly substance; death comes and they have to leave it all behind. The fruits of their labor of long years are thus left for others to enjoy or to waste. They take nothing of all their hard earnings with them; and yet, with all this knowledge constantly before them, generation after generation of men spend their time and devote all their energies in endeavoring to amass riches. Is it not strange, and could we believe they would do so, if we did not have their conduct constantly before our eyes?

It is this tendency of human nature that gives Satan the great power which he has in the earth. He appeals to men through their outer senses. It is by the gratification of them that he tempts them. Money is tangible and can be handled; with it men can purchase those things which gratify their bodily wants and their luxurious desires. They shut their eyes to the future and determine to enjoy the present; but those things which are spiritual are not perceived by the outer senses; they are only comprehended by the spirit, and to be comprehended by the spirit, men must have faith and seek for the spirit. They are not palpable to the touch nor tangible to the outer physical senses. To perceive them men must look with the eye of faith.

Lazarus, the poor man, who fed upon the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table, might have been filled with a holy joy and peace which could not be described; but who, that did not understand these things, could have said that he was happier than the rich man whose crumbs he ate? The most of men, in looking at the two characters, would have been disposed to admire the position of the rich man and to envy his seeming prosperity; while they would have looked upon Lazarus with pity and, perhaps, disgust. But it is an extraordinary fact, that of the two men, according to the words of the Savior, Lazarus was the richer, the more prosperous and the happier. He evidently had bestowed pains in laying up heavenly treasures, and had bestowed little or no thought upon the perishable things of the earth.

Men of the world cannot comprehend men of God. To the former the latter appear to act like fools; they see that they care but little for the riches and comforts of this world, from which they themselves derive so much pleasure and enjoyment, and are frequently content to live in poverty and be despised by

the world at large. These men of the world appear to be unable to understand why they should do this, yet the one who thus appears to place no value upon earthly things is laying up true riches, which in days to come he will find of great benefit and imperishable.

A man who accumulates wisdom and knowledge enjoys much happiness in doing so, and can carry these blessings with him when he leaves this world, for they do not remain with the body; they do not belong to the earth nor are they a part of its elements, but belong to the spirit, and will be with it eternally. Men of God in all ages have understood this and have acted in accordance therewith. They have looked beyond this life, with its transitory enjoyments and pleasures, and have sought after the true riches with which they would not have to part when they laid down their mortal tabernacles.

To the Latter-day Saints it is promised that they shall have eternal riches, and they will have the riches of the earth also; but they must not place their affections upon the latter. They must use all that God places in their hands for the carrying on of His work and the accomplishment of His purposes.

WHAT MONEY CANNOT DO.

WE are reminded of the ignorant rich man who, when told by his daughter's tutors that the girl wanted capacity, ordered them to supply her with it and name the price. "Capacity!" says he, "buy her one, then! She shall have everything she wants and I'll foot the bills."

But wealth can never purchase talents, nor can it refine a vulgar character. Money can buy a great many things, but it will not buy what makes a gentleman. If you have money you can go to a shop and buy clothes. But hats, coats, pants and boots do not make a gentleman. They make a fop, and sometimes they come near making a fool.

Money will buy dogs and horses, but how many dogs and horses do you think it will take to make a gentleman?

Let no boy, therefore, think he is to be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in or the money he spends. Not one of all these things do it—and yet every boy can be a gentleman.

He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, have no horses, live in a poor house and spend but little money, and still be a gentleman. But how? By being true, manly and honorable; by keeping himself neat and respectable; by being civil and courteous; by respecting himself and respecting others; by doing the best he knows how; and finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping His commandments.

IN infancy, the mind is peculiarly ductile. We bring into the world with us nothing that deserves the name of habit, are neither virtuous nor vicious, active nor idle, inattentive nor curious. The infant comes into our hands a subject capable of certain impressions, and of being led on to a certain degree of improvement. His mind is like his body; what at first was cartilage, gradually becomes bone. Just so the mind acquires its solidity; and what might originally have been bent in a thousand directions, becomes stiff, unmanageable and unimpressible.

AN ITALIAN SHEPHERD.

THE life of a shepherd in sunny Italy is considered by a great many to be very romantic and filled with pleasure; not in the least worthy of comparison with the life of one similarly employed in this country. But when one visits that country where poverty prevails to such an alarming extent, all romance vanishes and the stern fact is met that such a life has but very few pleasures connected with it.

Notwithstanding the many hardships attendant upon such an occupation there is much time which the earnest seeker after knowledge can most profitably employ, and examples are not lacking of those who, engaged in this pursuit, have risen into prominence through diligently employing their time in the acquisition of knowledge.

In our engraving we see the position which Guido Reni, a noted Italian painter of the sixteenth century once occupied. He was born at Bologna, Italy, in 1575, and was destined by his father, who was a flute player, to become a musician. In order to satisfy his parents he applied himself during part of his spare time to the study of music, but his inclinations were for painting, and much of his time when in the open fields was employed in drawing pictures or imitating the exquisite coloring of flowers. He endeavored to hide from his parents the efforts he made in this latter direction but they finally discovered the bent of his genius, and his father, not without some misgivings, placed him in the studio of Denis Calvart. This step never caused any regret, for the youthful artist's uncommon talents coupled

with his great application soon made him the best pupil in the school.

While yet at study a dispute arose between two different schools of painting concerning the respective merits of each. Guido adopted the style which was most agreeable to him, but because it was different to that which his first teacher had adopted he became mixed up in the annoyances and vexations attending the rivalry. He escaped, however, many difficulties by his wisdom and moderation and his seeking to avoid rather than court disputes.

His progress was very rapid in his chosen profession, and when he went to Rome, the beloved city of artists, he found that fame had preceded him. Work was given him in great abundance, and his readiness and quickness for performing the same were so great that he would soon have become quite opulent had he but restrained his passion for gambling.

While at Rome he was awarded a piece of work, which a rival in art, Caravaggio, had expected to receive. No sooner had this latter heard of what had happened than he sought Guido, whom he hated, and he then insulted him. Guido replied in words no less angry when Car-

avaggio, whose anger deprived him of reason, seized a sword, and wounded his opponent badly in the face. Scarcely had he recovered from his wound and recommenced his labors when his rivals were again aroused and calumniated him so that he decided to leave Rome. He returned to his native city where he was received with great cordiality, but he was soon recalled to the great city by the pope himself.

Here in the midst of his great prosperity, he gave himself



up to his passion for gambling at which he lost vast sums of money and finally when fortune failed him he borrowed money from his friends as long as he could. Age now came upon him and his powers failed. Thus died in poverty and misery in 1642, a man who might have been the happiest in all Italy.

THE WORKING CLASSES OF GERMANY.

BY C. H. W.

IT is an established fact that the laboring class in Germany are treated but very little better by their employers than the negroes used to be by their masters on this continent.

Social intercourse is out of the question altogether, and the treatment regarding labor and food does not come up to that extended to the negro. A negro cost a good deal of money, and upon the principle that the owner of a good horse will take good care of him; so did the planter take good care of his slaves.

In Germany laborers are plentiful and do not cost any money. You can hire a first-class hand for from thirty to forty dollars and board for a year. A first-class girl to do house-work for about twenty dollars and board for a year. Bargains are invariably made for the year and during this period a servant is expected to be on hand both day and night. No visiting at night as is customary here with us; the servants are not allowed to leave the house without permission. The girls after having cleared up their supper dishes have to work the spinning-wheel until about ten o'clock, or do knitting, sewing, darning or anything else the house-wife may desire.

Girls also perform a great deal of farm labor, such as cleaning out cow-stables, milking, loading manure and spreading it, making hay, binding grain and loading and stacking it; also in the Winter season they help thresh the grain which is usually done on the barn floor with flails.

The food for the servants is invariably coarse and plain, and where only a few of them are employed, is served generally in the kitchen. On large estates a dining-room is provided adjoining the kitchen. These kitchens are by no means warm and comfortable as ours are. Stoves are not used for cooking. A sort of elevated fire-place with several small holes in it is provided on account of economy, fuel being very scarce and costly. The floor is either brick or flags, and consequently not very warm to a person's feet.

The sleeping apartments for the men are small rooms with clay floors and often no ventilation, close to the horse and cow-stables, this being a convenient arrangement in case of anything going wrong with the animals during the night. Animals cost considerable in that country and must be looked after. The girls generally have a place in which to sleep adjoining the kitchen, which is called an "alcove." I mentioned above that dining-rooms are prepared on large estates for the hired help; it may be interesting to give a description of one of these.

I will first state that in the northern part of Germany there are very large estates which are worked by the owners themselves instead of being leased in small parcels. On some of them are kept from a thousand to twelve hundred cows. These are pastured in the Summer and stabled in the Winter, which means in that country six months out of the twelve. They are also milked twice a day. The reader can readily imagine the

number of hands it must require on such a place to perform the necessary labor; when he takes into consideration the immense amount of feed (hay and grain) it takes to keep all these animals; also the number of horses necessary for such a business, in order to cultivate such an enormous tract of land. Some of the hands engaged are married and live in small huts with clay or brick floors and receive a daily wage of about twenty cents, with the privilege of keeping a goat, a pig and a few chickens, provided they can manage to secure feed for them without infringing on the proprietor.

The remainder of the hands are hired by the year, men and women, and consequently receive board. The dining-room and kitchen to accommodate such an army, of course have to be very large and provided with the requisite conveniences.

Gruel, soups of all kinds and color, pork, potatoes and rye bread are the main diet, hence the kitchen is furnished with large boilers built in brick, to do the cooking and supply the needed hot water for cleaning purposes; also with a large oven to bake the bread required. This oven will bake enough at once to last for at least thirty days.

Germans think fresh bread is not healthy.

The dining-room is furnished with stationary tables and benches made of heavy oak plank. As a matter of economy and to save the use of dishes, large bowls are carved out at different distances in the centre of these tables, which serve to hold the victuals, whether liquid or solid; then around the edge of the table smaller ones are made to serve as plates. All the food is eaten from these and no plates or dishes appear on the table. Knives and forks are not needed, wooden spoons only are furnished. These are never washed, because warm water spoils them by making them rough. After eating they are licked clean with the tongue and stuck into a rack, or leather strap fixed for that purpose on the walls of the room. Every person has his own spoon. If anyone wishes to use a knife he must carry it in his pocket. Hands were made before forks, hence no necessity for these articles.

As soon as the food is served or poured into these troughs a bell is rung and you can see men and women coming from all directions crowding into the dining-room, each one helping himself, without any ceremony whatever, just like so many hogs.

After the meal is over, the dogs generally, who have been waiting patiently outside, assist in cleaning up and washing the table; the finishing touch, however, being given by the kitchen girls.

It is an interesting sight to witness, and one for which every German should blush with shame. To see the laboring classes treated, as above described, in a land that boasts of its high state of culture and civilization is unpardonable. Still, so it is, and I have often thought when seeing the condition of the poor, what a blessing to them it is that they know of nothing better.

As a matter of course where people are treated in this manner their higher natures are not cultivated, but only the animal part of them; hence, a great deal of wickedness and corruption are practiced. Licentiousness and promiscuous intercourse are the order of the day, and the statistical reports of Germany show that one half of the children born in that country, are illegitimate.

I have often wished that our boys and girls could have a glimpse at the state of affairs I have tried to describe. I think it might prove beneficial to some of them at least and would have the tendency to make them appreciate their homes to a greater extent than they do at present.

A MYSTERIOUS PREACHER.

BY H. BELNAP.

(Continued from page 76.)

ON another occasion Mr. Edge pronounced the secret societies as being man-made institutions through which the devil operated. In referring to Masonry, he said, "Although this institution dates its origin many centuries back, it is only a perverted priesthood stolen from the temples of the most High." After giving several Masonic signs he testified that Jesus Christ Himself was the chief and master Mason.

In order to give a better understanding how he explained the prophetic visions of ancient men of God, we will refer to a favorite text of his when contrasting the powers of God and the world; and the length of time Satan should bear rule. *Rev. II: 1-3.*

"And there was given me a reed like unto a rod; and the angel stood, saying, rise and measure the temple of God, and the altar, and them that worship therein.

"But the court which is without the temple leave out, and measure it not; for it is given unto the Gentiles; and the holy city shall they tread under foot forty and two months."

The inner courts he explained as the courts of God filled with the brightness of the Lord's glory. The outer courts as the kingdoms of this world that had been placed in the hands of the Gentiles. In like manner he explained the wheel within a wheel. The time the Gentiles should possess the outer kingdoms he positively declared would expire in this generation, after which Jesus Christ would rule.

By this time many of the professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, together with the pious Free Masons began seeking his life. One reverend divine went so far as to hire a gang of lawless men to hunt him down and shed his blood before sleep should overtake them. This movement compelled Mr. Edge to confine his labors more particularly among those who were his friends. However, many who were friendly at first began dropping off as popular feeling against him became more intense.

The course pursued by Mr. Edge in the beginning enabled him to reach all classes of people. Hence to-day many who severed their connections with the churches are looked upon as infidels because they believe not the dogmas of to-day noting the difference between them and the doctrines of Christ, as laid down in the divine scriptures.

Those who were indeed his friends by this time gathered around him and desired baptism. He answered them in these words, "I would not baptize a man for my right arm."

One then said, "You have not the right to baptize, then?"

Mr. Edge replied, "If I have not, others have;" and he promised that all who so desired he would organize into a church of brotherly love after the apostolic order.

This proposal met their approval and some sixty persons assembled together when he laid his hands upon their heads and blessed them, as they supposed for the reception of the Holy Ghost. He then selected one from among them to take charge of their prayer-meetings.

Mr. Edge was not a man of many words outside the pulpit, and when he did converse with his fellow-men it was mostly upon religion. "For," said he, "my Father's business is too urgent for me to trifle with political affairs."

When it could be so arranged he held from one to three meetings a day. He did his own singing, preaching and praying without even showing the least sign of hoarseness. He ate, on an average, only one meal per day.

Mr. Edge circulated the news that on a certain evening he would deliver one discourse in behalf of the devil. Although popular feeling by this time was very much against him, hundreds of people, through curiosity, came to hear this peculiar sermon. When the evening came the house was packed to its utmost capacity.

On arising to speak the preacher read the following verses for a text. *Matt. iv. 8, 9.*

"Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain; and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them.

"And saith unto him all these things will I give unto thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

He then assumed the attitude of the devil; and gave his audience to understand that every word spoken by him was the same as if Lucifer had said it himself.

After showing from his text that this whole world was under his direct command, he portrayed the many beauties and pleasures that were at his disposal. He then eulogized them very much upon the course they were pursuing. "I am not so particular," said he, "how you obtain money, but the idea is, get it."

He said to his assembly that should one of them have a horse to sell, his advice as the devil, would be to take him into the back yard for a few days and there feed him well on the best of buck-skin, then to bring him out into the road prancing on his hind feet, take him down in town, meet some old gentleman that knew nothing about a horse and obtain two prices for the animal, then the thing to do was to return to one's comrades and brag how nicely it was done.

He advised the young people not to live such a penurious life, but to dress in the light of fashion; ride behind fine horses, be free with the opposite sex; and if, perchance, one of those fair daughters should be ruined, cast her aside to wallow in disgrace the remainder of her days, while the gentleman who perpetrated the foul deed should be held up as a cunning fellow.

His advice to the reverend divines was to make long prayers pull straight faces, pretend righteousness, preach sympathetic and grave-yard sermons, deceive every man's wife they possibly could, and be sure not to forget to steal the virtue of every fair maiden who should come within their grasp. In fact to go on just as they had been doing, "For in reality," said he, "my kingdom is yours."

And thus he went on keeping the audience in a continual titter for about one hour and a half while he portrayed the various crimes in society as being just the thing they ought to do. At the expiration of this time he stepped forward, threw his hands down by his side and exclaimed, "Get behind me, Satan!"

Every countenance was immediately changed and breathless silence reigned. He then began rebuking these actions in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and called upon every one to repent and turn unto the true and living God, or damnation would be theirs.

(To be Continued.)

PRAYING frequently helps to praying fervently. Be assured it is better to wander in prayer than to wander from it.

OUR TERRITORY.

BY Z. B.

THERE is, perhaps, no place in the United States that excels the basin of the Great Salt Lake as a fruit-growing district; not only in its wonderful yield, but also for the excellence of the fruit. Fruit-raising has become an important industry and is a source of great wealth to the Territory. South of the rim of the basin is a country peculiarly adapted to vineyards and the manufacture of raisins and wine. But there are two reasons why it is not properly developed in this respect: First, there is no market for the fruit on account of isolation; and none for the wine because of the proverbial temperance of the "Mormon" people, who occupy the southern part of the Territory almost exclusively.

Shrubbery, flowers and lawns are rapidly adopted as a means of beautifying the homes of our people; every year witnesses the beginning of innumerable new plots set apart for their cultivation, and while there can be no estimate made of this branch, its value is a potent factor when affecting the sale or purchase value of a home. Millions of dollars, unaccounted for, except as they please the eye and gladden the heart of the beholder, have been thus expended in our principal cities and towns.

Following is a table upon the horticulture of Utah for 1875. At that time there were in

Apples,	3,935	acres	yielding	358,277	bu., or	90	bu. per acre
Pears,	128	"	"	10,560	"	75	"
Peaches,	2,687	"	"	330,535	"	120	"
Plums,	259	"	"	43,585	"	165	"
Apricots,	305	"	"	44,160	"	145	"
Cherries	62	"	"	4,661	"	75	"
Grapes,	544	"	"	3,409,200	lbs. or	6,260	lbs.

The total number of acres devoted to this branch of industry at that time was 7,920. We are safe in concluding that the average has been at least doubled, and certainly the quantity and quality of fruit increased and improved in a much greater ratio since that time.

Next to mining, stock-raising has brought to the Territory more ready interchangeable wealth than any other branch of industry. So ready has been the sale of stock in years past that the country has been literally drained of cattle, until the price has reached such a figure that the next turn must certainly be downward. Yet there is another cause which has greatly militated against the extensive rearing of cattle and horses in recent years, and it is the numerous herds of sheep that have been brought in and grazed on lands that were formerly devoted to cattle, etc. And it is a well-known fact that the two cannot live together because of the utter ruin which sheep work to grazing lands where they are kept for any length of time. However, it is perhaps fortunate for those who have retained their interests in stock-raising that the country has been drained of the poorer quality that was so abundant, as it must be apparent to even the casual observer that in later years there has been a marked improvement in the quality of horses and cattle in our Territory.

Nothing has contributed more to the introduction of better-blooded stock than the raising of alfalfa, or lucern, which furnishes at once an abundant and valuable food supply peculiarly suited to the necessities of farmers and stock-raisers who feed their cattle. Thousands of acres of otherwise useless land has been made to yield abundantly by the introduction of

this wonderfully-prolific plant, so familiar to all my readers. It is a question how we would do without it, so necessary has it become to our welfare and convenience.

The value in horticultural products in 1875 was \$1,170,248; animals, \$6,642,798; animal products, \$1,219,094: total, \$13,425,363.

As regards timber, Utah holds an intermediate place between the great timbered districts of the East and West. While we have none of those mighty forest plains of the East, of oak, hemlock, fir, spruce and a hundred other varieties that in some parts stretch for a hundred miles without intermission, and are so dense as to exclude the rays of the noon-day sun; neither any of those great mountain tracts of the West, covered with the finest specimens of redwood, cedar, fir and pine that shoot upward a hundred feet without a limb, and girth a hundred feet at the base, Utah is still provided with a liberal supply for home consumption; and in years past a considerable quantity of lumber has been manufactured for exportation. The chief varieties are red and white pine, balsam and in some parts limited growths of cedar. The best quality of white pine is practically clear, but does not equal the imported article. Common lumber ranges from \$20.00 to \$25.00 per thousand feet. There was always, until the introduction of coal, a plentiful supply of wood in the mountains for fuel, which comprised maple, oak and quaking aspen.

MANUFACTURES.

WITHOUT any, apparently, good reason why it should be so, Utah has made less progress in the manufacture of her own products into articles of utility for home use and exportation than Colorado. In this particular alone, and perhaps in mining, does Utah fall short as the superior of Colorado. And the admission is the more painful when we know that we have in unlimited quantities, the raw material for almost every branch of manufacture. Our mountains, for hundreds of miles north and south, at intervals of a few miles, are cut by deep canyons through which flow streams that would furnish power for a hundred thousand mills of unlimited capacity. What, then, shall we say? Is our failure the result of the want of capable men? Certainly not. While there is no sufficient reason apparent there are many extenuating circumstances. Repeated efforts have been made to establish manufacturing industries, and in this Brigham Young was always a leader; to his energy, determination and zeal for our material welfare we may trace what few industries we have. Our isolation has been in the past one drawback. But the chief one has been railroad discrimination. Colorado has had the aid of railway effort in the development of her manufactures. With Utah it has always been exactly the reverse. The policy of the only road that for years penetrated Utah was one of unfailing antagonism to her interests. Nebraska is being built up at the expense of Utah, Idaho and Montana. Its policy has been one of cheap freight rates on imports and high ones on exports; and this policy pursued for years by the Union Pacific is now taken up also by the Denver and Rio Grande, and has the effect to choke the very life out of any but the most skillfully-managed concerns. It has made merchandise of all kinds cheap; and Utah's people, with all their boasted love of home, love of union and community of interests, have not yet learned to second the efforts of their best commercial friends—the men who introduce manufactures among us.

Until we do learn that so long as an article of home manufacture can be had at a moderate price it is to our interests to use it to the exclusion of the imported article, even at an

advanced price, just so long shall we remain behind and at the mercy of others. The want of manufactures is the crying evil of to-day. There can be no doubt that with a patriotic, zealous support, home factories could be established in a few years that would require no favors.

The United States census returns for 1850 gave \$291,220 as the value of manufactures in Utah at that time. On the same authority it had increased to \$900,153 in 1860, and to \$2,343,019 in 1870. Similar returns published for 1875, by order of the Utah Legislature, showed that it had reached \$3,831,817.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHILE going to fill a mission which had been assigned him, the editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR was arrested in the State of Nevada, the particulars of which have been given with some detail in the newspapers.

Upon leaving the Promontory, and on the way to Salt Lake City, the train on which he was placed was put in charge of the military. If the prisoner had been a conquered general, or a distinguished leader of a rebellion that had been captured, there could not have been more ridiculous military pomp exhibited towards him than was during the journey referred to. He was wounded through his fall, was helpless and lay stretched on a couch in the car which Superintendent John Sharp had kindly forwarded for his accommodation, and yet there was a squad of soldiers with loaded rifles around his couch and guarding the doors of the car. Peremptory orders were issued by the officer in command that no one should be allowed to enter or leave the car without his permission. The civil authority was for the occasion subordinated to the military, and Marshal Ireland appeared to have no authority whatever over the train or any of its passengers. Upon reaching Salt Lake City the military went through some evolutions and marched off, and the marshal appeared to regain his suspended authority.

When the military reached the Promontory and joined the marshal an attempt was made to start the special train with the party from there immediately for Salt Lake City. This would have brought the train into the city in darkness between three and four o'clock in the morning. Against this movement the prisoner protested, and a compromise was effected by arranging to have the train leave the Promontory at five o'clock, which would bring it into Salt Lake City about eight o'clock. As this would be in the daylight, when vehicles could be obtained in which to move, there could be no objection to such an arrangement. The anxiety that seemed to be entertained by all the officials to get to Salt Lake City in the dark had its origin doubtless in a fear that if the train went in at the regular hour, there would be tremendous excitement among the people and difficulty might occur. As it was, upon the arrival of the train a great many people were at the platform and a still larger crowd of people were at the federal court house.

The deep feeling manifested, and the many expressions of sympathy and kindness which were made, and the almost overpowering anxiety as to his welfare, made a deep impression upon the prisoner. For two hours he lay on a mattress in the marshal's office until arrangements could be made concerning bonds. A twenty-five-thousand-dollar bond was required as security for the charge of unlawful cohabitation for which he had been arrested and for which the indictment had been

found. The bond usually required in such cases has been fifteen hundred dollars. While awaiting the completion of this business the prisoner was served with two more warrants, being two complaints for unlawful cohabitation; for these bonds of ten thousand dollars each were required. Brother Franklin S. Richards and Mr. Joseph S. Rawlins argued before Judge Zane, who sat in the marshal's office, against such excessive bail being demanded, urging that it was a violation of the federal constitution; but it was of no avail. Prosecuting-Attorney Dickson contended that the bail was not excessive, and, of course, Judge Zane took the same view. Thus bonds for forty-five thousand dollars were exacted!

In ordinary cases a bond of forty-five hundred dollars has been all that has been required for three charges such as these were—unlawful cohabitation. But in this case ten times that amount was required! This makes the case of the writer different from all other cases that have yet been dealt with in this Territory. It makes, as the lawyers say, "*sui generis*," that is, a case of itself, of its own kind, exceptional from all others in its character. But it is not only exceptional in this respect, it differs from other cases in the bonds that have been required of the witnesses. Three adult members of the editor's family were placed under ten-thousand-dollar bonds to appear as witnesses; his children were bound over in seven hundred and fifty dollars each for the same purpose. A young lady, who has no connection whatever with his family, but whom Mr. Dickson chose to suspect to be his wife, was put under five-thousand-dollar bonds as a witness.

What is meant by these extraordinary bonds being required in cases where the offenses rank no higher than misdemeanors, the utmost punishment for which in each case, if conviction should be secured, is six months' imprisonment and three hundred dollars' fine?

It is evident the prosecution think they have secured a victim. For three charges of unlawful cohabitation the accused is put under forty-five-thousand-dollar bonds, when if he were convicted upon all the charges for which he is bound over, the utmost punishment that could be inflicted would be eighteen months' imprisonment and nine hundred dollars' fine!

I do not believe a similar exhibition of tyranny and disposition to use power unlawfully in such a manner as this can be found either in the annals of American jurisprudence, or in those of any civilized nation of Europe. But it is not for the charges upon which he is arrested that he is to be punished. The prosecution openly state that they intend to make a case of polygamy against the accused, and if they make up their mind to do this the prisoner is helpless. Law and evidence have no weight with such courts as we now have in Utah. Let the prosecution determine that a man must be sent to prison for a certain length of time, and with the enginery of the law which they have at their control, and their packed juries, they can incarcerate him and all his appeals are in vain.

In this case the prosecution is credited with saying some very hard things as to the course that is intended to be pursued with the accused. If we may believe their statements they will destroy him if they can. Already they have shown their disposition in this direction by their treatment of himself and the witnesses; but it is a blessed thing to know that there is a limit to such men's power, and that though they may propose to do many things, there is a Power greater than theirs which controls their acts and which will make their wrath praise Him, and that which will not praise Him He will restrain.

The arrest and conviction of Brother Lorenzo Snow is a cause of great regret. His trial was a travesty of justice. But he is one of the Twelve Apostles, and, therefore, could not be permitted to go free, though the evidence was all in favor of his innocence of the charges made against him. His attorneys felt confident that, if it were not for prejudice, the Supreme Court of the Territory would reverse the action of the lower court. But prejudice was too strong. The court confirmed the action against him. Now an appeal is taken to the United States Supreme Court. If that court has not lost all sense of justice where Latter-day Saints are concerned, there will be a reversal and the lower court will be rebuked. This certainly ought to be done.

These enemies of ours would like to destroy the holy Priesthood from the face of the earth. If they could get power over President John Taylor they would rejoice exceedingly. By the kind providence of our Heavenly Father he has been kept thus far out of their grasp. The prayer of every faithful Latter-day Saint is that he may ever be kept free, and, as a living martyr, be preserved from the power of these merciless enemies of ours. These latter would strike down every leading man and make him their prey. They seem peculiarly fitted for the work they have in hand; their hearts are impenetrably hard, no feeling of mercy appears to have place within them. A gentleman, speaking the other day of one of them, mentioned his ability and gave him credit, because of the manner in which he had conducted this crusade against us, of having more talent than his predecessors. I took the liberty of differing with him. I said the difference between him and his predecessors is that he is more pitiless and cruel than they were. Having finer feelings, they shrank with horror from committing acts which he takes delight in doing. It is not his ability that enables him to perform so successfully the work that he has in hand, but it is his cold-blooded, cruel and vindictive nature. Would men of feeling, men open to any touch of human kindness, torture men, women and children as they have been and are being tortured in the grand-jury rooms and courts of this Territory, especially in the third judicial district? They are not men, as men are commonly constituted, who do these things; they fill the description usually given of fiends, and there is no doubt that the spirit which animates them is devilish.

TAKE REGULAR SLEEP.—Dr. Richardson, an English physician, says that he has traced the beginning of pulmonary consumption to "balls and evening parties," by which rest is broken and encroachments made on the constitution. He adds: "If, in middle age, the habit of taking deficient and irregular sleep be maintained, every source of depression, every latent form of disease, is quickened and intensified. The sleepless exhaustion allies itself with all other processes of exhaustion, or it kills imperceptibly, by a rapid introduction of premature old age, which leads directly to premature dissolution."

WHEN a man stands in no awe of the disgrace which attends bad action, and has no concern for his character, there is no way of transgression in which that man may not walk. With a countenance clothed in shamelessness and audacity, he easily and naturally proceeds from one bad action to the most profligate attempts.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 51.)

SCRIPTURE recognizes the necessity of, and insists upon, an analogous spiritual transformation corresponding perfectly with the material or bodily one herein affirmed. *Rom. xii. 2*, reads:

"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds."

The term metamorphosed ought rightly to be substituted in this passage for the word "transformed," since the Greek term implies a radical, thorough and universal change, both inward and outward. Then, again, the term for "renewing" is a word compounded to intensify its meaning, and signifies to renovate back again, again and again, thoroughly, etc. And respecting the body we are told in *Phil. iii. 21*, that "Christ shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body." These references to evangelical writings will suffice, we think, to remove from the minds of Christians any doubt they may entertain as to whether scripture itself favors our position or not.

But, further, the design of the Almighty in the equitable administration of justice, by which each and every individual is to receive a just recompense according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil, can be most admirably subserved on the basis of the reorganization theory. According to scripture teachings all men will not inherit the same glory; for some will be exalted to a degree that the brilliancy of the sun is typical of their glory. The light of the moon represents others, and the dim twinkling of the stars corresponds to the inheritance of the masses. But these, again, in their respective orders, differ among themselves; and the rational inference is that in the hereafter there will be as many shades or degrees of glory as there are different phases of moral and spiritual life among men.

Then, too, we are to see eye to eye and know as we are known. By implication we understand that we shall carry about with us the open record of our lives. How are these matters to be arranged? Can we suppose an introduction to the Almighty will be necessary to enable us to distinguish Him from the numberless throngs of glorified beings who inhabit the celestial worlds? Will there be no way for the multitude to recognize their risen Savior but by some such superscription as that which Pilate wrote and placed above the head of the crucified Jesus? Will Adam and Enoch, Noah and Abraham, Isaiah and Daniel, Peter and Paul be known only through the mediation of some mutual friend? No. Shall we not rather say that each one, high or low, must bear in his body, indelibly stamped upon his very constitution, the insignia of his proper rank and station. What is more probable; more rational than this? Is it not precisely what has been done already, if the theories of some be correct? We do not vouch for their correctness; but those who advance them say that in the great rebellion that occurred in heaven three parties appeared, viz: the enemy, neutrals and friends of God. They say, moreover, that two of these classes are now in the flesh, visible to all, and that we know at sight to which party each individual belonged. We know this, that there are two classes of human beings who are not physically constituted alike. The atoms of the different corporities are not arranged alike, and hence the

difference. That each one must appear hereafter in his own essential glory or baseness, as the case may be, is an idea far more sensible than to suppose the righteous shall shine in a glory borrowed from Jesus or any one else. If the Savior's glory is not that of another; it must be inherent, and if it be an essential quality of one good spirit, why is it not of all others?

The theory of a reorganization of our corporiety, particle by particle, in a manner wholly dissimilar from its present arrangement is eminently rational and scientific to affect what we all assert will be done in some way, i. e., disclose the essential character of each individual. For confirmation of the assertion read the following statements:

The science of the times, notwithstanding its boasted achievements, is but elementary; and it has not yet laid the foundation of a permanent and correct system of physics. Enough is developed, however, to lead our minds to suspect that the possibilities of matter are approximately infinite. It possesses strange properties of passing into different conditions; and these are just as natural as its normal one, if, indeed, we can tell what the latter really is. Chemical analysis assures us that an allotropic condition of matter is just as natural as the monotropic state. This is an important discovery.

Compound substances, for the sake of illustration, may be considered as allotropic forms, since they exhibit the mutual modifications which their respective elements undergo to form the compound, which latter is wholly unlike any of the individual substances of which it is composed. Some of the precious stones afford striking examples:

"The oriental ruby, the golden tinted topaz, the amethyst, the sapphire and the emerald, all precious gems of the rarest beauty, are composed almost wholly of the common earth, alumina, while the occidental amethyst, hydrophane, the Brazilian ruby, the jasper, opal, malachite and lapis lazuli, their rivals in tint and luster, are wholly composed of silica. Wide is the difference between the compound and the particular substances which constitute it. Compare the azure sapphire or the violet amethyst with their base alumina; or the opal, or the jasper with their base silica, and not the slightest resemblance will be noticed to suggest the possibility that alumina and silica, with a little magnesia and iron rust could be transformed into such beautiful gems."—*Cooke*.

No one is surprised to know these precious gems are the product of the operations of natural law upon base material; nor would it excite our wonder to discover that the original Chemist can form other compounds from these same bases which would possess an intrinsic worth, beauty and brilliancy which might rival the gems analyzed, as the sun excels the moon in excellent qualities.

But this is not all that nature permits, for by compounding differently the very ingredients which she uses as bases for the most rare and beautiful gems, a very inferior article may be produced. If alumina and silica be compounded the product is common clay.

These are all examples of allotropy in its general sense, and more astonishing phenomena are observable when we consider it in its true sense. Oxygen, silicon, phosphorous, sulphur and carbon all furnish remarkable examples; but we will notice the last two only. Sulphur, an article too well known to need description here, melts at 114° Centigrade. A mass of liquid sulphur, cooling slowly, exhibits the following transformations: the color changes from yellow to brown; the octahedral form of chrysalization gives way to the rhombic; and the specific gravity is reduced. This is one allotropic form.

Milk of sulphur, a greenish-white substance, wholly unlike its base, furnishes another. Again, if it be heated to 228° and then poured slowly into cold water, it will lose all of its original characteristics, for it at once becomes plastic and may be drawn out into very fine threads, a property strikingly in contrast to the extreme brittleness of its original state.

Carbon also has three known allotropic forms: the charcoal, the graphite and the diamond. We all know what charcoal is. Graphite is a modification of charcoal and is commonly known as black lead. It is a dull, opaque, soft substance and is composed almost wholly of pure carbon.

The diamond is pure carbon and the twin brother of the charred piece of wood in the fire-place, or of the lead in our common pencils. All these are composed of the same substance, but what a contrast! How different their properties! The diamond refracts light, the other two absorb it. Investigation will show other qualities as directly antagonistic as the one mentioned. Look at the diamond flashing in the sunlight and blazing with brilliancy. It is the king of gems; but who cares for the spurned charcoal? Yet the latter missed being a diamond merely by a wrong arrangement of its particles. Diamonds may be metamorphosed into charcoal and charcoal into diamonds without any reasonable doubt.

Now, when we consider that our bodies are composed of earthy substance, does it appear incredible, is it not rational to suppose they, too, shall be rearranged and glorified? that those who are saved in God's kingdom shall possess bodies which glow with inherent and resplendent qualities as much in accordance with natural law, as it is for the diamond to refract light? But the same power which thus converts the bodies of the redeemed into celestial gems and invests them with an effulgence rivaling the glory of the sun may also reduce the bodies of those who fall under the displeasure of an outraged and indignant God to the basest conditions. Thus would the tabernacles of the righteous spirits be ever in honor, because founded in glory; while those of the wicked must become despicable even to themselves; and so should the deeds done in the body be punished in the body—literally, just where such punishment belongs—and all see eye to eye, and know as we are to be known.

That these views are not without a most probable foundation we think none can deny. As they rise in the scale of probability, just in exact proportion must we admit that death is a necessary element to prepare us for a life of immortality.

One more important fact demands attention. The chemical or inorganic bases of the human body are oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, phosphorous, calcium, sulphur, iron, manganese, silicon, chlorine, sodium, potassium and magnesia. Nearly all of these are true allotropic substances, and it is clear that an earthy body is constitutionally susceptible of an allotropic condition and of assuming all the qualities that are predicated of the resurrected body, and in the manner herein set forth.

(To be Continued.)

Sudden resolutions, like the sudden rise of the mercury in the barometer, indicate nothing but the changeableness of the weather.

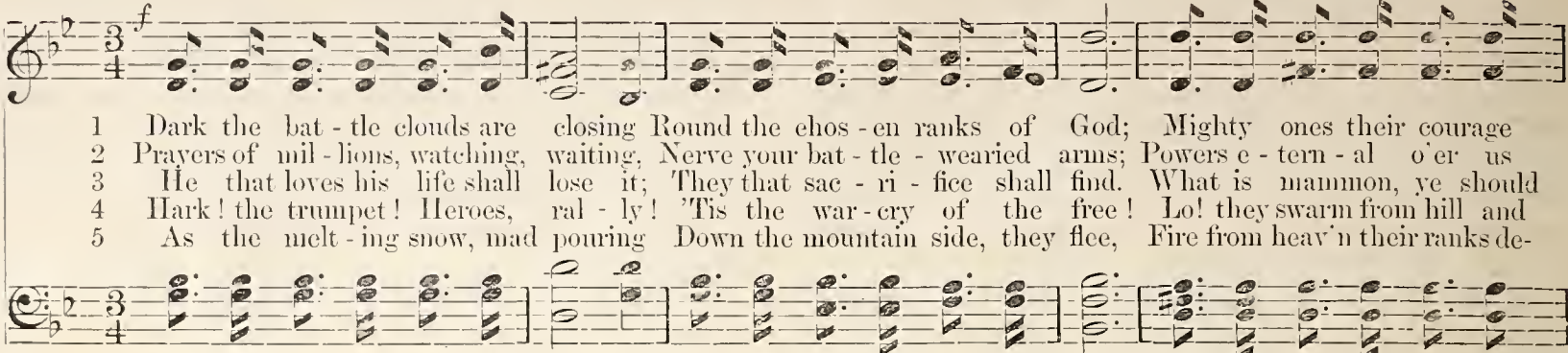
WHAT a man is in private duties, that he is in the sight of God, and no more.

No labor is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

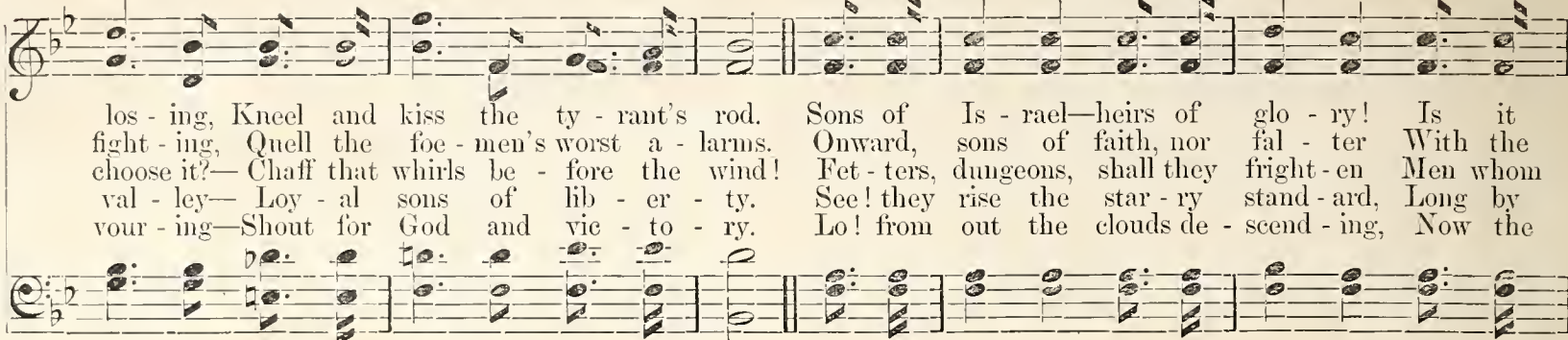
THE BATTLE HYMN OF ISRAEL.

WORDS BY ORSON F. WHITNEY.

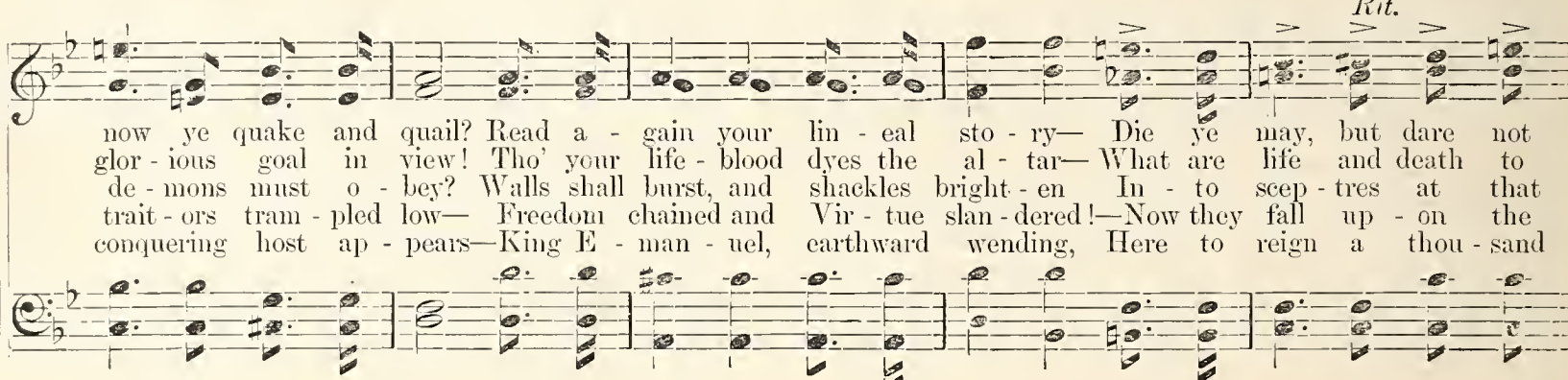
MUSIC BY GEORGE CARELESS.



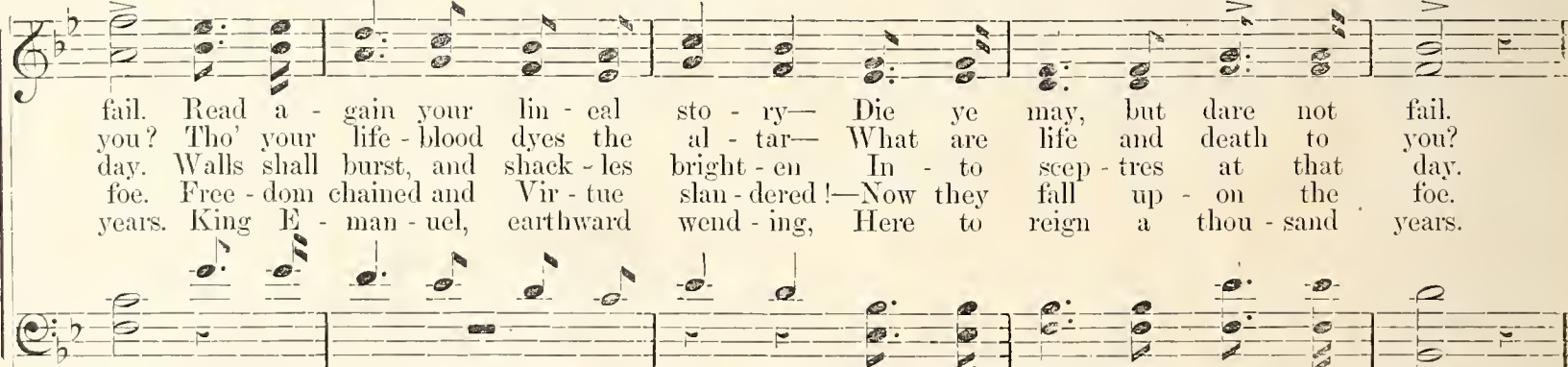
1 Dark the bat - tle clouds are closing Round the hos - en ranks of God; Mighty ones their courage
 2 Prayers of mil - lions, watching, waiting, Nerve your bat - tle - wearied arms; Powers e - tern - al o'er us
 3 He that loves his life shall lose it; They that sac - ri - fice shall find. What is mammon, ye should
 4 Hark! the trumpet! Heroes, ral - ly! 'Tis the war - cry of the free! Lo! they swarm from hill and
 5 As the melt - ing snow, mad pouring Down the mountain side, they flee, Fire from heav'n their ranks de -



los - ing, Kneel and kiss the ty - rant's rod. Sons of Is - rael— heirs of glo - ry! Is it
 fight - ing, Quell the foe - men's worst a - larms. Onward, sons of faith, nor fal - ter With the
 choose it?— Chaff that whirls be - fore the wind! Fet - ters, dungeons, shall they fright - en Men whom
 val - ley— Loy - al sons of lib - er - ty. See! they rise the star - ry stand - ard, Long by
 your - ing— Shout for God and vic - to - ry. Lo! from out the clouds de - scend - ing, Now the



now ye quake and quail? Read a - gain your lin - eal sto - ry— Die ye may, but dare not
 glor - ious goal in view! Tho' your life - blood dyes the al - tar— What are life and death to
 de - mons must o - bey? Walls shall burst, and shackles bright - en In - to scep - tres at that
 trait - ors tram - pled low— Freedom chained and Vir - tue slan - dered!— Now they fall up - on the
 conquering host ap - pears— King E - man - uel, earthward wending, Here to reign a thou - sand



fail. Read a - gain your lin - eal sto - ry— Die ye may, but dare not fail.
 you? Tho' your life - blood dyes the al - tar— What are life and death to you?
 day. Walls shall burst, and shack - les bright - en In - to scep - tres at that day.
 foe. Free - dom chained and Vir - tue slan - dered!— Now they fall up - on the foe.
 years. King E - man - uel, earthward wend - ing, Here to reign a thou - sand years.

ORIGINAL WAY OF STUDYING.—The Philadelphia *Times* tells how the Hon. A. S. Hewitt and his brother worked together their way through college. The method was an original one:

The brother had an occupation in which he could earn enough to support them both, so it was agreed, as both were equally thirsting for knowledge, that the brother should stick to his business, and that Abram should enter Columbia College and impart to him every evening all he had learned during the day. They kept up this system with incredible industry and self-denial, and were both graduated at the same time.

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NO. 7.

THE PYRAMID OF CHOLULA.

A FEW miles south of the main line of railway leading from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, stands the beautiful ancient town of Puebla. It has a population of seventy thousand people. It has railways, street-cars, banks, libraries, newspapers, superb buildings, bull-rings, fine hotels, baths and one of the most magnificent cathedrals in the New World. Already it is inoculated with the American spirit of progress. This city and its surroundings are among the most attractive sights for tourists or the students of Mexico's strange composite civilization.

The region is mountainous, with intervening fertile valleys. Within sight is the mountain Popocatepetl, the Grand Volcano of Mexico.

And almost under the shadow of the black, volcanic smoke lies the half-ruined pyramid of Cholula.

To reach this very interesting object one takes the horse tram-way at Puebla, deposits, for a first-class passage, two *reales* (twenty-five cents), or for a second-class

fare, a coin equal in value to fifteen cents of our money; and in an hour he has reached the ancient ruin.

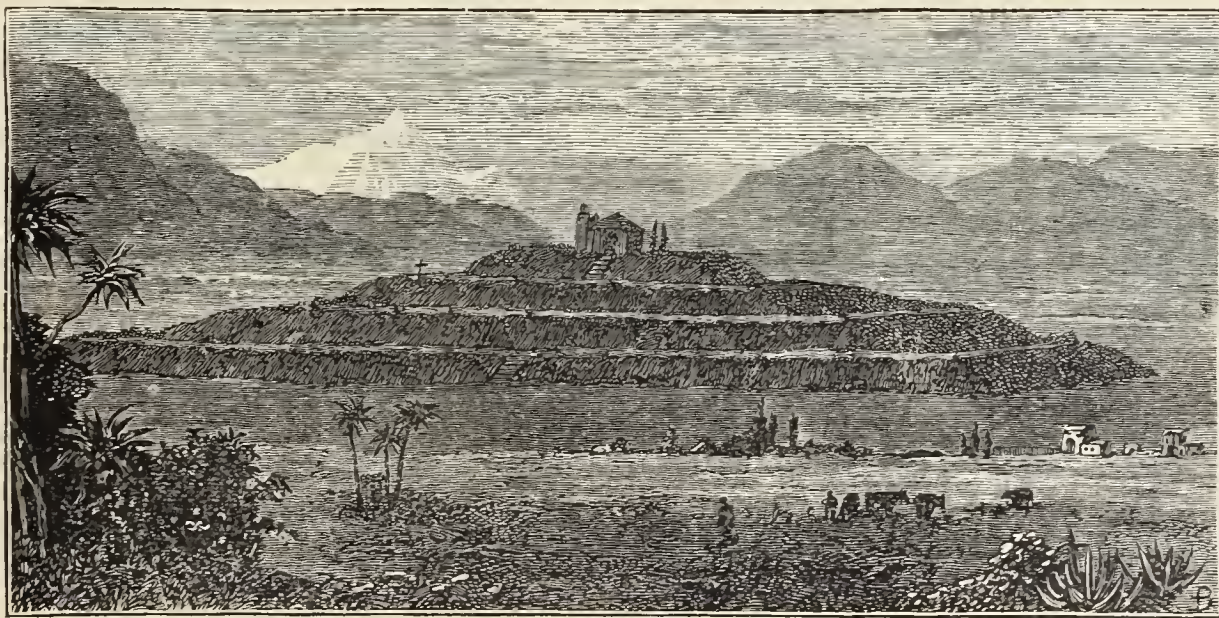
Ober, a recent traveler in Mexico, has made this journey and has paid some close attention to the subject. To explain the historic and traditional value of this pyramid, after mentioning the gods of the ancient Mexicans, he quotes from the historian as follows:

"A far more interesting personage in their mythology was Quetzalcoatl, god of the air, a divinity who, during his residence on earth, instructed the natives in the use of metal, in agriculture and in the arts of government. * * * *

Quetzalcoatl incurred the wrath of one of the principal gods and was obliged to quit the country. On his way he stopped at the city of Cholula, where a temple was dedicated to his worship, the massy ruins of which still form one of the most interesting relics of antiquity in Mexico."

The car stops at the foot of this monument of the past, but you might need to be told what it was if you had formed any preconceived ideas of it from reading in volumes of authors who have never seen it. At present it is not a true pyramid, and so many years have elapsed since its construction that it appears scarcely more than a natural elevation, or a hill that has been squared in places and levelled at the top. But the

evidence of its artificial construction is plain enough to any one who will thoroughly examine it, for he will find sun-baked bricks and mortar wherever any portion has been exposed. Whether these bricks form the entire structure is an important question for archaeologists to



answer: the only way to settle it is by driving a tunnel beneath it at the base, from one side to the other. Various attempts have been made by excavating, but have not resulted in penetrating much beyond the surface; on all sides, however, are seen these great bricks, and until the tunnel is run beneath it we must assume that the entire structure is artificial, and not a natural hill faced with brick. Its height is nearly two hundred feet, and at the summit is a church, reached by steps built into the irregular sides of the hill, the path winding up the western slope, past perpendicular ranges of adobe, beneath various pepper trees, and through green bits of pasture which cover

the ancient playgrounds of the Cholulans. In the cutting of a new road, at one time, a square chamber was revealed, it is said, built of stone, with a roof of cypress beams and containing some idols of stone, the remains of two bodies and several painted vases. Humboldt gives this pyramid the same height as that of the Pyramid of the Sun, at Teotihuacan, and says it is three metres higher than that of Mycerinus, or the third of the great Egyptian pyramids of the group of Djizeh. Its base, however, is larger than that of any hitherto discovered by travelers in the Old World, and is double that of the Pyramid of Cheops. It is, doubtless, as he claims, entirely a work of art, but it is celebrated more for its breadth of base than its height.

Its situation on the Mexican table-land is at a distance of seventy miles south south-east of the city of Mexico, and at an elevation of 6,912 feet above the level of the sea. Humboldt, who used simply a barometer, gives its height as 164 feet; while the measurements of some officers of the American army, made by means of the sextant, determined its true height to be 204 feet, and its base 1,060. The breadth of its truncated apex is 165 feet; and here, where the ancients had erected a shrine to Quetzalcoatl, "God of the Air," or the "Feathered Serpent," the Spaniards later built a church under the patronage of the *Virgen de los Remedios*. This church is in excellent repair, the interior beautifully frescoed and gilded, and the votive offerings that adorn the walls are many of them new and show that the people still retain their faith in the virgin of this shrine.

Rising from the center of the fertile and extensive plain of Cholula, this ancient pyramid, with its modern capstone, can be seen from the distance of many a league. Most beautiful is the landscape spread out at its base! Long, level fields of corn and magney are on every side; villages of low mud huts rise hardly above the tops of the corn, so humble the first and so rank and luxuriant the last. Conspicuous here are the churches that tower like giants among pygmies above the lonely cabins, adorning every hill and claiming attention on every side. They are the parasites that have sapped this fair land of its life-blood—have gathered to themselves the wealth of the natives and kept the country poor and wretched for three hundred years. Before Cortes drew the accursed trail of his army along this beautiful country, Cholula, it is related, possessed a population of forty thousand souls; now the little village scarce numbers six thousand. In his second letter to Charles V., Cortes describes the town as containing twenty thousand houses and four hundred mosques or temples. Gone are the magnificent temples and sculptures that adorned its site; the books that recorded their traditions were destroyed by order of the Spanish priests, and only the ruins of their mighty teocalli, with the paltry and contemptible temple of the conquerors, perched like a parasitic mistletoe on the rugged oak, remain to attest their greatness.

The village of Cholula lies crouched at the base of the pyramid. The largest of its religious edifices is the convent, more than two hundred years old; in its spacious court several thousand men could be quartered. It has shared the fate of many another of its order and has been neglected, perhaps confiscated, but is now being again brought into use.

The study of the ancient ruins of this hemisphere is well worthy of close attention from the young people of the Latter-day Saints. Every new discovery in archæology adds to the numerous known secular proofs of the divine origin of the Book of Mormon and its historical correctness. And a careful compilation of data upon this subject would, we are con-

vinced, furnish an irresistible argument, even to worldly men, in behalf of the authenticity of our sacred record.

A MYSTERIOUS PREACHER.

BY H. BELNAP.

(Continued from page 91.)

ONE evening, at a meeting composed mostly of his followers, the features of Mr. Edge turned purple. No sooner had all quieted down in their seats than he sprang to his feet and severely reprimanded them for the course they were taking; "For," said he, "you have not only been plotting and planning among yourselves to deceive me, but you have brought with you legions of devils. Why, I can see them all through the house."

On another occasion, after Mr. Edge had returned from holding meeting in the court-house at Lexington, three of his young followers were out by the yard, severely criticising the course pursued by their new preacher. One in particular thought it was the height of folly for a man in these days to pretend to be inspired of God. While they were just in the heat of their vilification, Mr. Edge came out of the house, which was about one hundred and fifty yards away, and very calmly walked down towards the yard. The boys saw him, ceased their abuse and turned towards the house. When they met, Mr. Edge turned to the young man who had so bitterly talked about him, and said:

"Young man, you will not do: my spirit has been listening to your cowardly slanderings!"

The boys, knowing that they were too far from the house to be overheard, grew somewhat astonished when Mr. Edge told the young man every sentence, word for word, that he had uttered.

Mr. Edge came to the residence of a widow lady by the name of Telitha Cumi Reed, one day, about twelve o'clock, took off his hat, set aside his cane and amused himself by reading while the lady prepared refreshments. After they had sat down to the table, Mrs. Reed turned and asked Mr. Edge to return thanks, when she saw a bright light encircling his head, which made a strange feeling pass over her; however, she sat perfectly quiet. After grace the light passed away.

While upon this subject I will relate a few out of the many cases of healing that were affected by the imposition of hands during Mr. Edge's stay among them. This same lady, Mrs. Reed, had been bowed down with rheumatics for several years. On learning this strange preacher taught the laying on of hands for the healing of the sick, she believed he was a servant of God and sent for him. Without detailing how marvelously this lady recovered we will say that two years later her walk was as free and easy as though rheumatics had never racked her frame.

The wife of James Reed, who was then said to be in the last stages of consumption, was almost instantly healed through the imposition of Mr. Edge's hands in the name of Jesus Christ.

There were several beautiful sketches drawn by Mr. Edge while in this locality. The one that more particularly attracted my attention was a beautiful arch drawn upon the front leaf of a large Bible, owned by Mr. Sireous Reed. Directly up the center of this arch were very neatly placed seven steps, on

the foot of which was written, beginning at the bottom, the following words:

VIRTUE, KNOWLEDGE, TEMPERANCE, PATIENCE, GODLINESS, BROTHERLY KINDNESS and CHARITY.

Just beneath the bow of the arch was placed the figure of a young man who had just climbed this narrow stairway, kneeling upon the top step, receiving a magnificent crown from the hands of an angel.

In the early part of July, Mr. Edge kindly informed his followers that he would soon depart on his Father's business. Before leaving, however, he desired all those whom he had blessed to go with him through a fast of three days. In calling his brethren and sisters together he told them the fast he desired them to pass through was similar to that observed in ancient days by the Apostle Paul.

He gave as his reasons for this task the cleansing and purifying of the system, the preparatory step to a greater labor, to test their worthiness to enter God's kingdom; and lastly, if they would honestly and faithfully go through this fast, it would enable them to taste of that spirit that would hereafter, through obedience, bring them forth in the first resurrection.

As the greater part of his followers lived on the banks of Beech River, near the mouth of Haley's Creek, this place was selected for the purpose of fasting. These three days were spent in singing, and praying, and rejoicing in the Lord. Once a day they were allowed to bathe in the waters of Beech River.

Some were only able to fight the pangs of hunger one day, while others held out until the evening of the second day; but only twenty-one, out of the sixty odd who began the fast, were able to say on the evening of the third day, "I have truthfully kept the fast."

It may seem strange, although, nevertheless, a fact, that every one of those who kept not the fast turned to be his bitterest enemies.

It is not necessary for me to explain to him who has battled against popular sentiment that, although the acts of this little band were as pure as the falling drops of rain, many of the most glaring falsehoods were circulated about them.

In those who had followed him through these ordeals Mr. Edge seemed to have implicit confidence. Hence, he began teaching the more advanced principles of eternal life, such as building places of worship, erecting temples to the Most High, and to prepare for the grand millennium day of rest, when Christ will reign a thousand years on earth. In this connection he told his followers that this continent, the land of the free, the home of the brave and the asylum of the oppressed, is the place designated by Him who reigns on high for the building of that beautiful city, the New Jerusalem; aye, and more: that the day would come when these United States would be dotted with temples, one of which would be built in Henderson County, Tennessee.

Soon after their fast he called them together and pronounced upon each couple a ceremony of marriage, and gave them to understand that if another opportunity was not afforded them, this would hold throughout time and all eternity. He also gave them some few tokens that they might know when they entered a temple controlled by the servants of God.

At another time, when admonishing them, he quoted *Rev.*, ii., 17:

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a

new name is written, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it."

The story, ere this, had been circulated that Mr. Edge was a "Mormon" preacher, in this county for the purpose of leading silly women astray. The name of a "Mormon" had a peculiar jingle in the ears of his followers, hence, they flew to their preacher, Edge, at once for the truthfulness of this story. He neither affirmed nor denied their queries; but regarding polygamy he said:

"If God shall give a man one wife she will be his; and if it so pleases Him to give the same man two, three, or even more, they also will be his."

Dear reader, to save wearying you, we will only relate one instance where Mr. Edge was miraculously delivered from the hands of a ruthless mob, among the many similar cases that occurred while he was in this county. The last time the pleasant countenance of Robert Edge was seen by his beloved followers he stayed at the residence of E. R. Reed; some seven miles north-east of Haley's Creek.

At supper he gave Mr. Reed and family to understand his intentions were to remain among them some three weeks longer in order to more thoroughly organize and instruct them in the gospel truths.

About eleven o'clock that night Mr. Reed was aroused from his slumbers by Robert Edge gathering up his small bundle, Bible and cane. Mr. Reed enquired what was wrong. Mr. Edge replied:

"There will be a mob here shortly, and I must depart."

At this Mr. Reed sprang from his bed, saddled his animals, and he and Mr. Edge mounted them and departed down through the woods in the direction of Alabama.

Although Mr. Reed was familiar with the roads for miles away, Mr. Edge lead their course through the woodlands in the darkening hours of night.

Soon Mr. Edge dismounted from his horse and told Mr. Reed he had gone far enough. Then taking his bundle, Bible and cane, he bid Mr. Reed farewell.

We will return to Mrs. Reed, who was left with the little ones, anticipating a mob every moment.

About twelve o'clock there suddenly rushed around the house a gang of maddened brutes, called men, who demanded that preacher, Edge. The lady kindly informed them that he was not there. They not being satisfied with her answer rushed into the house and searched it from the loft to the cellar. Not finding the object of their search they cursed and swore like so many demons. After about one hour and a half they departed, promising the lady they would get him yet.

This little band of Mr. Edge's followers, according to his instructions, met together often, talked to each other and sang praises to God. They frequently referred to the sayings of Mr. Edge, where he told them that if they remained faithful, and followed the dictations of the good Spirit, that other preachers would visit them and lead their footsteps to the main body of the Church.

(To be Continued.)

It is an imperative duty to maintain at all times an important truth; for even should we despair of seeing it immediately recognized, we may so exercise the minds of others as to lead them in time to a greater impartiality of judgment, and in the end to a perception of the true light.

Silvio Pellico.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

HOW THE WORK WAS DONE.

CHILDREN, and grown folks, too, are always made glad by the return of Spring. After being shut up during the long Winter months, they are filled with joy when the warm and pleasant days come. Then they can run about freely in the open air, and amuse themselves in many ways. But in Winter time it is often too cold or too damp for children to go out of doors.

One of the sports that children are fond of in the early Spring is to make a "bon-fire," as they call it, and then jump and frisk about it in high glee.

One fine day, just after the snow had all gone and the ground had become dry, Mr. Brown, who was owner of a fine garden and orchard, decided to commence work upon his land. He had several boys, and he thought they were getting large enough to help him in his work. So he called them together and told them what he wished them to do, and promised if they would help him clean out the garden, he would let them make a bon-fire in the evening with the sticks and leaves that

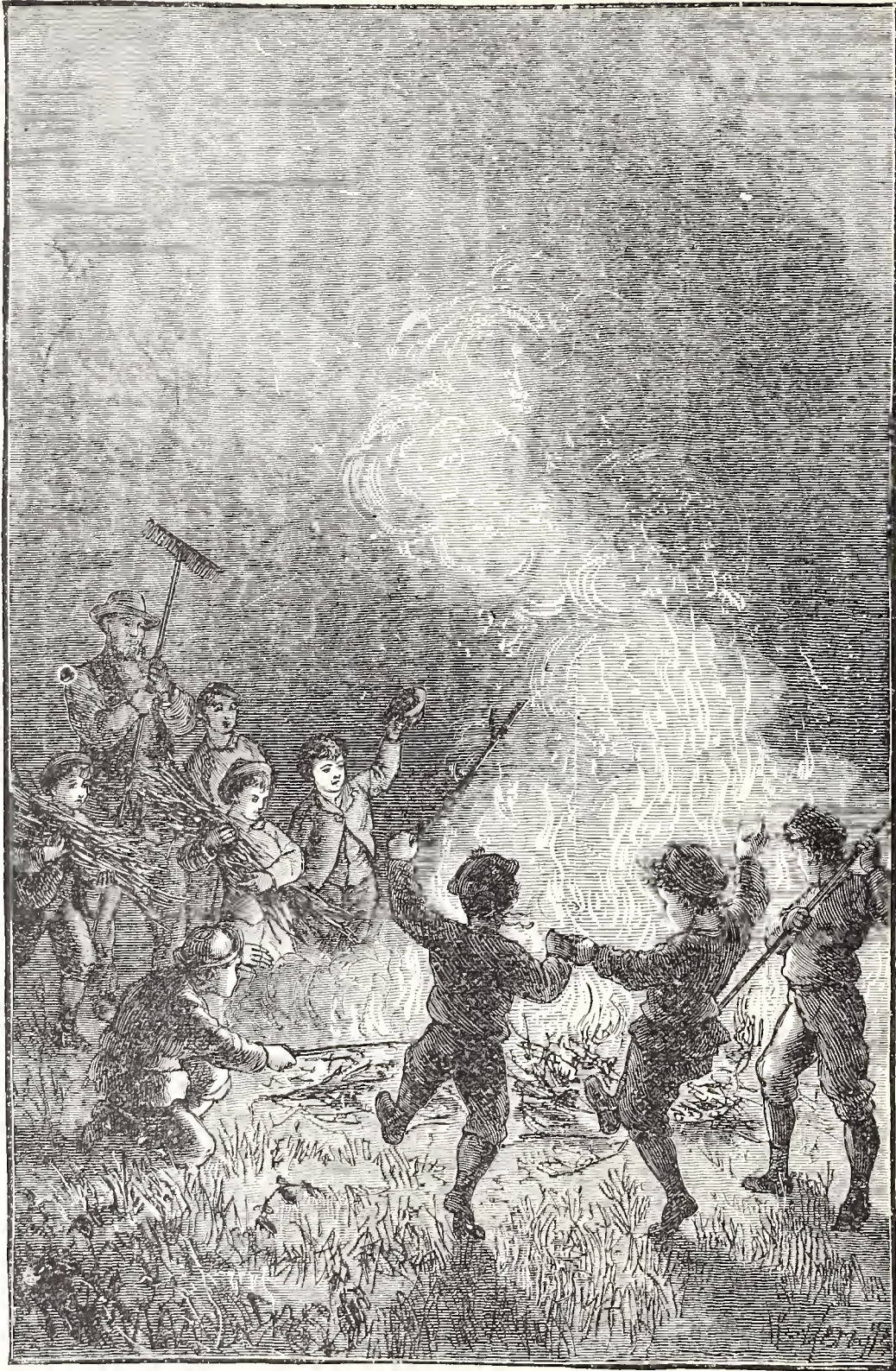
they gathered. This quite pleased the boys, and they went to work cheerfully. Soon other boys came and joined in the labor, with the hope of sharing their pleasure.

With all this help the garden could be cleaned entirely in one day. The work did not seem at all hard for the boys. They were looking forward to the fun in store for them when their task was

done. So they forgot that they were working, and went on as cheerfully as though they were having fine sport.

When evening came the garden was cleaned of all rubbish, and all was ready for kindling the fire. When this was done the boys gathered around it and shouted and laughed and danced about most heartily. They were not only pleased with their bon-fire that blazed up so beautifully, but to be able to help their father gave them much pleasure. Their enjoyment that day was really doubled.

They learned from this day's experience that there was more pleasure in obeying their parents and performing the labors that are given them than they can gain in any other way. If they had refused to do what they were told, and had gone off to seek enjoyment they would have found none. The knowledge that they had disobeyed their parents would make them unhappy.



Children, always remember that to do what you are told will give you happiness, and that if you are disobedient you cannot enjoy yourself. Doing work will not make you miserable; but if you refuse to work and try to get along without it you can never be happy.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. Who assisted Joseph with the translation of the Book of Mormon after Martin Harris? 2. While translating, what particular doctrine attracted their attention? 3. What did they conclude to do in order to receive further knowledge upon the matter? 4. Who appeared unto them? 5. What did he tell them? 6. What did he do after he made this declaration? 7. What authority has the Aaronic Priesthood? 8. After they had been taught and directed concerning this ordinance, what did they do? 9. What was done after the baptism? 10. When did this occur?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 5.

1. Did Joseph go to the place shown him in the vision where the plates were buried? He did.

2. Where were they buried? In a hill close to the village of Manchester, Ontario County, New York. It was called Cumorah by the Nephites.

3. Describe the manner in which he found them. The plates were in a stone box, the top of which, being rounded, could be seen above the ground in the center. When Joseph had removed the earth from around the stone which covered the box, he raised it up with a lever and beheld the plates and Urim and Thummin and the Breastplate.

4. What did he do after beholding them? He stretched out his hand to take them out.

5. What did the angel say unto him? That four years must pass away before they could be obtained.

6. When did Joseph go there again, and how often? On the 22nd of September of the next year and on the same day of each year until the four years ended.

7. When were they delivered into his hands? On the morning of the 22nd of September, 1827.

8. Give a brief description of the plates. They were of gold and were covered with writing, engraved or cut upon them.

9. When were they buried? About four hundred and twenty years after the birth of Jesus.

The following named persons have sent answers to the questions on Church History published in No. 5: F. Pickering, S. Stark, H. H. Blood, E. Jones, H. Blood, Ovina Jorgensen, S. E. Cole, W. E. Cole, Janet L. Jenkins, J. W. Jenkins, J. R. Morgan, E. Morgan, F. W. Kirkham, R. Hurst, M. J. Richards, I. Fisher, A. L. Page, M. E. Croshaw, W. Davis, Jr., S. P. Oldham, J. Folkman, H. Tuttle, W. J. C. Mortimer, H. Muir, Elizabeth S. Zundell, H. T. Ward, G. M. Ward, A. Barrett, Sarah Barrett, E. Porter, R. A. Turner, W. L. Worzencroft, M. E. West, Jannie Smith, Marinda Monson, Melicent Iverson, Rosie M. Sedgwick, G. Robertson, Jr., Nephi Otteson, Emily E. Brough, Alice Crane, Martha Terman, Etta M. Huish, D. M. Evans, Mary A. Crookston, G. E. Court, W. N. Draper, Leone Rogers, E. V. Bunderson, Lizzie Hatch, Sarah Farnes, Dencey Terry, Alice A. Keeler, W. D. Dixon, Jane Welch, C. Alfsen, L. R. Anderson, Maggie M. Merrill, Mary E. Chandler, Rosina Brown, G. C. Forsyth, Hannah Grover, Lucy D. Perry, Eleanor Harper, Eliza R. Moss, Louisa Steele.

The answer to the Hidden Advice in No. 5 is MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS. The following named persons have sent us correct solutions: Saml. Stark, Frank Pickering, Payson; Wm. Brewer, Hennefer; Olivia Johnson, Josephine Howard, Rose E. Page Bountiful; Mary E. Croshaw, Oxford; R. C. Butler, Marriott; Rose A. Martin, Scipio.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

BY WM. BREWER.

1. A vowel; 2. A useful fluid; 3. A country; 4. A relation; 5. a vowel. My whole is a peninsula.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a man who spoils his children like another who builds castles in the air? Because he indulges in-fancy too much.

What is that which goes when a wagon goes, stops when a wagon stops, is of no use to the wagon, and that which the wagon cannot go without? Noise.

ETIQUETTE AND HABITS

THAT WILL TEND TO MENTAL AND MORAL IMPROVEMENT.

THIS subject, upon its first reading, appears to be somewhat ambiguous, uncertain; but a moment's reflection reveals the fact that whatever ambiguity or uncertainty there may be lies in the use of two almost synonymous nouns, "etiquette" and "habit," to express one idea. With this comprehension, therefore, the subject to be discussed will simply be: "Habits that will Tend to Mental and Moral Improvement."

It may not be out of place, however, to say a word or two in reference to the meaning of "etiquette." It is almost unnecessary to state that it is a French word, and means in that language a ticket—originally, a little piece of paper, or a mark or title, affixed to a bag or bundle, expressing its contents. Primarily, however, it means an account of ceremonies; hence, in present usage, forms of ceremony and decorum; the forms which are observed toward particular persons or in particular places, especially in courts, levees and on public occasions. From the original sense of the word it may be inferred that it was formerly the custom to deliver cards containing orders for regulating ceremonies on public occasions. So says one of the best lexicographers extant. The generally-accepted definition of the word, therefore, may be said to be manners, breeding, politeness, good behavior, gentility, decorum, custom, demeanor, etc., which, as I have said, is synonymous with the word "habit."

The formation of habits that will tend to mental and moral improvement is of the highest importance to every human being. The formation of habits, in fact, lays the foundation in the great structure of character. The truth of this assertion is self-evident. A little reflection will make it abundantly so.

Habits may be fitly termed the index of a person's mind. If a man's habits, on the one hand, are bad, and of such a nature as to inflict evil not only upon himself, but upon other people, such habits will necessarily affect the mind to such an extent that mental and moral improvement will be almost an impossibility. On the other hand, if one's habits are unexceptional and of a nature to impart good to all who see them put in practice, such habits will naturally have a beneficial effect, not only upon the mind, but upon the body.

With this ground-work in view, then, it is abundantly evident that everything that can be done ought to be done to prevent the formation of bad habits. Pernicious practices are easily acquired, but not so easily discarded. Especially is this the case with some habits that are formed by the youth of both sexes; habits that, wherever and whenever mentioned, cause a blush of shame to crimson the cheek; habits that ruin the constitution, besmear the mind and sow the seeds of death and disease at an early age. Such baneful practices, so ruinous to mind and body, should be utterly shunned; for while they are followed no mental and moral improvement can be permanently made. It is true many young people fall into bad habits through ignorance. Utterly forgetful of the consequences, they continue to practice these bad habits until they become perfect slaves to them. When warned of the danger in which they are engulfing themselves they find it almost impossible to overcome the pernicious practices which they have formed, and their life, in consequence, is more or less a blight and a failure.

In this connection, and as one of the grandest stepping-stones to the formation of habits that will tend to the develop-

ment of mental and moral faculties, is the persistent control of the passions. These may be said to consist, in part, of anger, love, excitement, desire and emotion. A person who is continually giving way to fits of temper will always suffer, more or less, mentally and morally. Occasionally, so long as this passion is not under proper control, he will be led into saying something that will deeply wound the feelings of his immediate friends and associates, and, as a consequence, when his better judgment is restored he sees how foolish he has been and mental and moral suffering is the result. On the other hand, if a person will carefully study his own disposition he will be apt to steer clear of fits of temper; his mind will be more receptive; his finer feelings will be drawn out; his physical and mental faculties will be in a more healthy condition for work of any kind. Self-control, therefore, in all things, forms a very important factor in the cultivation of good habits—habits that will tend to elevate man and woman in the scale of intelligence, and in the estimation of all right-thinking, sensible people.

Many people of average natural ability are only capable of rising to very mediocre mentality, because of an utter lack of continuity—that is, a lack of the habit of continuous study until certain knowledge is acquired, or a certain object attained. Some individuals are highly impulsive. They eagerly embrace new plans and projects and start out with the full intent of mastering their details. In a short time, however, this impulsiveness wears off; the study or project is laid to one side and something else is taken in hand—to be treated in the same manner. This is a habit, nay, a shiftlessness, that ought to be avoided and that of continuity persistently cultivated. Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well; hence, knowledge that is worth acquiring is worth striving for assiduously until it is attained.

The best method of study—the one in which most progress will be made—is that in which there is order. Without a proper system of reading, for instance, a vast amount of time may be spent to little purpose. Some people read a great deal, but they retain very little of the matter they read. Others, again, fall into a habit of slovenly reading; that is, they will take up a newspaper and "glance over" an article; but when asked what the article contains they can give no clear, definite idea of its argument; they simply can tell you that they "glanced" at an article on a certain subject. Now, such a slovenly practice as that is positively hurtful both to mind and body. In fact, the mind of the person who persists in such a habit must, in the very nature of things, become confused; the knowledge attained must be very superficial, and the body will become physically wearied to no purpose. In a word, slovenly reading is ruinous, mentally and morally, and should be overcome by all means.

It is not the amount of matter a person reads that makes him intelligent. A man may read a great deal and yet miss the real object of reading. It should therefore rather be the student's aim to read a small amount and systematically reflect upon what has been read, with a view to thoroughly imprinting on the mind the arguments which have been read. Care should be taken not to read more at one time than can be easily digested. Of course this line of reasoning might not apply in the reading of novels, of which a large number may be read and the mind, when bent in that direction, be all the time entertained. But it will apply when a specific study is being followed up. In that case the mind ought not to be overtaxed; it ought not to be asked to eat more than it can digest.

All mental improvement must, in the very nature of things,

have a bearing on the manners or conduct of men and women as social beings, in relation to each other, and with reference to right and wrong. To talk of moral improvement means improvement in moral character, moral views, moral knowledge, moral sentiments, moral virtues, etc. If a person's moral conduct is bad; if his moral habits are loose and unbecoming, the only way to correct them is to cultivate intellectual pursuits, to purify the mind in every possible channel; and this can only be done by a determined effort on the part of the individual and by the assistance of Almighty God. Such a trail as idleness, for instance, should be avoided. The mind as well as the body should always be employed. The non-exertion either of body or mind invariably results in moral depravity. Hence the necessity of exerting both the body and the mind in some shape or form, so as to avoid a long train of evils which will undoubtedly follow an idle life.

The lack of morality in the world would be a fitful subject of comment in the present discussion. But the limit of space at present disposal will not permit of enlargement upon that question.

Suffice it to say, however, that all who desire to be mentally and morally pure must cultivate habits of chastity, virtue and integrity, love, forbearance and charity; and, above all things, obtain a knowledge of the object of life and of God, whom to know is life eternal.

"SUB-ROSA."

A STRANGE VISITOR.

A PECULIAR incident is related by Brother Mesach S. Williams, of Samaria, as having occurred while he was living in Willard City, in the Spring of 1856.

It was at the time of scarcity, when bread-stuff was hard to obtain. We give it to our readers, in substance, as it was presented to us by Brother Williams.

On one particular day of that year, Brother Williams' family had barely enough bread for dinner. He had just then concluded to go out (as many others did at that time) to hunt segos, and requested his wife to give him a sack to put them in. His wife, somewhat overcome by the gloomy prospect before them, was in tears. Brother Williams encouraged her as much as possible and was about to start out upon his errand when a knock was heard at the door. He opened it and an old gentleman presented himself. His hair and beard were as white as snow, and he appeared to be very old, but, nevertheless, fresh and active. His dress was ragged in the extreme, but scrupulously clean. He had on a very nice white shirt and his coat resembled what was conjectured by Brother Williams to have once been a white blanket.

Upon invitation he came in and sat down near Brother Williams, at the same time remarking that times were very bad. He said:

"Brother, there is enough bread-stuff in the Territory to supply this people for three years, if properly distributed; but it is in the hands of the rich and they, it seems, will not impart of their substance unto the poor. Notwithstanding all this, however, it is the work of the living God."

He then asked if they had any bread in the house. Brother Williams told him they had just about enough for dinner; but that he was welcome to a portion of it. He was given an equal share of the bread, which he put in his bosom, between his shirt and garments, with the remark:

"You will live to see a great many changes occur among this people; but always bear in mind that this is the work of the Lord."

He asked Sister Williams if she had a needle and thread she could lend him a few minutes. His request was complied with and he commenced sewing something on the sleeve of his coat. Although crediting himself with the possession of keen sight, Brother Williams says he failed to discover what it was that the old gentleman was sewing to his sleeve.

At this juncture it may be said that the only thread they were in possession of at that time was what they themselves had made from flax, which we may imagine was not very fine.

After having used it for some time, he returned the needle and walked towards the door. Stopping in the doorway, he raised his right hand and said:

"I tell you, in the name of Israel's God, you will never see the want of bread; no, never!"

He walked out and closed the door. Brother Williams followed as soon as possible, but, to his surprise, on getting outside the old gentleman was not in sight. He had disappeared in the course of two or three seconds and could not now be seen anywhere. This seemed to confirm a belief that Sister Williams had entertained while the old gentleman was in the house, that he was not a mortal being.

Brother Williams proceeded to carry out his intentions in regard to obtaining some segos to eat, when the first person whom he met was Bishop Charles Hubbard, who enquired as to whether or not Brother Williams had any bread-stuff. He told him they had scarcely any in the house. The Bishop said:

"I was thinking of you a few moments ago, wondering if you had anything to eat. I have thirty pounds of flour in a sack for you; go and get it, and when that is finished come and get some more."

Brother Williams took the flour with a thankful heart and proceeded towards his home. When passing the house of a Brother Harding, that gentleman called out to him and said he had a bushel of wheat in the house which had been left there for him. Brother Williams was elated with his success and pursued his way joyfully, when he was met by Bishop George Ward, who told him he had been thinking of his circumstances, and that he had four bushels of wheat for him, which he could pay for in labor. This Brother Williams was very thankful to do.

On his reaching home, Sister Williams was still in tears. She could scarcely believe him when he told her he had thirty pounds of flour, and she was not thoroughly satisfied until he had opened the sack and showed it to her. She said that this was really a fulfillment of the words of the old gentleman who had so lately visited them. And further, Brother Williams says he has never since been without plenty of bread.

In a subsequent conversation with Patriarch John Young upon this matter, Brother Williams says he was told by him that the old gentleman spoken of was one of the three Nephites that were to tarry upon the earth. Brother Williams also states this to be his firm belief. At all events it was a peculiar circumstance; and the incidents connected with it seem to bear the marks of a Power that is infinitely greater than that of man.

Whenever strangers appear at our doors requesting food, we should extend our hospitality to them; for, although they may not be persons of the same description as the subject of this sketch, we know not what pain and suffering we, in our acts of kindness, may relieve, or what sorrow and remorse would result in a refusal on our part to grant them food or shelter, which they may sorely need.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 1, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

ONE of the most remarkable instances of obedience by children to the command of their ancestor is recorded in the thirty-fifth chapter of the Prophet Jeremiah. It seems that a man by the name of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, commanded his children as follows: "Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons forever: Neither shall ye build house, nor sow seed, nor plant vineyard, nor have any: but all your days ye shall dwell in tents; that ye may live many days in the land where ye be strangers."

Jeremiah was commanded of the Lord to gather together the descendants of Jonadab, and take them into the house of the Lord, and set before them vessels filled with wine for them to drink. Jeremiah did so and invited them to drink; but they refused and urged as a reason for their refusal that they had obeyed the voice of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, in all that he had charged them: to drink no wine all their days, they, their wives, their sons and their daughters; and they had built no houses to dwell in and had no vineyards, nor fields nor seeds; but they dwelt in tents and had obeyed all that their ancestor had commanded them.

The Lord was so pleased with the obedience of this family to the command of their father, that He held them up as an example to the men of Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and contrasted their obedience to the command of their father with the disobedience of which the people of Jerusalem had been guilty in refusing to listen to His words which He, the Lord had commanded them. The obedience of this family to the command of their father was so acceptable to the Lord that he made this promise, through the prophet Jeremiah, unto them:

"Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me forever."

This was a most precious promise and one that will doubtless be literally fulfilled. We expect, as long as the earth endureth and men live upon it, there will be descendants of Jonadab found among them.

A more striking illustration of the value which the Lord attaches to obedience can scarcely be found. He has nothing to say through the prophet concerning the rightfulness of the command which this man gave to his children; but it is their obedience to the command for which they are praised. It would be a mistake to suppose that the Lord did not want any of His people to build houses, sow seed, to plant vineyards or to dwell in anything but tents; for they were at liberty to do all these things and no sin attached to them for doing them. The question as to whether people should live in tents or in houses, or should own fields and sow seeds and raise crops was not involved in the commendation which the Lord bestowed upon this family. It was their strict obedience to the command of their father and their unwillingness to disobey him that called forth the blessing of the Lord upon them. Of

course, if their father had commanded them to do improper things, to practice sin or to commit wrong in any form, the Lord would not have blessed them in so doing; but the counsel which their father gave unto them did not require them to violate any law of God; it merely directed them to pursue a certain course of life that would be likely to preserve them from many evils with which they were surrounded.

The Lord has shown in all His dealings with the children of men that He places a high value upon obedience. We frequently hear it stated that "order is heaven's first law." This is a quotation from the English poet, Pope; but the statement is a mistake. Obedience must precede order; and order is the result of obedience. Careful reflection leaves no doubt that obedience is heaven's first law. The most striking example that we have of obedience is in the life of the Lord Jesus. He was one with the Father; He created all things, and yet if we read His history we will find how reverently He obeyed His Father and with what humility He constantly sought to do His will.

Obedience is a great lesson that children should learn. Every child should obey with the greatest respect the commands of his parents. A child should listen with humility to its parents' teachings, and should constantly honor its parents. In like manner, as they grow to manhood and womanhood, they should listen to and honor the counsel of the Priesthood. Our Father in heaven has bestowed His Priesthood upon men, and if we would honor Him we must honor the authority which He has bestowed, namely, the Priesthood. But it is this obedience to the Priesthood which makes Satan and his followers angry. They hate the Priesthood and they would like to destroy it. They hate the people who obey it and would like to destroy them. Their constant aim is to array the people against the Priesthood, to have them disobey it. It would give Satan the greatest pleasure if the Latter-day Saints would rebel against this authority and refuse to listen to its teachings. He knows that if mankind will listen to the Priesthood his rule is gone and his power over man ceases. For this reason he puts it into the hearts of men to make war against the Priesthood, and his constant effort with the Latter-day Saints is to have them disobey it. - He and his followers try to make people believe that it is unmanly to be taught by the Priesthood or to obey its counsels; they say it is not true independence. At the same time they will exert their influence to have men listen to their teachings and counsels. It is all right, in their view, to do wrong, and it is all wrong to do right; it is quite proper to listen to and obey Satan and his followers; that is very independent; but it is very improper to listen to God and to obey the counsel of His servants; to do that, according to the reasonings of the wicked, is very unmanly and not true independence.

Now, we desire to say to the JUVENILES that such reasoning is nonsense and the greatest folly. Disobedience and rebellion are not signs of independence; and submission and obedience to the will of God are not unmanly. The blessings of God rest upon the obedient. His Spirit is given to them. They exercise their agency as much in doing right as in doing wrong. They are just as independent in following the path which God points out as in taking the downward road to which Satan invites them. The child who obeys his parents is a better child than the child who disobeys his parents, and is sure to be more blessed; because to such children God has made promises. It is our duty to bring our wills into subjection to the will of those who are set over us, whether as parents or as men bearing the Priesthood. There is no more

sacrifice of dignity, or of self-respect, or of true manhood in listening to the counsel of God's servants than there is in yielding to the persuasions of the devil and his agents. The Latter-day Saints are as independent and have as much self-respect and nobility of character in listening to the counsel of those whom God has placed to teach them as they would in listening to the wicked men who would teach them disobedience to all that is good, and who would like them to follow their examples and persuasions in doing all that is evil.

SANDWICH ISLAND WOMEN.

NOW, I want all my little friends who care to hear about these women whose pictures you are now looking at, to listen to me a little while.

You have all, no doubt, heard about the Sandwich Islands. Away to the west of Utah, beyond the United States, rolls the

I want you to notice first the dress of these women. You will see it is in shape like the Mother Hubbard wrappers now so common at home. The dress, with its yoke, and loose, flowing drapery, looks exactly suited to the women here. But of late years the natives have modified their costume somewhat, and are very eager to copy the fashions and vanities of their white sisters.

They are extremely fond of bright colors and brilliant-hued flowers. The women will spend hours making a *le* (pronounced lay), or wreath of tiny yellow or red flowers, stringing them, as one would beads, upon a string of grass or strips of cane withes. I have seen magnificent *les* of red geraniums and small roses, with fragrant rose geranium leaves surrounding the pink roses. They wear these upon their necks, and the men often wear them around their hats.

You see two of the women have wreaths of flowers on their heads. The head-dress of the other woman I am unacquainted with.

You will now notice the large bowl, or as it is called here,



Pacific Ocean. Away about two thousand miles south-west from San Francisco (the port from which ships sail from the United States), lies a small group of islands, the largest of which is eighty miles long and seventy wide. These islands lie in the tropics and possess a most delightful climate. The inhabitants, or natives, are dark, quite as dark as Indians. But they are somewhat different in character and habits to the Indians. I must tell you, too, that these Sandwich Islanders, or Hawaiians, are descendants of Laman, or at least, some of the tribes of the ancient Nephites or Lamanites.

There was a mission established here by our Church about thirty years ago. The headquarters of this mission is at Laie, on the Island of Oahu (Honolulu is built upon the same island), where there is a sugar plantation of about five or six thousand acres; most of the land, however, is grazing and forest land, or wooded gulches. And here there are about two or three hundred native Saints gathered, presided over at present by President E. Farr, of Ogden. There are also many white people here on these islands; but, of course, they are Gentiles.

And now to commence with our picture.

calabash, which stands on the ground in the center of the picture. These calabashes are made generally of wood; and sometimes of very rare and highly-polished wood.

This dish contains their national food—*poi*. Some time I will tell you more about *poi* and its manufacture.

The food is eaten with the fingers, as you see in the picture. Beef, pork and fish are eaten with this *poi*, or sometimes it is eaten only with salt.

These dark-skinned women are possessed of many good and admirable qualities. They are kind, very hospitable, courteous, obliging, affectionate and cheerful. But through the bad examples of wicked white men, who came to these islands many years ago, and through, perhaps, their own peculiar natures, they are very unvirtuous, and are weak and vacillating in their characters.

And now, dear ones, when you pray for the Lamanites, don't forget to pray for these poor, weak, benighted Hawaiians, who are seeking in their poor, humble way to serve God and keep His commandments. Pray as did one little child down here, that God would send white spirits to dwell with them instead of black ones, which tempt them to sin. HOMESPUN.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 86).

AFTER the work ceased upon the walls of the temple, in the Fall of 1842, the rock-cutters continued their labor with the intention of having a goodly number of the stones ready for the Spring.

Some time in the month of November a feeling against the committee arose among the stone-cutters, who finally presented a charge to the First Presidency against Elders Cahoon and Higbee for oppressive and unchristian conduct, and against the committee for an unequal distribution of provisions, iron, steel, tools, etc.; also alleging that favors were shown by the committee to the sons of its members.

The trial began about 11 o'clock in the day and continued until 9 at night. Henry G. Sherwood made a plea on the side of Justice and the Patriarch Hyrum on the side of Mercy. The decision was given by the President. He decided that the members of the committee should retain their standing and gave much good instruction to all parties, correcting the errors of each in kindness. The decision was marked by judgment and wisdom and cannot fail to produce a good effect.

On Sunday, May 21, 1843, President Joseph preached in the temple from the first chapter of Peter's second epistle. In the afternoon of that day the ordinance of partaking of bread and water, as the sacrament, was administered to the Saints for the first time in this temple.

The work on the building was delayed considerably this Spring, on account of the necessity for fixing runways for the crane.

Brother Player had been sick during the entire Winter, and he continued in a very feeble state until the time when he commenced again to lay the stone on the walls, which was on the 21st day of April, 1843.

From this time the work progressed steadily but slowly. There was no other hindrance until the next Winter set in, which was rather early, and at which time the walls were up as high as the arches of the first tier of windows all around. In this state the building was left through the Winter and until the Spring of 1844.

Early in the morning on the 8th day of June, 1843, Elder Elias Higbee, one of the temple committee, died after an illness of only five days. His death was unexpected and deeply lamented by all his brethren. He had proved himself a worthy man, and was much respected by all who knew him.

After this event several applications were made by men to be appointed to fill the vacant place of Elder Higbee. Elder Jared Carter was very anxious to have the appointment and, for some cause or other, claimed it as his right. But the Spirit whispered that it would not be wisdom to appoint him. After some delay and consultation on the subject, the Patriarch Hyrum Smith was appointed by the Trustee-in-Trust, with the consent of the other committee; and on the morning of the 23rd day of October, 1843, he entered upon the duties of his office, amidst the greetings and good feelings of the workers universally.

On the 6th day of October, 1843, the special conference was held in the temple. This was the first time a conference was held in the building.

At this conference charges were again preferred against the temple committee, and a public investigation was entered into;

and it was again voted that the members of the committee should be retained in their standing.

On this occasion the President proposed to the people to place under bonds all agents who were sent out to collect funds for the temple and Nauvoo House. He showed that some of the Elders, when they were away, received contributions to the temple; but as they sometimes devoted a portion of the money in other channels, they did not make proper returns at Nauvoo and the accounts did not, therefore, accurately balance.

He stated that the Twelve Apostles were now about to go East to raise means for the temple and also for the Nauvoo House. He suggested that they give bonds to the amount of two thousand dollars each; and that this rule be enforced upon all the Elders from this time forward. An action was taken by the Conference and it was decided by unanimous vote to carry this proposition into effect. The Twelve gave bonds in the required amount previous to their going East, which bonds were filed in the office of the Trustee-in-Trust.

Thus the Twelve were the first agents who were ever placed under bonds, when sent to collect funds for the Church. The wisdom of this order was soon manifest; for, although it was well understood and universally believed that the Twelve would invariably make correct returns, there were others who might not be so careful or scrupulous. And, inasmuch as members of this first quorum were required to give bonds, no other man could justly complain if he were brought under the same rule.

At this conference the Saints again voted to renew their exertions and double their diligence in order that the temple might be speedily finished.

During this conference, also, Elder Sidney Rigdon was tried for his fellowship, charged with a long course of conduct which rendered him unworthy of a place in the Church. President Joseph told the Saints that he had carried Elder Rigdon long enough and that he should do so no more. But, notwithstanding this, the Patriarch Hyrum pleaded for mercy in Sidney's behalf; and the conference voted to sustain Elder Rigdon in his position as counsellor to the First Presidency.

Some time in the Winter or Spring of the year 1844, the Patriarch Hyrum made a proclamation to the women of the Church, asking them to subscribe in money one cent each per week, for the purpose of buying the glass and nails for the temple. He represented to them that by this means he would be able to meet all the requirements in this regard. He also gave a promise that all the sisters who would comply with this call should have the first privilege of seats in the temple when it was finished.

He opened a record of these contributions, which he kept, with the aid of Sister Mercy R. Thompson, until his death.

Afterwards Brother Cutler was appointed to receive these offerings, assisted by Sister Thompson. There was soon a great anxiety manifest among the sisters to pay their portion and nearly all paid a year's subscription in advance. Since that time many have given the donation for the second year; and there has been already realized nearly two thousand dollars which will do much towards accomplishing the desired object. These contributions yet continue to come in each day.

Early in the Spring of 1844, the committee commenced the construction of a second crane in order to expedite the work, the labor having all been performed with but one crane up to this time. During the month of March the new crane was

rigged and immediately after the April conference Brother Player again began work on the walls. It was on the 11th of the month when he resumed this labor.

Soon after this time there was a considerable excitement raised in this county especially, and also in the counties adjoining, by apostates who threatened destruction and extermination to the whole Church. Among these apostates were:

William Law, Wilson Law, Robert D. Foster, Francis M. Higbee, Chauncy L. Higbee.

These men conspired with others who had been citizens of Nauvoo to bring on a mob.

The names of the principal persons in this business were:

Joseph H. Jackson, Austin Cowles (an apostate), John M. Finch, William H. Rolloson, William H. L. Marr, Silvester Emmons, Alexander Simpson, S. M. Marr, John Egle, Henry O. Norton, Augustine Spencer, Charles Ivens, P. T. Rolfe, William I. Higbee, James Blakeslee.

(To be Continued.)

FIVE YEARS IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

BY YAGGE CRECHEY.

I WAS born in the year 1831. My parents were very poor. My father died before I was born and my mother, when I was three weeks old, had to work for a living as best she could. I was put in charge of other persons to raise and was supported by the officers of the parish.

When I was seven years old, the parish officers refused to pay the widow woman with whom I lived any longer for keeping me; and she, being too poor to keep me herself, was, of necessity, compelled to send me to the poorhouse.

So, one bright morning in the Spring of 1838, I, in company with little Billy Rowe, and both of us in charge of his grandmother, left the quiet little village of Penalley and started for our destination which was ten miles away. As we bade our friends good-by, several of them gave us a "copper." The sum realized in this way amounted to sixpence each. As we proceeded on our way we danced and skipped about the old lady as joyfully as if we were going to see a circus.

When we reached the town of Pembroke, in which the poorhouse was situated, we bought a two-penny knife each; and then, with the other odd pennies in our pockets, we were conducted to the poorhouse.

Not until the old lady had left us, and the gates were locked, did we realize our position as prisoners shut up within those gloomy walls. When we fully comprehended our situation we were brought to tears: our great joy was suddenly turned to the deepest sadness. Like the bird newly caged we pined many days for our freedom; but by-and-by these feelings wore off and we got partially reconciled to our fate. The house was governed by the strictest discipline, and we had to learn the rules and conduct ourselves according to them. This task, however, never bothered me very much. I soon learned the rules and lived pretty well up to them, with an occasional straying, for which I had to meet the penalty. One punishment for breaking rules was after this manner: for the first offense, six strokes upon the hand with a little cane that would leave a mark which would remain for some time; for the second offense twelve strokes were given, and so on. When one persisted in

breaking the rules he was placed in what was called the "black hole," a room without light and with very little ventilation. If consigned to this place for any length of time, a person would be fed on bread and water. If this punishment would not work a reform in the individual, he was sent to prison. The food, or rather the lack of it, was what I felt to complain of the most. After eating what was placed before me at meal time I would feel the pangs of hunger, as I was never given enough to satisfy the cravings of nature. At first this feeling to me was terrible to endure. But after awhile I became accustomed to the short rations.

There was a small boy there by the name of Billy Winter, and as he was younger than me, he was given a place at the table by me. It was the custom to put a small boy in charge of a larger one, that the latter might look after him. Billy would eat his food so fast that before I had eaten half of mine his was gone, and then he would sit and cry for more. Many times I gave him half of mine. I felt bad for him, knowing by experience how he suffered. But I had to school him to eat slower, and when he got a crust, to make it hold out as long as possible. I never regretted what I did for him, for no brothers were ever faster friends than he and I were afterwards.

Some time after entering the poorhouse, I was taken very sick; so also was Billy Rowe. So severely were we attacked that both of us were reduced to skeletons. And if I looked as bad as Billy looked to me, death certainly had a claim upon us both. It seems to me that we suffered for nearly a year. Billy's grandmother used to often come and see him, to comfort him and bring him some little trinkets to please his little mind. But in all the time I was there no one came to see me. It was perhaps as well for me, however, for I recovered eventually. Since then I have seen that the hand of the Lord was over me continually, though I was without one earthly friend. Poor Billy, at last, after a long spell of sickness, died.

On Christmas, in the poorhouse, as well as any other place, we used to look for something extra for dinner. But, mind you, Santa Claus, during the five years I was there, never visited the poorhouse; and I have learned since that he never does visit poorhouses. Previous to one particular Christmas, the governor promised us if we would be kind to the pig he had there, and gather stuff out of the garden and help feed it the best we could, he would let us have it for Christmas dinner. I, with the rest, did my best to take care of it and fatten it up; and we all looked anxiously ahead for the dinner. At last it came, but when the animal was divided up, the hard end of the pig's nose, which was nearly as tough as the heel of a shoe, fell to my lot. If ever there was a disappointed boy I was one. The tears ran down my cheeks very freely and I could have cried out, but it was not allowable to make a disturbance of any kind at the table; and to keep my feelings suppressed until I got to the yard was a severe struggle. But I managed to withhold the expression of my misery till I reached the door, when I gave vent to my disappointed feelings in a child's most emphatic manner by bawling out without restraint. It is an ill wind that blows no one any good. The next day all the inmates were sick but me. Not being used to any meat, except a little beef twice a week, and the pork being so rich, their stomachs were not prepared for such a feast. But there was nothing rich about my portion and I escaped. So, after all, I felt very satisfied with the treatment I received.

(To be Continued.)

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from page 87.)

THE young lieutenant had not realized the full extent of his temerity up to this moment. But when the radiant princess stood before him and looked at him from wondering eyes, he almost wished that he could sink forever out of sight.

Something of his troubled mind must have been betrayed in his face; and Olga felt a renewal of her admiring pity for the courageous soldier.

Before a word was spoken, by a wave of her hand she dismissed the attendant and motioned Vladimir to a seat.

When they were alone he began to stammer forth an apology for his disguise and the ruse by which he had gained the interview. By this time the great beauty had regained her self-possession, and she greatly relieved her visitor when she interrupted him with these words:

"Sir, if necessary business brought you here no explanation of your subterfuge is required. I have already heard the news of your banishment to foreign lands. I know the dread alternative—it is Siberia. Therefore, you could not be seen in the streets of St. Petersburg in your proper person, nor could you announce yourself at the war minister's house by name and title."

This speech, accompanied by a kindly glance, did much to restore Vladimir to his wonted equanimity. The princess seated herself, with the utmost apparent composure, in one of the very uncomfortable gilded chairs of the library; and then she waited with outward calmness, but an inward tremor, for the lieutenant to announce the object of his strangely-unconventional visit.

Once relieved of his embarrassment, Pojarsky's natural impetuosity carried him onward. He poured forth a torrent of words. His high breeding and his perfect respect for Olga restrained him, to a great extent, within the formalities of court society; so he spoke no love. But he told his story modestly and yet with rapid emphasis; he detailed some of his dangerous political views, rehearsed his doubts and fears; and, before he had concluded, found means to delicately express the fact that it was for the princess alone that he had taken the risk of remaining near the Russian court.

Olga Ivanovitch listened with most gracious patience to the ardent narrative. She might, indeed, have cut it much shorter, and, at the same time, have transported the soldier with delight by confessing the truth—that she had been so deeply interested in the "Lieutenant Duke Vladimir Pojarsky" that she had consumed several hours of that day in gathering information concerning his family and personal history and his university and army life.

Her purpose in this respect had been greatly facilitated by her father, who had begun to roundly scold her for having been found in the company of a man under the czar's disfavor, and who had ended by giving her all of the particulars possessed by him relating to the Pojarskys. From the "Blue Books" she had gained other facts; and she had obtained all the current gossip on the subject from one of the court butterflies who had that day visited her.

Despite Olga's intimate though newly-acquired knowledge of Vladimir's affairs, she was not averse to hear the dramatic

recital from his own lips. She only interrupted, or rather encouraged, him by some brief, sympathetic question, or by a half-smothered sigh.

When he had concluded, the princess said to him very gravely:

"Lieutenant Pojarsky, you stand in such great danger that I have not the heart to be offended or reproachful because of your visit here at this hour in disguise. You ask me to pardon your uninvited presence. I promise you to entertain towards you a feeling of the most sincere friendship—on this condition: that you will leave St. Petersburg before daylight, and never pause for an hour until you are beyond Russian rule."

If Vladimir had felt overjoyed at the opening of this speech, and especially at the promise of friendship, he was correspondingly depressed at its close and the harsh condition which the princess imposed. He asked:

"Will you not allow me to see you once more before my departure? I can remain at my villa for another week in perfect safety. The minister of police is so much accustomed to absolute, unquestioning obedience that he will never dream that I am still in the city. You may set your own date for the visit; you may place your own limit upon its duration. And then, after I have been permitted to see you and hear your voice once more, if you shall still insist upon my banishment I will show to you the obedience which I have failed to render to my czar."

"No, no!" quickly responded Olga; "you fairly frighten me, you are so desperately reckless. You must not be near this city when to-morrow's sun shall shine. If you are found, it will be death or exile. Go; go at once. Oh, forgive my rudeness; but I fear my father will come! At any cost the knowledge of your visit must be kept from him."

In her nervousness, Olga stretched her hands appealingly to Vladimir. Thus spared the task of giving a direct answer to the condition offered by the princess, he bowed low at her last words. Then he seized her outstretched hands and kissed them with infinite tender respect.

Olga offered no resistance. She stood there very pale and only murmuring:

"Go, I pray you, before my father comes!"

Vladimir turned from her and walked slowly to the library door, which led into the count's outer office. There he stood for a moment to button his heavy fur coat over his courier's uniform, and to wave one final adieu to the waiting princess.

At that moment they both caught the jingle of sleigh-bells at the side entrance of the mansion. The princess trembled violently and cried:

"Too late! And yet you may be able to fly by the other door. Come this way at once."

Vladimir grasped the situation at a glance. To accept the assistance of Olga in an escape might compromise her. He would stay and face the count.

He hurried across the library floor, gently grasped the princess by the arm, and said in a masterful voice:

"You must leave this room instantly. If you can command the fidelity of the servant who admitted me, instruct him that he must not mention this interview. I will be able to explain my presence to your father."

With these words he led Olga to the door by which she had entered and saw her safely from the room. The princess, instead of going to her own apartments, sank into a chair behind the silken hangings; not to listen—though every word of an ordinary conversation would be audible to her—but

because of physical weakness and a momentary indecision of mind.

Just at the instant when Olga vanished, the outer door swung open and Vladimir heard the count's voice, saying:

"We will go at once into the library."

The young soldier had but time to seat himself near the center of the apartment, when Ivanovitch entered, accompanied by the minister of police. For a moment Pojarsky's heart seemed to lose its action; and then his indomitable courage rose to the occasion.

He had only expected to meet the count. What he should say in explanation of his presence, he had not determined, for he had been entirely engrossed in his effort to protect Olga from annoyance. But now the appearance of the minister of police, which was at first disconcerting, gave him an idea—almost desperate in its nature, but coinciding so closely with his known character that it restored him to calmness and made him almost gay in his manner.

After leaving his chair and nodding carelessly to the minister of police, Vladimir bowed low to Ivanovitch, and said:

"Count, I beg you to pardon my intrusion; but I am a soldier and in disgrace with my czar. You, too, have been a soldier and are now the dictator of the army. I am here to ask you to obtain for me an interview with his imperial majesty. I may perhaps be able to extricate myself from my present trouble and to win back the smiles of our gracious master."

Both the ministers were utterly aghast at these words. The minister of police was the first to recover himself and he burst out:

"Count, let me deal with this foolhardy boy. His case properly comes in my department!"

Then to Vladimir he said, very harshly:

"Lieutenant, it would be death for you to enter the czar's presence. You shall not see him. If you are so sick of this world that you desire to die or go into exile, you need not annoy your imperial master in such a trifling matter. Remain in St. Petersburg two hours longer and I myself will see that you are accommodated."

"Count, will you ask this hare-brained soldier to withdraw instantly? He has not a second to lose."

Ivanovitch had been almost thunderstruck at Vladimir's request; and he had been pleased to have the minister of police take the awkward dilemma off his hands. Now, not trusting himself to speak, he merely waved his hand toward the door and nodded coldly to the lieutenant.

Taken altogether, Vladimir was contented with even this supercilious dismissal. His good fortune had befriended him. Olga had safely left the library; and he had plausibly accounted for his presence.

Without bowing to either minister, without a word, but marching erect like a proud soldier, he left the room and the mansion.

In another hour he was at his own palace on the island of Aptekarskoi.

(To be Continued.)

PERSONS who are always innocently cheerful and good-humored are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper among all who live around them.

Wouldst thou first pause to thank thy God for every pleasure, For mourning over griefs thou wouldst not find the leisure.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 51.)

THE LAW OF LIFE BY DEATH OR DISSOLUTION.

THE next step in the argument is to present the evidence upon which the assertion is founded, that there is no life but by death or dissolution, or that life dies that life may be. Should this affirmation prove to be a scientific truth it will afford the strongest rational testimony in favor of the resurrection doctrine. Let it be shown that such is the law concerning the existence of visible, temporal life and we conclude logically, if our present being depends upon the transference of life into life through the portal of death, that the same law will operate to secure us a future existence. If this be a universal law, as justly entitled to its qualifying term as any other rule of action generally acknowledged universal, then the objections of our opponents are worthless unless they prove that in the particular instance of the resurrection this universal law has no application. If we prove the law, our opposers must prove the exception.

The proposition of life by death is hardly a question for argument at this late day; but merely one of the citation of examples in proof. Before proceeding further it is necessary that we preface the argument with a definition of the term "death." It is very evident that we must be guided solely, in fixing a correct meaning to the word, by the phenomena observable when death occurs.

Those who profess honest reasoning are content to argue from the known to the unknown. Webster, who is an acknowledged authority, defines death as the total suspension, indefinitely, of all the vital functions, and their reduction to a state in which they are not susceptible of renewed action. The idea is one of suspension, of separation, cessation and dissolution; but not of destruction. Death and annihilation are not synonymous terms, as some assert. If anything is destroyed in the process of death but a form, it devolves upon those who make the affirmation to prove it. If a single atom of any body upon which death has passed has been changed as to essential properties, that is, rendered incapable of again assuming an identical organic form, or of being once more what it has been, the production of any such particle of substance will suffice to allay all doubt.

Let death be estimated for what it is worth; no more, no less. Contrarily to all unfounded assumptions which affirm a change in the essential properties of the atoms of dead bodies, chemical analysis of their dust fails to discover any difference whatever between it and other atoms of matter belonging to the same class or kind, and which have never been organized into bodily form.

Death dissolves but cannot destroy. Common usage and science warrant no more than this definition. Temporal death signifies the withdrawal of the spirit from its tabernacle of clay and the body's consequent disintegration. Spiritual death implies the separation of divine influences from the soul—the alienation of the Creator from the creature. Civil death is the withdrawal of an individual, either voluntarily or involuntarily, from the blessings of society. It is a forfeiture of

civil rights and simply requires a dissolution of ties. These examples of the use of the word make manifest the popular understanding of the term; and it is philosophically correct since it cannot be proven that anything but dissolution transpires in the article of death.

And, now, what are the facts? Down through the hoary ages, faintly heard in the remote past, but breaking upon our ears with startling distinctness, comes the thousand-tongued voice of nature, crying:

“There is no life but by death!”

There is no organization, no higher life, without dissolution or death.

Is it questioned? Then let our imagination wing its flight to the dreary azoic age, when no life was, neither vegetable nor animal, and note its dawning and development. We find the lower orders first appear and clothe the earth with vegetation; then animal life, in all its sub-kingdoms, is introduced; and finally man takes his place at the head of all. But why this order? Respecting man various answers are proposed to this query. Some assert that climatic conditions were not favorable to human existence prior to the time of Adam's creation. But the same lower orders of animals now exist that lived upon the earth before our race began its career; and, hence, we see no reason why Adam might not, so far as climatic conditions were concerned, have commenced his earthly life simultaneously, at least, with the brutes. Others say that, being the most glorious work of Omnipotence, his creation was fittingly postponed to cap the climax of creative power and energy.

A rational answer to the question is, that prior to the introduction of the lower orders of life man could not subsist for lack of food. There was no life for him to prey upon. The constant stream of matter to which we owe our existence must be vitalized and die before it can subserve our use. There is not a bone of our body, not an atom of our flesh, not a particle of our physical system which is not secured to us but by the death of some life—the dissolution of some substance—by a disintegration and vivification or revivification of earthly elements; and this is precisely the phenomena which transpires in death and the resurrection.

Even the vital air that we breathe is useless to vitalize the blood until the death-dealing power of the lungs has decomposed it. It must die that we may live.

But let us trace a particle of matter in its wonderful career of life and death—two states wholly dissimilar to each other, and yet so indissolubly associated that life's dependence is death or dissolution. It is not affirmed that the life itself actually dies, but that it can only manifest itself in an organic form after the substance which constitutes such form has been primarily disintegrated, or been subject to the known power of death. This is all that is demanded in the strictest verification of the resurrection doctrine.

Now for the scientific history of the little atom. In the first place we have an apparently-dead and disorganized mass of substance which contains the elements of our bodies. This mass is composed of small particles which are simply an aggregation of atoms bound together by the law of affinity, or by some other power. Vegetation, by means of its thousands of rootlets, reaches out after these atoms, and by some unknown power or destructive force, unlocks their affinities and assimilates those parts necessary to its subsistence. The original mass of matter has suffered a dissolution—a first death has passed upon the atom and a first resurrection has succeeded. It rejoices in a new and higher life; but its destiny is higher still. Animals must live, and vegetation is their food. The

ox seizes the blade of grass or of corn, in which the atom lives. Alas! How frail is life! Death seems to be its ultimate doom, and the atom dies a second time. But the second death is past; and a second resurrection lifts the little wondering atom one notch above its former state. It had to die to obtain a better life. If sentient, what exultant, joyous thoughts would now inspire it with more than human hope! Impetuously it would again rush to the embrace of death and piteously beg that it might die. If it could impart its store of experimental knowledge to humanity, death would lose all its terrors. But man must live and for his sustenance slays the ox. Now the atom's wish is gratified and it dies again; but, as before, it dies to exult in a higher existence—in a new and glorious life. A third resurrection succeeds a third death and the atom has finally attained its most exalted state.

But is this the end? Has it run through its wondrous race? For three successive times it has built a nobler life upon its own death, which has been, in each instance, but a successive stepping-stone to its exaltation, a round in the ladder which lifts it towards immortality. Must its career terminate with what it has already accomplished? Let us ask the dust beneath our feet; let us listen to the reply of the life that dies to live again; let us tear the eternal secret of life by death from nature's heart, and read in the transcendent light of her glorious truth the grovelling baseness of such infidel thought.

If this be all, the atom's race is run, its work is done and its story told; but if there be any higher, better life anywhere in the infinite universe of God our wise little friend, by seeking death again, has adopted nature's course to obtain it. How else can it rise? Where is the life that lives that ascends in the scale of being? Where is the life that dies which does not go higher if the opportunity be offered?

These are nature's truths; and those who scout the resurrection doctrine must contend with them—the sublimest and most stubborn facts that the book of nature reveals. In view of these teachings let us ask ourselves how the outlook would appear were there no death for man. If man died not there could be no higher life than this earthly existence. Hold this truth steadily in view and estimate the resurrection probability in its light. If man died not there could be no immortality anywhere, nothing beyond what we now see, and feel, and know of life: no Christ of heaven; no God; for did not Jesus die and rise again to enter into the inheritance of His ineffable glory? Certainly He did, and so did the Father; for “the Son can do nothing of Himself, but what he seeth the Father do; for what things soever He doeth, these doeth the Son likewise.” *John v., 19.*

Who can controvert the proposition deducible from this scripture, that what things soever the Son doeth, such also the Father hath done?

Then, welcome, death, thou friend of man! For beyond thy dread (?) portals a new and a higher life appears. It is coming to greet us with the certainty of time's flight; and we feel it with the full assurance that hope inspires from a knowledge that life dies to live. Who can question this scientific fact? Who, then, can justly claim our faith is not rooted in nature's own foundation, or that it is unworthy of any but a fool's belief?

(To be Continued.)

THE slander does harm to three persons at once: to him of whom he says the ill, to him to whom he says it, and, most of all, to himself in saying it.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 83.)

ON the 11th of July, Brother Chase and my brother, Jacob, returned to camp, having several barrels of flour, forty bushels of corn, some wheat, meat, a scythe and one gallon of alcohol.

By the 16th of July the battalion was made up and mustered into service—companies A, B, C, D and E. I attached myself to Company B, Jesse D. Hunter, captain. The same day we marched eight miles to the Missouri River, near a French trading post, where Captain Allen issued to the battalion provisions, camp-kettles, knives, forks, spoons and plates; also coffee, sugar and blankets. On the 21st, at twelve o'clock, we took up the line of march for Fort Leavenworth, two hundred miles distant, the men keeping time to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." To me, as well as others, it was rather a solemn time, though to a casual observer we may not have shown it. Leaving families, friends and near and dear relatives, not knowing for how long, and perhaps to never see them again in this life. I bade my folks farewell and did not see them again for nine years.

On the morning of the 24th, we had the painful duty of burying one of our number. His name was Samuel Bowley. He had taken sick soon after his enlistment. His friends advised him to abandon his march; but it seemed he was anxious to go and so continued with us until his death.

Ten days' marching brought us to Fort Leavenworth, where we received our tents, arms and all the accoutrements necessary for the campaign. The weather was hot and a number were sick. I shook with the ague; and besides myself three of my messmates were sick.

On our arrival at the garrison a great many came out to meet the captain and to see the "Mormon" battalion, whom the captain seemed to be proud of, notwithstanding we were rather a ragged and dusty set of men. I understood it was frequently remarked that although we were "Mormons" we were a noble-looking lot of men. They were wonderfully taken up with the martial music, especially with our young drummer, Jesse Earl.

We also drew our clothing money for the year, which amounted to forty-two dollars each, most of which was sent back to our friends to help support them. We also donated of our mite to Elders then on their way to England on missions; and on the afternoon of August 13th, Companies A, B and C started for Santa Fe, 700 miles or more, the captain and the other two companies expecting to overtake us in a few days. The road was a foot deep with sand and dust, the weather very warm and water scarce and very poor, and it seemed our sick would die for want of water. Company B's baggage wagon broke down and did not arrive in camp until the next morning. This left us without our tents and supper.

On the 19th, we were overtaken by companies D and E, the captain still remaining behind. That day it was decided not to move camp but to await the arrival of the hospital wagons, in which to carry our sick, but owing to our beef cattle getting in and destroying the patches of corn belonging to the Indians we moved forward four miles to Stone Coal Creek. By this time a storm of wind, rain and hail from the north-west was on us, capsizing tents and upsetting wagons. It rolled Sergeant Cory's carriage fifteen or twenty rods into the brush.

Hats flew in all directions, and covers were stripped from wagons. Near by was a company of cavalry in camp, and when the hail began to fall their animals (mules) deserted and put for the timber several miles away, leaving their masters to take the storm in an open prairie by themselves. This place was named Hurricane Point.

The next day we laid by and dried our clothes. The sick were all exposed to the storm and it was feared they would now grow worse. A few were baptized for their health by Captain Hunt of Company A.

In the afternoon we were called together and addressed by Captain Hunt and others. They reminded us of our duty to God, the mission we were on, the sacrifice we had made to go at the call of our country, the goodness of God manifested towards us; also that the hand of God was in this very move, and to remember that we were the Elders of Israel, etc.

On the 21st, the hospital wagons arrived, also Adjutant Dykes, from the garrison, with the intelligence that our captain was still there very sick. This we were sorry to hear.

On the 25th, while nooning, some Indians came to us. They laid down their guns and blankets in token of friendship. Lieutenant Luddington and others gave them bread. They seemed thankful and left.

On the 26th, our quartermaster arrived from the garrison and announced the sorrowful fact that our captain, James Allen, was dead—that he departed this life Sunday morning, the 23rd inst. Reaching Council Grove we halted for several days.

While here Sister Jane Bosco died, and was buried on the 28th; and on the 29th the battalion paid their last respects due to Captain Allen by falling into line and marching to a shady grove, where a funeral sermon was delivered by our adjutant, George P. Dykes, who was followed by Captain Hunt.

On Sunday, the 30th, Brother Bosco, the husband of Sister Jane, died and was buried by the side of his wife; and as orders had been given that the battalion must be on the march early the next morning, that night, by the light of the moon, their grave was inclosed by a dry stone wall, very neatly put up, and overlaid with rock to prevent the wild beasts from disturbing them, and also to mark their last resting-place.

On the 3rd of September, in the afternoon, Lieutenant Smith, who had been accepted by our officers to act as captain *pro tem* in the place of Captain Allen, began to show his "love" for the "Mormons" by ordering all the sick out of the wagons. He swore that if they did not walk he would tie them to the wagons and drag them, unless they took such medicine as Doctor Sanderson should prescribe. This our sick did not like to do and had refused because the doctor was known to be a Missouri mobber, and had been heard to say he didn't care a d— whether he killed or cured. But Smith was told plainly that before the men would take the doctor's medicines they would leave their bones to bleach on the prairies.

(To be Continued).

THERE is a signature of wisdom and power impressed upon the works of God which evidently distinguishes them from the feeble imitations of men. Not only the splendor of the sun, but the glimmering light of the glow-worm proclaims His glory.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

MUSIC BY H. H. PETERSEN.



In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land or the sea,
As thy days shall demand, so thy succor shall be.

Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dismayed,
For I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless;
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love,
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs shall they still in my bosom be borne.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I cannot desert to His foes,
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

HOPE.

It whispers o'er the cradled child,
Fast lock'd in peaceful sleep,
Ere its pure soul is sin-beguiled,
Ere sorrow bids it weep.
It soothes the mother's ear with hope,
Like sweet bells' silver chime,
And bodies forth the unknown scope
Of dark mysterious Time.

'Tis heard in manhood's risen day,
And nerves the soul to might;
When life shines forth its fullest ray,
Forewarning least of night.
It speaks of noble ends to gain,
A world to mend by love,
That tempers strength of hand and brain
With softness of the dove.

It falls upon the aged ear,
Though deaf to human voice;
And when man's evening closes drear,
It bids him still rejoice.

It tells of bliss beyond the grave,
The parted soul to thrill;
The guerdion of the truly brave,
Who fought the powers of ill.

It is a curious fact that children are the best judges of character at first sight in the world. There is an old Scotch proverb: "They are never cannie that dogs and bairns dinna like;" and there is not a more true one in the whole collection.

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POPOCATAPETL.

MEXICO is a land of most glorious scenery and soft, luxurious delights. The country is not more famed for its revolutions and the indolence of its people, than for its varied landscape. Out of the six highest mountains of this continent, Mexico has four, the "baby of the family" towering more than sixteen thousand feet into the domain of clouds. Popocatepetl is the giant among them. Its hoary head is lifted up seventeen thousand eight hundred feet above the sea. It gleams in the sun far above the wall of mountains which surrounds the valley of Mexico; it is visible from the city; and the snowy sides of the crest and the drifting cloud or haze of smoke are among the most beautiful objects in this "Italy of the Occident," as Joaquin Miller poetically designates "glorious, gory Mexico."



memory of the laziest, and therefore the oldest, Mexican, it has emitted nothing worse than a few sulphur fumes and a little smoke. Historians say that it belched forth lava in the first years following the conquest of the country; and probably now it is only taking a rest of a few centuries. This is a common practice with the great volcanoes of the earth, which have their brief, fatal seasons of activity and their longer periods of dormancy.

Popocatepetl derives its name from two Aztec words, *popoca*, to smoke, and *tapetl* or *tepetl*, a mountain. It is called in Spanish, *Volcan Grande de Mexico*, Grand Volcano of Mexico.

The ascent of the mighty slumbering mountain is a popular effort with hardy tourists. Formerly one had to take a horseback ride of sixty miles from the city of Mexico

The mountain is called an active volcano. But within the | as a preliminary to the actual climbing of the mountain; and

the entire journey was then so tedious and discouraging as to be seldom undertaken and even less frequently accomplished. At the present time, however, a line of railroad passes near the actual base of the volcano, so that one may leave the city in the morning and reach the snow line before night, ascending the summit and returning the next day. The train leaves the city at half past seven in the morning, from the gate of San Lazaro—named for Lazarus because of the scores of mendicants who assemble there in their lazy filth to beg from the railway passengers. After two hours of travel over the salt plains, which once formed the bed of a great lake, and through several pueblos, the traveler is landed at Amecameca, the largest town on the line, and the place at which the ascent of the mountain begins. The distance from the gate of the devotees of San Lazaro to the town of Amecameca is fifty-eight kilometers; and first-class fare for that distance is only one dollar.

All about Amecameca stretch immense fields of corn and barley, parted by magney hedges. Beyond the great fields the foot-hills stand, with many a fertile and grain-clothed tongue of land running up among them. Then the hills rise higher and higher, arrayed in dark forests of odorous pine. Above these the rugged mountain shows itself bare and brown. And next comes the border of the snow line; its white robe at first is ragged and patched with brown on its skirts; but finally, triumphing over all below it drapes the peaked summit in a glistening garment of spotless white.

An account of Popocatepetl ought to include a mention of the mountain, Iztaccihuatl, one of Mexico's four giants, which is apparently nearer the town of Amecameca than Popocatepetl. Iztaccihuatl is called *La Mujer Blanca*, or "The White Woman." The long, undulating, snowy crest of this mountain seems to cover a considerable portion of the ridge with a white shroud; and is quite suggestive, by its shape, of a dead giantess, robed for her burial. Far and near this volcano is known as "The White Woman;" and from the plains of Amecameca, and even from the city, the resemblance to a dead woman lying on her bier and covered with a white sheet is really striking. The stony, blanched face seems a perfect portraiture of death, and the white hair streams away from the snowy forehead and hangs down the sides of the catafalque. The feet of the "White Woman" are extended in the direction of her Titanic consort, grim old Popocatepetl; and between the two lies a brown, uneven ridge, mainly beneath the snow line and for the greater part treeless.

There is a tradition among the Indians that these two volcanoes were once living beings, in the earth's youth. The Great Spirit became offended because of their wrong doing. He struck the giantess dead; and there she lies to this day, stretched silent upon her towering catafalque, robed in glistening white. The giant was rooted fast to the spot, where he could contemplate his loved companion; and it was his wont to express his grief by floods of fiery tears. In his trembling agony he would shake the whole earth. The awe-struck Indians learned to call Popocatepetl the "hill that smokes."

GENTLENESS, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards, and the fawning assent of sycophants. It removes no just right from fear; it gives up no important truth from flattery; it is, indeed, not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle, in order to give it any real value.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 110.)

THE LAW OF LIFE BY DEATH OR DISSOLUTION.

WE think it scarcely necessary to introduce additional scientific facts to prove the truth of the last article's caption. It is so generally known and acknowledged that a few references might have sufficed for all but the most obstinate. However, the temptation to turn the enemy's guns once more upon his own position will be accepted, we trust, as a sufficient apology for a brief continuation of the subject.

It has been discovered that the grave in which the remains of Roger Williams reposed has been penetrated by a large root of an apple tree in such a curious manner that the root occupies nearly the identical place which the body once did. Infidels assert that, without a reasonable doubt, a great portion of the dust of Mr. Williams' body has been absorbed by the roots of this tree and, of course, incorporated into its fruit; and, in order to cast odium on the resurrection doctrine, the question has been asked jeeringly:

"Who ate Roger Williams?"

Somebody or something did, probably.

Now, if that somebody else be resurrected, argues the infidel, no sufficient material will be left to supply Mr. Williams with a resurrection corporeity also. This position certainly acknowledges the law of life by death; for his body died that it might live again as a tree and fruit; and the latter suffered a dissolution and was once more as human flesh.

The infidel affirmation is not at all endorsed. Its bearing in favor of the resurrection doctrine is noted only. The theory itself will be considered hereafter.

For ought we know to the contrary, perhaps a hundred times or oftener, has every particle of the substance of our bodies passed through life and death alternately; and it is unreasonable to assert that our bodies can not be resurrected when the feat of vivifying portions, or all, of it has been accomplished so often already. What has been done may be done again; and doubtless with improvement.

If our proud, stubborn intellects refuse to believe, then our very flesh shall rest in hope, as the inspired language of the psalmist affirms. Thus, to our eternal disgrace as intelligences, gross matter rises superior to mind in point of faith in the resurrection doctrine.

An objection may be interposed that will have considerable influence with some: Admitting the law of life by death, yet all of the examples produced show that one life dies that another may rise from its ruined ensowment; while the resurrection idea requires that the same body which died shall be revived by its own life. Thus it is ruled out of analogy with the course of nature.

More than one answer may be returned to this objection. The examples that now come within the cognizance of our senses are but instances of the operations of nature without any special supervising watch-care; and the decay and dissolution of one body to serve the purposes of another is, in general, but an accident. Suppose, for example, the particles of matter that compose a blade of grass should be carefully preserved, and after dissolution be brought again under favorable

conditions for reabsorption and reassimilation by plant life, could such atoms not be made to reappear as a new but still the identical blade of grass which died?

What scientific difficulty is involved in the assertion that a grain of wheat could be made to grow right out of its own ashes and attain to full maturity an infinite number of times? It requires just so much material to produce the blade, the stalk and the full corn in the ear, and no new or different accretion of matter is necessary to reorganize it, after dissolution, into a new but identical blade, stalk and grain. Thus it might live and grow forever upon the results of an annual death and dissolution; for what produced it once could do so again.

Were all matter organized into vegetable life and no encroachments allowed, how could it live grow and be propagated but by its own death? For as soon as each plant had absorbed its allotment of substance death would inevitably ensue; but by dying, and the seed being planted in the very material that produced it, plant life could live on to the eternities. There is no wear out to matter. More care than nature usually bestows upon the subject is the only lacking prerequisite in order to supply instances of the kind supposed. This care we affirm God exercises in the resurrection.

And does not science teach us that this same substance—a stalk of wheat, if you please, might be made, by a mere rearrangement of its particles, to take a spiritual nature, and, for ought we know, be no more subject to decay. The objection is voided without an argument that conflicts in any sense with science.

Now, no one assumes the resurrection is to follow the operations of natural law without the special supervision of the Almighty; yet it is, and must be, a natural event, or the result of natural processes; for an unnatural operation would produce an unnatural effect, and that only. Indeed, were we to predicate the resurrection upon the overthrow of natural law, or upon its transgression, our hopes must terminate in disaster and defeat.

Should infidelity still insist that one life dies that something else may be, then, in another place it will be shown how the scriptural doctrine of the resurrection satisfies infidelity's most exacting demand, and by so much more proves revelation true to science.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SCRIPTURAL AND SCIENTIFIC TRUTH.

We now come to one of the most interesting parts of this investigation, viz: the pleasing task of noting the surprising agreement that exists between the truths of the previous articles and the declarations of scripture. That there is no life but by death is a strange, a mysterious truth; but now generally accepted. That revelation should be in accord with it will appear to many still more surprising. Science discloses nothing new; for her grandest truths were known in the infancy of our race.

Sectarian theology affirms that an arbitrary penalty was affixed, by the dictum of Jehovah, to transgression and sin when He said to our great progenitors:

"In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

Infidels argue that if there be no such warrant for the introduction of death into this world, the record which affirms it is unworthy of our credence, since a testament defective in one part is defective in all. During the long reign of religious darkness which is just now ending, it was stoutly maintained by theologians that there was no death upon this earth until after the fall of man.

But what are the facts? Geological science teaches us that long before that event death was at work gnawing at the vitals of all earthly life. Prior to Adam's transgression its reign was omnipresent, as it now is. Then his eye had no pity and his heart felt no mercy. With merring aim his fiery darts pierced every quivering heart. Myriads of animals existed. They passed through a hey-day of youth, attained to the prime and vigor of life, declined and died. Nature has treasured up her victims and written on the everlasting monuments of her mighty charnel house the universal doom of life—Life Lives to Die! The grave has been its goal from its feeble beginnings. There are the attesting facts registered in the now open book of nature by the same hand which, it is claimed, wrote mediately the Edenic decree of death, then first loosing him among his prey. The great question, then, is: Shall we accept the impressions of sense, perception, with all the consequences of our act; or shall we still cling to certain dogmas that antagonize those impressions? Shall we take nature, which is the genuine issue of Jehovah, or a suspected narrative that opposes it? Undoubtedly the former. But the confession involves the warrant for the resurrection doctrine also and irremediably destroys its scriptural foundation.

This is the infidel position; and were the premises true the conclusion would be irresistible. But the former are based upon the false principles of sectarian theology, and the deductions drawn from them are necessarily false. The simple truth comes to the rescue of this cherished doctrine, and the light which it is capable of throwing upon the subject demands an infidel change of base. The exact correspondence of true gospel principles with scientific truth is a weighty testimony in favor of revelation.

Like all other truths of revelation, the resurrection also is not to be because God says so, or because He enunciates the doctrine; but the doctrine exists because the resurrection is to be. That great event is not created by the fiat of Jehovah. It has a basis, as we have seen, in the very nature and constitution of things. God's word is but the shadow of coming events. He purposes to do in the resurrection just what He did in the creation. Taking the material at hand He will direct the operations of natural law working upon it to accomplish certain results. If this law be an unknown one it is not therefore unnatural.

General resurrection facts exist all around us. Suppose we die, as of course we must, and mingle our dust with that of the earth, never again to be distinguishable from the great mass, must we not still rise higher than we now are? Is not the earth, as a whole, bounding onward and upward? Every gigantic stride it has made affirms this truth. If, then, we fail of a special uplifting we must still share the destiny of the mass. Where will this world's progress terminate? Nature affirms its goal is perfection. Long ago, as science asserts, it started in the glorious race and will not stop short of the prize.

If, perchance, the resurrection of our bodies should be delayed until that sublime height of perfection is attained, who can predicate this or that difficulty which will obstruct the operations of such glorified matter; and when subject to laws adapted perfectly to its condition?

But we anticipate no such long delay in the resurrection. All mortality is not deserving of such great exaltation as must inevitably overtake it in the regular process of nature; and, hence, a *special* uplifting is determined to fix the status of the undeserving. Again, some bodies deserve higher glory; and it must be arranged so that they may obtain their just reward.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

HOW CHUB FIXED THE HAT.

LITTLE four-year-old Nan's new hat had just come from the milliner's, and like many an older lady, she was looking it over and finding fault with it.

"I wanted a *beil* on it," she said, fretfully.

"You shall have a veil to wear with it whenever it is cold," said her mother.

"I don't want any old brown veil tied over my face. I want a long blue one like Fan's!"

Sister Fanny was fifteen years old and wore almost long dresses, and this little thing wanted two or three yards of blue gauze to float from her hat and twine around her neck, as Fanny's did!

"It wouldn't look well on you," said her mother.

"I don't care how it looks," pouted Nan. "And why couldn't I have a *flume* like yours, instead of these red roses?"

"Little girls don't wear plumes."

"I wish I wasn't a little girl. I wish I was as big as the meeting-house, so I could wear things," and Nan picked up the hat and turned it about disdainfully.

The door-bell rang just then, Nan's mother went into the parlor to see the lady who had come to call on her, and Nan was left alone.

"Come here, Chub," she said to her little dog that lay on the rug by the stove, "and let me see how you look in this hat. I don't think it 'comes me at all."

So Nan tied it on to Chub, and he had a fine play with the ribbons, for he was only a puppy, and full of fun, and then suddenly she smelled the mince pies that Sally was baking in the kitchen, and thought of the turnover Sally had promised to make for her, so off she ran, leaving the new hat on the floor with Chub.

When the lady had gone, and Nan's mother came back into the sitting-room, just as Nan came in from the kitchen with the hot turnover cuddled up in her apron, Chub sat up very straight and looked very honest out of his two bright eyes, but the new hat was entirely spoiled, and there was not enough left of the red roses to make any fuss about. For Chub was as fond of gnawing things as dogs usually are, and the new hat was the same as anything else to him. Nan had to wear her old hat all winter, till she came to feel that she would

be very glad of a new one, even if it didn't have any "beil or "flume." But it taught her not to find fault with what her mother thought best to get for her, and also to take care of her things and not leave them in Chub's way.

WHAT CHILDREN SHOULD KNOW.

ALL boys and girls should know—

- 1 How to behave towards their parents, brothers and sisters, and all with whom they associate.
- 2 How to conduct themselves in company at meetings of worship and in the street.
- 3 How to perform such chores as their parents may require of them.
- 4 How to read, write, spell, cipher, and all the other common branches of education.
- 5 How to be saving with money, food and clothing.
- 6 How to spend their time without wasting it to no purpose.
- 7 That they will be men and women some day, when they will have to make their own way in the world.
- 8 That they should be industrious, honest, and truthful in all things.
- 9 That what others have done they can do by trying and persevering.
- 10 That as a general thing, what is worth doing should be done well.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHEN is a barber like a piece of wood? When he is a-shaving.

When is a little girl's arm like an animal? When it is a little bear.

What is every one doing at the same time? Growing older.

When are gloves unsaleable? When they are kept on hand.

Why do the recriminations of a married couple resemble the sound of waves on the shore? Because they are murmurs of the tied.

Why is the absence of the letter m like the presence of a hand organ? Because it makes u-sic of music.

When is a thief like a seamstress? When he cuts and runs.

In what ship has the greatest number of people been wrecked? courtship.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

Who called upon Joseph and the brethren while they were translating in Pennsylvania? 2. What invitation did he extend them? 3. How long did Joseph remain there? 4. Name those who are known as the three witnesses to the truth and divinity of the Book of Mormon. 5. What great privilege did the Lord grant unto them? 6. Name the other eight witnesses. 7. Where was the first edition of the Book of Mormon printed and published? 8. How many copies were printed in the first edition?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 6.

1. Where did Joseph remove to after he obtained possession of the plates? A. To Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania. 2. Who came there to see him after he began to copy the characters and translate them? A. Martin Harris. 3. What did he do with some of the characters which Joseph had drawn off, and the translations of them? A. He took them to New York City and presented them to Professor Anthon, a noted linguist. 4. What did he do after he examined them? A. He gave him a certificate that they were true characters, and that the translation was correct. 5. What did he do when told that Joseph had the plates revealed to him by an angel of God? A. He took the certificate and tore it up, saying, there was no such thing now as angels coming to men. 6. What did he tell Martin Harris he would do if he would bring him the plates? A. That he would translate them. 7. When Mr. Harris stated that part of them were sealed what was his reply? A. "I cannot read a sealed book." 8. Quote a prediction of this incident, and state where it can be found? A. "And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, read this I pray thee; and he saith, I cannot for it is sealed." *Isaiah xxix.*, 11-14. 9. To whom did he take them afterwards? A. To Dr. Mitchell, of New York.

The following named persons have sent answers to the questions on Church History published in No. 6: W. J. C. Mortimer, H. H. Blood, Emily E. Brough, F. Pickering, Martha A. Terman, Etta M. Huish, S. Stark, Lucy D. Perry, Marinda Monson, Leone Rogers, W. L. Worzencroft, W. N. Draper,

W. E. Cole, S. E. Cole, D. W. Evans, Ovinia A. Jorgensen, Mary A. Crookston, George Rasmussen, J. R. Morgan, E. Morgan, Hulda L. F. Stout, Alice Crane, S. P. Oldham, T. Budge, Jr., E. Porter, Elizabeth S. Zundell, Rosie M. Sedgwick, G. E. Court, Lizzie Hatch, I. Fisher, Dencey E. Terry, G. C. Forsyth, J. R. Young, G. M. Ward, Sarah Bennett, Louie Kimball, C. Alfsen, M. E. West, Susie S. Coleman, N. Andrus, Janet L. Jenkins, J. H. Jenkins, W. D. Dixon, Jannie Smith, L. R. Anderson, Louisa Steele, Eleanor Harper, J. Folkman, H. N. Folkman, M. J. Richards, H. C. Blood, A. J. Barrett, G. Robertson, Jr., Mary E. Chandler, F. W. Kirkham, J. M. Kirkham, H. Muir, R. K. Brown, Rosina Brown, Eliza R. Moss, Avildia Page, Louisa Johnson, Ada Minkler, Jane Welch, Ina Pomeroy, R. A. Turner, D. E. Coleman, H. Tuttle, Jr., E. V. Bunderson.

CHARADE

BY W. F. NELSON.

My first in many a field doth grow,
Most easy 'tis to guess,
Without it we would come to woe,
To trouble and distress.
My second in a farmer's barn,
You very oft may find,
And when I say 'tis made of yarn,
It may come to your mind.
My whole is but my second, too,
And used to carry in
My dear and precious first; so you
To guess may now begin.

SOME one is attempting to cast a stain on the reputation of Christopher Columbus by circulating a story that on a certain occasion, he left his native land for "parts unknown."

A FRENCHMAN thinks the English language is very tough. "Dare is *look* out," he says, "which is to put out your head and see, and look out, which is to haul in your head and not for to see—just contrarie."

"Now, my boy," said the examiner, "if I had a mince pie and should give two-twelfths of it to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak out loud, so that all can hear."

"The plate!" shouted the boy.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is pleasing to know that Utah is not entirely forgotten or overlooked by the President of the United States. For a number of years we have had a man for governor who has been a disgrace to the government which appointed him, and would have been such to us if we had contributed in any manner towards getting him the position or keeping him in it. A more shameless creature never was in our midst in an official capacity. We have had a good many base men in Utah during the past thirty years; but it would be hard to find one among them who was in every respect, mentally and morally, so unfit for the position he occupied, as this governor. The people of the Territory were tired of him years ago; but the Administration, thinking anything was good enough for the "Mormons," continued him in office. At last the Administration is tired of him and he is requested to resign. We shall soon have, I suppose, a new governor.

I see that a Mr. Caleb W. West, of Kentucky, is recommended by Mr. Carlisle, speaker of the House of Representatives, for the position. Other names are also mentioned—Col. Merritt, of this city, and a Mr. Bybee, of New York. Knowing, as I do, Mr. Carlisle's influence, I am inclined to the opinion that his man will get the position. If he does, it is probable we shall get, at least, a better officer than the one we have had.

I think a good deal of Mr. Carlisle's recommendation; he is a gentleman of broad views and would not be likely to recommend a man whom he thought unfit for so delicate and trying a position as that of governor of Utah.

Situated as we are in this Territory, much depends upon the character of the officers which are sent to us. Officers in Utah can commit acts with impunity which if they were to attempt in any other Territory would cost them their places. Knowing this they have presumed upon it. The ex-governor has done so. The judges, prosecuting attorney and the marshal do so; and their acts of tyranny and oppression become almost unbearable. Had the ex-governor been promptly removed, as he should have been, when he committed the fraud, in 1880, of giving a certificate of election, as delegate to Congress, to a man who had not been elected, it would have been a profitable lesson to all the federal officials in the Territory. Then they would have seen that they could not defraud even the "Mormons," nor treat them as though they had no rights, without having to answer for it. But neither Presidents Hayes nor Garfield had the nerve to perform this act of justice.

Hayes appointed this man governor at the instance of his wife, and had requested an agent of the Department of Justice to keep certain papers which were damaging to him, and which would have prevented his confirmation as governor had they been known, from going on to the files of the department. This was dishonorable conduct on the part of the President of the United States, to send a man to Utah as its governor when he had the best of reasons for knowing he was utterly unworthy of the position.

General Garfield probably did not know much about this man's conduct before coming to Utah; but he did know that he had violated his oath of office by giving the certificate of election to a man who had not been elected. But Garfield had not the moral courage to remove him for fear that it should be used against him as another evidence that he was favorable to the "Mormons." Physically, General Garfield was one of the

bravest men; but when the exercise of moral courage was required he was timid. Probably no man in public life knew more about us and our doctrines than did he; and he was kindly disposed to Utah and her people. I was intimately acquainted with him and had frequent occasions to avail myself of his friendship. I never appealed to him in vain while he was a member of the House, but during the presidential campaign and after his election he was accused of being friendly to the "Mormons." This was especially the case with professed ministers of religion: they suspected him of being too favorable to us. I have always believed that his assault upon us in his Inaugural Message was intended to counteract this suspicion that he knew was entertained. When the inaugural was delivered I looked upon it as a notice, served by him, that the former friendly relations which had existed must cease, and that he had gone over to the side of our enemies. Under these circumstances, and entertaining these feelings, he considered it inexpedient to remove the governor, though I know that in his heart he felt that he richly deserved being kicked out of office for the great wrong which he had committed.

What a train of evils has followed this failure to cast this man adrift! Emboldened by his success in carrying out the fraud of which he was guilty in this case, the governor went from one act of tyranny and abuse of power to another until, finally, he overstepped the limits of endurance even of as patient and forbearing a man as President Cleveland.

But the effect of permitting him to retain his office after committing the act for which he should have been expelled from office has not been confined to him; other federal officials, taking license from his example, have committed all manner of outrages against the people, and they have felt themselves secure in so doing. They have evidently thought they were at perfect liberty to do what they pleased in Utah against the "Mormons" and the administration would not disturb or check them in their operations. They have counted, just as the ex-governor has done, on the prejudices of the people at large, and that the administration would not dare to remove them. Now that the governor's resignation is demanded it would not be surprising if he and his friends should not try to force President Cleveland into retaining him in his position. It would be just like them to do so, and to raise a cry that it would be a great misfortune to the country to remove a man from office who is doing so much against the "Mormons." We shall then see if President Cleveland can be moved by such claptrap.

All that is needed to settle what is called the "'Mormon' trouble" is a little firmness on the part of the administration at Washington. Let every official clearly understand that he will not be permitted to remain in his office if he does not treat "Mormon" citizens as he would other citizens, and all this war upon the "Mormons" would speedily cease and quiet would be restored. But as long as officers have an idea that it is a virtue in them to wage war upon the "Mormon" people, and that the more they do at this the more likely they are to be kept in office, then, of course, we may expect such abominable treatment as the most of them now extend unto us.

Take, for example, the conduct of Judge Zane at a meeting at the Opera House. I hear he made a most intemperate speech in which he went out of his way to denounce the Latter-day Saints and their religion in the most disgusting manner—disgusting, I mean, when coming from a man occupying the position of a judge. Were he properly dealt with he would be removed from the bench as soon as it should be known in Washington that he made such a speech; for even a child would know that such a man is a bitter partisan and unfit

to decide upon the cases of the people whom he thus denounces.

But we must exercise patience. It seems as though it is a part of the programme, permitted by a divine providence, that we should be afflicted by the presence of such officials. We have suffered from the same kind before, and yet we have lived and prospered. These will go, after a while, the way the others have gone, and we shall still live and prosper. In days to come we shall revert to these scenes, and they will be interesting to think and converse about; but the men who figure here now will then, if living, be so contemptible that the wonder will arise how such creatures could have annoyed us. Deprive them of their offices, and you take away from them all that makes them worthy of notice. The temporary importance which they have they derive from being mixed up with our affairs.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 111.)

IT should have been explained in my last that Lieutenant Smith was an outsider, an officer belonging to the regular army. The right of command properly belonged to Captain Hunt, of Company A. The honor was conferred on Smith simply because he was a "West-Pointer," and not out of choice by the voice or vote of the battalion.

On the 5th, we reached Cow Creek, where, for the first time in my life, I saw a buffalo. The next day we passed a curious knoll, or mound, from the top of which we saw hundreds of buffalo feeding in different droves. In the afternoon we had a shower and some heavy claps of thunder. A cow was killed by the lightning. At evening we camped on the prairie without wood, and with no water except the little we had in our canteens. Using "buffalo chips" for fuel we made coffee and cooked buffalo meat and felt we had an excellent supper.

By daylight the next morning we were on the march for water. We made about fifteen miles when we reached Walnut Creek, halted for breakfast and remained the balance of the day. While here one of our men killed a young buffalo. When on the march we could see at times more than five hundred at once.

On the 11th, about noon, we arrived at the Arkansas River and camped. At this point the river is four or five hundred yards wide and was nearly dry. The banks are low, and a rise of four feet of water would overflow the bottom land for miles. As I stood on the bank and looked across I could scarcely see that there was any water. The view presented was a beautiful bed of sand from bank to bank. I took off my shoes, rolled up my pants and crossed over to get wood for our cooks. There were four little channels of water, clear as crystal and about one foot deep. I could not help admiring this, to me, beautiful and singular river. From this point we marched up the river for about one hundred miles, camping every night on its bank. In places the river was dry; but by making a hole in the sand a foot deep we were enabled to get plenty of water; and, strange to say, where the water was running, the boys caught a number of fish, cat, white bass and buffalo fish, by spearing them with bayonets. Along here our teams began to grow weak and thin in flesh. The grass was eaten off by the buffalo and other wild animals. For days we were not out of

sight of the great herds of buffalo, elk, antelope, wolves and badgers, and I wondered why they had not left that part of the country to hunt for better living; for I thought a sheep could not find grass enough to live on; and yet the buffalo we killed were always in good order.

At the crossing of the Arkansas River we buried Brother Alvin Phelps. It was believed his death was hastened by being forced to take Doctor Sanderson's medicine; for when the sick refused he would abuse and curse and otherwise insult them. Brother Phelps died on the afternoon of the 16th of September, and was buried early the next morning before taking up our line of march.

Leaving the Arkansas, two buffalo came running near our lines, when some thirty or more muskets were fired at them, breaking the leg of one. The other, so far as I know, escaped without a hole in his robe. That day and the day following men suffered for want of water. Many gave out and had to be hauled to camp in wagons. In the Cimarron country, water was so scarce we had to dig for it; and when obtained it was so impregnated with some kind of mineral that neither man nor beast would scarcely drink it; and here, too, in this dilemma Colonel Smith, as we now called him, reduced us to two-thirds rations. This now brings to my mind what has since been told me: At the crossing of the Arkansas we overtook Colonel Price, with five hundred horsemen, on his way to Santa Fe. The battalion at that time was already on short allowance, and I suppose our colonel was in the same fix; so he sent word by his quartermaster, asking Price to share provisions. Price replied that he did not haul provisions for the "Mormons." This intelligence raised Colonel Smith's ire, and he informed Colonel Price if he did not let the provisions come that he would let loose the "Mormons" and come down on him with his artillery. This on the part of Colonel Smith produced the desired effect. Very likely Colonel Smith had an idea that possibly the "Mormons" had no great amount of love for Price, as he was in command of a company of mob militia at Far West, and sanctioned the shooting of Joseph the Prophet and others on the public square, in 1838.

On the 25th of September, we reached the Big Cold Spring, where, for the first time since leaving the Arkansas River, ten days before, we saw timber. The day before arriving at the spring I counted the skull bones of eighty-one mules said to have perished a year before during an equinoctial storm. Our guide said there were one hundred and sixty mules perished, and the most of the men with them. The men were fur traders, I believe.

On the 3rd of October we were met by an express from General Kearney. I did not learn the particulars, but the word in camp was to the effect that if the battalion was not in Santa Fe by the 10th of October it would be rejected. Receiving this intelligence, it was decided (though opposed by many) by the officers to take all the able-bodied men and best teams and push forward in double-quick time, leaving all the sick and weak teams with a few officers and able-bodied men to bring up the rear as best they could. As I have said, this separation was opposed, as we did not know what might befall the sick, they being in an enemy's country.

Late in the afternoon of the 9th, we arrived in the city of Santa Fe, in the midst of a storm of rain and hail; and on the 12th, the rear or second division arrived. The surrounding country was mountainous and rocky. The mountains were covered with pine and cedar; and the soil of the country I thought very poor, as a general thing.

(To be Continued).

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

NO man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

These are the words of the Lord Jesus; and, like all His words, they are full of meaning. Especially do Latter-day Saints prove they are true. Members of this Church cannot serve the Lord with divided hearts. They may keep in the Church, and, while fair weather lasts, appear to be in full fellowship; but when storms come they show their weakness. Their affections are not all in the work of God; they have other interests and they look to them and are divided in their feelings. Times like these we are now passing through tests the faith of those who try to serve God and Mammon, because they are compelled to be either on the side of God or on the side of Mammon. The two sides happen, just now, to be opposed to each other, and this makes it difficult for men who at other times pass as pretty good Saints to appear so now.

When people join this Church they should lay aside all love for the world and the things of the world; for if they do not they are likely to be in constant trouble. The apostle John said to the ancient Saints:

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

This was true respecting the former-day Saints and is true also concerning the Saints in these days. Whenever a man in this Church loves the world and the things that are in the world, his affections are divided and he cannot perform, as he should do, his duties as a Latter-day Saint. If he has interests in the world, and his heart is set upon them, he is sure to be weak when the days of trial come and men are required to sacrifice all for the sake of the gospel. Jesus said that where men's treasure is their hearts will be also. If men's treasure is outside of this Church their hearts are sure to be there and not with the Church; if they have interests which conflict with the interests of the work of God they are very apt to lean to their own interests and feel cold concerning those of the work of God.

It is for this reason, doubtless, that the Lord, in building up Zion in the last days, commanded His people to gather out from Babylon. If they were to remain in Babylon their interests would be there and their hearts also; and when destruction should come upon Babylon they would be likely to perish with it; but by leaving Babylon and gathering with the Saints in one place, they sever their connection with Babylon and no longer have any interest in it nor any fear about its fall. It is on this account that Latter-day Saints have been counseled to dispose of all property which they had outside of Zion and to make no investments except in Zion.

We have been commanded to build up Zion and to cease building up Babylon. All our interests, all our affections and all the feelings of our hearts should be in Zion. We should have no affection for the world nor the things of the world nor allow anything to stand in the way of doing whatever the Lord shall require of us. It is very well for us to have all the conveniences of life—gold, silver, lands, houses, horses and cattle and other possessions—for the Lord has placed them here for the assistance and advantage of His children and they are of great benefit to those who possess them; but the affections of men should not be placed upon them. All their time should not be spent in thinking how to accumulate worldly riches; their thoughts should be upon God, upon His kingdom, upon the gospel that He has revealed and what they can do to serve Him best. God should be their Master; they should serve Him, and to find the best manner to do His will should be their chief aim. Mammon should not be served and no heart should be placed upon it.

It is a painful position for a Latter-day Saint to be in when he feels that his interest in the Church is in conflict with some interest he has in the world, or to find that the interests he has in the world come in conflict with the interests he has in the Church. Where the Church is involved every one should be able to decide instantly, without hesitation, to do that which is plainly for the benefit of the Church or the works of God. No one should ever be found in a position where he could not do this instantly and feel perfectly independent of the world and everything in it. No one should have any honor to sustain or reputation to contend for except the honor and reputation of being a true and faithful Latter-day Saint. The praise of the world, the good opinion and the favor of the world every Latter-day Saint must be indifferent to or else he is not what he should be. God has, by giving us the gospel and by establishing Zion, made us free, and we always will be free if we follow the path He has pointed out. We should not care what the world thinks or says or does about us; we should not crave its good opinion, its praise nor its aid any more than we should dread its censure, its abuse or its condemnation.

CHILDREN, it will be well for you to always remember that it is your duty to build up Zion, and never do anything that will weaken it or that will help to build up any power which is opposed to it. You should have no interest of any kind or in any form in Babylon. It should be a matter of indifference to you as to what Babylon may think or say about you; your hearts and all your affections should be on the side of God and not on the side of Mammon.

TRUE BRAVERY.

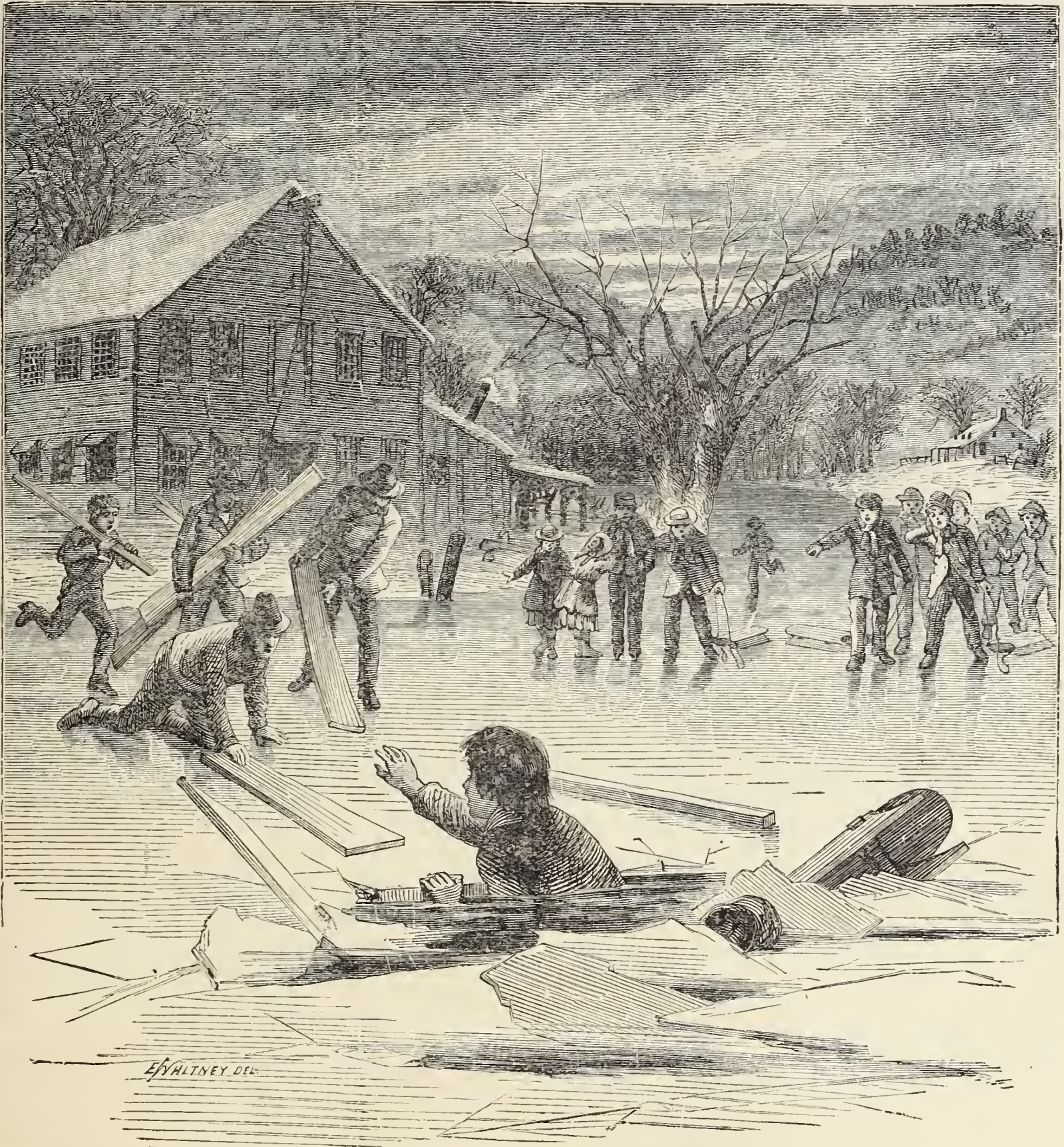
THE idea is prevalent among many boys and girls that bravery consists in not being afraid to fight, or in being reckless of danger. To some he is a brave man or boy who will quarrel or come to blows upon the least provocation, and the epithet "coward" is too often applied to such as seek to avoid contention and use prudence in places of danger. Neither recklessness nor combativeness is proof of courage. Some of the greatest bullies are the worst cowards while among the most peaceable and inoffensive men or boys the bravest spirits are frequently found.

Of this latter class was George Richmond, the hero of our anecdote. He had been from childhood very quiet, rather suffering injustice and wrong than resenting it with blows or

harsh words. Repeated attacks were made upon him by thoughtless boys with a view to getting him angry, but their desires only seemed to increase his determination to avoid strife.

Chief among his persecutors was one James Johnsen who allowed no opportunity to pass unnoticed of annoying his smaller companion. George time and time again requested to be left alone, but this only seemed to increase the desire to make

or other a spark happen to get among these, one afternoon when school was in session. No sooner was it noticed than the whole mass was ablaze. Instantly there was screaming among the children and a rush for the door and on the head was James Johnson. The school mistress, herself almost overcome with fear at the prospect of the wooden building soon being a mass of fire, knew not what to do. In an instant George saw what



him the butt of ridicule. He finally came to be known as the biggest coward in the county. He accepted all these jeers with the best grace imaginable and apparently desired only to be let severely alone.

One day an incident happened in school which showed very distinctly the real courage possessed by the scholars. A large pile of shavings had been thrown in a corner back of the stove which were to be used for lighting the fires. By some means

was necessary. He jumped upon a bench and by his calm words succeeded in quieting to a certain degree the excited crowd so that all passed out without harm, whereas some injury would otherwise have most likely resulted. No sooner had he done this than he seized a large blanket which had been used as a screen and by almost superhuman efforts smothered the flames, not, however, without burning himself some little. Meanwhile those who so often taunted him with coward-

ice had fled from the danger and were rousing the neighborhood for the help which arrived after the fire was extinguished.

Here was an exhibition of true bravery and presence of mind unlooked for in one who had been bullied so much, but it was an evidence to those around him that he is not always a coward who avoids by retreat a fight or quarrel. This fact too, should be remembered by all our young readers. The truly brave person is one who will stand up for truth and under all circumstances right, who will be regardless of his own life if thereby he sees an opportunity to save that of another, and who will always endeavor to have peace with those around him.

The opportunity was not long in coming for George Richman to again exhibit the courage which his playmates were now beginning to acknowledge. The cold weather had formed a coat of ice on a deep pond near the school-house and here the boys often met to amuse themselves. One day when the whole crowd had assembled to play, as usual, one of the boys ventured out too far and the ice broke, letting him through into the cold water. He struggled manfully, but he would no sooner get partly out on the ice before it would again break and throw him back again. He was, by his efforts, gradually becoming weaker and it was evident he could not endure much longer, when George discovered his situation. In a flash his plans were formed. Calling for boards, which were quickly brought him, he laid them down on the shattered ice until they extended to the hole already made. He then ordered the stronger boys to lie down on these, the one in front to be held by the feet by the one immediately behind, and thus a chain was to be formed reaching to the drowning boy. George himself took the most dangerous position—that of forming the last link. The plan succeeded, and when the unfortunate boy had almost entirely lost his strength he was dragged out and taken to his home.

George was now declared the hero of the school. His former tormentors felt exceedingly sorry for their previous ill-treatment of one who had proven himself to be so brave, and humbly begged pardon for what they had done, and George very readily forgave them. Thereafter any question regarding the bravery of George Richman was never raised.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 107).

IN order to effect their purposes the more speedily the apostates obtained a printing press; and on Friday, June 7th, the first number of a paper called the *Nauvoo Expositor* was issued. The paper was full of the most libellous and slanderous matter against the President, imaginable, and was designed as an engine to bring destruction upon the city.

On the 10th, the city council passed a resolution ordering the press to be abated as a nuisance, which was done the same evening.

The following day there was great excitement concerning the destruction of the press; and Foster and the Higbees threatened vengeance. Some of them said that in a few weeks there should not be left one stone of the temple standing upon another.

On the 12th, a number of writs, or rather one writ for a number of the brethren, was brought in and served by a constable of the name of Bettisworth. Among the number were Joseph and Hyrum.

Joseph immediately procured a writ of *habeas corpus* from the municipal court; and after a lengthy examination was discharged.

This constable returned and stated that he had been resisted. The mob took advantage of the circumstance to fan the flame of excitement and threatened terrible vengeance. They also went to the Morley settlement and branches around, demanded the arms of the brethren and ordered them to leave their homes within a few days.

The excitement continued to increase and the enemy circulated all manner of inflammatory reports, and also sent messages to the governor, which had the effect of bringing him to Carthage, where he arrived about the 21st.

The governor immediately sent a messenger with a letter, requesting those named in the writ to go to Carthage for trial. An answer was sent explaining the reasons why they had not gone.

On the following evening the governor sent in a posse of about thirty men, bearing a letter in which he made use of severe threats, and said that if the prisoners did not appear at Carthage on the morrow, he should take it as a resistance to the law and should immediately call in force sufficient to take them, even if it required all the militia of the State.

On receiving this information the President and one or two others concluded to leave the city and go over to Iowa in the night.

During the day following some of the brethren, with Sister Emma Smith, despatched messengers to request the President and those with him to come and give themselves up, fearing that the city would be destroyed and the people massacred if they did not do it.

About five o'clock, p.m., the little party returned and concluded to surrender, although it was contrary to the President's feelings to do so.

On Monday the 24th, the prisoners started for Carthage; but within about four miles of the place they were met by a messenger from the governor with an order for the State arms. The company immediately returned to collect the arms, which took some time.

About six o'clock the company started again and went through to Carthage. While there a great many threats were offered and they suffered considerable abuse from the mob. They, however, succeeded in obtaining a pledge from the governor, in the name of the State, for their safety before they went out.

About two days after they arrived in Carthage they were thrust in jail without lawful process.

On the afternoon of the 27th, the governor disbanded his troops except his body-guard; and, leaving the brethren in jail under charge of the Carthage Greys, some of their bitterest enemies, he came out to Nauvoo and made a harsh address to the people.

When he left Carthage a body of men collected from Nauvoo and started for Carthage, and when within a few miles they stopped to black their faces. They proceeded through the woods to the north side of Carthage; then, leaving the woods, they went to the jail, and the doors being open, they rushed up stairs with their rifles and muskets and commenced firing into the room. The brethren defended themselves as well as they could; but, having no arms, they were soon over-

powered. Hyrum was shot through the head and fell backwards dead. John Taylor had four balls shot into him. Joseph jumped through the window and was immediately surrounded by the mob. They raised him up and set him against the well-curb; but as yet it appears he had not been hit with a ball. However, four of the mob immediately drew up their guns and shot him dead. This was all the work of about two minutes. The mob then fled as fast as possible. A messenger was dispatched to bring the news to Nauvoo, but was met by the governor and taken back for fear the whole city would rush out and desolate the country.

The painful news reached the city the following morning, which filled the hearts of the Saints with the most intense gloom and sorrow.

On the 28th, at half past two, p.m., the bodies were brought to the city in two wagons and were taken to the mansion to be prepared for burial.

On the following day the Saints were permitted to go and see them; and at night they were secretly buried near the mansion.

The foregoing is but a mere sketch of the massacre, designed to show the date of the martyrdom and also the means by which it was brought about.

During this excitement the works on the temple ceased for about two weeks, all the hands having to watch and stand on guard night and day.

The works were suspended about the 20th of June. On the second Sabbath after the murder, the subject of the temple was brought into consideration, and the Church voted to commence work again and finish it as speedily as possible.

On the 8th of July the laborers resumed their work, although the committee had not so much as a bushel of meal, nor a pound of flour, nor a pound of meat to feed the hands with; but all seemed determined to go to work and trust in God for the means.

(To be Continued.)

FIVE YEARS IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

BY YAGGE CRECHEY.

(Continued from page 107.)

IN Summer we were required to go very early to bed—about 7 o'clock. This would be several hours before dark, and we boys could not go to sleep so early. We would often forget the rules of the house and get up in our night-clothes and go to playing. Our bed chamber was a very long room and a row of bedsteads were placed on each side of it, with an alley way down the center. We used to run races on all fours, up and down this passage. Usually in the middle of our glee in would pop the governor with his cane; and then, what a sudden spell of silence would follow! He would go around each bed to see that every one was in his proper place; and the boys that were found out of their proper beds were made to smart under that dreaded stick which the governor yielded so effectually.

After a while a poor old crippled man-of-war's man was appointed to guard us while in our sleeping apartment. This old fellow had been a soldier, and had fought under Lord Nelson. Many stories have I heard him tell of his adventures

while in the naval service. He had been hurt in the back and he was unable to raise himself up without the aid of a rope which hung from a beam over his bed. His duty was to report if any of us failed to observe the rules set down for us. His presence spoiled the sport of the boys who slept nearest to him; but those in the distance had their fun as usual. Whenever we saw the old man's hand take hold of the rope we were silent in an instant; but as soon as he let it go again we became as unruly as ever. We did not do it to annoy the old man; but we were young and full of life, and we thought it almost impossible to live without having our fun.

While at the poorhouse I had a great desire to learn to swim. None of the boys there could swim, so I had to learn myself as best I could. In my struggle to do so I used to lie with my face in the water, kicking and scrambling to make what headway I could while holding my breath. In this way I finally got so I could hold my head up a little. The place in which I practiced swimming was a mill-pond, fed by the sea, and was situated on the south side of the grounds belonging to the poorhouse, dividing it from the town. The pond was quite beyond my depth in the middle. I thought I could swim now and ought to be doing something in that line, and I did it pretty nearly at the expense of my life.

I undertook, one fine day, to swim across the mill-pond all alone. I did get over after a severe struggle, but when I reached the opposite shore I did not feel able to swim back, and hesitated about making the attempt. Here I was in a rather unpleasant predicament. My clothes were on one side of the pond and I naked on the other. There was no way to get back without running half a mile through the town or swimming across the way I had come. I sat on the shore a while before I decided what to do. At last I concluded to try and swim back. I started in with no faith that I could do it, and reaching about half-way I could not swim another stroke, and down I went to the bottom.

I have heard of persons, when nearly drowning, have every evil thing they ever did presented before them. But not so with me, though my mind worked very quickly. On my way down to the bottom it was presented to me to close my mouth and walk towards the shore, which I did. By the time my breath and strength were exhausted I was near enough to the shore to get my head out of the water, and I was saved.

I did not know the Lord in those days to thank Him. But since then I have realized that the hand of the Lord was over me at that time; and it was His Spirit that directed me what to do.

I was now getting to be very healthy and strong, and I was chosen to be errand boy. This promotion gave me more privileges. I was not entirely confined to the place. Every morning I went the town for the milk to make porridge, and run on errands to the doctor's. Mr. Mansel, the doctor, was very kind to me. When there were potatoes to order from the farmer's, I was sent. If there were letters to deliver to any of the board of guardians, it was placed in my charge. I was very careful to do what I was bid as satisfactorily as possible, and to go and come in a reasonable time, so I would not lose this little privilege. So prompt was I that the governor was enabled to tell just when I would return by looking at his watch and counting the number of miles I had to go. My speed of travel was three miles an hour. I never stopped to play with other boys or gossip anywhere. As I performed all my errands without wasting time, I received many little favors for my labors.

(To be Continued.)

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from page 109.)

AS soon as the outer door had closed behind the retreating duke, Princess Olga, who had heard every word of the conversation which had passed between her father, the minister of police and Vladimir, fled to her own apartments. On her way she encountered Michael, the servant who had admitted Pojarsky to the house. Michael was an old servant of the family. He had formerly been a serf, and had belonged to the estate of Olga's mother. He was devoted to his young mistress; and when she said to him:

"Michael, I wish you to say nothing to my father or anyone else of my having been present in the library with Lieutenant Pojarsky. I am sure that when I say your silence will gratify me very much, I have said enough," Michael was only too glad to obey unquestioningly.

From this time Olga was in a state of most painful suspense. She was intensely excited in behalf of the young soldier; and she eagerly sought for any news from the court which might in any way relate to him.

The morning following this visit to the house of the minister of war, Vladimir packed up a large quantity of money and jewels and early in the morning left his palace and sought to lose himself in St. Petersburg. He had laid aside every mark indicating rank or connection with the army. He had even cast away his courier's uniform and had donned a half-peasant dress. He knew where he could find some of his old student companions; and within a few hours he was domiciled with them.

Vladimir did not stop to learn what their purpose of life was; he only knew that they were as studious to avoid the espionage of the police as he himself could be.

He had first joined these friends in a retired part of the town in a well-secured cellar, where they ate, slept, held meetings and printed newspapers. But after the first two days he was invited to accompany two or three young men, who seemed to be the leaders of the party, to a dark but magnificent house, showing traces of even more grandeur than it now possessed, situated upon the Vosnosenskoï Prospekt. Here he was most courteously entertained. No inquiry of a painful character was made by his friends. If they knew his reason for retirement they were too polite to ask questions upon the subject. They merely awaited his pleasure.

At the same time it was evident that Pojarsky's personal history was not a sealed book to them. Two of these parties had been his old school-fellows at the military academy. Another he had known in the army for a brief period. This latter was apparently the owner of the house, or palace, as it might more properly be called.

After some days spent in absolute security, Pojarsky felt anxious to obtain news from the court and to learn something regarding the Princess Olga. In order to accomplish this result, and also in return for the courtesy and protection extended to him, he felt it necessary to confide fully in his friends. One day at dinner, when his old college companions, Koslov and Jaroslov, and his military friend, Plutenoff, were speaking of some of their own personal affairs, evidently with the intention of showing the lieutenant that they fully trusted

him, he asked them if they would accept his confidence. They replied:

"We are all brothers here."

Vladimir then detailed the events which had led to his withdrawal from court society in the city. The young men seemed delighted at this mark of friendship, and in answer to it they told Pojarsky that he might remain with them as long as he chose, accepting their protection and help as long as it was of value; at liberty to come and go as he pleased. But they warned him that they were proscribed.

Not all in one conversation, but little by little during a week succeeding this time, they gave Vladimir to understand that they were engaged in the work of proclaiming liberty throughout the czar's empire. The room to which Vladimir had first been taken was a printing cellar, where meetings of students and philosophers were frequently held; where books and harmless newspapers were usually printed; and where some of the attendants at the place constantly ate and slept for want of some better home.

Most of this Vladimir had observed upon his visit there. But while in the palace of Plutenoff he learned that on especial occasions when the suspicions of the police had been lulled to rest, a select party of this society would use the printing materials for the purpose of striking off treasonable circulars, and also use the cellar for meetings of a forbidden character.

The young soldier's friends were very careful not to shock him by any abrupt utterance. They talked some little treason. But to a man of Pojarsky's temperament this was simply courage, nothing more; for he himself, even in the army and to his superior officers, had frequently made speeches which, if taken in earnest and reported, might have cost his head. Indeed, while Plutenoff and others were speaking as emphatically as they dared in his presence, he more than once startled them by giving vent to some treasonable sentiment more fierce than they would dare to utter.

Jaroslov had the *entree* of high society in St. Petersburg, and frequently brought news from the court concerning Pojarsky.

The disappearance of the young soldier from his villa had at first been accepted in good faith by the police, since it seemed that by this act he had yielded obedience to the czar's command. But when they began to trace the route by which he was supposed to have left St. Petersburg, they discovered—in the way and in the brief time known to the well-trained police of that city—that no such person as the Lieutenant Duke Vladimir Pojarsky, either in proper person or in any disguise whatever, had passed from the city either by railway or by any known means of conveyance.

The minister of police had therefore set all his spies at work to discover the hiding-place of the reckless youth. Several times some of the minions of the secret service were hot upon the scent; but, more through his good luck than anything else, Pojarsky had not been discovered by them. These facts Jaroslov faithfully reported to Vladimir and the other friends. And though Vladimir would have been more than willing to have taken many chances in order that he might make another attempt to visit Olga, he was restrained by the greater wisdom and heedfulness of Plutenoff and the others.

Jaroslov was able on several occasions to gain some news of the Princess Olga Ivanovitch. And after they had been in retirement about ten days, and it had become well known to the police department in St. Petersburg that Vladimir had not departed from the city, Jaroslov brought word that Count Nestor Ivanovitch was about to take his daughter to Berlin,

whither he was called upon negotiations in behalf of his czar.

Upon hearing these tidings Vladimir would no longer be restrained. He declared his intention, regardless of consequences, to hold one more conference with the beautiful woman who had evinced such an interest in his welfare. When he first made this announcement his companions sought by every means to change his determination. But finding him adamant they then, with one accord, offered him their services, even at the risk of their lives.

After a long and animated conference—in which Vladimir betrayed, more than once, his ardent love for Olga—the friends agreed upon a plan which they proposed to carry out upon the succeeding day.

Early the next morning after this consultation, Plutenoff attired himself in the dress of an officer of the imperial guard, covering this costume with a magnificent heavy bear-skin coat, without which in Winter a Russian can scarcely feel himself dressed.

From the place where he had selected this costume he brought a dozen others of various styles and asked Vladimir to make a choice. The lieutenant, after advising with his friends, took the dress of a groom.

Within an hour a sledge, carrying the officer and his groom and drawn by two spirited horses, was flying up and down the Nevski Prospekt. As it passed for the second time the palace of the minister of war, a man in peasant dress was seen to hurriedly emerge from the gate and walk rapidly in the direction of Admiralty Square. When the seeming peasant reached the square he found the officer and groom with their sledge awaiting him. The peasant was Jaroslov, and he approached them and said:

"My brother, Vladimir, there was no opportunity for the princess to write an answer. She hesitated much and seemed greatly agitated when she received your message. But just at the moment when I was compelled to withdraw with Michael in order to escape observation by some of the other servants, she said to me: 'Tell Lieutenant Pojarsky that his heedlessness makes me very unhappy; and that I beg by all that is good that he will not attempt to visit the Winter Palace to-night; but should he be there, he will find me in the corridor where we first met, leading from the hermitage back to the palace.'"

Jaroslov went to the printing cellar; but Plutenoff and Pojarsky returned to the mansion in the Vosnosenskoï Prospekt.

That night Vladimir passed under the hands of a barber and lost his curling beard. His hair was dyed black, and a little belladonna lent a dark lustre to his eyes. From the well-stocked wardrobe of Plutenoff the lieutenant selected a full dress and the ribbons belonging to an attache of the French legation. At ten o'clock he had found his way into the Winter Palace, and had stationed himself near the entrance to the passage way leading to the hermitage. Among the multitudes who thronged about during this great ball he was quite unnoticed, except for the arch glances of some passing beauty. For some time his eyes sought in vain for Olga, but at length he saw her gradually approaching the spot where he stood. She appeared not to notice him, but glanced hurriedly about as if to observe whether she was followed and then passed quickly down a brilliantly-lighted corridor. Observing the utmost caution, Vladimir followed and in less than two minutes was by her side.

The features of the young lieutenant, at their former meetings, must have made a great impression upon Olga's mind;

because she now betrayed no surprise, but recognized him without commenting upon the change in his appearance.

For ten minutes they held an animated conversation, filled at first with the strongest rebukes from Olga and passionate apologies from the soldier. But soon the earnestness of the young man seemed to have its effect upon the princess, for gradually she softened under his persuasions and at length ceased to reproach. With all the impetuosity of his nature Vladimir asked the princess to regard him as something more than her friend. He reminded her that she had already promised him, conditionally, so much as that; but he wanted more: he desired that she should regard him as her devoted admirer; even more—her lover.

Olga Ivanovitch, the princess, would have been sought in vain probably by any suitor who had come in the conventional way. But here was a man who stormed her heart like he would have assailed a redoubt—with fiery eagerness, risking his life in the ardor of his attempt. Greatly impressed by such devotion, she began to acknowledge the truth, that the love of the young suitor was not unwelcome to her. And finally, being much pressed and fearing that longer delay might be fatal to Vladimir, because he swore he would not go without an answer, she acknowledged that his affection was in part, at least, returned.

There was no time for further talk. At any moment they might be detected. Indeed, it was good fortune again which befriended them or they could not so long have remained without interruption.

Vladimir was about to ask Olga's consent to an arrangement for another meeting, when the sound of rippling laughter and quick footsteps came to their ears; and they saw approaching, at a very little distance, a bevy of court beauties and soldier gallants. The princess passed on to the hermitage, intending to excuse her presence there by asking for her father; and Pojarsky walked proudly and joyfully into the ball-room of the Winter Palace.

He was now absolutely without fear. The joy of Olga's words fairly intoxicated him. For a moment he meditated the interview with his czar which had been absolutely forbidden by the minister of police. He was only restrained when he remembered that the princess had gone to the hermitage, and his presence there would frighten if not compromise her. But he felt that he must do something in demonstration of his happiness. So he secured a beautifully-engraved card from one of the attendants and wrote upon one side:

"TO THE MINISTER OF POLICE,

At the Hermitage."

Upon the other side he placed these words:

"The czar must be poorly protected when so well-known a traitor as the Lieutenant Duke Vladimir Pojarsky can spend a night in the Winter Palace and the hermitage, dancing and gossiping without detection. Let me recommend more watchfulness to the minister of police.

"VLADIMIR POJARSKY."

This card he handed with a large gold piece to the servitor, and bade him give it at once, without examination, to the minister of police.

Vladimir was reckless, but he was not a fool. His calmness returned after he had thus given vent to some of his high spirits, and he fled the palace unceremoniously.

(To be Continued.)

NEITHER fame nor fortune can give happiness.

A MYSTERIOUS PREACHER.

BY H. BELNAP.

(Continued from page 99.)

DURING the Winter of 1880 there appeared in the New York *Sun* an interview with President John Taylor by O. J. Hollister, in which the officers of the Church were named and many of its doctrines spoken of.

This was the first thing to attract the attention of the followers of Mr. Edge towards the Latter-day Saints, and being desirous to learn more about this peculiar people they addressed a letter of enquiry to the county clerk of Salt Lake County, D. Bockholt, being clerk at that time, at once sent them the "Voice of Warning" and several copies of the *Deseret News*, with advice to address Pres. John Morgan at Rome, Georgia.

After reading the "Voice of Warning," and being favorably impressed with the doctrines contained therein, they addressed a letter to Pres. Morgan, informing him that one of our preachers visited them a few years previous and laid his hands upon their heads for the reception of the Holy Ghost, but did not baptize them. Hence, they were very desirous to have an Elder sent there to perform this ordinance.

Pres. Morgan at once forwarded the letter to Pres. Franklin Spencer at Shady Grove, Hickman Co., Tenn., who was then presiding over the Tennessee Conference, at the same time writing to these people in Henderson County, informing them that there was a branch of the Church on Cane Creek, Lewis Co., Tennessee.

On receiving this intelligence four of them mounted their horses and rode about sixty miles before they reached Cane Creek; but finding no Elders there they returned.

At the time this epistle came from Pres. Morgan there were laboring in the conference, Pres. Franklin Spencer, George H. Carver, Lorenzo Hunsaker and myself. Brother Carver and I were selected to visit West Tennessee. This left President Spencer and Bro. Hunsaker each to travel alone. However, before starting Pres. Spencer and I visited Cane Creek, at the same time sending a letter to West Tennessee.

On arriving at Cane Creek we found this little branch somewhat exercised over the visit of these four gentlemen.

About the time our West Tennessee friends arrived home they received Pres. Spencer's letter, bringing the news that we would be at Cane Creek at a certain date. James H. Scott and Sirenious Reed wheeled their horses and came back.

They arrived at Cane Creek late in the afternoon. That evening and the following day was spent in conversing with these two gentlemen upon the principles of the gospel, who Mr. Edge was, how he taught the falling away and restoration of the gospel, the necessity of building temples, the name that one would receive who should remain faithful after passing through the temples, etc.

Late in the after part of the same day these gentlemen, after having conversed together a short time, said:

"What hindereth us from putting on the whole armor of God that we might withstand the fiery darts of the adversary?"

Hence they were baptized and returned home rejoicing.

On the 13th day of May, 1880, Brother George H. Carver and myself started on our trip to Henderson County, Tenn.

Not until we arrived within about thirty miles of Lexington did we hear much about this peculiar preacher.

On the night of the 20th, we stayed with Squire Long, a very intelligent gentleman, who began telling us about that

wonderful preacher, Robert Edge, who came into their midst some two years previous. As we knew nothing of Mr. Edge we sat and listened very attentively to his long story. He spoke about Mr. Edge pretending to be inspired of God, about his peculiar manner of going to and coming from meeting, of his being hunted down by mobs, of their fasting three days, and more particularly about the lumbering noise he heard about the time Mr. Edge came among them.

On the evening of the 21st, we arrived at Sirenious Reed's. He received us kindly and sent out for a number of his brethren; and, you may be assured, we had a good old-time chat that evening.

On the 15th day of June we obtained the following statement, which was dictated and signed by two of them:

LEXINGTON, HENDERSON CO., TENN.,

June 15, 1880.

Historical sketch of how we became acquainted with the doctrine of Christ.

In May, 1878, a man by the name of Robert Edge came in this neighborhood, preaching the gospel after the apostolic order.

He delivered a series of sermons on the principles of the gospel and the apostasy of the primitive church—dwelling lengthily upon the apostolic order with the exception of baptism for the remission of sins, informing us that it was figurative and would be revealed in due time; proving by the Holy Bible, without a doubt, that the Roman Catholic church is the mother of harlots, and that the churches of modern Christianity are daughters and grand-daughters of her; and that they are all officiating in a deluded and false priesthood. Also all the secret combinations and institutions of men, and masonry as now practiced by modernists, are all false counterfeits and an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

Then calling on all to come out of Babylon who were willing to forsake man-made institutions and follow Christ, and assist in rolling forth the purposes of God, and prepare for the great millennium, which will soon be ushered in. Then will Christ reign personally upon the earth.

He organized us into a body, or church, after the primitive apostolic order, by the laying on of hands and blessing us. He admonished us to be faithful and pray to God always; and that the Lord would reveal many great and important things that we should understand.

He requested us to fast for three days in succession, after which he administered the Lord's supper, informing us that we were not the only ones, but that there were many more in the United States. He evaded giving any further information; only if persecution caused us to leave we should go West.

Many remarkable cases of healing occurred under his administration.

The people of the world called him a Mormon priest, which he neither sanctioned nor denied.

Our little band suffered exceedingly from persecutions and the scandal of the world for eighteen months, when we noticed an account of an interview between President John Taylor and a U. S. official on the martyrdom of Joseph Smith.

We then wrote to Bockholt, of Salt Lake City, for information, who answered promptly and sent us the "Voice of Warning" and a list of Church works. Also advised us to correspond with John Morgan, at Rome, Georgia, who afterwards informed us that there was a branch of the Church in Lewis County, and advised us to visit it. We did so and met Franklin Spencer and Hyrum Belnap. Conversing with them for some time we were convinced that they were the servants of

the Lord. We were then baptized and returned home rejoicing that we had thus far followed the promptings of the Spirit of God.

On the 21st, Elders Hyrum Belnap and George H. Carver came to this neighborhood and baptized seventeen souls and organized a branch of the Church, consisting of nineteen members.

Let all honor be given to our Father in Heaven for thus leading us into the right way.

Truly,

JAMES HENDERSON SCOTT,
SIRENEOUS REED.

In a conversation with some of them, Mr. Edge stated that he once lived in the land of Texas and had a wife and one child when he began his missionary labor.

He also informed them that he had a partner whom he very frequently traveled with, by the name of Cob, whom he had not seen since leaving the State of Arkansas.

In speaking of himself he said:

"I am not worthy of but one of the nail prints in my hands."

Some time after his departure one of this little band was casually turning the leaves of the large Bible owned by S. Reed, and discovered the 31st verse of the 24th chapter of Matthew inclosed in brackets, inside of which was written the name of Robert Edge.

He wrote his people two letters of encouragement, one while in the State of Georgia and the other while in South Carolina. In the last one he spoke some of visiting England.

A few months later I met Pres. Morgan in the city of Nashville, who, while in conversation regarding this preacher, Edge, showed me a letter that he received some time previous with no name signed to it.

As far as I was able to judge between the writings left in Henderson County by Mr. Edge and this letter, they were penciled by the same hand.

Late in the Fall of the same year Hailey's Creek Branch, save one soul, emigrated to San Jose Co., Colorado.

Thus we close our narrative thinking of the prayer of Robert Edge:

"Those who seek curiosity, cause that they might feel more curious."

WORDS OF ADVICE.

BY J. C.

IT is of paramount importance that the human mind, in all the various stages of its growth and development, should be constantly trained and accustomed to a proper and thorough system of study and application. Particularly should this be so when the mind is young and plastic.

Observation and experience confirm the fact that when the young receive proper and timely instruction, and thereby become capable of thinking, speaking and acting correctly, a great moral victory has been achieved; a germ of true greatness has been implanted, out of which will be likely to grow the real, genuine lady or gentleman who will, some day, be very apt to make his or her mark for good in the ranks of society.

But every-day life furnishes painful and striking instances of those who, through neglect or carelessness in their early training, fall very far short of this momentous desideratum, and, instead of being an honor to themselves and their parents or guardians, and a blessing to their race, we find them blacken-

ing the pages of history with deeds so base and revolting as to call forth from our minds and hearts feelings of the deepest commiseration, disgust and pity.

There is a vast and important responsibility devolving upon parents and upon all whose office and duty it is to teach and instruct the young. When children are born unto us, they come pure, innocent and unsullied from the presence of God. To our care they are intrusted for judicious tuition and example. If we betray this sacred trust reposed in us and favor the fangs of evil to enslave them, we not only bring just condemnation upon ourselves, but we entail upon those innocent jewels of God weary, long years of suffering here, and perhaps punishment and suffering hereafter, which may rack their souls with pain and bitter regret.

Good and evil are alike omnipresent. They stand side by side in all the daily walks of life; and, as the apostle of old truly said, "Man is prone to evil, as the spark is to fly upward;" but may we not reasonably presume that indiscreet government of families not infrequently has something to do with the proneness in question?

Every thoughtful father and mother is well aware of the evil, pernicious effects that result from the practice of card-playing, horse-racing, skating rinks, billiard tables, saloons and gambling dens, round-dancing and many other kindred evils. They are equally conscious of the evils that arise from the inordinate perusal of light, trashy, fictitious, dreary, soul-bewildering literature, which sometimes finds its way into our families, and which is sure, if persisted in, to deaden and destroy the mind and the heart for the reception of plain, simple, unvarnished words of truth and righteousness.

Let those who may have had the misfortune to foolishly indulge in the practices above enumerated measure themselves morally or intellectually with others who have read and studied ancient and modern history, who have studied art and science, as best their opportunities would permit, and who have attended the lecture-room and other places in quest of general instruction, and see if they can reach the same standard of excellence.

If not, then the proposition is answered and settled in favor of the last-named students, they proving, of course, to be the better and wiser of the two classes.

There can be no better or higher study in this world than to become acquainted with God's revelations and commandments concerning us, a knowledge of which learns us to understand ourselves; shows us our duty to our fellow-men, and our obligations to Him whose bounties we subsist upon, and to whom we are indebted for life, grace, mercy and truth.

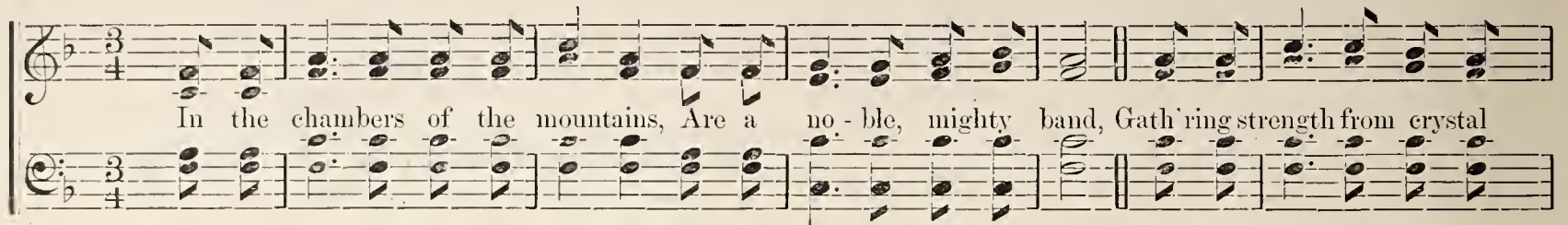
The student of nature also can find infinite and never-failing sources of praise, joy and gratitude in following nature up to nature's God. When one gets imbued with these delightful studies he cannot afford to waste time in reading light, trashy literature, nor to frequent gambling resorts. His life is too precious, and he has too much at stake, to be thus triflingly engaged.

Nor could such a person be at all content to waste his time in idle gossip on the street corners, finding fault with this thing or that, with this person or the other, for he finds in nature's wondrous, rich repository ample scope for all his higher energies and better powers, and he feels that life would not be worth living unless he were daily making some new addition to his already-servicable stock of useful knowledge, and fitting and preparing himself for that which his Creator designed him; that is, to become a ruler and a prince in the eternal worlds forever and forever.

LAND OF ZION.

WORDS BY E. B. WELLS.

MUSIC BY J. G. FONES.



Land of Zion, land of Zion,



Where the holy temples stand, Land of Zi - on, land of Zi - on, Where the holy temples stand.

Hosts of children here are growing,
In these mountain vales so fair;
And their voices gently flowing,
Echo sweetly here and there.
Children's voices, children's voices,
Breathing music everywhere.

Let us teach these precious children,
Every precept to obey,
That will tend to peace and union,

In that better, safer way.
Ever praying, ever praying,
Lest their little feet will stray.

Onward! be the watchword ever,
Persevere in doing right;
Never falter, children, never!
And you're sure to win the fight.
Courage, children! Courage, children!
See! the goal is just in sight.

LOWLY WORTH.

SOME love the glow of outward show,
The shine of wealth, and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be
If I but like the people in it.
What's all the gold that glitters cold
When linked to hard and haughty feeling?
What'er we're told, the noblest gold
Is truth of heart and honest feeling.
A humble roof may give us proof
That simple flowers are often fairest;
And trees whose bark is hard and dark
May yield us bloom and fruit the rarest!
There's worth as sure among the poor
As e'er adorned the highest station;
And minds as just as theirs, we trust,
Whose claim is but of rank's creation!
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it!

DISPUTES.—In contentions be always passive, never active; upon the defensive, not the assaulting part; and then also give a gentle answer, receiving the furies and indiscretions of the other like a stone into a bed of moss and soft compliance; and you shall find it sit down quietly; whereas anger and violence make the contention loud and long, and injurious to both parties.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

BUT WITH ALL THY GETTING GET UNDERSTANDING. Solomon.

ART BY CITY.

VOL. XXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 1, 1886.

NO. 9.

THE FIRST PRINTING PRESS.

PROBABLY no other art understood and practiced in this age has passed through so many changes and been brought to such a degree of perfection as that of printing. From its rude beginning it has advanced step by step through a long series of improvements until it has arrived at its present exalted station, foremost among modern arts.

Printing is comparatively a new invention among western nations as it is only a little over four hundred years since it was discovered and made practical use of.

The first printing presses, as can be seen by examining the accompanying picture, were very simply constructed. The types which were of a large size and made of wood, were placed



Not only is printing the most perfectly developed of the arts but it is also by far the most useful. Since its discovery, it has done more for the benefit and advancement of mankind than any other human invention. The civilization, intelligence and remarkable progress characteristic of the present century is due in a great measure to this wonderful art.

in a frame to hold them in position. After being inked a sheet of paper was laid upon them and an impression taken by placing a weight upon the paper.

Until the early part of the seventeenth century printing was done upon presses similar to the one in the engraving, only the pressure upon the paper was regulated with a screw, upon

the same principle as that of a letter copying-press, such as is used by clerks to preserve a copy of their correspondence.

In 1620 an improvement was made upon this rude contrivance. Other improvements followed this one in course of time. But it was not until the present century that printing presses, or machines, were invented that could be worked by steam or water power. All printing, formerly had to be done by hand; and it was a laborious, tedious and slow process. But of late years a complete revolution in the method of printing has been effected. After the invention of machines that could be run by steam power, and which did work at a much more rapid speed than the hand presses, the demand for books and papers was so great that it could not be satisfied. Men therefore set themselves to contriving some means of striking off newspapers with greater dispatch. Machines were introduced that would print as fast as ten men could place sheets of paper in position. Subsequently this method was superseded by something better. In the first place, these new machines were self-feeders. A long strip of paper of the required width was used in place of detached sheets. This was placed upon a reel attached to the machine, and thus the supply would be continuous.

A large knife cut the paper to the proper size, as it passed through the machine; and each sheet came out folded, ready for delivery. With one such machine as this, no less than 30,000 newspapers can be printed, cut and folded in one hour!

When we compare this tremendous speed with the slow process that printers had to content themselves with formerly we can get some idea of the great improvements made during this century.

Years ago it required several months and even years to print a book of average size, and generally but small editions were struck off. Printing establishments now advertise that they are prepared to print and bind a book of from two to three hundred pages within twenty-four hours from the time the work is placed in their hands!

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 115.)

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SCRIPTURAL AND SCIENTIFIC TRUTH.

THE scripture doctrine of the resurrection is not an anti-natural one; and its verification is not an anti-natural occurrence. The world's epoch in which we are living is old and dying, already the earth writhes in the agonies of a dissolution, preparatory to the advent of a new world era; and the question is: Shall we come up with it in a new life, or before it? This is the gist of the matter. The resurrection is not to be because, as asserted, God purposes to interfere with nature.

The Edenic decree of death is simply advisory, or premonitory. Death and sin are eternally linked together, and the Almighty disclosed the fact. When He spoke to Adam in the paradisiacal garden He merely informed him of the consequences of pursuing a certain course; and so Adam understood Him. Between the alternative of allowing man to sin and die in ignorance, or to sin and die forewarned, God chose the latter.

This is all that a rational interpretation of the language of His decree will bear; and other portions of scripture substantiate this view. Revelation says "the wages of sin is death;" thus transgression earns its doom. Death reigned from the beginning upon this earth; and long before it was polluted by actual human sin.

James informs us that "sin bringeth forth death;" that is, it sustains the same relation to sin that a child does to its mother—a very natural one, surely. St. John asserts "the devil was a sinner from the beginning." Now, where sin is, there is also death.

How any one, in view of these scriptural declarations, can maintain that death was unknown until after the fall of man is something beyond our comprehension. The Revelator of Patmos writes of the everlasting gospel and refers, unquestionably, to the one now in possession of the human family; and that certainly is a gospel of life and of death. But of what utility was a gospel in the eternities before Adam if there were no occasion for its application? If everlasting, it must have been preached, used and abused before the foundations of this earth were laid, in just such scenes as those which transpire around us now—in those of life and of death; and of life by death.

This is the "Mormon" doctrine, and so far as science can investigate the subject, her revelations attest its truth. The rocks are the records, and their mute but powerful testimony cannot be ignored.

Thus, infidelity has not plucked a leaf from the laurel crown of revelation, but simply has trailed the banner and standard of false theology in the dust. To all such victories it is doubly welcome. Divested of all false interpretation the record of Genesis blazes with the brilliancy of divine truth, and, consequently, the same lustre shines undimmed in the doctrine of the resurrection.

This essential relationship of sin and death is not all the Edenic dictum disclosed. We shall find in it other remarkable coincidences with the facts of science, as mentioned heretofore. The most singular of all is to follow. The scientific truth that there is no life but by death was first disclosed to man in Eden. This was heaven's first revelation to our race. The Almighty affirmed it when He said: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

The world was prepared as a habitation for a human race, and the first pair were introduced upon it for a purpose. The command to "multiply and replenish the earth" reveals the grand design. But the communication of life under mortal conditions entails a loss of vital power, and to bestow the life boon upon a whole race would, we think, in reason necessitate the death of the benefactor. Could Adam supply, from his own mortal life, the lives of the billions of human beings who have lived since he began his career, and suffer no diminution of his own life capital? Could he still, as a mortal, be perfect after vitalizing a race? Without question, no. But imperfection must die, and Adam could be no exception. He fell that men might be; and our lives are debtors to his death. Had our first parents remained alone they would have continued immortal; but if they communicated life they should die. How natural is all this? There is no life but by death; and such is the startling truth of nature and of Eden. Science reveals nothing new in her discoveries, for some of her grandest truths were known in the infancy of our race.

Let us take her revelations and test the ungarnished story of the fall of man by them. What a surprising correspondence! Is it an accidental coincidence that nature and scripture

thus agree? or is it because the Mind which dictated Genesis understood that we owe our life to Adam's death—that we live on earth because he does not?

But nature and nature's God cannot conflict in any of their operations. The laws of nature are God's mode of procedure, His rules of action; and a still more surprising correspondence between the law of life by death, and the gospel, remains to be noticed.

From the period of human life beginning we start out afresh. In retrogressive order we sweep over each successive formative period in world-building history, and come at last, after almost illimitable time, to an epoch when the world was not, and before its foundations were laid; and there we see a Lamb for sinners slain, and read in the immutable decree of His sacrificial death the scientific, eternal truth of Jehovah—"There is no life but by death."

It is wonderful, strange, past all comprehension: but there is the fact rooted in the foundations of nature, and written in the precious blood of Jesus; Eden asserts the law, and the death of the Savior proves the doctrine of the resurrection strikingly in accord with nature. As Adam died to give life to a mortal race; so if Jesus purposed to become the author of eternal life to a dead humanity, He must die.

We do not pretend to explain fully this relationship of life and death, but we can show its existence. As our mortal existence is the natural result of Adam's death, so also will our immortal life be the natural result of Christ's death. Adam died purposely that men might be, and we are. Jesus Christ died purposely, also, that we may be immortalized; and we shall be. As life followed Adam's death with the certainty of truth, so shall we live hereafter as surely as Jesus died.

Thus is met the proud question of infidelity: "How can the death of another confer the blessing of life upon us?" since it is shown rationally that in no other way can we obtain it. "In Christ shall all be made alive;" and let infidelity controvert the doctrine if it can.

What a grand consistency exists between science, the story of Eden and the death of Jesus! Who could originate a resurrection doctrine depending upon the death of anyone, but He who reads nature as an open book, and guides all of her mysterious but successful operations.

But, suppose there were a break somewhere in this wonderful chain. Suppose that Christ had not died; then, in view of all the facts, the resurrection doctrine would lose all the weighty testimony afforded by the order and law of nature. As the matter stands, nature weaves the strongest web of probability around the idea of life hereafter; and she discloses one mighty truth, viz., If there be any future existence, then revelation has adopted nature's own methods for securing it.

But further, our doctrine teaches that those who enter the celestial kingdom of God, shall pass on to the estate of the Gods; and those only. What is the philosophy of this distinction? Here it is in few words: Those who do not communicate life must forever possess a fulness of that with which they are started in the eternities. Their life is not diminished and they cannot die. Those who communicate life must die, for it is nature's law. Startle not, dear reader, our celestial hopes are not wrecked, but affirmed, by nature. There is no higher life but by death; and this is nature's law. Shall we prove the law by the gospel, or prove the "Mormon" gospel true by the law? Either way, there is divine harmony between nature and revelation. Those who inherit and propagate eternal lives are to become the new "Adamises" of the future.

Who was Adam? A resurrected man, enjoying a celestial glory and propagating lives. He must therefore die. And did he not to clothe his heavenly offspring with bodies? What is he now? The God of this world. He died to enter His last estate and took His glorious degree by death. There is no exaltation without death.

See the consistency of revelation and nature! Wonderful, strange, mysterious law! "O! death, where is thy sting? O! grave, where is thy victory?"

If we become Gods, we must rise as Adam did: by death. Do we not now see the essential relationship of death with our resurrection?

That which, rather than these truths, demonstrates the rationality and exceeding great probability of the resurrection verity, is example; and, we think, that only can do it.

How will this theory correspond with other portions of scripture? For example: Christ is the first fruits of them that slept—of the resurrection, in its proper sense—but why? There could have been no resurrection upon the earth prior to the death of Jesus: for the life that is the resurrection dependence had not yet died. As Adam's descendants could not live before he did, nor exist until he had passed from immortality to mortality, neither could the resurrection descendants of Jesus be before Him, nor live until His mortality had put on immortality.

But some one will say we have already shown the resurrection—the exaltation of the substance of our bodies—is an inevitable event; and does not this fact render void the necessity for Christ's death? Would we not be resurrected, according to this theory, whether Jesus died or not? What of this objection? Can it be questioned that our position is a true one? or, if mankind fail of a special uplifting, that the dust of our bodies must share the destiny of the earth mass? Can it be denied that the latter has been progressing from the beginning? Does not its imperfections demand another change? and can we rationally conclude that it will stop short of perfection? The law of progression is a natural one, and that of life by death is also; and there must be a reconciliation of the two.

Consider that man is a compound being, consisting of spirit and gross matter. Both physically and spiritually he has fallen under the dominion of sin and, consequently, of death. If life by death is the law concerning material, or grosser substance, is it not also true respecting our spirits, or the more refined matter? Since our physical organism lives by the death or dissolution of other substance, our spirits must live eternally by the death of Jesus, and in no other way.

(To be Continued.)

CAUSES OF CRIME.—Idleness leads to crime as naturally as ignorance and intemperance. These three causes combined gives rise to most of the vices with which our country is cursed. A careful examination of the prison statistics of the United States shows that twenty-eight per cent. of the inmates are unable to read or write, and have had no education. Seventy-seven per cent. have never learned a trade, and seventy per cent. are intemperate. It is a sad fact, also, that criminal life commences early. Nearly one-fourth of the prison inmates are under twenty years of age.

The lesson suggested is of high value. An education in our public schools is a strong safeguard against crime; and if this is followed by a choice of some business or trade, and by habits of temperance, a vicious life is almost impossible.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE BRIGHT LITTLE BOOT BLACK.

As a rule, perhaps there is but very little to be learned from youths who swarm around the foot passengers of large cities, anxious to shine their boots. Many boys of this class are very ignorant and low in their habits, as they grow up without the kind training of good parents. They are left to fight the battles of life alone, with no one to give them wise counsel or to warn them of the snares of vice and sin; and probably without a single friend, except their fellow-boot-blacks.

But there are some exceptions to this, one of which we are about to tell you of. The little boy whose history we are going to relate was the son of a widow. His father had died about a year before the time our story begins. Thus his mother, with her family of four children, was left to get her support as best she could. But she was not able to earn much and she had so many to care for at home. Besides her health was rather delicate, and she was unable to perform hard labor.

For awhile she was at a loss to know what to do in order to provide for her children. Day by day her stock of provisions grew smaller, but she said nothing about it to her little ones.

One day, however, her oldest son, James, knowing she had no income upon which to depend, asked his mother what they were going to do for food when the scanty supply they had was gone.

"I am sure I do not know," said the mother, "I hope that the way will be opened somehow that I can get means with which to feed and clothe you. Don't you know of something, James, that you could do to bring in a little means?"

James bowed his head and began to ponder the subject. He did not think it any use to apply for a situation at any of the stores and offices in the city, for he knew other boys who had tried, and failed, and for sometime he could not think of anything to do in order to help his mother support the family. At last, it struck him that he might possibly earn a little by blacking boots on the street.

He told his mother what he thought of doing, but at first she did not like the idea. She knew full well that the associations he would form as a boot-black would tend to evil. She was very anxious that her children should grow up to be respect-

able members of society. She therefore could not consent to let her son follow such a business.

But James promised his mother that he would not associate with bad company; but would select a place on the street where he could catch the greatest number of customers, and would remain there, instead of following the gang of impudent little urchins who would surround the passers-by and torment them with their noisy shouts of "Shine your boots, sir! shine your boots, sir!"

His mother finally said he might try the business for awhile. She felt to trust her son, for she had always found him truthful; and as he had promised to not associate with evil companions, she was satisfied that he would keep himself pure.

As soon as his mother gave consent, James procured an outfit and the next morning went to his work. He proceeded to a corner of one of the principle streets and made that his post for the day.

Soon a number of other boot-blacks came up and surrounded him. At first they thought of running away with his brushes, but his dignified manner seemed to banish such ideas from them, and they almost felt to respect him. After questioning him awhile they invited him to follow them, saying he would never get any thing to do if he did not go after it. But he respectfully declined to go, stating that he would take his chances where he was.

Just then they saw a gentleman passing and they all ran after him, each one anxious to "shine" his boots.

James remained at his post all day and when evening came he quietly returned to his home.

At first he did not earn much, but he noticed that his customers were steadily increasing, and soon his earnings amounted to a fair little sum which was a great help to his mother. His customers came regularly every day as he was always found in the same place; and he did his work so neatly that everyone was pleased with it. While the other boys ran up and down the streets all day long for what few jobs they could catch, he had plenty to do without moving from his post.

In our next number we will continue the story of this little boot-black, and show how he became a successful manufacturer and an honored man in society.

What is a difficult lock to pick? One from a bald head.

Why is a chicken like a farmer? Because both delight in a full crop.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 7.

1. Who assisted Joseph with the translation of the Book of Mormon after Martin Harris? A. Oliver Cowdery.

2. While translating, what particular doctrine attracted their attention? A. Baptism for the remission of sins.

3. What did they conclude to do in order to receive further knowledge upon the matter? A. To go into the woods and ask the Lord in prayer.

4. Who appeared unto them? A. John, the same who is called John the Baptist in the New Testament.

5. What did he tell them? A. He told them that he acted under the direction of the Apostles, Peter, James and John.

6. What did he do after he made this declaration? A. He laid hands upon their heads and ordained them to the Aaronic Priesthood.

7. What authority has the Aaronic Priesthood? A. Authority to baptize by immersion for the remission of sins, but not to lay on hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost.

8. After they had been taught and directed concerning this ordinance, what did they do? A. They went and were baptized; Joseph baptized Oliver first, and afterwards Oliver baptized Joseph.

9. What was done after the baptism? A. Joseph laid his hands on Oliver's head and ordained him to the Aaronic Priesthood, and Oliver then laid his hands on Joseph's head and ordained him to the same Priesthood.

10. When did this occur? A. On the 15th of May, 1829.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. When were Joseph the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery ordained to the Melchisedec Priesthood?

2. What power and authority has the Melchisedec Priesthood?

3. When and where was the Church of Jesus Christ organized?

4. What were the names of the first six members?

5. When and where and by whom was the first sermon of this dispensation preached?

6. When was the first miracle performed in this Church and what was the nature of it?

7. Who were the first missionaries sent out by the Church to preach the gospel to the Indians?

8. On their way to the west where did they organize an important branch of the Church?

The following named persons have sent answers to the questions on Church History published in No. 7: W. L. Worzencroft, H. T. Ward, G. S. Forsyth, I. Fisher, L. Hatch, Avildia Page, Alice A. Keeler, J. H. Jenkins, E. Porter, N. Andrus, Etta M. Huish, L. R. Anderson, Jane Welch, Huldah L. Stout, H. Muir, S. P. Oldham, R. Hurst, Dency E. Terry, G. E. Court, Leone Rogers, Mary A. Crookston, Emily E. Brough, R. A. Turner, W. N. Draper, A. Barrett, Janie Smith, Lucy D. Perry, Ovenia A. Jorgensen, F. W. Kirkham, H. C. Blood, F. Pickering, S. Stark, Alice Crane, Eliza J. Morgan, J. R. Morgan, W. E. Cole, H. H. Blood, Marinda Monson, J. R. Young, C. Alfsen, D. W. Evans, G. M. Ward, R. H. Brown, Rose M. Sedgwick, Louisa Johnson, Sarah Bennett, J. L. Jenkins, Elizabeth S. Zundel, W. J. C. Mortimer, Louisa Steele, Eleanor Harper, Jas. Kirkham, J. Folkman, Sarah E. Cole.

ENIGMA.

BY C. C. SHAW.

I am composed of 13 letters:

My 5, 4, 3 is a bright color;

My 2, 1, 7, 6 is what every child likes,

My 8, 9, 10 is a conjunction:

My 13, 11, 12 has brought ruin to thousands;

My whole is what all should strive to obtain.

The words forming the Diamond Puzzle in No. 7 are I, INK, INDIA, KIN, A. Correct answers have been received from C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City; Saml. Stark, F. Pickering, Payson; Esther L. Phillips, Porterville; Alice Porter, West Porterville.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHEN is a newspaper the sharpest? When it's filed.

WHEN is a ship like a railway track? When the cargo's on it.

WHY should a man always wear a watch when he travels in a waterless desert? Because every watch has a spring in it.

WHY is a highwayman like a grocer who gives false measure? Both of them lie in weight.

When is a doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME years ago an Episcopal Bishop, speaking to some friends in New York about the condition of affairs in Utah, made the statement that Brigham Young and the "Mormon" leaders generally did not understand the value of education. He thought that was our weak point; and that if good schools could be introduced into Utah, it would be one of the best means to bring about the downfall of our system of religion. Acting upon that idea, great efforts have been made to plant schools here. Our opponents have recognized the fact that if they could induce our children to attend their schools, the destruction of their faith in the gospel of the Son of God would be easily accomplished. Every denomination, therefore, which has sent preachers to our country has sent means with them to establish schools. In very many of our settlements they have opened them and are trying hard to get the children of the Latter-day Saints to attend them. In schools of this character the teachers are at perfect liberty to teach any religious dogma they choose. This is their right, because they are not supported by taxes, but by the money of the society which sent the teacher out.

I do not know how many schools these people have in the Territory, but there are quite a number, and in all of them religion is taught—that is, religion of the kind believed in by the teacher and the principal feature of which is hatred of us and our religion. But from our schools, with the exception of three, religion is banished. Our schools are all secularized. We pay taxes to support schools, and everything except religion is taught in them.

I have always viewed the action of the Legislative Assembly in imposing a tax for the support of schools, as unwise legislation for a people in our position. It was an attempt to introduce a system here altogether unsuited to our situation and wants. Through the operations of this law, schools derive support from taxation, and on this account many people thought the system would be a good one, because the poor counties would get their schools supported by the taxation of the richer counties. It is on this account that many of the members of the Legislative Assembly from the remote and poor counties have favored taxation for school purposes. The apportionment of the school tax last year gave two dollars a head for every child of school age in each school district. Looked at from one point this appears a great advantage. But let us look at this from all points:

We must remember that this tax is collected from all classes—religious and non-religious; "Mormons," Jews and Gentiles. The schools, then, which derive any support from this tax must be conducted so that every class of citizens can send their children to them without having the tenets of some religion in which the parents do not believe taught to them. To illustrate: a "Mormon" does not want to have his children taught the creed which he does not believe; neither will a Gentile submit to have his children taught the Book of Mormon; the Jew objects to his child being taught the New Testament; and the infidel will not have his children taught the Bible, the Book of Mormon, or any other religious book. Each taxpayer says:

"I do not pay my taxes to aid any church teach its religious views to my children, or to the children of my neighbor; I must insist, therefore, that all religious teaching be excluded

from the schools which are supported in part by my taxes."

He says this whether he has children of his own or not. When, therefore, there are no scholars but those of "Mormon" parentage in a school, if that school derives any support from the school tax, all religious books are excluded from the school. Thus it is that all our schools are secularized, and the Bible, the Book of Mormon and all our Church works are rigidly excluded from our schools. No teacher is permitted to inculcate any religious doctrine, and no one is required to teach even morality, lest in doing so he should trench on the domain of religion.

Through this school law we have the extraordinary spectacle presented to us of a people who have endured the most wonderful sacrifices for their religion—having left houses, lands and property of every description, and in fact, everything that men hold dear in life, and fled into this far-distant region for its sake—by their own act rigidly excluding the teachings of that religion from their school-rooms! Was there ever such blind fatuity? One would naturally imagine that where people had suffered so much for their religion as the Latter-day Saints have, their chief and highest care would be to teach their children that religion, and to lay the foundation of faith in it so deep and strong in their hearts and affections that it could never be uprooted. But what do we behold?

The Latter-day Saints, through their own unwise legislation, converting their schools into places where everything but religion is taught, and leaving the field of religion to be occupied by their opponents, whose aim it is to destroy in the minds of the rising generation all faith in the principles in which the Latter-day Saints believe! With the exception of the three schools I have mentioned—the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, the Brigham Young College at Logan, and the Millard Stake Academy at Fillmore—we have no schools where even the Bible is allowed to be read, while the schools of our opponents are religious, and are used as missionary agencies to prepare the minds of the pupils who attend them to believe in the religion of those who support them. It is for the purpose of destroying our religion they have been established.

Can a Catholic who believes in his religion be found who will send his children to a school taught by an enemy of Catholicism? Such an instance is unknown; and yet there are "Mormons" who would feel insulted if their faith in the gospel were questioned, and who, perhaps, in past times have shown their faith by their works, who send their children to the Catholic and other schools with as much apparent confidence as if they were entrusting them to the care of the most faithful brethren and sisters in the Church.

Our co-religionists in Idaho are now suffering from a condition of affairs which, if our enemies can have their way, will be established in Utah. By a cunningly-framed test oath, Latter-day Saints are all excluded in that Territory from acting as school teachers and school trustees, or from having anything to do with schools. Our people must pay taxes to support the schools, but they can have no voice in their management. If they send their children to school, they have for trustees and teachers persons who are openly hostile to their religion, and who do not conceal their intention to destroy it if they can.

If our enemies could have their way in Utah they would do the same with our schools here; they would not allow any "Mormon" to hold the office of school trustee nor any "Mormon" to act as teacher. With our taxes they would support schools which would be seminaries of anti-"Mormonism" and infidelity. Under such circumstances we would either have to incur the danger of our children being made our enemies by

the pernicious teachings of hostile anti-Mormons, or pay our taxes for them to spend as they please, and then organize schools of our own, the cost of which we would have to bear. If our enemies could have their way in disfranchising the monogamists, as they already have the polygamists of our community, they would soon place us in this condition.

But this is a fruitful subject and I have already occupied my share of space. I shall, however, continue it in my next.

LESSONS FROM REAL LIFE.

GOOD COMPANY.

REPEATEDLY has the advice been given to our young people to keep good company, to seek only the association of the good, the noble, the pure and the wise. Such persons can be found when their society is sought and the youth grow better by association with such persons. Far more profitable would it be for one to live without society than to mingle with those who are wicked and corrupt, and whose only conversation is of things which are degrading and impure. Examples are quite numerous where really innocent persons have suffered injustice and wrong because they happened to be in the society of those who did evil. Boys are accused of being themselves smokers because they have been seen with those who smoke. Young men are supposed to drink because they associate with those who do. Young ladies are supposed to be vain, haughty, proud and sometimes unchaste, because they select as companions those who are possessed of such characteristics, when perhaps in each of these cases the parties accused are themselves innocent. These things, however, prove to us the necessity of choosing for company persons of whose actions we can be proud and whose examples we may imitate with profit.

There is a young man now serving out a term of six years' imprisonment in one of the U. S. penitentiaries for a crime of which it is most probable he is innocent, judging from evidence which has since his sentence been produced. His trouble was brought upon him by his association with a person whom he did not suspect of wrong-doing, but who was already supposed and he proved to be a scoundrel. The occurrence as related to us is as follows:

Adam L—— was a young man of twenty-two years of age. He had for some time been engaged working at a smelter, where he was earning sufficient to sustain himself and assist his aged parents. One day he received a letter from home with a request from his mother to immediately return home as his father was not expected to live. He immediately complied with her request, but his father, though gradually growing weaker, lingered along for some time and the son remained at home to be near at hand when the end should come. While here he associated with an old acquaintance. One day he saw the latter driving a four-months' old calf and a yearling steer along the road, and, at his request, Adam assisted him to take them to a butcher's corral. The animals were in due time slaughtered and the meat sold. Presently a gentleman came along and made enquiries concerning animals such as had been driven to the butcher's. He finally learned that two animals had been seen in charge of two young men who were driving them along the street. The two persons were arrested and by the testimony of eye witnesses it was proved that they had been seen driving the cattle. Now the principal in the affair got on

the stand and, under oath, testified that he was innocent and his companion was guilty. The result was Adam L—— was convicted and sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary, only a small part of which he has as yet served. The really guilty party escaped conviction, but it is now probable that he will be made to suffer yet, as he is at present under arrest for stealing beer from a saloon.

This incident should teach our young folks an impressive lesson in regard to the choice of associates. No matter how perfect our own actions may be if we constantly associate with those who are steeped in crime, a portion of the blame due them will certainly be attached to us, and it is not impossible that we may be required to suffer for some of their misdeeds.

VIDL

AN ORIENTAL INCIDENT.

A TURKISH and a Russian officer once fell into a dispute as to the superiority in discipline of their respective soldiers.

"I can prove to you on the spot," said the Russian, "how perfectly our men are trained." And he called his orderly.

"Ivan!"

"Sir."

"Go to Mehemet's, buy me a pound of tobacco and come back at once."

The soldier saluted, turned on his heel and went out.

"Now," said the Russian officer, taking out his watch, "my orderly is walking straight to the next corner, where he must turn—now he is turning—now he is opposite the white mosque—now he is crossing the maydan—now he is at the Mehemet's—now he is buying the tobacco—now he is coming back—now he is at the door—now"—and the Russian called out:

"Ivan!"

"Sir."

"Where's the tobacco?"

"Here, sir."

The Turkish officer, showing no sign of surprise at the precision of this Russo-tobacco movement, promptly broke out, "Ho! ho! my soldier can do that every day in the week," and he called:

"Muhetar!"

"Sir."

"Go to Ali Effendi's and see that you bring me a pound of tobacco. My pipe is empty."

"Instantly, sir."

Following the tactics of the Russian officer, the Turk pulled out his watch and went on:

"Now Muhetar is in the street; now he is passing the *pal-pooch* bazar; now it is noon and he is saying his prayers; now he is drinking at the stone fountain; now Ali Effendi hails him and asks about my health; now Muhetar is paying for the tobacco; now he is coming back by another way; now he is on our street; now he is at the door; now"—

"Muhetar!" shouted the officer.

"Sir."

"Where is my tobacco?"

"I haven't found my shoes yet!"

No man should act so as to take advantage of another's folly.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI, a Russian nobleman, who was born rich and said to be an accomplished scholar, a brave soldier, a brilliant man of society and the greatest Russian writer of fiction now living, has written a work which he calls "My Religion," and which has lately been translated by an American into our language. In this book he describes his view of what the life of a Christian should be. He accepts literally the teachings of Jesus Christ respecting meekness, submission, poverty, forgiveness, charity and self-denial. He believes that Jesus actually meant what He said when He bade us resist no evil, forsake courts of law, refuse to make oath, judgment, have no respect of person, but love one another. This nobleman says all this can be done very easily; and he attempts to carry these precepts out in his life.

He says that in this century thirty millions of men have perished in war, and he asks how many have given up their lives for Christ's sake. He expresses himself as follows:

"Everything that once seemed to me important, such as honors, glory, civilization, wealth, the complications and refinements of existence, luxury, rich food, fine clothing, etiquette, have become for me wrong and despicable. Everything that once seemed to me wrong and despicable, such as rusticity, obscurity, poverty, simplicity of surroundings, of food, of clothing, of manners, all have now become right and important to me. * * * I can not, as I once did, recognize in myself or others titles or ranks or qualities aside from the quality of manhood. I can not seek for fame or glory; I can no longer cultivate a system of instruction which separates me from men. * * * I can no longer pursue amusements which are oil to the fire of amorous sensuality, the reading of romances and the most of poetry, listening to music, attendance at balls and theatres. * * * I can not favor the celibacy of persons fitted for the marriage relation."

These are some of his views. He has renounced literature for religion, and intends henceforth to devote himself entirely to works of practical piety. It is his purpose, so he announces, to carry out in their integrity the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. He has decided to sell all that he has and give it to the poor, and literally to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow. He believes that salvation is to be found only in physical labor; he works with his own hands among the peasants in the field; but he is at present occupying himself with shoe-making. Thinking it his duty to give those about him the least possible trouble, the count makes his own bed and cleans his own room; and, in order to spare the washerwoman, changes his linen as seldom as possible. Everything which the poor do not enjoy in common with the rich he regards as luxuries unsuited to him; the pursuit of literature he regards as a vain thing, and the reputation his works have won him he does not value. The count has nine children, the eldest of whom has

just finished his course at college. When the young man asked his father, a little while ago, what profession he would like him to take up, the answer he received was:

"Go and sweep snow; all my children must earn their own livelihood. I shall give all my fortune to the poor."

The most extraordinary feature of this man's belief is that there will be no personal or individual life after death. How he can entertain such an idea, and still believe in Christ and His teachings, is not easy to comprehend. He says that he discovers no promise of life after death in the scripture. But in what manner he reconciles this belief with the words of Jesus, which he professes to value so highly, is not clear. Jesus says: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." He says also that great shall be the reward in heaven of those whom men revile and persecute and say all manner of evil about falsely for His sake. Jesus also told His disciples that He went before them to prepare a place for them; that where He was, they might come unto Him. He told them that they should sit upon twelve thrones and should judge the twelve tribes of Israel. He raised His friend, Lazarus, and others, from the dead, and Himself came forth from the dead and appeared unto many. It is most strange, therefore, that anyone professing to believe in Jesus and the record of the New Testament can not believe in individual life beyond the grave. This clearly shows how possible it is for men, destitute of the Priesthood and the authority which it brings, to fall into the most dreadful errors; and while believing a great many true principles, mix with them the worst of fallacies.

Count Tolstoi's theories respecting the teachings of the Savior may, in some respects, be very correct; but they cannot be carried into practical effect in the manner he proposes. Hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of reformers have attempted by their own strength and wisdom to bring about a better and happier condition of affairs among mankind. In some instances they may have been able to accomplish some good results; but it requires the Priesthood, the authority which God recognizes, to attain anything very satisfactory in bringing men to God and to understand His divine likeness.

The motives of this Russian nobleman may be the best in the world; but he can not achieve any permanent results by the method he has adopted. His example, however, may cause many people to pause and reflect, and may have also the effect to restrain some from pursuing a selfish, worldly course of life; but to carry out the precepts of the Savior there must be organized society—in other words, a Church, the members of which accept and faithfully carry out the teachings which He has given.

It was for this purpose the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized. The precepts and commandments of the Savior are intended to be the laws of life for the members of His Church. Though this Church has been organized fifty-six years, and considerable progress has been made in some directions, we have yet much to do to bring us up to the standard of life which Jesus has taught. And no wonder at this when we consider how far the world is from practicing the religion of Christ as He taught it! The Latter-day Saints have been gathered from the world, and have brought with them, to a very great extent, its fashions, its traditions and its modes of thought. It requires time for people to discard and unlearn all these, and to practically adopt the teachings of the Savior in their literal sense.

It is for the rising generation of the Latter-day Saints to carry on this work. They are born under favorable circumstances, and are free from many things which have tampered

and retarded the progress of their parents. It is not near so hard for them, if they are properly trained, to carry out all the laws of God, for they have no traditions to contend with.

It is that they might receive a better training, that the Lord has commanded His people to come out of Babylon and gather to Zion. When He took Israel out of Egypt He found it difficult to control those who were grown up. For forty years He kept them wandering in the wilderness, until every one who had left Egypt over twenty years of age, excepting two, had died. The new generation were more tractable and obedient: they had not so many traditions and were not so fixed in their habits and modes of thinking and acting. So it is in our day; men and women brought up and trained in the world and its ways have more difficulty in conforming to the new mode of life taught by the gospel than do their children; that is, if the children have faith.

It is very desirable, therefore, for the growth of the kingdom of God that our children should have faith, and should have a desire to carry out in their lives, in a practical manner, the teachings of the Son of God.

EDNA'S LESSON.

A SPRING HOLIDAY.

BRIGHT was the streaming sunshine, blue was the sky, and happy was the heart of Edna Williams that warm, soft day in early May, on which she was to accompany her mother on a long-expected visit to the pretty country town of ——. You see, I must not tell you the name of the town or you will perhaps guess who the pretty heroine of my story is. At any rate, Edna and her mamma had not far to go from the depot in Salt Lake City, after they took their seats in the long train that soon moved swiftly on its appointed way.

My little friend, Edna, was not very strong, and her mamma, who was a widow, had used all her wisdom in keeping the frail body of her darling alive. Edna was standing in the doorway of womanhood. Her nature, impulsive, passionate, loving and winning, looked at everything in the dual lights of childhood and womanhood. Now she would flutter and dance with the wildest unconcern, again her mother would find her sitting in some out-of-the-way place, quiet and sad, as though filled with the wistful premonitions of coming duties and loving burdens.

I would not have you think Edna was in any way a disagreeable girl, for she was sunshine and brightness itself, only her temper often betrayed her. But I have told you enough of her character, for the story of that one holiday will tell you more about her than any words could tell.

How quickly beat the little girl's heart as the "toot-toot" of the engine sounded its warning! And she looked eagerly around to see if all was settled right for herself and her mamma.

What a lovely day it was, to be sure! And how could that little woman across the aisle look so cross when it was so cool, so sunny and so pleasant? And why did not that big, fat man hurry and come in the car; he would surely fall off the steps, for the train was now commencing to move off?

"Oh, dear!" says Edna, "he'll be left!"

And mamma has to quiet her fidgety little girl and tell her men can take good care of themselves if they are fat and awkward.

And then they are off, and Edna pulls up the window, and pulls down the blind, and pulls up the blind, and finally settles down to something like quiet.

Everything interests her: the peanut boy, the man with the newspapers, the green, rushing fields outside, the cattle swiftly flying by, the sluggish water standing in pools, the telegraph poles; and, in the distance, the purple walls of her own blessed mountain home.

Suddenly the car door opens and the brakesman calls out: "——!"

Up jumps Edna; mamma grasps the satchel, and away they hurry. Such a shower of kisses as Edna bestows upon Uncle Solomon, who is waiting on the platform outside! Then Cousin Harry steps up and Edna very modestly shakes hands with him. Harry was only a year older than Edna, and, between you and me, I am confident he meant to kiss his cousin heartily, as he always had on these rare visits. But Edna's womanly greeting, and her manner, so much older than it was the year before, rather daunted him. Boy-like, he soon assumed a somewhat sullen air, fancying himself as much a man as any one, and could put on airs as well as city girls could.

So there was a little restraint over Edna as she took her seat by her mother in Uncle Solomon's light wagon.

The ride in the cool mountain air, the longed-for freedom and country sights and sounds soon restored Edna's good temper and she enjoyed the ride with a greater zest than she ever seemed to before in her life.

You see, these excursions to Uncle Solomon's farm were made once a year; for mamma could not afford time nor money to go oftener.

Arrived at the farm-house, what a chorus of welcomes issued from its open portals as Aunt Fanny and all the children rushed out to greet the new comers. And such a delicious breakfast as was spread on the table! Cream biscuit, and snowy pot-cheese, with limpid honey and a great dish of large black currants, ready to have their dark beauty smothered in the thick cream that filled the fat cream-pitcher to the brim with its pale-yellow richness.

And what happy hearts echoed "Amen" to Uncle Solomon's blessing, who thanked God for this happy reunion of loving hearts!

I wish we had time to go with Edna and her cousins as they raced and laughed and danced through the day. There was the big swing in the barn, and the eggs to be gathered, and the duck's nest down near the pond, and the new milk-house, and old Pet's young colt, and the little fluffy baby-chickens, and Aunt Fanny's new sewing-machine, and a bouquet of sweet wild flowers to gather, starry daisies and solitary blue-bells, with red-bells and sweet-williams; all these sights and happy labors were viewed and performed by the merry cousins.

At last, late in the afternoon, Harry and Sam went off somewhere, and Edna eagerly suggested to Cousin Fanny that they should go into the huge barn and play theatre, a game very little attempted in the settlements, where opportunities were rare for seeing such things as theatres.

After some persuasion, Fanny consented; and the little girls, Susy and Tilly, with Baby Frank, were perched up in an empty manger as the "audience."

All was satisfactorily arranged, and with some long aprons the older girls dressed up as tragedy queens.

Up and down the barn pranced Edna, with a funny assumption of the grand airs of Julia Dean Hayne, whom she and her mamma had once seen perform in the Salt Lake Theatre.

The applause was feeble, and Edna had to work very hard



EDNA'S LESSON. (See page 137.)

to show her cousin, Fanny, as well as her tiny audience, how to perform their various parts.

In the midst of Edna's "Play you said, 'I shall die but never yield,' and play I took a knife—play this stick was a knife—and play I stabbed you, and" (to the children) "play you clapped your hands as I strike her to the heart; and play

"Ha, ha, ha!" was showered on them from above; and "Ha, ha, ha! The-a-tre actors; the-a-tre actors!" shouted out a rude voice.

In a perfect agony of startled, frightened, angry, shamed passion, Edna looked up to where the sounds proceeded from; and there, high, high up on the hay lay the two boys, Harry and Sam, their eyes filled with fun and their mouths with mocking laughter.

Poor Edna, overcome with rage and shame, stamped and cried, calling Sam a nasty, rude country boy; and I am grieved to say she said many unkind and even cruel things in her wrath. She fairly danced in her excitement; and at last, maddened by her tormentors' jeers, she slung up her slippered feet and away went her new slippers, one in the stall under the cow's feet, and the other away up right on to Sam's head.

Here was a calamity! Harry grasped the tiny slipper and glared down at the unhappy girl.

"Say you're sorry, or I'll just throw this into the mill-pond!"

"Give me my slipper, you wicked boy! How dare you keep a lady's shoe?"

"Umph!" grunted Harry, "folks that's ladies, acts like ladies!" and he coolly pocketed the slipper.

Just then, Edna's mamma appeared at the huge open doorway, and after learning the cause of all the confusion that met her eyes and ears, she got both the slippers and led her little girl up to the house.

Here they sat down on a rude bench outside the door, under a spreading tree, and Edna tearfully told her mamma the whole silly quarrel.

And then, such a talking-to as mamma gave Edna! She told her many things she had never told until that day. How that Edna was now a young lady; and that only those would be treated with the firm respect of boys or men who deserved it. And how grand and noble was the mission of woman upon the earth: to refine, to beautify, to ennoble the whole world. And then she spoke to her of the great blessings in this holy gospel that were showered upon women. And how they stand side by side with their husbands in time and in all eternity.

Sobered, ashamed and sadly penitent, Edna begged her mother to leave her alone, while she could recover her own sunny self and think of all she had told her. So mamma left her under the spreading limbs of the blossoming tree; and after awhile she softly came and laid a Book of Mormon in Edna's lap, and then as quietly left her.

She opened to the third book of Nephi and read of the visit of Jesus to this continent; and in the sweet words of Jesus she found a deeper, grander meaning than she had ever felt. Calmed and quieted, she finally laid her book upon her knee and sat a long while thinking and dreaming.

That day Edna laid aside much of the child which had so clung to her; and when Harry came to say good-by, the grace with which she offered her cheek for his goodly kiss was that of a sweet woman.

Cousin Harry, who is now a bearded man with a family, will now sometimes ask Edna, when he comes down on a visit, if

she allows her little daughters to play theatre; and she replies: "Yes, if they only keep their slippers on."

HOMESPUN.

FIVE YEARS IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

BY YAGGE CRECHEY.

(Continued from page 107).

WHEN I had been there about three and a half years, I became pretty well reconciled to my position. A little incident happened that upset all my joys for the time being. Some masons had been at work on one of the wings of the house, and their scaffolding was up. There were some long planks leaning against the scaffold at an angle of forty-five degrees. One Sunday afternoon I and several other boys were sliding down these planks. The governor discovered us, and without any warning not to do it, he summoned us before him and passed sentence upon us. As I was the largest boy I was to receive two dozen lashes with the cane; the rest were let off very lightly. It being the Sabbath day when the offense was committed the time for inflicting the punishment was set for Monday morning. Of course, this was dreadful for me to contemplate, and I made up my mind, if possible, to escape the consequences of my misdeed. I concluded to run away; and as I had no time to lose, as soon as supper was over I left the place. After evening meal the officers of the house were all busy in getting the inmates from the dining hall to their different wards, and in the bustle I walked right away and was not noticed for a while. It was in the Fall of the year and it was nearly dark when supper was over. I had no sooner left the house than it began to rain, and it poured down in torrents. Before I had gone a mile I was wet to the skin, and having on a Scotch cap, the water would run down my back and face so I could not see. Pretty soon it got so dark I could hardly see my way, so I came to a standstill and concluded to go back, and back I went as best I could.

When I got there the doors were all locked for the night and there was no other way for me to get in except by ringing the bell at the front door. This I feared to do and waited some time to muster up sufficient courage. Having no other alternative, I at last rung the bell, and the governor answered it, as all the rest had gone to bed. He asked me where I had been, but I dared not tell him the facts. I made all kinds of excuses for my absence. He whipped me a long time in order to get me to tell the object of my being out so late. When I told him the truth he would not believe me. In the sick ward there was an old lady for nurse who was very fond of taking snuff and drinking a glass of toddy before she went to bed. I being errand boy, and as she did not leave the house very often, she used to get me to bring those two articles for her, and she would occasionally give me a penny for my services. It seems the governor got to know about this and had concluded that I had been out to get gin for the old lady. He said if I would own up he would forgive me. I told him I had not, and that he could soon satisfy himself of the fact, as I had neither gin nor the money. He expressed his belief that I had hid it in the garden, and he would make me own up to it before he got through with me. He then let me off with the understanding to settle with me in the morning. We then went to bed; he to sleep, and me to plan a way to escape.

(To be Continued.)

SAVING A WAGON TRAIN.

BY NEWAYGO.

THE following incident was related to the writer and vouched for by one of the early settlers of Utah:

About the year 1853, a gentleman whom we will call Elder Nathans was returning by the lower, or southern, route from California to Great Salt Lake City. He had several wagons laden with an assortment of valuable merchandise, twenty-three head of heavy work mules, and a band of choice but unbroken horses, which were being driven through for the purpose of stocking a ranch. The force of men accompanying the train, including drivers and herders, all told, numbered about a dozen.

Shortly before reaching the Muddy, when the party was encamped one evening, it was joined by a band of fourteen or fifteen Ute Indians, under a chief who spoke English very fairly and who made for himself and his braves the most friendly professions. The Indians hung about the party for two or three days, soliciting food and other articles; and, as the sequel proved, making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the numerical strength and wealth of the Whites.

When the camp was made on the Muddy, where feed was good, the chief came to Nathans and said:

"You not have grass for your horses here. All this land mine. My people want all grass seed here to make bread for many squaws and papposes. You got heap horses. You go on. Make camp other place."

Nathans thought he saw in this a pretext for a quarrel; so he resolved upon decisive measures. There were only four men in camp at this time, the others being out with the stock. But Nathans took a heavy "blacksnake" whip from a wagon, and advancing towards the chief, who was surrounded by his braves, replied:

"You see my horses are tired. I can't go on. Now, you keep still—no more talk. Don't touch my stock, else I'll whip Ute chief till he cry like a squaw."

With this, the "blacksnake" was flourished menacingly under the savage's nose, while Nathans assumed the fiercest expression which his features could command. The Ute betrayed some astonishment and fear at this threat; but finally gave a grunt and said:

"White man heap big chief. Let horses eat all grass him want. You go when you have one sleep?"

This last question was asked in a very interested manner; but Nathans attributed the Indian's anxiety to the matter of grass and therefore answered unsuspiciously:

"Yes, we leave Ute chief's grass to-morrow morning."

All the work animals had been turned out loose some distance to the left of the camp, while the band of wild horses was herded off to the right.

Feeling perfectly secure after the acquiescence of the Ute, Nathans left the camp and rode to the ground where the horses were being herded. After satisfying himself that the men were on duty and the animals safe for the night, he returned to the camp. No sooner had he reached the wagons than he observed the band of Utes about a third of a mile distant, taking the back trail.

This strange proceeding at once excited suspicion; and after Nathans had vainly sought an explanation from the two men in charge of the camp, he started after the Indians. He was

mounted on a fleet horse, and in less than fifteen minutes he had overtaken the Utes.

Without waiting for Nathans to speak, the chief said:

"You looking for mules? Me saw heap bad Injuns take mules off up gulch."

As he said this the Ute pointed to the left.

Nathans had scarcely suspected such a serious event, but he now felt convinced that his mules had been stolen by some of the chief's band. He turned and counted the braves who were present, and could not detect the absence of any. Still his opinion was not shaken; for he did not know how many skulkers might have been in league with the band. And, knowing that all his property and perhaps the lives of the men depended upon the recovery of his work animals, he resolved once more upon adopting an emphatic course.

Without a word to indicate his intention, he suddenly whipped out two revolvers, holding one in either hand, and sternly addressed the chief:

"You take your backs and go back to my camp. If you don't I'll shoot a dozen of you. If any one of your braves makes a move to fire at me I'll kill you, old chief. Now, you march. Get in front of me all of you."

At first there were angry mutterings among the savages; but the chief was so thoroughly afraid of Nathans, and the latter had so obviously the means in his hands of slaying several of the redskins before he could be killed or captured, that the grumblings soon died away. At the command of the chief the braves turned and rode towards the camp; he himself being forced to bring up the rear of his band immediately in front of Nathans. As they were starting on the return journey, the freighter said to the chief:

"Old man, if you want to keep your brains you had better tell your braves not to turn their heads this way. As long as they don't look back they can't very well pick me off with a bullet. But just as sure as one of them makes a wrong move, I'll shoot you dead."

The impressiveness of this remark was not lost, and the Ute spoke to his braves in an emphatic tone, evidently instructing them in such a way as to guard well his precious head.

Arrived at the wagon train, Nathans ordered the Indians to throw down their arms; and this requirement was enforced by a command from the chief. The two men, who were by this time cooking supper, left the fire and gathered up the guns as they fell to the ground.

Nathans now took a few moments for reflection. He had Indians—more than he could use. But if his fears were well founded, he had no mules. He was now convinced that the Indians who had hung around the train constituted but a part of the band; and that the skulkers hovering out of sight had stolen the mules under instruction from the chief. The work animals once gone (and this was comparatively simple, because it was not deemed necessary to herd or guard them) the train could not move, the Indians could easily stampede the wild horses; and, while the men were scattered in search of their stock, the merchandise would become an easy prey. This was the plan as he surmised that the savages had arranged.

At all hazards, he felt that he must recover his mules. So he ordered the braves to stand in line, facing himself and the chief, to whom he remarked:

"You send two good braves to bring back my mules. Then I let you all go. You don't get mules, then I shoot chief and all the rest of his bucks!"

This speech may have been lacking in oratorical flourish; but as it was emphasized by the presence of two murderers—

looking revolvers in the hands of Nathans, it was sufficiently effective.

With much humiliation of manner, the Ute gave the necessary instructions; and the two best-mounted braves in the band galloped away, while the rest dismounted and turned their ponies loose.

Then, by the orders of Nathans, his two men spread a huge, heavy wagon-cover on the ground; the Indian braves were laid in line upon one half of the canvas with their heads all pointing outward, and the other half was thrown over them, covering them up to the chins.

Darkness was now coming on, and a huge fire was built at one end of the crowded bed, while Nathans stationed himself comfortably at the other end with a rifle in his hands and his pistols within easy reach. He thus had the thirteen Indian heads in range with the light; and he gave fair warning that the slightest movement on the part of any one of them would be a signal for him to send a ball crashing through the offending skull.

Several of the men soon came in from the herd-ground and learned of the situation. After supper, the force was equally divided—half of the men being stationed as herders of the wild horses, which were driven as near as possible to the wagons; and the others being constituted a patrol to prevent any surprise upon the camp.

Slowly the night wore away. The fire was kept burning brightly; the guard was on the alert, and no disturbance occurred.

It was after sunrise the next morning when the two braves rode slowly into camp, driving twenty-three jaded mules. Then the disgusted chief and his followers were released from their confinement. Their guns were discharged and their ammunition confiscated as a measure of safety. Then the weapons were restored to them; and, after a threatening lecture from Nathans, they were allowed to depart.

It was necessary for the wagon train to wait one day and night for the mules to recuperate; for they had evidently been driven a long distance. But wood, water and grass were plentiful; and little fear was entertained of an attack from the savages, as the Whites would be constantly on their guard.

Without further molestation, on the following morning the train resumed the journey; and, in a brief time, reached Great Salt Lake City in perfect safety.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 123).

AT this time the majority of the quorum of the Twelve were away in the East. Only P. P. Pratt, John Taylor and W. Richards were here. Elder Taylor was very sick and for some time in a dangerous state, through the wounds he received at Carthage. He had four balls shot into him and another ball struck his watch and broke it to pieces. To this small shield he may truly be said to owe his life; for but for that the ball doubtless would have gone through his heart. Dr. Richards was not hurt, although he was in the room where Hyrum was killed all the time the firing continued.

This sorrowful circumstance had a tendency to cement the hearts of the Saints more closely than ever. No threats were

offered, no disposition for revenge; all concluded to leave the case in the hands of the governor, who had pledged himself that the murderers should be brought to justice; and if he failed, the Saints were willing to leave it in the hands of God.

On Friday, the 5th of July, a large raft of pine lumber, containing 87,732 feet, was landed at the city for the temple. The brethren turned out liberally with their teams to haul it to the temple, where it was secured in a few days.

In a few days afterwards another raft, of 67,952 feet was received and hauled to the temple. This gladdened the hearts of the Saints.

Soon after this period the Saints were again made to sorrow on account of the death of Brother Samuel H. Smith, which took place on Tuesday evening, the 30th of July, after a very short illness; this being the third death in the family within five weeks.

There is now only one brother left of the family, viz: William. He was in the East during the progress of these afflictive events.

About the middle of July, the sisters of the branches of LaHarpe and Macedonia sent word to the temple committee and stated their anxiety to see this building progress still more rapidly.

They proposed if the committee would build another crane, they would furnish the means to build it with, and seemed wishful to go ahead with it immediately. The committee and recorder counselled on the subject and it was decided to comply with the wishes of the sisters.

Sister Clark, wife of Raymond Clark, was authorized to collect the contributions. She immediately started, and returned on the 29th with money and other property, amounting in the whole to \$194, which was more than sufficient to build a new crane.

The committee immediately set the carpenters to work, and on the 3rd of August the crane was put in operation under the management of Joshua Armstrong, the setter, and Horace Owens to back up, and W. W. Dryer, Wm. Austin and Archibald Hill to attend to the crane.

They commenced work on the north side and very soon satisfied the Saints of the utility of the movement. The works now progressed rapidly.

On the 4th of August, Elder Rigdon returned from Pittsburgh and laid a plan to draw away the minds of the Saints by proposing or instructing the Saints that they must now choose a guardian—intimating that he himself was the proper person.

Fortunately, on Tuesday, the 6th of August, five of the Twelve returned home, viz: Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Lyman Wight, Orson Pratt and Wilford Woodruff. This event appeared very providential. They were just in time to frustrate Elder Rigdon's plans. This they did effectually.

On Thursday, the 8th, the Church voted to sustain the Twelve as the proper authority to govern the Church. The result was the open apostasy of Elder Rigdon and some others, who immediately left for Pittsburgh.

After this event the Saints seemed more and more united, and a better feeling prevailed. The works of the temple moved on with astonishing rapidity, and on the 23rd of September the first capital was put up.

The stone weighed about two tons and when the stone was at its height, and the men were attempting to draw it to the wall, the crane gave way at the foot of the wing or angle, which circumstance caused considerable danger. By great

care the stone was safely landed and set without any further accident.

On Wednesday, the 25th, as the brethren were beginning to raise one of the capitals, having neglected to fasten the guys, the crane fell over with a tremendous crash, breaking it considerably. As soon as it was perceived that the crane was falling, the hands fled to get out of the way. One of the brethren, Thomas Jaap, running directly in the course of the falling crane, barely escaped being killed. The crane struck the ground and was within a foot of striking his head. This circumstance hindered the workmen some; but in a few days the crane was mended, reared and the brethren again went to work on it.

About this time, Ira T. Miles came down from Lyman Wight's company, who were then in the north, having left the city, as was supposed, through cowardice, as they expected we should be routed and the city destroyed.

About the same time, Jacob Morris came down from the same company and stated that Miles had come with the intention of setting fire to the lumber, that the building might be hindered, as Lyman Wight had said the temple never would be built.

Whether this was the intention of Brother Miles or not we could not learn satisfactorily. However, enough was known to induce the authorities of the Church to advise the committee to have some of the old police guard the lumber and the temple night and day. The police have continued to guard it to this time. There has since that been many threats thrown out from the Rigdonites and other sources that the temple never should be built, and no doubt an attempt would have been made to set fire to it if it had not been well guarded all the time.

The workmen continued raising the capitals until December, when, on the 6th of that month, the last one was safely deposited in its place; which was a source of great joy to the Saints. Many fears had been entertained that Brother Player would not be able to finish them before Winter set in, but it seemed as though the Lord held up the weather until this important piece of work was accomplished. About two hours after the capital was set it commenced snowing very briskly, and at night the ground was covered about four inches, and it froze very keenly.

There were then twelve of the capitals without the trumpet stones; and they remained in this state until the following Spring.

The cost of each of the capitals was about \$300. The first and last of the capitals were cut by Charles Lambert and Harvey Stanley.

I will further say that when the hands were raising the last capital, and had got it about half-way up, one of the block shives in the tackle broke and rendered it impossible in the situation either to raise or lower the stone. This circumstance presented a great difficulty, but after some consultation the hands fastened the rope below the tackle, so that it could not slip, and left the stone suspended while they took down the blocks, put in a new shive and fixed the blocks again.

The stone was then raised without further difficulty, and was set precisely at twenty minutes before one o'clock. This was the heaviest stone among the whole number.

After the death of President Joseph and Patriarch Hyrum, Joseph having been sole Trustee-in-Trust, when the Twelve returned home they held a council and appointed Newel K. Whitney and George Miller, the two presiding bishops, Trustees-in-Trust. This was on the 9th of August; and a few days

afterwards, the trustees entered upon the duties of their office.

In the early part of December the trustees and Twelve held a council to talk on the propriety of employing a suitable number of carpenters this Winter to prepare the timber works for the temple, so as to have it all ready when the stone work is finished. It was decided to employ fifteen persons as steady carpenters; and the architect was authorized to select such men as he may have confidence in—men who are well qualified to do the work that is wanted.

It was also concluded to fix up a shop in the temple for the carpenters to work in. Accordingly the south side of the lower story of the temple was weather-boarded around. A very good shop was made by this means, which was completed on the following Saturday; and on Monday, the 16th, the men selected went to work in their new shop. Their names are as follows:

Truman O. Angell, William Felshaw, William F. Cahoon, Joseph T. Schofield, Samuel Rolfe, Zimri H. Baxter, Adison Everett, John Stiles, Hugh Riding, Miles Romney, Jabez Durfee, Stephen Longstroth, Benjamin Rolfe, Nicholas T. Sileock and William Carmichael. Hiram Mace, Wandel Mace and Gideon Gibbs were appointed to attend the saw-mill and Daniel Avery to turn grindstone for the carpenters, keep the shop clean and take care of strangers who might visit the building.

During the early part of January, 1845, the High Priest quorum entered into an investigation of the propriety of building a hall for their accommodation. On the 26th, President Young and some others of the quorum of the Twelve attended the meeting of the quorum, when the subject was again discussed. President Young made some remarks on the subject and concluded by advising them, instead of building a hall, to go to work and finish the upper room of the temple, and by this means they would soon have a room to attend to the ordinances and save much expense.

A vote was taken on accepting President Young's proposition, which was carried without a dissenting voice. The brethren immediately commenced bringing in their donations to the bishops for that purpose. This matter served as a new stimulus among the Saints to use every exertion to finish the temple as speedily as possible.

On Wednesday, the 12th of March, Brother William W. Player commenced work again on the walls. He got one stone up just as the bell rung for dinner.

On Friday, the 14th, there was a man killed on the stone quarry by a stone falling on his head while the brethren were blasting rocks. This is the only accident of any moment that has ever happened on the temple or any of the works connected with it.

On Thursday, the 27th of March, 1845, Brother Player put up the last trumpet stone, at about three o'clock, p.m. He also laid the first stringer for the large upper Venetian window in the east side.

(To be Continued.)

COMMON SENSE.—To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation.

THE ZION OF GOD.

WORDS BY H. W. NAISBITT.

MUSIC BY GEORGE CARELESS.

Moderato.

Though dark clouds may gath-er a-round thee, Oh Zi-on, thou Zi-on of God; Tho' nations u-nite to con-

found thee, And make per-se-cu-tion their rod: Yet thy light shall no more be sus-pend-ed— Thy

name from the earth be erased— Till the reign of oppression is end-ed: Thy foes are for-ev-er disgraced!

CHORUS. *f*

O Zi-on shall tri-umph and shine as the sun, As de-creed in the long, long a-

go, For the will of our God on the earth shall be done, In that kingdom no might can o'erthrow.

Thine enemies now may upbraid thee,
 Oh Zion thou Zion of God;
 By dungeon and fine may persuade thee,
 And threaten thy sons with the rod;—
 Thou can'st point to the martyrs of ages,
 To Prophets, Apostles of old;
 Or tell the wild world of the sages,
 Of Jesus "the Lamb" of the fold!
 The battle-cry need not alarm thee,
 Oh Zion, thou Zion of God;
 No weapon yet fashioned shall harm thee,
 Or cast thy head down to the sod;
 Should the smoke of the fray in its blackness,
 Outrival what Egypt once knew,
 In the infinite arm is no slackness,—
 Beyond the dense cloud is the blue;

For thee, there is more than oppose thee,
 Oh Zion, thou Zion of God;
 Then do not in sadness suppose thee,
 Thy pathway of thorn is untrod!
 For the angels before thee shall hover,
 Thy rearward by day and by night,
 And the hand of the Father shall cover,
 To keep in the highway of right;
 As gold in the furnace he tried thee,
 Oh Zion, thou Zion of God;
 His great heart, His love will not chide thee,
 For feeling, then kissing the rod!
 Thou shalt sing with the hosts from all nations.
 The songs of the Zion divi-ne,
 'Mid the Temples, with his generations,
 From worlds which in glory shall shine!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 111.)

THERE appeared to be considerable wealth in Santa Fe. The people raised but little grain but almost any amount of sheep, goats, mules and donkeys. Merchandise was about as cheap as in Fort Leavenworth.

On the 13th of October, Lieutenant Colonel P. St. George Cooke, by order of General Kearney, took command of the Mormon Battalion. A detachment under Cap. James Brown, of Company C, with all the sick and infirm, were sent from Santa Fe to Winter at Pueblo, on the Arkansas River, as it was thought inexpedient to undertake, at that late season of the year, to continue them through to California. Well, I believe the colonel acted wise in that but unwise in other matters. In that detachment I had a dear sister, and a brother-in-law, John W. Hess. I felt lonesome after they left, and missed their company very much.

Captain Brown, with his company, left on the 18th, and the next day noon our new colonel, at the head of his command, took up the line of march for "Saint Francisco," California, as it was then called, and which was understood to be our place of destination.

Our course was now south, following the Rio Del Norte for three hundred miles, thence west over mountains and across trackless prairies and parched deserts for twelve hundred miles or more before reaching the Pacific Coast. Much of the time we were reduced to quarter rations and often had to sink wells on the deserts for water. In my opinion, no mortal man can fully describe or write a full history of that campaign as it really was.

But enough. I will return to the Rio Del Norte. In our marching we passed a great many Mexican towns and villages. Our camps were visited more or less every day by Mexicans, who brought wood, corn, beans, meal, apples, grapes, wine, goats' milk, goats' cheese, onions—the finest I ever saw—tobacco and molasses to barter for old shoes, old boots, pants, shirts, vests, brass buttons, pocket looking-glasses, and horn combs, etc. They seemed to prefer such articles to gold and silver; and well they did, for it gave us a chance to treat ourselves to some of the luxuries of the country, as well as to increase our scanty supply of provisions; for soon after leaving Santa Fe we were reduced to three-quarters rations, then to half, and finally, to quarter rations.

The road down the Del Norte was sandy. Grass was scarce and our teams soon began to fail and give out. In passing over sand-hills and ridges, twenty or more men took hold of each wagon, some with long ropes and others lifting on the wheels. The men also carried their guns and knapsacks, as well as their cartridge boxes, in each of which there were thirty-six rounds of ammunition. Pushing and pulling while living on short rations was well calculated to use men up.

I have ever since thought it was a very unwise plan to leave Santa Fe with only sixty days' provisions instead of enough for one hundred and twenty days, as advised by the guides. The excuse was that enough provisions could not be had, nor could teams be procured to haul them. Men grew weak; beef cattle became poor, and it was the custom to kill work animals, such as worn-out oxen, and issue the meat to the battalion. The best and fattest the colonel gave orders not to kill—only such as became weak and unable to work. The strongest and best oxen were reserved for duty.

We passed large flocks of sheep and goats, herded by Mexicans dressed in leather, with blankets around their shoulders. They carried bows and arrows in their hands and kept dogs by their sides. Some had staffs, or long sticks, with sharp spear-points in the ends. The sight to me looked novel. At one place, our commander purchased three hundred sheep to be driven along for the use of the command as mutton. They were a scrubby-looking lot, and they soon became so poor that they could scarcely keep up with the battalion; and whenever a sheep gave out by the way it was killed and eaten by the rear guard, or poor, worn-out soldiers who had fallen behind, being unable to keep up with the main army.

Before leaving the Rio Del Norte, it was discovered there were quite a number of men too sick and weak to carry their muskets and knapsacks, and stand the journey through to California. Accordingly, another detachment of sixty-odd, under Lieutenant Willis, was sent to Pueblo to Winter.

Colonel Cooke now gave orders to the commanders of companies to leave the ox wagons and pack the baggage on mules and oxen. It was laughable to witness the antics of the frightened oxen after their packs were on. Some of the boys said they "kicked up before and reared up behind," bellowing, snorting, jumping up, wheeling around and pawing and goring the ground. However, they soon became perfectly gentle. We were now some ways out of the settlements. The waters of the Rio Del Norte were turbid. Our boys caught some fish, and one evening a beaver was captured by one of the guides. One of our hunters killed a deer, another a turkey; and they said there were signs of bears.

In some places there was an immense amount of broken pottery-ware strewed all over the face of the country for acres in extent. It had the appearance of stoneware, and some glass. There were some Mexicans traveling with the battalion, on their way over the Rocky Mountains to trade with Indians. They said the Spaniards or Mexicans knew nothing about how such ware came to be there and that the Indians of the country have no such articles. Much of it was nicely glazed and flowered.

On the evening of the 12th of November, a number of the boys organized themselves into a debating club to pass off the time, as well as gain information on different topics to be brought before the school and discussed *pro* and *con*. I also took part in the debates. Although living on soup made from the carcasses of poor, given-out oxen, thickened slightly with flour (less than half rations), we felt well, and had good times in our polemics. That very day, the 12th of November, an ox, extremely poor and weak, gave out. He was killed and dressed, the meat brought to camp and dealt out to the army; and we only regretted we did not have full rations even of that, as poor as it was, and thus go on our way rejoicing.

(To be Continued).

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NO. 10.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

THE little cut on our first page to-day illustrates a small portion of Caernarvon Castle, situated in the town of that name in North Wales. It was built by Edward I., of England, and was commenced in 1248. It is one of the noblest ruins in the kingdom, the most part of the walls being still entire, and enclosing an oblong of three acres. The walls are seven to nine feet thick, and are pierced by a covered gallery with loop-holes from which to discharge arrows. There are thirteen embattled towers, with five, six or eight sides, and surmounted by turrets. The gateway under the great square tower has four portcullises. The town itself, like most of the castle towns of England and Wales, was once surrounded by walls and round towers, which served in early times as a protection to the inhabitants inside. These walls, with several of the gates, still exist, but are now within the town. The old castle presents a beautiful and romantic appearance, with its crumbling towers and ivy-covered walls. The enclosure is nicely laid out in fine walks and green lawns and everything is kept in good order.

Lying against the castle on one side is the Caernarvon port. In one year nearly one thousand vessels enter and nearly five hundred clear the port. The harbor admits of ships of four hundred tons burthen. The chief exports are copper ore, coal and slate.

Caernarvon is a bathing place, and is much frequented by tourists on account of its vicinity to the grandest scenery in North Wales. Half a mile from the town are the remains, covering seven acres, of *Caer Seiont*, a Roman station or city. Gold, silver and copper coins and ornaments, and other Roman relics, have been found here. There is a Roman fort on the left bank of the *Seiont*, still almost complete, with walls eleven

feet high and six feet thick, with parallel rows of holes three inches in diameter.

Caernarvon was the seat of the native princes of Wales down to 873. This was during the days of Welsh independence; but on the conquest of Wales, the principality of Wales was bestowed by Henry III. on his son, afterwards Edward I. In the treaty between England and Wales, it is related that

Edward I. engaged to give the Welsh people a prince who would be born among them and not know a word of English, and fulfilled his promise in a way not at all expected by the Welsh, by having his wife removed to the castle just prior to the birth of her son. Therefore, in 1284 was born in one of the towers of the castle the first Anglo-Norman prince of Wales, afterwards the unhappy Edward II., of England. Since that time the title of prince of Wales has been borne by the eldest son of the reigning king or queen. Edward was the only prince, however, who was born in Wales since the principality became a part of the United Kingdom.

It may not be out of place here to say a little of the Welsh language and literature. The Celtic languages are divided into groups, *Gallie* and *Cymric*. To the latter of these the Welsh belongs, and has even given name as forming

the most important member of the group. It is often asserted that there is a close affinity between the Gaelic and *Cymric* tongues, but the intimacy is not so close as is generally supposed. A Welshman cannot understand a Highlander or an Irishman; he cannot even understand a Breton, though the language of the latter is undoubtedly *Cymric*.

Most extraordinary and amusing ideas of the antiquity of the *Cymric* tongues have been indulged in by some of the



writers of Welsh history. Pezron, the Breton investigator, gravely affirmed that Welsh and Armoric (which he considered the same) had been the language of the Titans, that is, the language of Saturn, Jupiter and other principal gods of heathen antiquity." The Rev. Joseph Harris, the editor of the *Seren Gomer*, remarked in 1814 that "it is supposed by some, and no one can disprove it, that Welsh was the language spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise." But unreasonable as the views of many patriotic Welshmen are on this subject, it is without doubt true that the Welsh is one of the oldest living languages in Europe, and that it possesses a literature reaching back to more remote times than that of any modern tongue.

The Welsh affirm that their language is exceedingly harmonious; but foreigners ignorant of the tongue, and associating no definite ideas that issue from a Welshman's lips, generally fail to realize its superiority to the Gaelic. One thing especially deserves notice: The Welsh people are profoundly attached to and familiar with it. It is not dying out, like Irish or Scotch Gaelic. It has a genuine literary as well as oral existence even now; and though the changes it has undergone since the days of Taliesin are numerous, yet it is essentially the same tongue as Cæsar and Agricola heard, and is consequently to be regarded with veneration as the solitary living link that unites those distant ages with our own.

W. J. L.

THE RESURRECTION. SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 131.)

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SCRIPTURAL AND SCIENTIFIC TRUTH.

OUR doctrine teaches that those who have fallen under the extreme displeasure of the Almighty shall suffer a spiritual dissolution corresponding in results with our bodily disintegration. The seeds of such spiritual dissolution are already sown in all of us, and none could escape the awful catastrophe of a dual disintegration, were we not permitted to reap the benefits of Christ's death and live by it. The simple non-interference of any agency, to cure the natural evil existing within us, would permit our complete and total reduction to our ultimate atoms. What, then, would be our fate without the death of Jesus? Our bodies would return to mother earth, and, if permitted, rise with the whole mass; and our spirits return to spirit dust; but whether natural law would ever operate to raise it again to a different state, we cannot determine.

But another and apparently stranger objection presents itself: "If life's necessary dependence is death, and death be a consequent of sin, then sin becomes necessary and men are unjustly punished for its commission."

To this we reply: Some sin is necessary; but because this is true it does not follow that we can excuse our every individual transgression on the plea of necessity also. There can be no question that Adam was bound to sin against the law of immortality in order to become the father of our race. When he transgressed against nature's law, he sinned against nature's God; but had he not done so there would have been no human

race as it now exists; and the recompense which he shall receive for his transgression will be a just one. If another has been instrumental in placing us under the death penalty (for in Adam all die), there is no reason why we, as individuals, should repeat the operation a thousand times, or even once. That we are in such a condition cannot be denied. Then, further, a sinful state, or a life in which we are liable to sin, is a prime condition of holiness. If there were no evil with the good there could be no choice; if no choice, no free will; if no free will, no virtue, in the strict sense of the word, for we could be no other than we would be. Adam's transgression was predetermined; and should we never be placed in similar circumstances to those which surrounded him while in Eden, our fall will be necessary and excusable. We are just where God designed we should be, and the results of the fall need no tinkering from us.

This reply does not, however, explain why death should be inflicted upon inorganic, unintelligent matter which is not capable of sinning. That it is unintelligent lacks proof; yet it is not capable of sinning in the same high sense that man is. Let us enquire what sin is. It is a want of conformity to law. Accordingly, there is not a single atom which has ever entered into the composition of vegetable life that has not first disrupted the law of affinity and afterwards formed new alliances; and this is strictly an analogous procedure to what occurs when sentient beings of the highest type sin. They disrupt the ties which bind, or ought to bind, the soul to its God, and form new alliances. Perhaps, then, sin may be chargeable against what is ordinarily considered as dead, unintelligent matter.

THE ETERNAL CHARACTER OF THE RESURRECTION DOCTRINE.

Infidelity assures us the resurrection doctrine lacks age. Its existence can date back no further than to the infancy of our race, which, according to the best chronologies, is not more than six or seven thousand years. Indeed, infidels say, there is no positive trace of the idea until long after the first pair dwelt in Eden; and it did not obtain a solid hold upon the faith of the masses until Jesus gave it the benefit of His sanction and approval, which was some nineteen hundred years ago. Thus, they assert, the new comer appears in the suspicious garb of a contingent truth; as something devised to meet the emergency of man's fall; invented presumably to remedy its effects, and to satisfy the soul's longings for perpetual existence. Hence, it is not founded upon a necessity; but upon the consequences of human frailty.

If the doctrine depends on Jesus, or any other being, it can not be eternal, and consequently is no truth at all. It can have no such warrant as the known truths and laws of nature, which have existed as they now do from the eternities.

We have already accepted the proposition that what is true is eternal; and now it is insisted in turn that what is eternal is true. It is not asserted that all that is eternally true is right; for if sin has existed from the beginning, it is an eternal truth, but is not, therefore, right. In the matter of the resurrection, however, which does not involve any principle of morality, if it be an eternal truth it is true in every sense of the word.

(To be Continued.)

A HORSE is not known by his furniture, but qualities; so men are to be esteemed for virtue, not wealth.

WHERE ARE THE "MORMONS' FRIENDS?

BY W. J.

WE live in a wonderful age. Reform is its watch-word. Improvement treads on the heels of improvement. The spirit of progress is rife, and great advancement is made in the arts and sciences. Religion, also, is not neglected. This being peculiarly a religious age, great attention is paid to it, and it has undergone many changes and so-called reforms. But have these changes and so-called reforms improved it?

If John Wesley were resurrected, and the Methodism of to-day submitted to him, he would soon discover many departures from the religion he taught and established; and he certainly would fail to discern any reforms in those departures. This assertion is ventured on good grounds, and without the least fear of disproof. And the writer recollects very clearly hearing a Methodist preacher say about the time of the opening of the exhibition in London, over thirty years ago, that a genuine Wesleyan Methodist was advertized for to place in said exhibition; thus showing, so far as he and the advertisement were concerned, that the true followers of the good, old, faithful reformer were very scarce at that time, and he also intimated very strongly that the genuine article could not be found. And this single instance illustrates about the kind of reform, improvement and advancement, that have been going on for many years in other sectarian churches in this brilliant age of gospel light and refinement.

Again, were Jesus and His apostles to return to the earth, and search carefully and diligently for the true religion they labored and died to establish, where among all the sectarian churches of Christendom would they find it? Yes, where? And echo answers, where? And yet many have been trying for nearly eighteen centuries to improve the work of God! The self-styled "Mother and mistress of all churches" has been the longest in the business, and among the many improvements introduced by her may be named the following, which were added to her creed at or near the times named:

Holy Water A. D., 120, Penance in 157, worship of the Virgin Mary in 496, Purgatory in 593, Invocation of saints in 594, Kissing the Popes toe, in 709, Image worship, in 715, Baptism of Bells in 1000, and transubstantiation in the same year; Celibacy in 1012, Indulgences in 1190, Dispensations in 1200, Inquisition 1204, Confession in 1215, Elevation of the host in 1222, Immaculate conception in 1854, and Infallibility in 1870, followed by the temporal power dogma; and through these and other things John, the revelator, styled her "the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth."

But, although they would certainly fail to find *their* system of religion among the various sectarian churches, yet they would surely find one thing which existed while they tabernacled in the flesh, viz: *the spirit of opposition to truth and righteousness*. Then it persecuted the saints, crucified the Messiah, martyred the apostles and others, and caused a universal apostasy from the church which Jesus had established. Now they would find it persecuting the church which Jesus, through the Prophet Joseph Smith, has established in these last days, and martyring its apostles. They would find the same spirit which, in the first century of the Christian era, cried "Away with him! crucify him!" Now murderously hostile towards the Latter-day Saints, and crying "Away with them! persecute them!" Confiscate their earthly possessions! And use fire and sword to exterminate them from the face of the earth!"

And in the midst of all this the question often suggests itself to the mind: "Where are the friends of the Latter-day Saints?" But it is not designed in this question to declare by implication that they *have* no friends, for they have; yet the question is very pertinent just now; and a very apt illustration of this point presents itself right here. It claims to show the mania for skating rinks, by answering the question: "Where are the non-skaters?" The reader can apply it. It is as follows:

Peter Brown left Brockton, Mass., about three years ago, and last week he returned, and just as he was strolling down the street to his native town, Brown was surprised to see the granger attired in a dress suit, with a silk hat, and a big diamond blazing on his shirt front, and he inquired:

"Been to a funeral to-day?"

"Why, bless you, no!"

No? I see you have on your best clothes. Are you farming yet?"

"Farming? Well, I should say not. I am running a roller skating rink down here."

"Where is your son Jim?"

"Oh, he's running a rink in H—ll."

"And your daughter Liz?"

"She's skating under the management of Tim Jones in a Boston rink."

And your wife?"

She skipped out with Prof. Meehin, an instructor that I hired when I opened the rink."

Is Elder Longersman preaching here still?"

No, he resigned the ministry, and is now a rink instructor."

"Who's preaching in his place?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody? What's the matter?"

"The church is turned into a skating rink."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, true as preaching."

"Where's Bill Beck, the groceryman?"

"He went out of the business a year ago. He's got the ice-cream stand in my rink."

"Pshaw! Where's Aunt Sally Bakon and Deacon Schultzer?"

"Why, my friend, they're traveling round visiting rinks doing the old man and old woman act on skates. I tell you they're immense."

"Say, Dan, what became of your old shepherd dog, Carlo?"

"Derned if the dog didn't get the fever, and one day he sneaked in behind the place where I keep skates to hire, put some on, and rolled out on the floor just as nice as any human being, when all of a sudden his hind pair of skates got mixed up with his tail, which tripped him up, and he fell backwards and broke his neck."

"Poor dog!"

"Really I can't help crying when I think of his sad and tragic end."

"Is there anybody left in the town who does not skate?"

"Yes."

"Where are they?"

"Up in the cemetery on the hill."

THOSE who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, should remember that nothing can atone for the want of prudence; that negligence and irregularity long continued will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous and genius contemptible.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE BRIGHT LITTLE BOOT BLACK.

WE will trace the history of this bright little boy's life still further and see what was the result of his industrious habits, and his orderly way of performing his work. A boy of this character was not destined to always be a boot-black, or to work continually at something of this kind. His ambition was to be something more than a mere plodder in the drudgery of hard bodily labor. He used his head as well as his hands while at work, and as his business increased he endeavored to make improvements around him.

He obtained permission to erect a stand upon the corner of the street, where his patrons could seat themselves comfortably while having their boots polished. This increased his custom so much that he was unable to attend to it himself, so he had his brother, who was next to him in age, to help in the business.

By the industry of these two brothers, and the saving habits of the mother, the family managed to live pretty well. James' ambition, however, was not yet gratified. He was not content to remain at this labor. He desired to become a manufacturer, and to be a producer of some article or articles that would be useful to the public. He carefully saved all his spare money to start some industry.

But there was still an obstacle in his way. He hardly knew what business to go into. He had no trade himself, and he could not afford to hire tradesmen to do all the work if he should commence some industry.

The business he thought himself the most capable of performing was the manufacture of brushes.

He had used shoe brushes for several years, and considered he understood some little about them.

In fact he had managed to make some for his own use, although they were not as well put together as those which he bought.

He continued at his stand as a boot-black until one day he became acquainted with a man who had had some experience in the manufacture of brushes. This man was out of work, and was unable to open a shop and go into business himself, but was willing to work for James if he would start such an industry. He also agreed to teach

him and his brother the business. James accepted this offer and immediately set about to make arrangements for starting this new enterprise. He sold his stand and the good-will of the boot-blackening business for a good price. With this and the earnings he had saved he was enabled to purchase a few necessary tools, and rent a place in which to work. Although he had to commence on a very small scale, his business increased by degrees. His wise and orderly manner of conducting the work produced the same result as before, and his business continued to prosper. It increased year by year until the two brothers became wealthy and influential manufacturers.

You can see, therefore, that there is something to be learned from the most humble and apparently insignificant. This shows that however humble one's occupation is he has an opportunity of improving it and thereby bettering his own condition. It matters not what circumstances a person may be placed in, if he has a desire to improve his surroundings, and labors to that end, he is sure to succeed. Let those who are engaged in some employment which does not exactly suit them, continue at it, if it is honorable, and all honest labor is honorable. If there are some features about it which you do not like, try and better them, and if you find it impossible to avoid what is disagreeable to you about your labors, perform them to the best of your ability, and the day will surely come when you will find labor that is better suited to your feelings.

HOW PONTO GOT HIS DINNER.

PONTO in his youth had been a very wise and active dog. Not only had he been brave at watching, but he had been taught to carry packages and notes for his master.

But, as he grew old and feeble, he gradually got out of the way of doing such services, and spent his time mostly in sleeping, or in jogging about, without care.

One day his mistress had told her husband, as he went to his business in the morning, to send around the carriage at ten o'clock. This he forgot to do; and when the hour came, and there was no carriage, the lady knew it would be necessary to remind her husband of his promise.

But she had no one to send with a message. At last she chanced to remember that Ponto used to

go on such errands, and, writing a note, she called him to her, and said,

"Here, Ponto, take this note to your master."

Ponto took the note carefully in his mouth, but did not seem to know what he was expected to do with it.

"Go, Ponto," she said; "take the note to your master." He trotted on a little way, paused, turned and hesitated, and then trotted a little farther.

This he repeated several times, and at last, started off at a good gait.

But wise old Ponto! Did he, after so much pondering, take the note to his master? Not a bit of it! He went straight to the butcher's, and presented the billet, wagging his tail at the same time, as much as to say, "Here's an order for my dinner!"

The butcher, understanding the situation, rolled up a nice piece of meat in a paper, and gave it to Ponto, and then himself delivered the note to the gentleman.

Ponto stalked home as proud as a king, laid the package at his mistress' feet, and waited, with a delightful, expressive wag, for her approval.

Of course she gave him all the meat, patted his faithful old head, and called him "good Ponto."

The carriage came in good time; and Ponto does not know to this day but what he did exactly as he was told.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 8.

1. Who called upon Joseph and the brethren while they were translating in Pennsylvania? A. David Whitmer.

2. What invitation did he extend them? A. To go with him to his father's place in Fayette, Seneca Co., New York.

3. How long did Joseph remain there? A. Until the translation of the Book of Mormon was completed.

4. Name those who are known as the three witnesses to the truth and divinity of the Book of Mormon. A. Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris.

5. What great privilege did the Lord grant unto them?

A. To see the angel handle the plates and turn over the leaves one by one, so that they could see them and the engravings which were upon them. They also saw the breast-plate which was in the box with the plates, and the sword of Laban.

6. Name the other eight witnesses.

A. Christian Whitmer, Jacob Whitmer, Peter Whitmer, Jr., John Whitmer, Hiram Page, Joseph Smith, Sen., Hyrum Smith and Samuel Smith.

7. Where was the first edition of the Book of Mormon printed and published? A. At Palmyra, Wayne Co., New York.

8. How many copies were printed in the first edition? A. 5,000 copies.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. When did Joseph and his family arrive in Kirtland, Ohio? 5. When and where was the fourth conference of the Church held? 3. What did the church now number? 4. Where did Joseph and some of the prominent Elders journey to after the conference? 5. What important revelation did Joseph receive while here? 6. When was the ground dedicated for a temple in the land of Zion? 7. When and where was the fifth conference held? 8. Where did Joseph and some of the Elders remove to from Independence.

The following named persons have sent answers to the questions in No. 8: L. R. Anderson, J. R. Young, C. Alfsen, Ovidia A. Jorgenson, S. Stark, Louisa Steele, Martha A. Terman, H. H. Blood, R. Hurst, Leone Rogers, M. Monson, D. W. Evans, W. J. C. Mortimer, W. E. Cole, J. R. Morgan, Eliza J. Morgan, Janie Smith, Alice Crane, W. N. Draper, Etta Huish, A. L. Page, H. L. F. Stout, Emily E. Brough, S. P. Oldham, Alice A. Keeler, J. M. Kirkham, A. J. Barrett, J. V. Bunderson, Dencey E. Terry, G. S. Forsyth, G. E. Court, F. Pickering, R. H. Brown, N. Andrus, Sarah Bennett, W. L. Worsencroft, M. Monson, Ina Pomeroy, M. E. Chandler, M. M. Sechtenberg, H. Tuttle, Jr., T. Budge, Jr., E. Porter, Sarah E. Cole, Lucy D. Perry, Lizzie Hatch, Jos. Folkman, F. W. Kirkham, Rosie M. Sedgwick.

THE answer to the Enigma in No. 8 is GRAIN SACK. Correct solutions have been received from Wm. Brewer, Henneferville; C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City.

ONE of the discoveries made by the late arctic explorers is that the length of the polar night is one hundred and forty-two days. What a place that would be in which to tell a man with a bill to call around day after to-morrow and get his money!

LESSONS FROM REAL LIFE.

RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME.

THE advice has been so frequently given, that its repetition here seems almost superfluous, for our young people to contentedly remain at home, and not seek, by running away from their parents' roof, to better a condition with which they, in their inexperience, find some cause, either real or imaginary, to be dissatisfied. The experience of so many who have thus sought to better their condition is so sad and unpleasant that it seems somewhat remarkable that there are still such youths in this Territory who will follow a road which has proved so disastrous to those who have gone before. Yet doubtless there ever will be those who, failing to accept the counsel of others, must learn in the bitter school of experience how foolish it is to always follow the evil inclinations of their hearts. Not a single instance can I now recall where a young man or woman of Utah has left a home and deserted parents but what grief has followed.

An instance comes to mind, just now, of a young man who left home when he was sixteen years old because he thought he could improve his condition. A good home had always been provided for him and his work was not of a very laborious character. But the desire to roam took possession of him and he went to Nevada, where for some eight months he was engaged in driving a four-horse ore wagon. This work he found anything but easy and it caused his mind to frequently revert to the home he had left and to wish he were again there. His pride, or stubbornness, however, prevented his returning, and he finally worked his way into California and from there into Arizona.

At this latter place he met with a number of adventures. He became associated with cowboys, he himself being employed to herd and drive cattle. With these men he would drink, swear and carouse and thought at the time that he was enjoying himself very much in so doing. He was sometimes with them when they would ride into a town and to a saloon, where they would call for liquor, which the proprietor knew it would be best for him to furnish. After becoming thoroughly intoxicated they would often draw their pistols and make targets of various articles in the room, and complete their work by smashing nearly everything in the place. They would then ride away to sober up and not infrequently return again in two or three days and pay for the damage done.

Occasionally, too, they would have a general disturbance among themselves in their night camps. At such times one of them would generally manage to extinguish the light, and then the crowd would engage in promiscuous shooting, which often resulted in the severe injury, or perhaps death, of one or more of the participators. In one of these melees our young runaway unfortunately happened to be engaged, and in the pitchy darkness he received four buckshot in his back, one of which he carries to this day.

This occurrence somewhat cooled his ardor for a roaming life and he returned, when sufficiently recovered, to the place of his former residence, but not to his father's house. One day while walking along the street he met his father face to face, and the latter immediately burst into tears and prevailed upon the boy to return home with him. Work was now offered the wayward son which it was thought would be agreeable to him, and for a time he worked very steadily and hopes began to grow in the hearts of his parents that he had learned

a lesson in contentment by his past experience. Scarcely, however, were such ideas entertained before the son again left his employment and home.

He found work at herding and driving cattle as he before had done, and by association with men engaged in a similar occupation his morals were not improved. He finally became reckless of his own character and engaged with others in taking cattle which did not belong to him. As a result he was arrested, tried, found guilty and sentenced to six years' imprisonment, only three of which he has, as yet, served. He is now only twenty-five years old, but his bitter experience makes him feel very much older. He sorrowfully bewails the sad experience of his life, but he can blame no one but himself for the fate which has befallen him. The first improper step he now recognizes to have been that of running away from home.

Can our young readers draw a lesson from the experience of this young man? We hope so. If the condition of anyone is not as desirable as it might be, the way to improve it is by diligence and faithfulness in study and work, by firmness in keeping all the righteous laws of God and man and to avoid evil in whatever form it may be presented. Such characteristics are bound to bring their possessor honor and reward in this life and glory in the world to come.

VIDI.

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued from page 109.)

VLADIMIR sought his friends. He had hoped to find them at the palace in the Vosnosenskoï Prospekt; but he was disappointed.

The mansion was dark, and the young lieutenant wandered away in much sadness.

The printing cellar was his only recourse.

To this he fled, hatless, coatless; shedding his raiment by the way.

Once within the walls of the cellar, Pojarsky felt secure. He little knew how closely he had been tracked.

That night the paper was printed. While he was offering his help the police made a descent.

They came to find him; and he was there—sleeves rolled up and fully engaged in work.

To all outward appearance he was a Nihilist.

He and his associates were at once incarcerated; and the next morning, when they were arraigned, they were all sentenced to Siberian exile.

Three days later, Vladimir was wandering sadly over the grim route which leads to the place of Russian punishment.

(To be Continued.)

OF all sights which can soften and humanize the heart of man, there is none that ought so surely to reach it as that of innocent children enjoying the happiness which is their proper and natural portion.

A TRIP TO THE CANYON.

BY J. C.

HAVING been somewhat jaded and wearied with the constant care and bustle of life's pressing duties and anxieties, I concluded one fine, lovely Spring morning to leave my cares and duties all behind for a short season and seek, in nature's haunts of peace and solitude, that change and brief, sweet rest which my body and spirit so much needed and desired.

I left home precisely at 9 o'clock a.m. and sauntered along in pensive mood, with steady, measured step, undecided at first as to whither I should go, when all at once something seemed to say to me:

"Go to the canyon: there you will best find the object of your search. There, better than in any other place, you can commune with nature and God, and find a balm for your troubled spirit, and regale your wearied body with draughts of fresh, pure air and limpid, sparkling water."

In strict obedience to this monitor within me, I leisurely bent my steps thither, fully convinced that I should realize the full benefit of the prompter's admonition.

About half an hour's steady travel in an easterly direction brought me to the entrance of the mountain gorge; and a little less than an hour's further walk up the canyon found me at a point where, partly through fatigue and partly from curiosity, I felt induced to look around for a suitable place to rest.

I soon became convinced, from my favorable surroundings, that circumstances had conspired to favor my purpose, for before me lay imbedded a large rock, with a flat, moss-covered surface, while at its edge bubbled a pure spring of beautiful water. I sat down on the soft moss, saying as I did so: "Hail to nature's sofa!" And now for luncheon, and some of this pure, nice water, which, by the way, my steady locomotion of the past two hours very materially assisted me to relish. The lunch I had supplied myself with for the trip was none of the dainty class of food, but I can assure you it tasted as sweet to me on this occasion as the richest food could have tasted in one of the finest hotels of the country.

My stomach's cravings appeased, I arose from my comfortable seat to take a stroll around a little, and imagine my delight when I perceived that around me on every hand were pretty, modest, little wild flowers, of every hue and color, smiling at my feet as if to bid me welcome; while on the willow boughs that overhung the foaming, swift-winding stream that rushed to the valley below, sat perched a happy group of gay-plumaged warblers, pleasantly mingling their sweet, little songs with the incessant murmur of the steady, foam-crested torrent. For a moment I felt so overcome and transported with joy that I quite forgot myself and felt as calm, joyous and peaceful as though I were again a child. When I fully awoke from my reverie, I could not help thinking that if little birds and tender flowers can suffer to be crossed, tossed, scourged and trampled and still smile so sweetly and sing their Maker's praise so well, how wanton and weak, indeed, is man to frown, fear or tremble in the midst of a little trial and affliction!

But if God has placed pretty trees, shrubs, plants birds and flowers in our grand mountain passes, He has also filled them with stupendous and awful wonders, in frowning ledges, yawning chasms, wild beasts and eagles, and sparkling, leaping, dashing cataracts. Here we find a very striking contrast,

Here sit side by side things of the greatest beauty and delicacy with those that inspire the mind and heart with awe and wonder. Scenery befitting all tastes and temperaments of disposition and character, yet eminently adapted to inspire the lowest as well as the highest intelligence with a profitable and due conception of Him whose power and wisdom transcends all human understanding.

But, as time and space would fail me to describe to my young readers and friends the many curious, wonderful things that I saw during this short stay in the canyon, I will leave them to consider the few thoughts I have expressed and ponder them over, because it is by thinking of God and His greatness and goodness that we learn to serve, praise and love Him. And it is not only in canyons that God's power is to be seen, but we can see it in all the various spheres of life, on the mountain tops, in the heavens above us, on lake, river or ocean, and in all the earth, wherever our lot may be cast.

As some of my young friends may have wanted to see the canyon for a long time, and may not have yet had the chance to go there, I believe I can take it upon me to promise them, if they are kind and good to their parents, that they will some time soon get their wishes granted, for fathers and mothers love to please their children when they are obedient and good.

When the time comes for them to be taken to the canyon to see the beauties and wonders there, I hope and trust they may enjoy the treat as much as I did, for I certainly came home renewed in spirit and body, and with a greater assurance than ever that God is a being of majesty, love, mercy and truth.

WHAT KILLS.—In the school, as in the world, far more runs out than wear out. Study is most tedious and wearisome to those who study least. Drones always have the toughest time.

Grumblers make poor scholars, and their lessons are uniformly "hard" and "too long." The time and thought expended in shirking would be ample to master their tasks. Sloth, gourmandizing, and worry kill their thousands, where over-study harms one. The curse of Heaven rests on laziness and gluttony. By the very constitution of our being they are fitted to beget that torpor and despondency which chill the blood, deaden the nerves, enfeeble the muscles, and derange the whole vital machinery. Fretting, fidgeting, ennui, and anxiety are among the most common causes of disease. On the other hand, high aspiration and enthusiasm help digestion and respiration, and send an increased supply of vital energy to all parts of the body. Courage and work invigorate the whole system, and lift one into a purer atmosphere, above the reach of contagion.

The lazy groan most over their "arduous duties," while earnest workers talk little about the exhausting labors of their profession.

Of all creatures, the sloth would seem to be the most worried and worn.

PROPORTION thy charity to the strength of thy estate, lest God proportion thy estate to the weakness of thy charity; let the lips of the poor be the trumpet of thy gift, lest in seeking applause thou lose thy reward. Nothing is more pleasing to God than an open hand and a close mouth.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

CHILDREN should be taught a habit of politeness. How much more pleasant it is to receive a polite answer than it is to receive a rude one! It costs no more to answer properly than to answer improperly. How much more kindly disposed one is towards a person who answers properly than to one who answers coarsely and impolitely! Let two young men start out on a mission together; one of them a polite, well-bred young man and the other uncouth and rough, through want of proper training in his childhood and youth, and how much more likely the former is to succeed in making friends and accomplishing the object of his mission than is the other! It is true the latter can learn by experience and self-cultivation to be polite and courteous in his manners; but it is a difficult lesson, and he would have learned it with greater ease in his childhood and youth.

There are some people who are polite to those from whom they expect favors. This sort of politeness is prompted by selfishness; it is used with the expectation of reward; but the truly polite man is polite to children and to those who are dependent upon him. If he be a married man he will be polite to his wife or wives and to his children; if he be an employer he will be polite to those whom he employs; if he be a storekeeper, or in any way dependent on the public for its patronage, he will not only be polite to his customers, but he will also be polite to the poor and to the stranger and to those who may be, for any cause, occupying an inferior station to himself.

True politeness is prompted by a kindly disposition, not alone for those in whom we are deeply interested because of relationship, friendship or self-interest, but for all classes.

A true Latter-day Saint, who understands the principles of the gospel, and seeks to carry them out, will naturally be a polite man or a polite woman. Those feelings of love and charity and kindness which the Spirit of God inspires will prompt one to treat with politeness and good-will all with whom he is brought in contact.

Men or women may be ever so poor, but the gospel teaches us they are our brethren and sisters; and a Saint will be no more rude to such persons than he would be to the rich or to those who occupy high positions in society.

We have seen children who were polite to their parents and to visitors, but who would take liberties with the hired help in the house or with hired men on the place, as though they were their inferiors. Such rudeness should always be checked, and children should be taught to respect the feelings of the poor and the unfortunate, to be considerate of their feelings and to say or do nothing that would have the effect to cause them to feel their dependent position.

It is quite common in the world, where class distinctions prevail, to treat with much deference and politeness those who are wealthy and who wear fine clothes; but to be scarcely civil to those who wear coarse clothing.

Among the Latter-day Saints such a practice should never prevail. Love and kindness should be cultivated, and these feelings should be shown to all without regard to dress or wealth. Children should take pleasure in aiding each other and their parents and friends to the best of their ability. This is the foundation of true politeness. Politeness must be real and honest, or it is but a thin varnish which soon wears off.

There are some young people who appear well-behaved and polite in company and away from home, who are rude and unkind at home. Young men of this description are all smiles and good nature to their lady friends in company; but to their mothers and sisters at home they are ill-natured, uncivil and heartless.

Young women also of this class are very sweet and attractive to the young men in whose company they may be thrown at a party. At such times one might think their faces never knew a frown and their lips never uttered a cross word. But how different their demeanor at home! All their polite expressions, their kind and attractive looks, which, perhaps, their friends admired, are laid aside, and their parents and brothers and sisters see them as they are—selfish, careless of the feelings of others and impertinent.

Such persons have what may be termed “society manners.” When they marry, their politeness is not for home use, but for outside show.

The husband has uncouth expressions and rude conduct for his wife; but for other ladies, when thrown into society, he has courtesy and gracious words and deeds, and those who did not know him at home might mistake him for a polite gentleman.

The wife may have sour looks and bitter, cutting words for her husband; but let another man enter the house and an instant change takes place—the voice loses its sharp, angry tones, bad temper disappears from the face and it is wreathed in pleasant smiles.

Such politeness as this is not genuine: it is a sham. But there is plenty of it in the world. From the society of Latter-day Saints such politeness as this should be banished.

Young men and young women who are not frauds will not reserve their sweet looks and bland expressions and solicitude for the happiness and well-being and comfort for such strangers or chance acquaintances as they may meet in society; but their relatives in the family circle will have the full benefit of all this amiability. They will be as courteous, kind and thoughtful towards their parents and brothers and sisters as they are to their lovers, or if they have no lovers, to those whose regard and affection they may wish to win.

In many instances, however, politeness is like the fine clothes we sometimes wear. It is put on for special occasions, or for outward show, and not for daily use. The result frequently is, the young man, when he becomes a husband, forgets the manly courtesies and polite attentions which he lavished upon his wife before they were married; and the wife forgets the pains she took before marriage to please and attract, by winning ways and sweet speech, the man whom she has for a husband.

In the most of instances both endeavored, by carefulness and tidiness in dress and general appearance, and polite and respectful demeanor, to appear to the best advantage and to make the most agreeable impression upon each other.

But with marriage, to often, all this is changed. Familiarity, if it has not produced contempt, has at least lessened that regard for each other's feelings which was so marked in their association before marriage.

If true politeness were cultivated such changes in manners after marriage, or difference between home manners and society manners, as we here allude to, would not be seen.

The husband would be attentive and kind, as patient and forbearing, and as thoughtful and self-sacrificing about the comfort and convenience of his wife as he was when he was striving to win her as his bride.

The wife would be as pleasant in speech, as agreeable in manners, as considerate of feelings and as anxious for the interest and welfare of her husband as she was when he was her lover.

Instead of rudeness there would be gentleness; instead of cold indifference there would be the warmth of affection; instead of sour looks and cross words there would be glances of love and expressions of kindness. With the lapse of years there would be an increase of mutual respect and tender regard.

These are the fruits of true politeness—a politeness which itself is prompted by the Spirit of God.

Children reared in a household where these feelings reign will be truly polite: they will respect the feelings of others; and, all other things being equal, will be more likely to make agreeable and judicious husbands and wives than if brought up where these lessons of politeness are neglected.

We trust all our JUVENILES will cultivate this charming feature of character.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 144.)

SUNDAY, November 15th, was a rainy day. Camp did not move. Some of the boys went out to hunt antelope. When they came in they reported that up the creek about five miles they found a large vineyard, with good grapes, of the tame variety, such as the Mexicans have, still hanging on their vines. The vines were standing in nice, regular rows. They brought in some of the clusters.

While in camp the boys brought in an old, white ox that gave out the day before. He was killed and the meat was issued as rations. The flesh was jelly-like in looks, but it was saved and made into soup. This creek was named White Ox Creek, and the valley White Ox Valley.

The morning of the 16th was clear and cool. We marched about fifteen miles and camped by a weak spring. Grass was plentiful but wood was scarce, except fine brush and soap-weed, which we used for fuel. Here we saw as many as thirty holes cut in a large, solid, flat rock, from twelve to fourteen inches deep and from six to ten inches in diameter. These, it was supposed, were used to catch water whenever it rained. Near our camp some of the men found a lot of antelope and deer skins dried, or cured, and stored away in some rocks. They probably belonged to Indians.

Early on the following morning, before taking up the line of march, a soldier espied his captain taking pork from the commissary's wagon, which he laid on the tongue of his own wagon, and his wife cut off slices to fry for breakfast. This soldier told his messmates what he had seen, whereupon they laid a plan to get the nice piece of pork. The plan worked well and they got the pork. They expected to hear something from the captain when he should discover what had been done, but

not a word was said about it, for it was only the same kind of a game they played upon him as he had himself just played.

Here let me tell a little about what I have seen eaten by hungry soldiers: Sheep skins that had been used under pack-saddles, it mattered not whether the mules' backs had been sore or not. The wool was pulled off and the paper-like hide laid on coals, singed, roasted and eaten. It was the custom whenever a beef (if a worn-out skeleton-like ox could be called such) was killed to use, not only the carcass, but the hide, heels pate, paunch and all, whether we had water or not to clean it with.

On the 18th, we marched twenty miles and encamped on the Membris, a beautiful running stream, which sank in the sand not far below our camp. The surrounding country was beautiful. That day I was well nigh used up, being so weak, and withal not very well. The days were warm and the nights cool. Our teams began to look better, and although the grass was dry we found by examination that the stalks were juicy. It was believed it did not rain much and the grass cured on the stalks like hay, and the cattle and mules were very fond of it.

On the 19th, as we were nearing camp, one of my messmates, Jesse B. Martin, slipped out of ranks and, as luck would have it, killed a fine antelope and brought to camp. It was a nice one and very fat. Our cooks lost no time in preparing a sumptuous supper for nine hungry men (the number composing each mess). It was a risky piece of business on the part of Brother Martin to do as he did without permission, for the orders from the colonel were that no soldier should leave the ranks, except the three who had rifles.

On the 20th, camp did not move. The guides had been ahead and reported there were no signs of water except at one place about twelve miles ahead, and in their opinion there was no more to be had until the Gila River, about one hundred miles distant, was reached. This was discouraging news. At this the colonel called a council with his officers; and in the mean time he ordered a smoke to be made on a hill near by, to attract, if possible, an Indian from whom some information might be had in regard to a route or pass through to the Gila River.

I expect the meaning of making a smoke upon a hill should be explained to my young readers. I have heard it said by those who pretended to know, that among all tribes of Indians a smoke on a hill or mountain was a signal of want or distress, or of war. Smoke made in a valley was for peace. On this occasion our colonel wanted an Indian or some one who might be able to pilot us through to the Gila by some route where there were both grass and water, and for this reason a signal smoke was made on the hill, which indeed brought to camp some Mexican movers. They espied the signal and came dashing up on their steeds, frightening one of our men who happened to be a little ways from camp gathering wood. He dropped his load and ran for dear life, to the merriment of all who witnessed it. These men seemed to know nothing about the route across the country to the Gila, and it was decided by the council to follow the copper mine road, which the guides said led in a south-westerly direction, through Mexican settlements, where food and fresh teams could be had.

(To be Continued).

IDLENESS is a constant sin, and but the devil's home for temptation, and for unprofitable, distracting musings.



DESTRUCTION OF LISBON—EARTHQUAKE OF 1755. (See page 155.)

DESTRUCTION OF LISBON IN 1755.

PHILOSOPHICAL thinkers and writers try to account for all the phenomena which nature presents. Much time and means are spent by them in their endeavors to discover the causes that bring about certain conditions that exist in the universe. Many facts concerning nature's laws have been disclosed to the world of mankind. Numerous problems pertaining to the laws that govern our earth and other planets have been solved by learned and wise men who have carefully studied the workings of nature's wonderful machinery. But in trying to reveal the process by which results are effected in nature, men have undertaken to do more than they are able, and they have failed in their attempts. The curiosity that is inherent in man to seek out a cause for everything that exists about him has given rise to many theories and speculations respecting the origin of the creations which abound in the universe. Many of these theories are quite rational, and perhaps correct interpretations of existing mysteries; but others again are very absurd and unworthy of credence. To say the least, all of them are somewhat uncertain, as they do not seem to accord fully with the character of the phenomena they are supposed to explain. The causes of many curious freaks that nature presents to us cannot, or at least are not, accounted for satisfactorily. Men differ in their theories respecting the heat of the sun. While some suppose it is a great ball of fire throwing out such tremendous heat that it can be felt here upon the earth, with all the vast distance intervening, others are of the opinion that the heat we get from the sun is produced by the light which it reflects us, and which generates electricity on its way to the earth. Men are at variance concerning nearly every natural phenomenon. The cause of rain falling from the clouds, of snow forming into such beautiful crystals as it does before it reaches the earth, of the appearance of the rainbow, of the attracting power of gravitation which the earth possesses, of the earthquakes and volcanic eruptions that take place upon it, and of many other things that are observable, cannot be given with any degree of certainty. It is known, and has been for ages, that such peculiarities are possessed by nature; but it is here our knowledge ends. We can go no further except by supposition or theory.

There are many conflicting theories in regard to the earth's interior and the causes of earthquakes, volcanos, tidal waves, etc. No one will deny that such eruptions frequently occur, but the cause of them none can tell. While some contend that beneath the earth's crust there are fires raging continually, and occasionally breaking out to the surface in the form of volcanos, etc., others deny this to be the fact and advance other causes for the terrible upheavals that occur.

Whatever produces these mighty convulsions in the earth, it is noticeable that they are confined to a great extent to certain localities; and wherever they occur they are looked upon with dread and fear by both man and beast, as they sometimes cause great destruction to life and property.

One of the most notable earthquakes of modern times was that which visited the city of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, in the year 1755. The artist, in the engraving upon the opposite page, has endeavored to picture the awful and terrible scene that was presented at the moment of its occurrence. A considerable portion of the city was totally destroyed by this earthquake; and it is said that sixty thousand people

perished with it. The effects of this terrible convulsion are still visible at the present day. — E. F. P.

FREDERICK AND FRANKLIN.

VIRTUE, when it takes the form of sacrifice for a principle, compels admiration even from those who do not imitate it. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, did not admire the political principles which created the United States. Yet he was friendly to the patriots of the Revolution, and disliked the spirit shown towards them by the English Tories.

When he discovered that England had hired Hessian soldiers to be sent over to fight against her American colonies, he manifested his dislike of the work by levying the same toll per head on all those recruits passing through his dominions that was levied upon bought and sold cattle. General Washington he admired exceedingly, and to him the king sent a sword of honor from Potsdam, with the inscription, "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest." But he was "every inch a king." He believed in the "divine right" most emphatically.

In an old magazine, published in Philadelphia in 1788, to which Franklin was a regular contributor while he lived, I find an account of an interview of our philosopher with Frederick while negotiating a treaty with Prussia and the United States.

"Pray, doctor," said Frederick "what is the object you hope to obtain in your form of government?"

"Liberty, sire," replied the philosopher, promptly; "that liberty, that freedom, which is the birthright of man."

After a little reflection, the king replied:

"I was born a prince; I am become a king, and I will not use the power I possess to the ruin of my own trade. I was born to command—the people were born to obey."

Yet the treaty which he freely signed with Franklin embodied the most elevated principles of international rights.

TWO CURIOUS NEEDLES.—The king of Prussia once visited a needle manufactory in his kingdom in order to see what machinery, combined with the human hand could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which together did not weigh half an ounce, and marveled how such minute articles could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see that in this respect even something still finer and more perfect could be created. The borer—that is the workman whose business it is to bore the eyes in these needles—asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given and with a smile. He placed it at once under the boring machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished it with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished king.

The second curious needle is in the possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Redditch, and represents the column of Trajan in miniature.

This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalize Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle, scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle, moreover, can be opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

I THINK we make a great mistake in consenting to any arrangements by which religious teaching is separated from school education.

Our warfare is with unbelief. It is the unbelief of the world with which we have to contend. Its insidious advances in our own community are painfully seen and felt. How often do we hear the remark: "Oh, that young person has no faith!"

The parents are apparently good, faithful Latter-day Saints, but the child is an unbeliever. A most dreadful condition! You ask: "Why has he lost faith?"

The reply in many instances is, he went to a certain school; or perhaps he went out of the Territory to college and became an unbeliever. I have in my mind several such instances, where boys have obtained education of a certain kind, but they have lost their faith. My feeling has been that if what is called education can only be obtained at the expense of faith, then it would be better to let education go. But there is no necessity to sacrifice faith to gain education; for if we had more schools in which the principles of truth could be taught as a part of education, then we should have education and faith united. One would aid the other. The fear of God would be the beginning of wisdom. Unbelief would be checked, and parents would be gladdened by seeing their sons and daughters treading in their footsteps and contributing to the strength of Zion.

A good many of our people appear to have had the idea that school education was a panacea for every evil; that if they could only get their children educated they would be in the best possible position. In entertaining this idea they have imbibed the extreme views of our generation upon this subject. They have not understood the great truth, that education without religion is dangerous, and, in some respects, is almost worse than no education at all.

The effect of what is called secular education is easily perceived in our nation. There was a time when the Bible was not so rigidly excluded from the common school as it is at the present time, and the precepts which it enforces were not considered improper for the teacher to impress upon the minds of his pupils. This has all changed: religion and education in all the common schools, supported in part, or wholly, by taxes, are entirely separated; yet it is a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the large sums that are spent in education in the States, crime and other evils are increasing, pauperism is also growing faster than the population.

In the State of Massachusetts, where education of every kind, public and private, has been longer established than in any other State of the Union, the ratio of criminals to the whole population has nearly doubled in thirty years. In 1850 there was one prisoner in Massachusetts to every 804 of the population. But mark the change which thirty years produced! In 1880 there was one prisoner to every 487 of the population! Now, let it be remembered that in this State there is more money spent for education, and everything connected with the schools is more thoroughly administered than in any other part of the nation. This increase of crime is not due to the growth of foreign population in Massachusetts, for the native criminals there are increasing faster than the foreign-born criminals. In 1850 there was one native prisoner to

every 1,267 native citizens; but in 1880 there was one native prisoner to every 615 native citizens! So, you see the ratio of native prisoners to the native population more than doubled in thirty years.

If education, is the cure for all the evils that afflict society, how shall we account for the increase of crime in a State where education is so carefully and thoroughly furnished as in Massachusetts? Can any better proof be found of the fallacy of this view than is furnished by these figures? No; it is useless for men to try and redeem and elevate their fellow-man without God. When they attempt to do so they blunder. Latter-day Saints can find this out as well as other people. True education has for its foundation faith in God and a knowledge of man's relationship and duty to Him and to his fellow-man. It develops the moral equally with the intellectual nature of man, and by the exercise of faith he is able to progress more rapidly in all branches of true knowledge than he would without it. Massachusetts is furnishing convincing proofs of how much education of the popular kind will do towards making the people who receive it good citizens. The ratio of her criminals to the whole population, as I have before said, has nearly doubled in thirty years; and this in the face of the fact that she expends, through her public schools, for the tuition of each pupil in her school population, nearly sixteen dollars a year! Besides the public schools there are many more universities, colleges and academies amply endowed in that State than in any other State. What education of this kind can do for the elevation and benefit of the people has been done in Massachusetts. This is conceded; and it is also conceded that the condition of Massachusetts, in point of morals, is at least as good, if not better, than that of any other State. With all this, statistics show an alarming increase of the vicious and dependent classes in Massachusetts.

Can not the Latter-day Saints learn something from these statements? One thing is clear, if we trust to secular school education alone for the training of our children, we shall be in danger of having a generation of unbelieving men and women. We ought to be warned in time and take such precautions as the urgency of the case demands.

But it is not alone in the separation of religion from school education that the latter is faulty. There was for years in these valleys that the young people had so much labor to perform they could not get much time to go to school. In the struggle to live and to supply daily wants their help was needed. Then skill in labor, and not knowledge of books, was all-important. But in some parts of the Territory changes have taken place, and the young have more leisure and opportunities for school education. We are now in danger of going to the other extreme, and neglecting skill in manual pursuits for the acquisition of book knowledge. The tendency of education now is to encourage the love of trade and storekeeping and other similar ways of getting a living. Too many of our young men want easy berths, where they will not have to fatigue themselves with out-door toil or to expose themselves to rude hardships and soil their hands and their clothes. This is the effect of popular education in the States where it is carried to the highest perfection, and is no doubt one of the causes of the increase of pauperism and helplessness and crime.

What a pitiable sight it is to see a young man seeking for employment who has never been trained to labor, never acquired skill in any manual occupation and who is only qualified to use a pen or to do some light work more suited to women than to men!

The helplessness of such persons is painful to witness. It is from this class that paupers and criminals are recruited. A system of education that only furnishes this kind of training to its pupils is faulty and defective in the extreme.

With the education of the mind there should be the education of the body; with the development and training of the intellectual faculties there should be a corresponding development and training of the physical powers. It is well to store the brain with knowledge and to teach the young how to exercise their powers of thought; but it is also proper to impress them with the fact that it is with the skill of their hands, with the training of their eyes and the forces of their bodies, the greatest number of them will have to earn their living in this working-day world of ours. There should be industrial training in manual work combined with intellectual education; and experience has demonstrated that pupils can be thus trained and greatly quickened in their studies by the combination.

We have no schools among us at the present time where manual instruction is combined with intellectual education. I hope, however, the day is not far distant when we shall have them. In the meantime, the duty of training the young of both sexes in manual industry devolves upon the parents. If the boys are trained to labor, or if they should learn trades, such training will be an advantage to them through their lives. If the girls should be taught to be good housewives, no matter how rich their husbands may be, they will find such knowledge useful. Latter-day Saints, of all people now living, should have their mental and physical powers developed to the highest perfection; for in the changes which occur, no other people have such frequent need as they for the exercise of these powers.

The want of schools in which religion is taught leaves to parents the greater responsibility of teaching the children its truths at home. So with manual industry. Parents of children should not think they have done all their duty to their children when they have fed and clothed and sheltered and sent them to school. It may be the fashion in the world to entrust the entire training of young people to teachers and professors; but it should never become the fashion in Zion. Parents cannot divest themselves in this way of the responsibility which they owe to God and their children. They should see to it personally that their children are taught faith in God and His gospel and the great truths of salvation, and also those habits of thrifty industry which will make them useful and enterprising citizens; and not leave this duty to others to perform.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 123).

On Monday, April 21st, Brother Player put up the first star in the architrave. At half past two o'clock, p.m., he notified me that they were about to begin to raise it. I immediately went to the east end of the temple. On my way I met Elder Heber C. Kimball, one of the Twelve, and we went and sat down together on Brother Cutler's fence, opposite where the stone stood.

We entered into conversation together on various matters, chiefly pertaining to our spiritual interests. We watched

the slow upward progress of the star with great pleasure. At precisely a quarter before three o'clock, it was properly set in its place; and the instant it was set, Brothers Edward Miller and Elisha Everett sprung for the top; but Brother Miller being a little the smartest he was on first and stood erect, viewing with pride the surrounding scenery. After he got down Brother Everett also mounted the stone and stood on it for some time. The top of the star is fifty-five feet above the ground.

The first star was put up on Joseph's corner, being the first one north of the south-east corner.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 29th of April, the first upper circular window was finished setting by Brother Player.

On Friday, May 16th, a little after two o'clock, p.m., having been notified, I went on the temple and sat down on the top of the south-west corner stairway, on the highest part of the stone work. I then watched Brother Player set the last star, being on the west end and the second one from the south-west corner. It was set exactly at three o'clock, p.m.

At this time the carpenters were very busy raising the timbers for the upper floor of the temple, having them all framed and quite a large amount was already upon the walls and body of the building.

On Monday, the 19th of May, while I was sitting on the temple, Brother Stephen H. Goddard met with an accident which was very near proving fatal. He was standing on the wall on the north side of the temple, assisting some others to take down one of the scaffolding poles. By some accident the foot of the pole slipped and struck him on the left side of the head. He fell head foremost, being stunned by the blow. Fortunately they had just got two joists in the floor and he fell across them, which prevented him from going down into the cellar, a distance of about sixty-two feet. And in all probability, if he had fallen down he would have been killed. The brethren raised him up and on examination found that he had received a cut on the upper corner of his left eye. His face was also much bruised. He bled profusely. I laid hands on him with two other brethren and he went home. He suffered considerable pain until evening, when it ceased, and in two days afterwards he was at work again, as usual.

On Friday, the 23rd, all the stone on the outside of the wall was laid, except the south-east corner stone. This progress was a great rejoicing to the Saints.

The Rigdonites have prophesied that the walls would never be built; but through the blessing of God we have lived to see the prediction come to naught.

On Saturday the 24th, at a quarter before six o'clock a.m., was the time appointed for the laying of the capstone of the temple. Quite a number of the Saints had assembled to witness the interesting ceremony. There were present, of the quorum of the Twelve; President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, John Taylor, Willard Richards, Amasa Lyman, George A. Smith, John E. Page, Orson Hyde, and Orson Pratt; also Newel K. Whitney, and George Miller, Trustees-in-Trust; Alpheus Cutler and Raymond Cahoon, building committee; William Clayton, temple recorder; John Smith, Patriarch and president of the Stake, and Charles C. Rich his counselor. Of the High Council William Huntington, Sr., Aaron Johnson, George W. Harris, James Allred, David Fullmer, William Weeks, architect, and William W. Phelps.

A few minutes before six, the band came up and arranged themselves on the platform in a circle a little back from the corner.

The names of the band who were present are as follows: William Pitt, leader, Stephen Hales, William F. Cahoon, Robert T. Burton, John Kay, James Smithies, Daniel F. Cahoon, Andrew Cahoon, Charles H. Hales, Martin H. Peck, J. T. Hutchinson, James Standing, William D. Huntington, Charles Smith and Charles C. Robbins, also William H. Kimball, color bearer.

At six o'clock the band played "The Nightingale;" and afterwards while the people were collecting, they played another tune. At eight minutes after six Brother William W. Player commenced spreading his mortar, perfect silence prevailing.

President Young stood on the wall immediately north of the corner stone, with Elder Heber C. Kimball at his right hand.

When the mortar was spread, the stone was lifted to its place by President Brigham Young, William W. Player, Tarlton Lewis, Elisha Everett, John Hill, Edward Miller, Charles W. Patten, Samuel Hodge, Hans C. Hanson, and Thomas Jaap.

President Young then stepped on the stone, and taking a large pebble began beating it to its place. He finished laying the stone with the assistance and direction of Brother Player precisely at twenty-two minutes after six o'clock.

The band then struck up the "Capstone March," composed and arranged by William Pitt, the leader, for the occasion.

President Young then spoke to the congregation, instructing them with regard to shouting the "Hossannah."

He then said, "The last stone is laid upon the temple, and I pray the Almighty in the name of Jesus to defend us in this place, and sustain us until the temple is finished and have all got our endowments."

The whole congregation then, following the motion of President Young, shouted as loud as possible: "Hossannah, hossannah, hossannah, to God and the Lamb! Amen, amen and amen!"

This was repeated a second and third time.

The President concluded by saying; "So let it be, thou Lord Almighty!"

He continued and said: "This is the seventh day of the week, or the Jewish Sabbath. It is the day on which the Almighty finished His work and rested from His labors. We have now finished the walls of the temple, and we may rest to day from our labors."

He said he would take it upon him to dismiss the workmen for the day; and requested the people to hallow the day, and spend it giving thanks to God.

He then dismissed the congregation, and in company with the brethren of the Twelve retired to the place of their retreat, where they can be safe from arrest by constables, and other officers who are prowling around the city from Carthage.

The people began to move away, but the band continued playing. John Kay also went on the corner stone and sang a song composed by Elder William W. Phelps, called the "Capstone Song." The morning was very cold and chilly. The Saints seemed highly interested and pleased with the morning's performance. According to the request of President Young all works were suspended and the day was kept as a holiday.

A few minutes after the Twelve left the temple a constable came up with a summons for several of the brethren, but he could not find them. He had also a summons for Daniel Avery, and we had notified Avery of it and he was counseled to keep out of the way; but contrary to counsel he unwisely went and made himself known to the officer, who immediately served the process upon him. For this piece of conduct, and others as bad, a council of the Twelve and trustees dismissed

him from the work and took Jesse P. Harmon, one of the old police in his stead.

On Wednesday the 28th day of May the first "bent" of the attic story of the temple was raised by the carpenters, and up to this time they continued to raise the timber works with pleasing rapidity.

Thus the work of this temple has progressed from the beginning to the present time without any serious accident except in the incident which happened at the stone quarry. The blessing of God has attended the whole progress of the work, and it has advanced beyond our most sanguine expectations. Our enemies have threatened all the time, and for the last two years we have had very little cessation from writs and other efforts of the enemy to prevent our finishing it. Many prophecies have been uttered against it; but the Saints have invariably pursued a steady course of perseverance. As the building has progressed, the Saints have increased their donations and tithings; and this Spring has exceeded all past times for liberality and donations from the brethren.

This being Saturday, the 31st of May, 1845, I will now say the circuit court of this county (Hancock) has been in session the past two weeks. Nearly the whole of the time has been occupied in that trial of Jacob C. Davis, senator for this county, Thomas C. Sharp, editor of the *Warsaw Signal*, Levi Williams, a colonel of the militia, Mark Aldrich and a Mr. Grover, before Richard M. Young, for the murder of Generals Joseph and Hyrum Smith on the 27th of June, 1844. The verdict was brought in yesterday and returned "Not guilty."

Thus the whole State of Illinois has made itself guilty of shedding the blood of the Prophets by acquitting those who to take committed the horrid deed, and it is now left to God to take vengeance in His own way and in His own time.

On the 16th of December, 1840, the State of Illinois granted us a liberal charter. The principal officers of the State being as follows: Thomas Carlin, governor, William Wilson, chief justice; Samuel D. Lockwood, Thomas C. Brown, Walter B. Scates, associate justices. These men formed the council of revision.

On the 21st of January, 1845, the State took away all our chartered rights and left us entirely destitute of protection.

The council of revision then stood as follows: Thomas Ford, governor; William Wilson, chief justice; and Samuel D. Lockwood, Thomas C. Brown, Walter B. Seates, Samuel H. Treat, Richard M. Young, James Shields, Jesse B. Thomas, and John D. Caton.

President Joseph Smith, first President and sole Trustee-in-Trust for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, together with Hyrum Smith his councilor and Patriarch to the whole Church, was martyred on the 27th of June, 1844.

They died firm in the faith and favor of God and universally respected and beloved by all the Saints. Their death was universally lamented, and their names will ever be held sacred by all the faithful in time and to all eternity.

William Law, who was appointed councilor in the stead of Hyrum when the latter was ordained a Patriarch, apostatized in the Spring or early in the year of 1844. And was a principal agent in causing the massacre of the President and Patriarch.

Sidney Rigdon, the other councilor, was rejected by the Saints in September last, for endeavoring to deceive the people and lead them to ruin. He has since denied the Church and organized a new one under another title, and from evidence before us has sought diligently to bring trouble and destruction upon the Saints of Nauvoo.

CRICKET WALTZ.

By E. F. PARRY.

mf

Repeat Sva. FINE.

p

Repeat Sva then D. C. to Fine.

FIVE YEARS IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

BY YAGGE CRECHEY.

(Continued from page 139).

BEFORE the governor was up the morning after I made the attempt to run away, the cook, who was generally the first one to rise, appointed another boy to get the milk. When this boy passed out the gate I went along with him and was not detected. Again I was free, and I concluded to go home. It was ten miles from the poor-house to the place where my mother lived. I reached there just as the folks were finishing their dinner.

My mother asked me where I was going. I told her I had run away from the poor-house. She gave me some dinner and informed me that I must return the next morning. That afternoon I spent in visiting old acquaintances with the hope that some of them would invite me to stay, but no one made any offer to me.

After remaining at home over night, I was sent off to the poor-house in company with my half-brother. After going a short distance from the house I sent him back and informed him that I did not intend to return to the poor-house.

There was a blacksmith that lived about ten miles from the poor-house, but in a different direction to my mother's home. He at one time had his leg broken, and being away from home, was taken to the poorhouse to be cared for. I was appointed to wait upon him while there, and when he left he invited me to come and live with him if I had no better place to go. I concluded to go and see this blacksmith if possible, although the distance from where I was to his place was nearly twenty miles.

I had only left my brother when it began to rain again. It continued till I did not have a dry thread about me. Of course this somewhat slackened my determination, and I thought I would go back into the poorhouse. I went to the gate, and if I had seen anyone I would have gone in; but it rained so heavily that no one came out. I stood there a few moments and then turned once more towards my mother's house. When I got four miles on the way I called at a house and asked for something to eat, and they gave it me. When I told them who I was they seemed to know all about me. It was now about dark, and they gave me no invitation to stay over night, although the rain came down in torrents. I continued my journey towards my mother's house, which was six miles distant, and arrived there about nine o'clock. I went to a stackyard in the village and tried to find a place to stay over night, but could not find any. I endeavored to get in under the eaves of the stacks of grain but the rain would pour down on my head, and I was glad to get away. Again I concluded to go to my mother's. But this time it required as much courage to go there as it would to go back to the poorhouse; but knowing no alternative I was forced to make the attempt. I went and stood in front of the house on the opposite side of the street. My step-father before going to bed, came out to look at the weather; and, as he opened the door, said to my mother, "Betsy, this is a most horrible night!" and then in terror shut the door, exclaiming that he saw my ghost on the other side of the street. As he opened the door I stood in the light of the candle as it shone through the door. This aroused and frightened the family. I moved away from where I was standing, and when they came to look for me I could not be found. Being rather superstitious, they concluded that it was a ghost

in reality that my step-father saw. I tried the stackyard again, but all to no purpose; I then returned to my mother's and made up my mind to crawl into the passage way of the house, and there lie down until morning. But on opening the door the latch clicked, and my step-father opened the middle door and discovered me. I was sent to bed with the understanding that I would have to leave in the morning.

The next day after breakfast, I was about to start out, but in going from near the fireplace to the door I fell down. I was unconscious for six weeks after this. When I came to I was reduced to a skeleton, and was unable to rise from my bed.

When I recovered from this spell of sickness my step-father undertook to deliver me to the authorities of the poorhouse. When we arrived at the place, the governor looked at me and said, "Yagge, I perceive you have not made much by running away from me. You are poor, dirty and ragged, and your punishment is a great deal more severe than I would have inflicted upon you."

He took and put me in the ward where all newcomers had to go to pass the inspection of the doctor before mingling with the inmates. While here I had time to review my life and my present situation. I felt as though I had not a friend in the world, and that my life was a failure. I cried most piteously in my distress, and it seemed my heart would break with pain and anguish.

In the afternoon the governor came to me again and said, "I think the doctor will not come to day, and I will assume the responsibility and pass you." He sent the porter to wash me and give me new clothes to put on. When I came out of the bath, about half an hour afterwards, I was playing with my old companions, and forgot all my sorrow. I soon got strong again, ready for business and new adventures.

(To be Continued.)

He that is taught to live on little, owes more to his father's wisdom, than he that has a great deal left him, does to his father's care.

A man that is desirous to excel, should endeavour it in those things that are in themselves most excellent.

NOTHING is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.

FRIENDSHIP improves happiness, and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy, and the dividing of our grief.

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RUINS OF POMPEII.

It is quite probable that most of our readers have heard something of the ancient city of Pompeii, which, with that of Herculaneum and Stabiae, was destroyed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in the year 79, A. D.

The illustration shows some of the ruins of this ill-fated city, which have been excavated during the last century or so.

Pompeii was a popular resort of the wealthy Romans, a kind of summer retreat probably on account of its pleasant situation and surroundings. It is said that many of the rich people had villas in its suburbs.

The city was situated near the mouth of the River Sarnus, and commanding a view of the Bay of Naples. It was somewhat damaged by an earthquake in the year 63, A. D.

Afterwards it underwent some repairs, but was finally destroyed by that terrible volcanic eruption which occurred as above stated in the year 79, just sixteen years later.

The houses of the city were buried to the top of the first story, not with lava, as some might suppose, but with dust and ashes that fell upon them. This mixed with the water from the disturbed river, which rushed through the streets, formed a kind of mud or cement, which served to preserve for centuries, the articles of furniture and the household goods

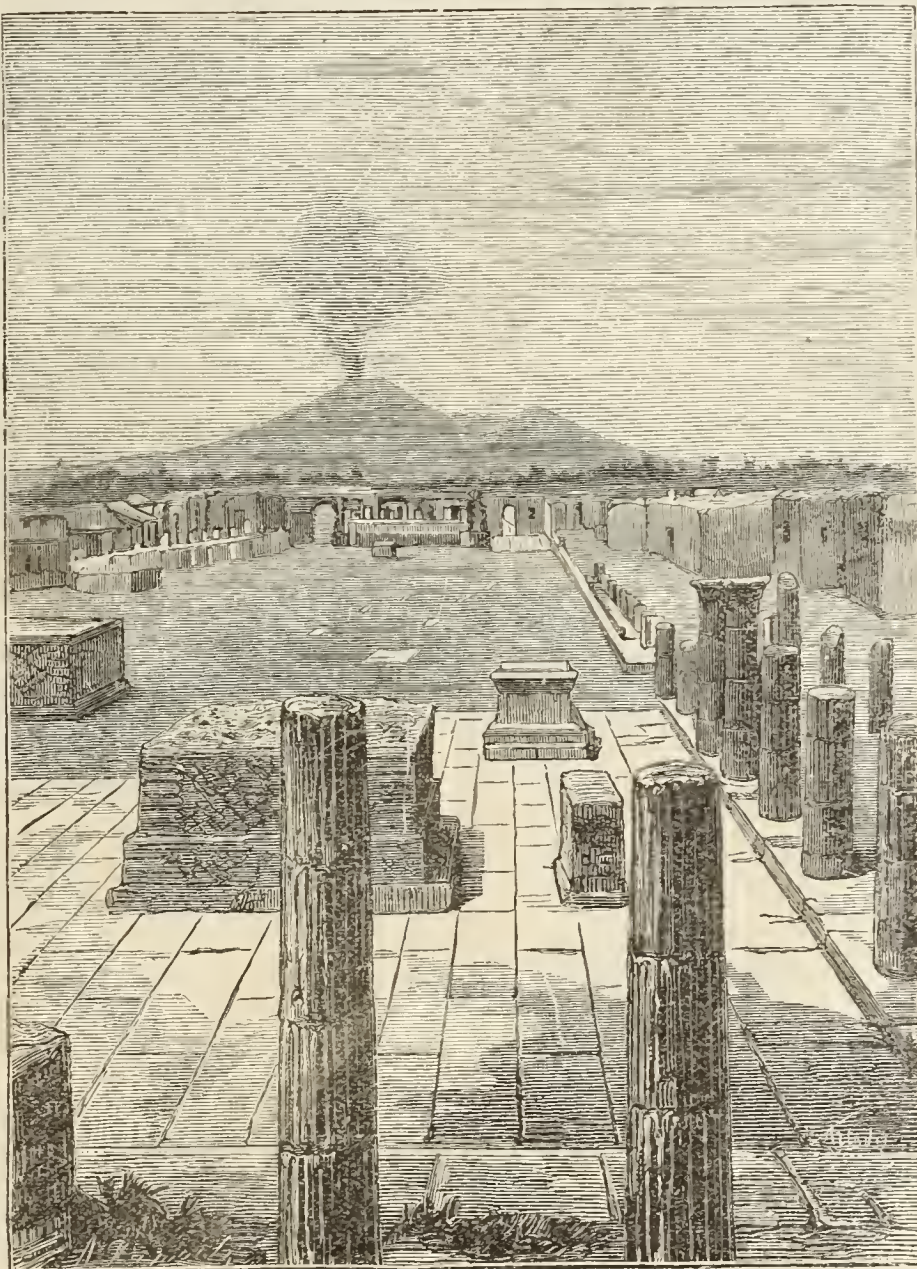
that were left after the people had fled. The walls of the buildings were also protected from ruin by the same means. This mixture of ashes and water found its way into the different

apartments of buildings, and effectually held the walls and roofs from falling in, otherwise the remains of this city would not have been so well preserved. It appears that most of the inhabitants had time to escape before the city was buried, as but comparatively few skeletons have been found by those engaged in excavating the ruins.

The terrific eruption which caused the destruction of Pompeii also turned the River Sarnus out of its course, and raised the sea-beach considerably higher than it was formerly.

In time the site of the city was forgotten, and for sixteen centuries it lay undisturbed beneath a heap of rubbish. As the surface of the country had been changed, the exact location of the city could not be determined. In 1689 some of the ruins were discovered; but not until 1755 were any excavations made. The government of Naples took it in hand to exhume this buried city, and for more than one hundred

years the work of clearing away the dirt and ashes has been going on, in order to bring to light the curiosities that might be found below.



It would afford a great deal of interest to visit the museum of Naples and see the great variety of articles which have been taken there from the ruins of Pompeii. It is remarkable how many household articles in use at the present day were also used by the Romans nearly two thousand years ago.

Such things as tables, chairs, beds, lamps, lanterns, jars, vases, bells, ornaments of stone, silver, etc., cooking utensils, such as saucepans, gridirons, colanders, kettles, ladles; and a great variety of other articles found in the modern house have been taken from these ruins. Their houses were built of brick and cement and were plastered with several coats of mortar made of lime and sand. A kind of hard finish was laid on as a last coat, and while it was yet moist pictures and designs were painted on it. The floors were made sometimes of cement inlaid with colored stones forming various designs, and frequently were mosaic. Carpets were also used for covering the floors. Many of the dwellings were fitted up with almost all the conveniences that are to be had at the present day. Toilet articles, such as are now used have been found, including ear-rings, hair-pins, combs, paint for the face, etc.

The excavations that have been made in this town enable us to get a very good idea of the style of architecture, in all its details, that was in vogue at the time its destruction or rather its burial took place. Many other things that help to give an idea of the social life of its inhabitants have been procured by the researches that have been made among the mass of ruins and rubbish that covered the site of this ill-fated city.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 146.)

THAT the cherished doctrine of the resurrection is hoary with the ages of eternities, can be proven clearly by the same record which propounds it as an article of our faith. In support of this affirmation we quote from *John v. 19-21*: "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise. For the Father loveth the son and showeth him all things that himself doeth. * * * For as the Father raiseth up the dead and quickeneth them; even so the Son quickeneth whom he will."

Take this truth in conjunction with another that the same apostle wrote when on Patmos:

"I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on earth," etc.; and compare both with the affirmation of Jesus, that His doctrine was not His, but the Father's who sent Him, and is it not manifest from these scriptures that Jesus did not, in any sense, originate the doctrine of the resurrection, either before or after He appeared on this earth? The terms, "revelation" and "origination" must not be confounded.

The gospel being everlasting, so also is the resurrection doctrine, and Jesus merely re-enacted laws and performed exploits like those which existed, or even manifested, in the eternities, in other places. This world is not the center of the universe and infidel ideas need expansion to comprehend a little of the immensity of God's saving operations and the universal applicability of gospel laws and doctrines.

Since Jesus taught the resurrection doctrine, He did so because He had seen a resurrection verity. Does not Jesus say as plainly as need be that His Father raises up the dead, and has tested every principle of gospel truth by actual personal experience?

We are aware this declaration will be bitterly antagonized by many; yet, if we propose to stand by the word of God, there is no evasion of the conclusion.

We ask, if the Father and Son are one, as asserted, and equal in glory, honor and dignity—unequivocally equal in all the infinite attributes of a glorified Godhead—why should it shock our sensibilities to predicate certain acts of the Father while we regard them as perfectly consistent with the Son's life and being? There is nothing dishonoring to God in the affirmation, if the chief glory of one person of the ineffable Godhead arises from the part he performs in redeeming a race of human beings, that the greatest excellency of the other must consist, not in borrowing Christ's glory, but in earning a glory of His own as the Son did. Thus we find the scripture, "There is nothing new under the sun," has a far wider application than we are wont to consider.

The assumption is baseless that Jesus is the first Author of the resurrection doctrine; His labor was confined to an extension of the operation that it might include us—a small branch of the human family which exists upon one of the smallest of habitable worlds.

St. Paul, speaking in Christ's behalf, says Jesus "brought life and immortality to light," not to life.

If a revelation, the mere uncovering of what is hid, is a genuine creation, then Jesus or the writers of the Bible may be charged with the origination of the resurrection doctrine, and of the other principles of the gospel. If we purpose, however, to accept the Bible as it reads, the gospel by which we must be judged, and in accordance with whose principles we ought to live, is a borrowed one; and it has saved worlds upon worlds in the eternities, and will continue to do so forever.

The references already made ought to set at rest the question of the eternal antiquity of the resurrection doctrine; but one more passage will be cited: *Psalms, xvi. 10, 11*:

"For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption. Thou wilt show me the path of life," etc.

The prophecy refers to Jesus and is specially peculiar in referring to a *path* that would lead the writer of the last quotation from the regions of the dead to life eternal. A path is a beaten track, a traveled course; and Jesus did not blaze out a new highway, but simply followed in the footsteps of His predecessors who may have been numbered by multitudes, for aught we know. Should any desire additional proof respecting the main allegation of this article, a careful perusal of the scriptures will disclose it in almost every book. Then, again, the Author of the gospel was thoroughly familiar with the law of life by death and originated the resurrection doctrine when He founded nature as it now exists. The correspondence of both demonstrates this.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCE AND THE RESURRECTION.

In this chapter it is purposed to examine the most important physiological objections that are urged against the verification of the resurrection doctrine. In substance these objections are as follows:

All dead bodies suffer disintegration, or dissolution, by which they are reduced to an invisible, impalpable dust. These par-

ticles, derived from the bodies of countless generations, float in the sunbeams and are made the sport of every wind; they mingle with the waters and are reduced to gases; they blossom in the flowers, or sway in the lofty pines. Thousands of human beings have perished in the sea, and their bodies have been devoured by fishes. Millions have fallen on the battlefield and their blood and dust have mingled with the soil. Vegetation seizes upon this blood and dust, just as it does upon other nutrient matter, absorbing and assimilating it to plant life. The beasts of the field browse upon the vegetation and in turn they become food for man. Man again dies and the process of dissolution, diffusion and reassimilation is repeated over and over again. To whom, then, in the resurrection shall these atoms belong, since, from the beginning, they have been going this ceaseless round? And probably thousands may lay claim to the same particles, for they have, at different times belonged to all. If one should receive them, how can others rise with the same bodies that were laid in the tomb?

Some, without proper investigation, are disposed to admit the full force of these apparently irresistible arguments and have adopted some hyper-spiritualistic theory of the resurrection. But if our faith in a literal corpse resurrection is weakened by such considerations, it must suffer a total wreck upon the barren and rocky shores of infidelity, if, leaving aside all intermediate agencies in the process of transferring the remains of one dead body into the living organism of another individual, we come at once to the revolting facts of cannibalism, which most convincingly prove the apparent truth of the objection. We find in all such instances that a temporary sustenance, at least, is derived by a living human organism from a dead human corporiety, and consequently the same particles, at different times, have formed integral parts of two distinct bodies; and the old question recurs: Whose particles shall they be in the resurrection? How is it possible that the conflicting claims of different individuals to the same atoms can be so adjusted that each one may be resurrected in his entire and complete personality? Is there any provision made by which, in such cases, we can each receive in our resurrected bodies the actual mathematical count of molecules which our friends deposit in the grave as the last sad tribute of respect? It certainly appears that if all contested particles be adjudged to belong to any certain person, let us say to the individual who first incorporated them into his body, all the other interested parties must suffer a corresponding loss; and in some cases the deficiency may involve a large portion of the corporiety.

But the resurrection doctrine is true, and there must be some method by which revelation and science can be reconciled in this very important particular. We do not affirm the arguments that shall be produced in the effort to accomplish this labor are true. We shall be obliged to accept the teachings of science, right or wrong, just as we find them, as our premises, and deduce conclusions from them.

Further, let it be remembered this effort is not specially directed to the forming of a theory of the resurrection; but rather to demonstrate that the present teachings of science do not in any essential particular negative the resurrection idea. Confession is made that if the facts are just as set forth by our opponents, any attempt to explain the resurrection doctrine in their light is futile. We directly affirm the infidel allegations are not true.

(To be Continued.)

A SMART BOY.

A GENTLEMAN advertised for an office boy. Among the crowd of applicants he selected a very bright boy of fourteen or fifteen, who he judged was the boy he wanted. After some little talk with the youth the gentleman asked him what salary he would expect.

The boy replied, "I think that I should be willing to work very cheap for such a nice gentleman as you appear to be, if you engage me for six months I will agree to work the first week for one cent provided you will agree to double my salary each week."

"I'll take you," remarked the gentleman, decisively. "One cent, two cents, four cents, eight, sixteen," he enumerated. "You won't get much for awhile," he added.

The boy suggested that as this was his first work, he would like to have the agreement drawn up in writing so that he could keep it as a souvenir.

The gentleman being a methodical business man himself, rather liked the boy for making this suggestion. Accordingly the agreement was properly drawn up and two copies made. Things went swimmingly for a time and the gentleman congratulated himself on his good fortune in getting such a good boy.

One day the gentleman was sitting idly in his office and commenced to figure up his boy's salary. These are the figures that confronted him:

First week,	.01	Fourteenth week,	\$1.92
Second week,	.02	Fifteenth week,	163.84
Third week,	.04	Sixteenth week,	327.68
Fourth week,	.08	Seventeenth week,	655.36
Fifth week,	.16	Eighteenth week,	1,310.72
Sixth week,	.32	Nineteenth week,	2,621.44
Seventh week,	.64	Twentieth week,	5,242.88
Eighth week,	1.28	Twenty-first week,	10,485.76
Ninth week,	2.56	Twenty-second week,	20,971.52
Tenth week,	5.12	Twenty-third week,	41,943.04
Eleventh week,	10.24	Twenty-fourth week,	83,886.08
Twelfth week,	20.48	Twenty-fifth week,	167,772.16
Thirteenth week,	40.96	Twenty-sixth week,	335,544.32
		Total,	\$671,088.63

When the gentleman had footed up this column he began to get excited; great drops of sweat stood on his forehead.

He tried to induce the boy to give up the agreement. But the boy wanted \$1,000 for it. With the aid of the boy's parents he succeeded in getting the agreement; but he was more careful in making this bargain next time.

MAN'S CAPACITY LIMITED.—The power, indeed, of every individual is small, and the consequence of his endeavors imperceptible, in a general prospect of the world. Providence has given no man ability to do much, that something might be left for every man to do. The business of life is carried on by a general co-operation, in which the part of any single man can be no more distinguished than the effect of a particular drop when the meadows are floated by a summer shower: yet every drop increases the inundation, and every hand adds to the happiness or misery of mankind.

SURELY he is not a fool that hath unwise thoughts, but he that utters them.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

TELL THE TRUTH.

It is always best to tell the truth. It is much easier to speak truthfully than to say that which is untrue. It needs no study or labor to become honest and truthful. The only way to get respect, and to be trusted, and to live in peace and happiness is by living an honest, upright life. There is nothing gained by telling lies, or by taking a dishonest course in life. Some day our bad actions will become known to others, and they will despise us, and we will be brought to shame and disgrace.

The following incident will show the folly of telling lies.

A little boy who had been sent to school by his parents, one day took it into his head to contrive some way to avoid going to the school room as usually. The only plan he could think of was to tell his parents a lie. The day he did not wish to go to school he pretended that he was not well enough. He spoke in such a whining way that his mother thought there was really something the matter with him, and she allowed him to stay at home for the day.

It was in the Springtime of the year, just the day before closing the school for the Summer. The reason he did not want to go that day was because he had been rather careless, and neglected to learn his lessons well; and he did not want to get up and make mistakes, to be laughed at, on this the examination day. He thought the examination would continue for another day and was anxious to stay at home again, but his parents concluded that he was able to go.

He objected to leaving home on the second morning, and it was only after much persuasion that he would start.

When he reached the school-house, which was nearly an hour after the time of commencing school, he was surprised to find it vacant.

He learned from the janitor who lived near by that on the previous day arrangements had been made to spend that day in pic-nicking in a beautiful grove, which was several miles from the school-house. He knew nothing of this until then; as he had not attended the school the day before.

It was now too late. The distance to the grove was too far for him to walk, and he missed this rare treat. It however, taught him a useful lesson which he did not soon forget.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

THE following letter, written by a young missionary in Germany to his little sister who lives in Salt Lake City, has been kindly handed to us to publish for the perusal of our young readers:

DRESDEN, SAXONY, GERMANY,

April 14, 1886.

Miss Gertrude W. Musser,

Salt Lake City,

My Very Dear Sister:

Your most welcome little letter of February 24th I received this morning, and you don't know how proud I am of you and of that sweet little letter. I did not know that you could write, and I am very glad that you can. I hope you will continue to learn right fast, so when I come home I'll think I've got the best and nicest brothers and sisters in the whole city.

Here where I am there is a little girl only two years old. Her name is Gertrude also! But we call her "Trudschen." She is always saying something in her baby way, and she calls me "man," but she is afraid of me most of the time.

I wish you and Eva and Minna were here with me a little while. I'd take you all out riding, and show you the pretty soldiers with their guns and swords, and we would listen to their beautiful music while they are marching, just as if they were in battle. And then there are so many other nice things here. The store windows are right full of pictures, dolls, play-houses, dishes, candy and nearly everything else that is nice. But the houses are so big. They look like mountains; and when you have to climb up so high you just get tired right out.

There is a big garden or park here, and in it is a little lake which is full of pretty gold-fish that play around in the water just as happy as they can be. I don't believe they quarrel with each other a bit, and I never saw them make faces or cry, or get angry, or tell their mother they did not want to do what she told them. I hope and believe you are just as good as these little gold-fish are, because you have a blessed, good mother and father. So I hope you will be a good little lady all the time; and when I come home I'll tell you just lots and lots of stories.

I remain your loving brother,

SAMUEL W. MUSSER.

It is worth while to learn to say no; but it is not worth while to snap it out, dog-fashion.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. Where did Joseph and his family remove to from Kirtland? 2. When did this occur? 3. What important work did he engage in while here? 4. When and where were the Saints instructed in the ancient manner of holding meetings? 5. When did the prophet take his second journey to the place the Lord had set apart as the land of Zion? 6. While here what works did they arrange to have published? 7. When and where was Joseph Smith acknowledged as the president of the High Priesthood? 8. When and by whom was Brigham Young baptized? 9. When and where was the first number of the *Evening and Morning Star* issued?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 9.

1. When were Joseph the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery ordained to the Melchisedec Priesthood? A. In the latter part of May or the beginning of June, 1829.

2. What power and authority has the Melchisedec Priesthood? A. To hold the keys of all the Spiritual blessings of the Church; to have the privilege of receiving the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; to have the heavens opened unto them; to commune with the general assembly and church of the first born; to enjoy the communion and presence of God the Father, and Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant.

3. When and where was the Church of Jesus Christ organized? A. April 6, 1830, in Fayette, Seneca Co., New York.

4. What were the names of the first six members? A. Joseph Smith, Jun., Oliver Cowdery, Hyrum Smith, Peter Whitmer, Samuel H. Smith and David Whitmer.

5. When and where and by whom was the first sermon of this dispensation preached? A. April 11th, 1830, in Fayette Seneca County, New York by Oliver Cowdery.

6. When was the first miracle performed in this Church, and what was the nature of it? A. During the same month; the devil was cast out of Newel Knight through the administration of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

7. Who were the first missionaries sent out by the Church to preach the gospel to the Indians?

A. Oliver Cowdery, Parley P. Pratt, Peter Whitmer, Jun., and Ziba B. Petersen.

8. On their way to the west where did they organize an important branch of the Church? A. At Kirtland Ohio.

The following named persons have sent answers to the questions in No. 9: Rosie M. Sedgwick, Marinda Monson, Ovidia A. Jorgenson, Louisa Steele, Mary E. Chandler, W. J. C. Mortimer, T. L. Davis, E. V. Bunderson, Sarah Cole, W. E. Cole, Eliza J. Morgan, J. R. Morgan, R. Hurst, Avildia L. Page, Lizzie Hatch, Alice A. Keeler, Huldah L. Stout, E. Porter, H. H. Blood, R. H. Brown, Rosina Brown, J. M. Kirkham, Lucy D. Perry, L. R. Anderson, M. A. Terman, Samuel Stark H. H. Blood, Alice Crane, Isabelle Moore, Emily E. Brough, S. P. Oldham, J. Folkman, Dency E. Terry. Leone Rogers, D. W. Evans, J. H. Jenkins, Janet L. Jenkins, R. A. Turner, G. S. Forsyth, Janie Smith, Sarah Bennett, A. J. Barnett, W. L. Worzencroft, Ella M. Huish, Walter N. Draper, F. W. Kirkham, F. Pickering, M. S. Harding, Jane Welch, J. R. Young, Jr., Newton Andrus, Ada Minkler.

A BONE FOR THE BABY.

ALMOST every one who ever had a bright dog, can tell curious stories of dog behavior. A gentleman in Erie, Penn., furnishes this funny anecdote:

"Mrs. J. has for some time past been the owner of a fine Esquimaux dog. A few months ago, Mrs. J. became the mother of a beautiful little girl, of whom the dog at first was very jealous. His better nature, however, soon asserted itself, and he became very fond of the child. A few weeks ago baby was crying loud and long. doggie came up stairs in evident distress of spirit, and whined in answer to the child's cry, but finally, as if a sudden thought had startled him, trotted quickly down stairs. He presently returned with a bone, well picked, of course, in his mouth, which, standing on his legs, he gravely presented to the baby."

THE answer to the Enigma in No. 9 is UNDERSTANDING. Correct solutions have been received from H. H. Cordon, S. I. Forsyth, H. L. Stout, I. Moore, Newton Andrus, Sarah E. Wright, Emile Vaterlaus, F. Pickering, Emily Wadley, Eleanor Owens, Teenie Jespersen, M. A. Allred, Leola V. Booth, Laura Peters, Irene Blanchard, John A. Ward, John S. Blain.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 153.)

IT was said by some we were now in the province of Chihuahua.

On the evening of the 20th of November, Father Pettegrew and Levi W. Hancock visited every mess in camp, requesting all to ask the Lord to direct our course for the best, even to changing the mind of the colonel not to go through the copper mine country. These men had been appointed by President Young to counsel, advise and act as fathers to the boys of the battalion. Of course the colonel knew nothing about what was up. These men were of the opinion that to go through the country where the enemy was stationed without meeting with an engagement would be almost impossible.

The next morning by 9 o'clock we were on the march, the colonel at the head of the command on his white mule. We had not proceeded far on the road leading south when he suddenly called a halt. After looking first in one direction and then in another, all at once he turned to the right and swore he was not going all around the world to get to California. Ordering his bugler to blow the right he led the way westward.

A feeling of relief and thanks to God were in every heart. Our prayers were answered. That night we camped without water.

The next morning we were busy watering our animals till nearly 11 o'clock, having to drive the stock two miles to water that had been found late the previous evening. After filling our canteens we marched about eighteen miles and camped without wood or water.

I became sick and felt like vomiting. This was caused by eating fruit that grew on a weed. It had the flavor of dried apples and made me very thirsty; and oh, how sorry I was when I learned there was no water and every canteen empty! Others who partook of the fruit complained of a sickly feeling, and, like myself, were very thirsty.

Our guides were still ahead in search of water. Near the setting of the sun we saw in the distance a smoke, believed to be a signal that water was found.

By sunrise the next morning we were on the march, and at 1 p.m. arrived at the spot; but the spring was so small we were ordered to continue ten or twelve miles further, where it was said water was plentiful. The ox teams were still behind and orders were left for them to camp here. Water was so scarce that I failed to get a drop, and only a few of the men got any. I was told there was a hole full of water; but the colonel and staff rode up and let their mules drink it. The little left was gathered up with spoons by thirsty soldiers to moisten their parched lips.

It was not until 8 o'clock at night that the front rank reached the water on the west side of a dry lake. That day was a day of suffering. Men and teams gave out and were all hours of the night coming into camp. I remember how provoking it was, for it seemed there was a lake only a short distance away; but we could never gain on it, as it kept about the same distance off. It was a mirage.

This brings to my mind what Mr. Hittel, of San Francisco, says, which may in some degree explain to our young readers what a mirage is:

"Among the most remarkable scenes witnessed in California are the illusions of the mirage, seen frequently in the deserts of the Colorado and the Great Basin. Mountain ranges so far distant as to be below the horizon are made to rise into view in distant and changing outlines. Apparent lakes of clear water are often seen and invite the traveler to turn aside for refreshment."

The following day we laid by to await the arrival of the ox teams. At this encampment we met some Mexicans who had been over the mountain to trade with Indians. The colonel purchased a few mules. The messes bought dried meat, but owing to it being so fat and oily it was believed to be horseflesh. But let that be as it may, I thought it the best dried meat I had ever eaten.

The next day we left Dry Lake and made eighteen miles over rough roads. Much of it we had to make crossing, as we believed, the backbone of North America. At night we had plenty of wood, water and grass. In a mountain near camp one of the guides killed a grizzly bear. The meat was brought to camp and eaten for supper. The next day we traveled down a plain or valley. On each side were mountains covered with rocks and pine and cedar timber. The soil in the valley was loose and rich.

During that day's march men began to lag, slip out of ranks and lie down until overtaken by the rear guard and brought into camp.

On the 28th, we made a short march. The country seemed to be alive with antelope and black-tailed deer. In size the antelope is not quite so large as the deer, which it resembles closely in form and general appearance. It is distinguished at a distance by its motion. The antelope canters while the deer runs. Antelope go in herds and move in line, following the lead of an old buck, like sheep, while deer more frequently are alone, and if in a herd they are more independent. The meat of the black-tailed deer is not so sweet as the Virginia deer, though it is good game for the hunter and may be approached with greater ease than the species found in Virginia.

The colonel sent for an Indian to learn if there was a pass leading through or over the mountain. Late in the evening the guides brought in a chief of the Apache nation, who said there was a pass through which pack animals only could go.

The next day the colonel ordered the loads taken out of the wagons and placed on pack mules to be sent over the mountain. I was detailed to lead a pack animal; but feeling so unwell I hired one of my messmates to go in my place. At dusk the packers returned, reported the road bad and the distance about ten miles.

By 9 o'clock next morning the battalion was on the march with pack animals and empty wagons. In descending, wagons were let down over ledges and steep places by men holding on to long ropes attached to them. By some mishap one got loose, rolling down the mountain with such force as to completely ruin it. Of course it was left. It was a marvel no more accidents happened, and it is doubtful in my mind whether Colonel Cook would have undertaken to cross the mountain had he any other body of men than "Mormons," for they can do anything they undertake, and those with them partake of the same spirit, and they think they can do anything a "Mormon" can.

The next day, December 1. at 9 a.m., camp broke, marched seven miles and made an early stop.

(To be Continued.)

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued from page 150.)

WHILE the hurried trial was in progress, Olga was half mad with impatient fear. She could not confide in her father, and therefore she dared not ask his help nor confidence. The proceedings of the military tribunal which passed upon Pojarsky's case were secret.

The princess, having once heard of her friend's danger, began at once to seek the means of giving him aid; but his fatal trial had already commenced before she was aware that he was not to appear at the bar of the civil courts.

As the head of the army her father, she felt assured, would know all the facts. But she dared make no inquiry.

For the first time in her life the imperious beauty was afraid of her father—not selfishly fearful, but timid lest, for her sake, the Count Ivanovitch should urge a more vigorous prosecution against Pojarsky.

Her only hope in this regard was that her father might fail to learn of her enthralling interest in Vladimir.

To old Michael she turned in this time of need. He served her faithfully—making daily visits to the market-places, the palace court-yards, and even seeking the society of soldiers to obtain information.

The aged servitor was devoted to his mistress, and he made every endeavor—sometimes at the risk of his own liberty—to learn the proceedings of the court martial.

One day he had returned thoroughly disheartened. He was weary and showed a downcast face.

As he entered the palace his beloved princess called him to her own apartments, and when they were alone she said:

"Ah, my dear old Michael, tell me the worst! I see by your face that you have bad news in store for me."

"No, Princess Ivanovitch. You are mistaken if you suppose that I have any definite bad news. Alas! it is the same old story—no news whatever. I did, indeed, hear someone say that the government wanted the Lieutenant Duke Pojarsky's imprisonment, and that this trial would end in his being sent to a military jail. But I cannot tell. Truth is so hard to find, and courage is so often the victim of tyranny."

With this premonition of evil Olga was forced to feed the anguish of her mind.

She dressed radiantly for dinner and came down at the usual hour to meet the count. Her face wore an uneasy expression, though she forced a laugh and smiling words to her lips.

They had no visitors; and despite Olga's effort to appear gaily at ease she felt the time drag wearily. The count was greatly preoccupied, else he must have detected his daughter's anxiety.

Just as the beautiful girl was about to withdraw from the table, her father carelessly said:

"Do you remember that impertinent young soldier who was so insolent to the czar one night when we were in this Hermitage?"

Olga gave one startled look at the count's impassive face, and then gasped:

"Do you mean the Duke Vladimir Pojarsky?"

"Certainly," replied Ivanovitch. "Well, in conformity with his insulting treason to his czar, he dared to call at this house to see me when he should have been far upon his way to England or France. I was at first disposed to look with some degree of leniency upon his follies; but I find that he deserves no sympathy. He has been living in the company, nay, the intimate daily society, of rebels and traitors. To-day I had the honor of submitting to the czar the findings of a court martial before which the silly boy was tried; and to-night I find that the decision of the military tribunal has been confirmed."

The count had been speaking without any apparent emotion; and he stopped just at the point where Olga's most intense interest began. In a faint voice she enquired:

"And what will be his fate?"

"Perpetual exile to Siberia! He has already departed with the train of exiles."

When these cruel words were uttered the princess could not restrain the scream of agony which burst involuntarily from her lips. A deadly pallor overspread her lovely countenance and she tottered towards the door.

Ivanovitch sprang to her side, with a murmur of astonishment, and attempted to take her in his arms.

But Olga repulsed him in a terrified way, and moaned:

"And you aided this inhumanity! Ah, my father, I loved Vladimir Pojarsky! You have banished him and you have planted an undying sorrow in your daughter's heart."

Before the amazed minister could reply to this revelation, the Princess Olga, trembling and in tears, had glided from the room.

After the first passion of grief had passed away, the beauty sat down determinedly to review the situation and see if she could possibly do anything to comfort or relieve Vladimir.

Her greatest fear, for the moment, was that Pojarsky would deem her heartless; he would scarcely understand that she had not wilfully abandoned him; and this might prompt him to desperation.

After much loving thought, Olga decided to make a strong effort to communicate with her exiled lover. To this end she summoned Michael and briefly confided the facts to him.

"Michael, are you willing to follow the exiles on their road to Siberia until such time as you can give a letter to Lieutenant Pojarsky? I know I am asking much—even the risk of your liberty—but if you are successful you will be the means of restoring hope to my desolated heart."

"My mistress knows that she has but to command, and I will obey. When shall I start upon my journey?"

"At once. Here is a purse of money. Spare nothing. In an hour, if your preparations are complete, come to me and obtain a letter."

It was a hazardous enterprise; but the devoted Michael did not quail. Before the great bells of St. Petersburg sounded the midnight hour, Michael was speeding away in a sledge. He intended to find first the train of exiles and either hover upon their trail or, if possible, join their company, until he could deliver to Pojarsky a little silken packet which the beautiful, sorrowing Olga had prepared for her banished lover.

(To be Continued.)

HE is rich who saves a penny a year; and he poor who runs behind a penny a year.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

YEARS are frequently spent by young men in college in studying branches of education for which they have but little or no use in after life. This is notably the case with the dead languages, such as Latin and Greek. There are walks in life where a knowledge of these is useful; but of the many who graduate there are but very few who find practical use for them in the business which they afterwards follow. Their chief benefit to such persons is the discipline of the mind which their study promotes. But even this might be obtained by the study of other branches which would be more useful in the practical duties of life.

In educating the youth some reference should be had to the trade or business which they are likely to follow. It is unwise to cram a youth's mind with a lot of stuff for which he will have no use when he leaves school. It is frequently the case that years are spent in studies for which the pupil has no taste nor aptitude. Take music for instance. It is not uncommon in many communities for girls, who have no ear for music and but little or no conception of time, to be drilled for years at considerable expense in this art. But after all they themselves do, and all that is done for them, they do not make musicians. If a child who has a taste for music, however, be taught, it learns easily and with pleasure and soon becomes proficient.

Machine schooling is all wrong, by this we mean putting all children through the same educational course without regard to their tastes or their aptitudes. Children are no more alike in their minds than they are in the shape of their features, and these differences should be recognized and acted upon. Some boys are naturally ingenious; they use tools with facility; they appear to be natural mechanics; a wise parent or teacher will give those boys the education best adapted to develop the talents peculiar to them. All education should have for its object the qualifying of the pupils, in the best possible manner, for the pursuits they intend to follow. It is a waste of time, in many instances, for young people to acquire many of the branches taught in universities and colleges. If a youth intends to follow literature as a pursuit, he should be educated with a view to that.

So with a youth who intends to follow farming; he needs an education that will best qualify him to make a good, thorough farmer. It is not necessary he should spend time in studying branches which would prepare him to make his living as a writer of literature.

So with mechanism and every other branch of industry; the youth who has a taste for a certain trade or occupation should be helped to select and to master those branches of knowledge which will be of the most use in assisting and giving him success in the pursuit which he thinks of selecting.

There are, of course, many branches of education which all classes should master. They are indispensable to all trades and professions and to both sexes. It is of the highest importance that all children should be taught these.

But when education is carried beyond these the taste, inclination and future wants of the pupil should be taken into account.

Young ladies of wealthy families frequently spend considerable time and means in trying to acquire accomplishments for which they have not the least taste.

We have mentioned music.

But the young lady who may not have any taste for music may have a taste for drawing or for embroidery; she may be a good botanist or ornithologist or have taste in other directions that may furnish her as much enjoyment and her friends and acquaintances as much pleasure as the cultivation of music.

It is most interesting to visit a family circle where each member has cultivated the branch of education or the accomplishments for which he or she has the greatest talent. Such a family circle combines within itself means of enjoyment which are of great interest to themselves and the friends who visit them.

Our Creator has given to His children a diversity of gifts, and great enjoyment and happiness accompany and follow their proper cultivation.

It is not in school or college alone that progress can be made in education. A boy or girl who wishes to progress has facilities and advantages close at hand for acquiring knowledge such as our grandparents scarcely dreamed of. The world is full of books, and they treat upon every subject known to man. If a person wishes to study any special branch, books can be found which contain the necessary information to aid the learner in mastering the subject.

An hour or two devoted each day to the study of any one branch of learning will, in the course of time, produce astonishing results.

It is the steady perseverance in pursuit of a given object that achieves success and calls forth the admiration of the world.

Unthinking people wonder at what they see accomplished, and frequently ascribe it to great talent or to some favorable circumstances, or to good fortune, when in truth it was due to the blessing of God on determined and persevering exertion.

One of the best short-hand reporters we ever knew acquired his art under the most difficult circumstances. He was not only skillful as a reporter but he was an excellent violinist. When young, he was poor and had but little education, and his labor by which he earned his living in his native land was of the most exacting character; he had to work early and late. But he had a determined will and a desire to improve that could not be quenched.

He rose very early each morning and practiced his short-hand, and after he had acquired some knowledge of its character, he induced his sister to read to him. In this way he acquired the requisite speed. But he did not confine himself to this. He knew that to be a good reporter a knowledge of other branches was needed. These he studied. Not a moment was allowed to go to waste; when not engaged at his books he was practicing on the violin. The result was he became a thoroughly good reporter and a finished musician.

This knowledge and skill came by steady application each day.

It is in this manner that many famous men have built up their accomplishments.

Every boy and girl and young man and young woman can do the same. By the proper use of the odds and ends of time each day very much can be gained, especially if one applies his time steadily in a given direction.

But there should be a purpose always kept in view: for if this is not done, time can be frittered away without making progress.

If any of our JUVENILES desire to test how much can be done in this way, let them select a branch of study and apply themselves to it an hour each day for a year. If they do this with earnestness, and compare their knowledge at the end of the year with that which they had at the beginning they will be surprised and gratified.

MONKEYS.

THE cut on this page presents a scene that is not uncommon in many parts of the Old World. In countries where the population is great there are many peculiar ways resorted to for a livelihood. Especially is this the case among people where the resources and manufactures of the country are not sufficient to employ all those who are willing to work at a regular trade or profession for a living.

In England you can see men and boys from Italy, Switzerland, Portugal and other parts of the continent traveling through the streets, performing on hand-organs, harps, flutes, etc., some singing and dancing, others selling clay models and other trinkets, exhibiting trick dogs, monkeys, etc. Boys who exhibit more than the usual amount of genius can be seen stationed in a certain place on the pavement where they select a smooth stone and paint a landscape or a photograph of some celebrity, depending upon the appreciative and sympathetic passer-by to hand him a copper. Others will exhibit for sale from house to house small trinkets and ornaments of their own handiwork which display a great deal of genius and patient toil. The other exhibitors and performers also present considerable ability. Most of this class of street vendors are from foreign countries and many of them are, no doubt, driven from home by force of circumstances in order to make a living for themselves. A few of them may have been imbued with a desire to roam about in new and strange countries, while others are enticed away by persons who make a business of keeping several of them engaged, thus obtaining a revenue; but it is sheer necessity that drives most of them to such ways of making a living.

Our cut represents an Italian boy with his trained monkey, a folding table and a toy gun. The monkey is dressed in a soldier's uniform and has just finished performing his military tactics to the amusement and delight of the family, consisting of mother and three little girls. He is now reaching out his hand for whatever contribution they are willing to give him for their entertainment and upon which he and his master depend for support.

A trained monkey, whether exhibited by an Italian boy or shown with other animals in a menagerie, never fails to create much interest and merriment among grown people as well as children. This, we presume, is owing to his more closely resembling a human being than any other of earth's creatures, and to his ability to imitate their actions.

The monkey belongs to the order of Quadrumana, which is divided into three families: monkeys, ouisitits and makis.

Monkeys are animals of middle or small stature, whose heads are almost always rounded, the muzzle (mouth and nose), moderately elongated, the neck short, the body light and the extremities slim. They are covered with silky hair. Nevertheless their resemblance to man is very considerable, and there are some which, when very young, have the angle of the face not much more oblique than that of many persons of our race: but as they advance in age the muzzle always becomes much more projecting. The actions and behavior of these animals bear a strong resemblance to our own. Many of them assume with ease an almost upright position, particularly when aided by a stick, as we use a cane, and



some walk in this way, but never so firmly and erect as a man. They are admirably organized for climbing from branch to branch. The length and flexibility of their limbs, having hands on all four extremities, and the great strength of their muscular system permit them to display an astonishing agility. Nature has, moreover, supplied many of these little animals with long tails, which serve them as a fifth hand in suspending themselves from branches, to balance themselves in the air, and make their spring when they wish to leap from one tree to another.

There are many varieties of monkeys, the briefest mention of each would take a great deal of space. We will therefore close this little article with a brief description of the orang-outang, the most remarkable genus of the monkey family.

There is a specie of ourang-outang, which inhabits the interior of Borneo and other islands of the Indian Ocean. which, when young, is said to resemble man more than any other animal.

The body is covered with coarse, reddish hair, and the face is smooth and bluish; he sometimes attains a height of seven feet and possesses great strength and agility; he dwells in the wildest forests and habitually keeps himself upon the trees; he climbs with the greatest rapidity and springs from branch to branch with as much facility and skill as the little monkeys do. On the ground, on the contrary, ourang-outangs walk with difficulty and are frequently obliged to place their hands upon the earth and use their long arms to raise themselves up and throw themselves forward, very much as a man would use a pair of crutches. It has been ascertained that these animals build themselves huts in lofty trees. It is very difficult to capture them when they have attained adult age, as they defend themselves in the most courageous manner; but when young they are easily taken. They then show a good deal of intelligence, attach themselves to those who have care of them and readily learn to imitate a great many of our actions.

ECONOMY.

BY W. J.

WHEN the subject of this article first catches the eye of the reader, he or she may think it a theme much more suitable for parents who are the providers and economizers of the finances by which they sustain their families and discharge their duties as citizens of earthly and heavenly governments; but the young folks of both sexes should be assistants to their parents in this providing and economizing, being well trained in these principles by their parents, who, it is hoped, will excuse this feeble attempt to assist them in the instruction of their sons and daughters.

There are many reasons why our youth should become industrious citizens and wise economists. Mother may die, leaving quite a little flock of children who must be cared for by some female heart and hand; and how nice it would be to have at least one elder daughter who was clean, tidy, orderly, stay-at-home, kind, motherly, economical and suitable in every respect to do a mother's duty to her younger brothers and sisters!

Father may die. Life is uncertain. In this case the male head and protector of the family is gone. Someone is needed to take his place in the management of his affairs; and if he leaves a son who indulges in no bad habits, but who is thoughtful and industrious, careful and persevering, economical and God-fearing, and who will take hold and manage his father's business wisely, acting in harmony with his mother in all things which tend to their mutual, temporal and eternal welfare, what a blessing it is to him who thus acts to the family, to the community and to the Church and Kingdom of God on the earth!

Both parents may pass away by the hand of death, and then comes sorrow, struggling and a battle with the stern realities of this state of existence, which none can fully understand but those who have passed through the never-to-be-forgotten ordeal. Then industry is needed. Economy must be exercised. The girl needs the wisdom and prudence of womanhood, and the boy needs his father's head on his shoulders.

But they will get their experience if life is continued unto them, and blessed are they if they have had a fair training in correct principles, and if they have the true metal in them, for this is a wicked world.

But both parents may live to rear their children to matured and honorable womanhood and manhood. So much the better. In any case, when young men and women arrive at the proper age to assume the duties and responsibilities of life they need a measure of preparation; as much, at least, as a little experience, the example of others and a fair theoretical training will give them. And why not give them this specific training? Much labor and means are expended on them while they are young to establish in them the theories of arithmetic and grammar, in the full expectation that they will act upon these theories in maturer years, and realize much benefit from them; then why not train them to become good financiers and economists as well as to become good arithmeticians and grammarians? The wise handling as well as the honest getting of the almighty dollar is very necessary in this working world of ours, and they both form a very good foundation for temporalities in this matter-of-fact generation.

And what is economy? "Spend less than you earn" is one answer to that question. Cicero, in his day, answered it thus: "Economy is of itself a great revenue." Sir Walter Scott answered it by having the proverb, "Waste not, want not," carved in stone over his kitchen fire-place. Other proverbs and sayings might be quoted, but they are of similar import, and the whole ground may be covered by the simple statement that economy is the wise and proper use and management of means and property. Our youth may understand this definition, possibly, and an illustration may help to explain the principle:

Two boys, from the time they are fourteen years old till they are twenty-one, have each fifty cents per week at their disposal, and the privilege of spending it as they please. One of them spends his money in tobacco, cigars and drinks. The other spends his money thus: He pays his titling annually on his twenty-six dollars and buys a useful book once in a while, but he makes it a point to purchase two good heifer calves each year for the seven years, and takes good care of them and their increase. When the boys are twenty-one years old what does each one possess? The first has no money, for he has spent it all in tobacco, cigars and drinks; and what has he to show for his investment? He has the reputation of being a smoker and drinker; he is liable to become a confirmed inebriate; he is not a good companion for either male or female; his veracity is questioned and his blasphemy does not strengthen it; and he is generally considered unpromising and untrustworthy.

And what are the other's possessions? It would be a good idea for the boys to make a calculation and ascertain as near as may be the number and kinds of animals, of different ages, he is likely to own. In the mean time, a rough guess may place them at about twenty-five head, and worth to him about five hundred dollars. This is good, financially; but there is something else: He has contracted no very bad habits, but has attended Sunday school, associations and meetings, and is sober, truthful, honest, virtuous, industrious and economical; and these possessions, unlike the horned stock, are not susceptible of a financial valuation, for they are inestimable.

Now, boys, which is the good economist? Which one has been prudent in other respects? And which of the two shall be your exemplar?

Space forbids anything but a brief reference to this important subject; but a few additional ideas may be allowed. One result of a lack of economy is debt, and debt is not only an inconvenience—it is a calamity!

"Under the Mexican law," says a recent publication, "a creditor can have a debtor arrested on the day the debt falls due. The prisoner is chained to a post five days, guarded by an officer. At the end of the time, if the money is not forthcoming the man's labor is sold to the government for forty cents a day for as many days as will be necessary to discharge the obligation. The miserable debtor is sent to the silver mines, where he is chained to a gang of felons and compelled to work underground. He sleeps underground and never sees daylight again until he is restored to freedom."

An old proverb says: "An empty bag cannot stand upright;" neither can a man who is in debt. When a man is in debt, the idea of borrowing is suggested to his mind, and "who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," frequently; for he then adds to his debts.

Never purchase any luxury or enjoyment if it cannot be procured without borrowing money from others.

Eat your own food; wear your own clothing; ride or drive your own horses. Use your own property. Be independent in these matters.

"I'm standing on the soil of liberty!" exclaimed a flowery orator on a certain occasion.

"No, you are not!" shouted a bootmaker in the audience, "you are standing on a pair of boots you never paid me for!"

Never subject yourself to charges of this kind. Neither need you lean so far the other way that you cripple yourself through caution and fear, like the Dutchman who had a ditch to jump, and, thinking he would have a good run at it, went back so far that when he ran up to it his wind was gone and he could not make the leap.

"Spend less than you earn." He who spends more, as a rule, is foolish. Pay as you go. Keep out of debt. Prepare for a rainy day. "Want may come like an armed man." Save money and prevent sorrow. And, in short, if you want the benefits of economy, and if you desire to escape the evils which grow out of a want of it, be industrious and economical and secure the blessing of God upon all your efforts.

FIVE YEARS IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

BY YAGGE CRECHEY.

(Continued from page 160).

I REMAINED in the poorhouse a little over a year after the occurrence of the circumstance related in the last chapter. In the meantime a new governor was appointed. He was very kind to me, and in a little while I was reinstated as errand boy. I got along so well with him that I was appointed gate-keeper towards the close of my fifth year.

But a little circumstance connected with gate-keeping brought my career to a close in the institution. It came in this way: It was the custom of the board of guardians to visit the house once every two weeks, and the chairman every week. One day the chairman came on his regular visit, I had charge of his horse at the gate while he visited the house. I left the

gate open after he passed in and proceeded to mount the horse's back.

I did not intend to ride him away, but merely took a notion to get on his back and then get off again. I had no more than got into the saddle when Billy Winter, who was working close by in the garden, threw up his hands and gave a yell, and away went the horse out through the gate, with me on his back. The stirrups flew about and struck him on the sides frightening him more and more, while I, John Gilpin like, yelled at every one I met to stop the horse. But no one came near him.

After riding a quarter of a mile I came to cross roads. One of these roads led up a very steep hill. I caught the reins and turned him up this hill, and just as he got to the top I stopped him. If I could have got back as quickly as I went all would have been right. But alas! That was not my luck. I led him back all the way, and when I got there the chairman and the governor was watching for me. The chairman was a parson and this act of mine made him forget his prayer; and his cane made me to shed many tears. He gave me an awful thrashing and had me removed from being gate-keeper, and ordered the governor to give me two dozen lashes and to bring me before the Board of Guardians, the following Wednesday, to receive further punishment for my conduct.

The governor forgave me the two dozen lashes and said I had received enough for one boy. When I told him how it happened he was satisfied, but said he would have to obey orders and I must appear before the Board of Guardians as ordered. This was on a Friday. I was now reduced to the rank and file again, and I had nothing to do but plan another runaway. When I went before I was short of clothing, and I made up my mind to prepare myself better this time and not to go in the direction of my mother's house any more; so I got another boy to go with me and on the Sunday morning following we got ready to leave. As we all had two suits of clothes we put them both on, our every day clothes underneath and our Sunday clothes on top. We felt pretty well dressed for once, and just at the moment when all were leaving the dining hall off we started. All the officers of the house except the governor were in the dining hall. We did not know where the governor was, but on hearing the noise of the front door closing the governor pushed his head out of the up stairs window right over our heads, and seeing us called on us to halt. This we paid no attention to, but continued running in a westerly direction from the gate. The governor had to go back the whole length of the building to get help. As soon as he left the window I said to my mate, "Now let us run east." We did so, and we had no sooner got over the brow of a little hill to the east than out came the officers and started in full chase, taking a westward course; and the way both parties ran it put the distance beautifully between us, and we got away all right.

I started to hunt my friend, the blacksmith, and about sundown I found him. I was hungry and foot-sore. He received me and took me in. The family treated me very kindly. I blowed the bellows for him for one week, after which he got a situation for me at a farmer's close by. Thus closed my five years in the poorhouse. While there I heard one of the old men tell of a man in America who had found a golden Bible and had obtained the keys of the everlasting Priesthood. I often wondered what had become of that man. Seven years after I learned all about him, and, thank the Lord who had watched over me all my life long, I am now found among those who have obeyed the gospel which he was instrumental in restoring to the earth.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IF Governor Caleb W. West, at the close of his term of office, can receive the expressions of good will from the people which he receives upon assuming his duties as governor of Utah Territory, he will be a happy man. His welcome to the Territory has been of the heartiest and most favorable character. The reports the people have heard concerning him and his fitness for the position which he is sent here to fill, lead them to anticipate that he will perform his duties with impartiality, and that respect for the rights of all which a governor should always manifest. But it is not only these anticipations which call forth this warmth of feeling on the part of the people: they are glad to have a change. The man who has been governor has shown himself so persistent an enemy of the people during the whole time of his administration that his removal has caused a universal expression of satisfaction. If Murray's heart were not utterly calloused, he would be ashamed to show his face in public and to encounter the loathing and contempt of the people whose rights he has constantly destroyed and whose good reputation he has labored for years to destroy.

Governor West has the advantage of following such a man as Murray, and if he will only live up to the pledges he has made in his public utterances, the people of the Territory will be satisfied with his administration. All they ask of him, or any other official, is that he will, in discharging the duties of his office, treat all citizens alike, without distinction of party or creed. This would seem to be an easy thing for a man of firmness to do; but in Utah it is rather difficult. There is a gang of buccaneers in this Territory who are determined to "rule or ruin." Every official must obey their dictates or they will ruin him if they can. There have been a few men, however, whom they have not been able to intimidate, and they gave satisfaction to the people in the discharge of their duties. It is not impossible, therefore, for a brave and resolute man to be a gentleman and an impartial officer even in Utah Territory.

I shall watch with interest the movements of our new officials—the governor and the marshal—for upon the manner in which they shall administer their duties will, to a great extent, depend whether we shall have a continuation of the present tyranny and wrong-doing, or a change for the better.

Officers can discharge their duties faithfully and yet command respect. The predecessor of the present marshal proved this. He had many disagreeable duties to perform; but he did not perform them in an offensive way. He appeared to make no distinction between citizens. He did not think it his duty to put spotters and spies to watch for offenses of one class of citizens while he completely ignored the crimes of another class. When his term expired he went out of office with the reputation of being an impartial officer, who had discharged the duties of his office with fairness and courage. It was only by being courageous that he was able to do as he did. The infamous "ring" of anti-Mormons in Salt Lake City have aimed to make every official who came here train with them and march to their music. If an officer showed any disposition to treat the "Mormons" with fairness, and would not be their enemy, the whip of the "ring" would be cracked over him, and if he were not a man of courage he would soon have to fall into line.

This marshal of whom I speak was altogether too fair and independent to suit the "ring." He did not seem to know there were two classes of citizens in this Territory. "Mormons" and anti-Mormons were alike to him. Verbal representations and remonstrances upon the subject had been made to him in vain; and so it was decided to attack him through the "ring's" organ. A fierce article was accordingly written, in which the marshal was roundly abused and was held up to public contempt. The article was put in type and would have appeared in the paper; but in the meantime the marshal had been informed of the design and learned the character of the assault that was to be made upon him. His action was prompt and effective. He sent a trusty messenger to the editor of the organ of the "ring" to inform him that he understood such an article had been written and was in type; but he assured him if it appeared in the paper there would be a vacancy either in the editorial corps of the paper or in the office of United States Marshal.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the article never appeared. The editors knew the character of the man they had to deal with and they fully believed his message. The marshal never had occasion after that to threaten them; and the "ring" made no further attempt to intimidate him, but kept its whip to crack over those who were afraid of its lash.

It is this "ring" that has controlled the ex-governor; it now controls the marshal. The federal officials have stood in fear of it; and so long as they do they cannot discharge the duties of their offices properly. While the "ring" can wield power through the officials, oppression will reign in this Territory and we shall have more or less trouble. But if men are selected for office who will execute the laws without fear or favor, and with impartiality and a due regard to the rights of all, then we may look for comparative peace, and such outrageous conduct as we now hear of will cease.

THE reports from Washington show that the "Mormon" question still possesses interest in high places. It is being unusually well ventilated at this session of Congress. Besides our own people—and they have done exceedingly well—there have been a number of able men who have argued our cause and defended our rights with ability and vigor before the U. S. Supreme Court and the sub-committee of the Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives. They have entered into this defense with zeal and spirit and a full consciousness of the injustice of the proceedings against which they argued. The Spirit of the Lord undoubtedly assists such men, and all men who stand up for truth and righteousness, and against falsehood and tyranny.

Hon. George Boutwell of Massachusetts has been governor of his State and has represented it in the U. S. House of Representatives and the Senate. He has also been secretary of the treasury; and at the funeral of General Grant he was one of the pall-bearers. He is a man of high character, who has filled these prominent positions with great credit to himself and in a way to honor them and those who selected him for them. His argument against the Edmunds bill, though his health was so feeble that he had to remain seated during its delivery, was a powerful one and was from his heart. The same may be said of the arguments made against the same bill by Mr. Jeff. Chandler and Mr. A. M. Gibson, not to speak of those made by Brothers F. S. Richards, Joseph A. West and our Delegate to Congress, Hon. John T. Caine. The members of Congress who listened to these gentlemen must

have an understanding of our question such as few public men possess, especially as they heard the arguments of our enemies in favor of the bill, and urging reasons why there should be legislation enacted by Congress for Utah.

In the appeal case of Brother Lorenzo Snow before the U. S. Supreme Court, besides Brother F. S. Richards, there was George Ticknor Curtis as attorney. Mr. Curtis is a man of national reputation, distinguished both as an author and as a lawyer. His argument is said to have been a masterly effort, so much so that a large edition of it will be published and circulated because of the light it throws upon the questions under discussion before the Court. Whatever the result of the appeal case may be, there can be no doubt as to the effect of such arguments as the judges of the Supreme Court have heard—they advertise our cause, make prominent men acquainted with it and keep it before the public.

THE report that came to the papers of the speech of Mr. R. N. Baskin before the House Committee on Judiciary lately reminds me of a scene in which he figured before the Committee on Territories of the U. S. Senate in the forty-fourth Congress. He was in Washington as a contestant for the Seat of Delegate to Congress, he having ran against me for that office. As usual, when Congress is in session, there was considerable excitement on the "Mormon" question, and several bills had been introduced on the subject. One of them had been referred to the Committee on Territories of the Senate, and I appeared before that committee and made an argument against the bill, in which I pointed out the injustice of its provisions, how inapplicable and unnecessary the bill was, and made a general defense of the people of Utah, giving proofs of their loyalty and of the good order which reigned in the Territory.

Mr. Baskin was present and heard my argument, and was granted the opportunity of making a reply at the next meeting of the committee. A more blood-curdling recital of horrors I never listened to than his speech contained. All the alleged murders of that mythical body known among anti-Mormons as "Danites" were dilated upon with a minuteness that was appalling. His entire speech bristled with the awful crimes committed by the "Mormon" people. A credulous stranger in listening to him might easily imagine that murder and robbery were the chief occupations of the "Mormons," and that a non-Mormon who dwelt in our settlements lived in constant danger of his life.

If the occasion had not been so grave it would have been amusing to witness the faces of some of the members of the committee during his recital. There were two Senators on the committee who had distinguished themselves by introducing several bills into the Senate against us. They were Cragin of New Hampshire and Christancy of Michigan. They evidently enjoyed Baskin's statements; the latter especially made no attempt to conceal his delight. Baskin finished at about twenty-five minutes to twelve o'clock, and my adult readers can imagine how I felt. I was thoroughly aroused; my blood danced in my veins.

As soon as he closed I requested the privilege of speaking. To this Christancy immediately objected. He said I had made my argument, and, therefore, should have no further opportunity of speaking. The other members of the committee joined in the discussion as to whether I should be allowed to speak or not. Senator Patterson of South Caro-

lina was very outspoken in favor of my being granted time. He said that as I claimed new matter had been introduced by Mr. Baskin, I ought, in common fairness, to have the opportunity of replying to it. Senator Christancy and Senator Maxey of Texas, opposed this view. Christancy evidently did not wish to have the effect of Baskin's statements weakened. The discussion of the question was just in the position he wished it to be in and he was vehement in his opposition to my saying anything more.

The chairman, Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska, was a pleasant gentleman and my relations with him were friendly and agreeable; but as the most noisy members of the committee were opposed to my speaking, he was disposed to decide with them.

When I saw how the decision was likely to be, I remarked to the committee, addressing the chairman, that I was the Delegate to Congress from Utah, regularly elected by the people, and a Member of the House of Representatives, and had the right to speak upon all questions which affected my constituents. I was not, and would not be put, on the same level in this respect as Mr. Baskin; but if they, as members of the Senate, chose to refuse me the right to speak and give them information concerning affairs in my Territory upon which they proposed to legislate, I would have to submit, but I should do so under protest.

The chairman did not appear well pleased with these remarks; but he was acute enough to perceive their force and the propriety of my position, and he consented that I should speak till twelve o'clock—the hour at which the Senate and the House met. I had only about fifteen minutes; but I was in a condition of mind to make good use of it.

I shall not attempt to state all that was said, for I spoke rapidly and had the spirit.

Baskin had told the committee that he had been a resident of Utah nine years. My opening remark, therefore, was that he was a living refutation of the charges which had been made against the people of Utah; for if they were such a people as he had represented them to be, he would have been killed long ago. The committee, I said, had heard how venomously he felt towards the people of Utah, and could they believe that such a bitter enemy would have been permitted to live nine years in Utah if the people were as ready to murder their opponents as he asserted? He has regaled you with a dish of horrors, I said, and of course must be familiar with these tragedies; will he please give to this committee the names of those who have been murdered in Utah during his residence there of nine years?

This was so simple and fair a challenge that none could object to it.

If murders had been frequently committed, as he alleged, surely a residence of nine years would make such a person as he, so ready to treasure up every act that would inculcate the people, familiar with them. In making this request, therefore, the committee could not help perceiving that if his allegations were true, I was only furnishing him an opportunity of repeating and proving them. But my challenge embarrassed him, as well it might; for every one of my readers who knew Utah during the nine years preceding 1876 knows how few were the murders committed in this Territory during that period.

Being pressed for a reply, he attempted to count them; he did, however, mention one or two which I remembered, and those I reminded him of; but even then there were very few acts of violence—so few that I ridiculed the list as a mis-

erably-small basis of truth on which to rear such a frightful superstructure of falsehood—and told the committee that in the neighboring State of Nevada, during the same period, the people of many of the towns thought the times dull unless they had a new murder to talk about every morning at breakfast.

Having exhausted the truth he then fell back on the statements of William Hickman, in the book which he is credited with having published. But this was soon brushed aside as a romance unworthy of credence. By this time the Senators who were disposed to treat the question fairly, could see that the charges which he had hurled against the people of Utah were baseless and that he had no case. A few minutes had sufficed to remove all the effects of his argument of an hour and a half, and they patiently and attentively listened to the remainder of my remarks till after the time when they should have been in their places in the Senate chamber.

Christancy was angry at the turn the discussion had taken; but the bill was killed, and that was all I cared about. But Mr. Baskin did not forget the lesson. He afterwards made an argument before the Committee on Territories of the House of Representatives in favor of adverse legislation for Utah; but he carefully avoided all allusion to the bloody deeds of the "Danites," and he had no use for Hickman as an authority.

KEEP THE SABBATH DAY HOLY.

NOW that Summer has come, and everything invites to out-door amusement and recreation, I thought this to be a proper time to offer a few suggestions in regard to the correct observance of the Sabbath day. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," was accompanied by the thunderings of heaven on Mount Sinai; and the words were written by the hand of God Himself upon the stone tablet that Moses had prepared, with a command that Israel should observe the same; and to break which was followed with a very severe penalty; so severe, that we have one instance recorded of a man being stoned to death for violating this command of God.

The world of mankind seem to have lost that veneration for the Sabbath day which our forefathers of a century ago exhibited. In fact so strict were they, that all kinds of labor, except the most urgent, such as caring for the sick and dead, ceased at twelve o'clock on Saturday night and was not resumed until after twelve o'clock on Sunday night: they reckoning that twenty-four hours constituted a Sabbath day. Orthodox members of the Jewish faith are so strict even to-day that they will not bury their dead on the Sabbath.

In our haste to get rich we make encroachments upon the Sabbath until many have come to think there is no longer any need of observing the day sufficiently to even abstain from labor much less to keep it holy. Pleasure-seekers by the thousands, yes, millions, throughout Christendom have come to look upon it as a grand holiday, or a day of pleasure only: hence the patronage that is given to pleasure resorts on that day above all others. The devout Christians while faithfully attending their places of worship on that day will use the rest of the time in visiting or some other pleasant recreation, and thus more or less depart from the path God has marked out in regard to the proper observance of this day. In connection with our indifference in keeping the Sabbath is manifested a corresponding indifference to everything else that is

sacred, until God and sacred things are almost if not altogether lost sight of, and we are drifting away from those moorings which formerly held society tolerably secure and safe.

Among the many revelations that God has given to his people in this age neither last nor least is the one on keeping the Sabbath day holy and can be found in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, Section fifty-nine. In vain we may plead as an excuse that the law that was given to ancient Israel is not for us, for the revelation that we have received contains more than the naked law; it also explains in what manner we shall employ ourselves on that day. The Lord says. "And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day. For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High."

Can language be any plainer than this? It does not say the day shall be devoted to pleasure but to the worship of God. And the Lord further says, inasmuch as we do this: "The fullness of the Earth is yours," etc. I am led to write upon this subject because of the extensive patronage that pleasure resorts receive from our people upon the Sabbath day during the Summer months. The clerk in the store, the accountant, the mechanic, as well as the laborer; and included among these we may mention women and children, indulge in forbidden pleasures upon the Sabbath day. The examples of the older ones are copied by the young, and there are many families, the members of which make their calculations for an out on the Sabbath day, and keep up the practice through the entire season. The results of such conduct will be most keenly felt sooner or later, for we cannot break a law of God with impunity and yet escape punishment.

We are approaching a time when we cannot longer ignore any part or portion of God's revealed will without speedy judgment following; and of all people upon the face of the earth, having not only the written word that we have received direct from heaven, but the living oracles as well, who are constantly reminding us of our duty, we should be the most strict in the observance of all things that God has commanded us.

Trains of cars, as well as vehicles of every description, can be seen on the Sabbath, from early morn until late in the day, loaded with pleasure-seekers going to or coming from their favorite haunts, until it has become a crying shame in the midst of Israel, and should be stopped.

Let our places of worship, where the holy sacrament is administered, be not only tolerably well filled, but filled to overflowing with devout persons who are anxious to renew their spiritual strength by partaking of the emblems, and thus receiving the spirit of that sacred ordinance, as well as to listen to the teachings of God's servants. Let the visiting of relatives and friends on the Sabbath day be indulged in less, for a great number of families make slaves of themselves to entertain their friends on that day, and thus not only is the visitors guilty of neglecting their duties, but the visited are prevented from attending to theirs. All the excuses we may make for our conduct in this regard, however plausible and apparently reasonable, are fully met by the word of the great I Am who changes not—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

J. E. TAYLOR.

RASH oaths, whether kept or broken, frequently produce guilt.

FACTS ABOUT LEPROSY.

IN 1853 the government of Norway became convinced that hospitals for those afflicted with leprosy were a national necessity. This dreadful disease exists there to a greater extent than in any other country in Europe. For three hundred years it committed its ravages unchecked; but the attention of the government was so seriously awakened upon the subject, through the rapid increase of the scourge and the dark and ever-increasing cloud which it threw over the land, that in the year 1856 three hospitals were built and opened—one at Trondhjem, one at Molde and one at Bergen.

Norway is a poor country; its revenue is barely \$5,000,000 annually; and yet out of this \$1,000,000 is expended in fighting this disease.

The only cure for leprosy is separation. Those who have contracted the disease should be kept separate from the rest of the community. The disease is not hereditary, so says Dr. Armaner Hansen, the greatest authority in Norway on this subject: but he considers it contagious under certain conditions.

But the lepers are not willing to go to the hospitals and the law does not compel them to go; only paupers who are lepers can be sent to them without regard to their wishes. The government is being driven to seek more compulsory legal powers of separating the lepers who are not paupers, if not in the national asylums then in their own homes.

Many remedies for this terrible malady have been used, but without very successful results. All the effort that drugs have is to give some little relief to suffering. It is said that some of the early stages of the disease are very painful, but when it has fully developed itself physical suffering ceases. Some lepers live to an old age; but seventeen per cent. die between twenty and thirty years of age, and forty per cent. between thirty and fifty years. If any are ever cured they are, Dr. Hansen says, "*ruins of human beings.*"

It seems strange that in Norway, of all the countries in Europe—Norway the health-giving and beautiful, the grand and fair, the land of invigorating breezes, of far-stretching glaciers, of salt-water *fjords* running inland for a hundred and fifty miles—leprosy should have a home.

What is the reason, you ask, this awful disease exists there?

Leprosy was not unknown in Europe in early times: but in the days of the Crusades it increased very rapidly. The Crusaders, in the fifteenth century, went from all so-called Christian lands to Palestine with the design to drive the Saracens from Jerusalem and the other holy places. It became a religious duty to try and redeem that land from the power of the followers of Mohammed. Filled with pious zeal and a deep hatred of the infidel Saracens, they fell upon them and their places with all the horrors of war. But this frightful disease of leprosy, which they contracted by their licentious associations with the people of those lands, they brought back with them to their homes in Europe. Leprosy ravaged their homes with more destructive fury than they had assailed the Saracens with fire and sword. If the Saracens knew all the evils the Crusaders brought upon themselves and their nations by their acts they must have felt amply revenged. The scourge assumed such proportions in Europe that vigorous measures were taken to check it. Nineteen thousand hospitals, or as they were called, lazar houses, were established, and in the principle countries of Europe lepers were sought out and separated from their neighbors. Norway was the only land where this system was not adapted. In other lands the

disease disappeared; but in Norway lepers were suffered to live as other people did. For the hundreds of years which have since passed leprosy has existed, until its continuance and spread has aroused the government to action.

Leprosy is a disease of which frequent mention is made in the Bible. All my readers will remember the delightful narrative, in Second Kings, fifth chapter, concerning the little maid of Israel, who was the means of bringing cure and health to Naaman, the Syrian, who was a leper, by informing him that God had a prophet in Israel named Elisha; and his subsequent washing in the river Jordan; and the wonderful manner in which the leprosy seized upon Gehazi, the covetous servant of the prophet. In this case the leprosy became hereditary, for his descendants were lepers.

Leprosy is again making its appearance among modern nations. We occasionally hear of cases in the United States. One of the charges made against the Chinese is, that they introduce leprosy. Should the disease get a start, it would spread quickly among a corrupt, licentious people; its contagious influence would be speedily felt. How fortunately situated are the Saints! If they only obey the laws God has given them how many evils they escape!

KEOKI Q.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

BY AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON.

FAREWELL, give me thy faithful hand,
The golden moments fly.
Life's radiant sky is overcast
Beneath the darkening sky.
O, love, we thought to wander on
Together side by side,
Our joy is stilled and walls arise
That part us far and wide!
Yet firm we'll keep, while dear ones weep,
Faith that shall falter never,
The reign of wrong will pass away
Forever and forever.

Farewell, thy smile will light my gloom,
Thy prayers will bless each hour,
Rich treasures hid within my heart
Beyond the tyrant's power.
O, days, ye cannot stay your flight,
The shadows that ye cast
Will make but brighter, holier,
The exile's joy at last!
Still firm we'll keep, though dear ones weep,
Our faith shall falter never,
The darkest day shall pass away
Forever and forever.

As rivers, when they overflow, drown those grounds, and ruin those husbandmen, which, whilst they flowed calmly betwixt their banks, they fertilized and enriched; so our passions, when they grow exorbitant and unruly, destroy those virtues, to which they may be very serviceable whilst they keep within their bounds.

ARISE, O GLORIOUS ZION!

WORDS FROM L. D. S. HYMN BOOK.

MUSIC BY H. H. PETERSEN.

A - rise, O glorious Zi - on, Thou joy of lat - ter days, Whom countless saints re -
ly on, To gain a rest - ing place: A - rise, and shine in splendor, A -
mid the world's deep night; For God, thy sure de - fend - er, Is now thy life and light.

- 2 Let faithful Saints be rearing
The city of our Lord,
On mountain tops appearing,
According to His word;
A sought-out habitation,
By men of truth and faith,
A covert of salvation
From ignorance and death.
- 3 The Temple long expected
Shall stand on Zion's hill,
By willing hearts erected,
Who love Jehovah's will:
Let earth, her wealth bestowing,
Adorn His holy seat;
For nations great shall flow in,
To worship at His feet,
- 4 What though the word in malice
Despise these mighty things,
We'll build the Royal Palace,
To serve the King of kings;
Where holy men, anointed
To know His sovereign will,
Each ordinance appointed
To save us, will reveal.
- 5 Oh hear the proclamation,
And fly as on the wind!
For righteous indignation
Shall desolate mankind!
Then, Zion, men shall prize thee,
And bow before thy shrine,
And they who now despise thee
Shall own thy light divine.

- 6 Through painful tribulation
We walk the narrow road,
And battle with temptation,
To gain that blest abode,
But patient, firm endurance,
With glory in our view—
The Spirit's bright assurance—
Will bring us conquerors through.
- 7 O grant, Eternal Father,
That we may faithful be,
With all the just to gather,
And Thy salvation see!
Then with the hosts of heaven
We'll sing th' immortal theme—
To Him be glory given,
Whose blood did us redeem.

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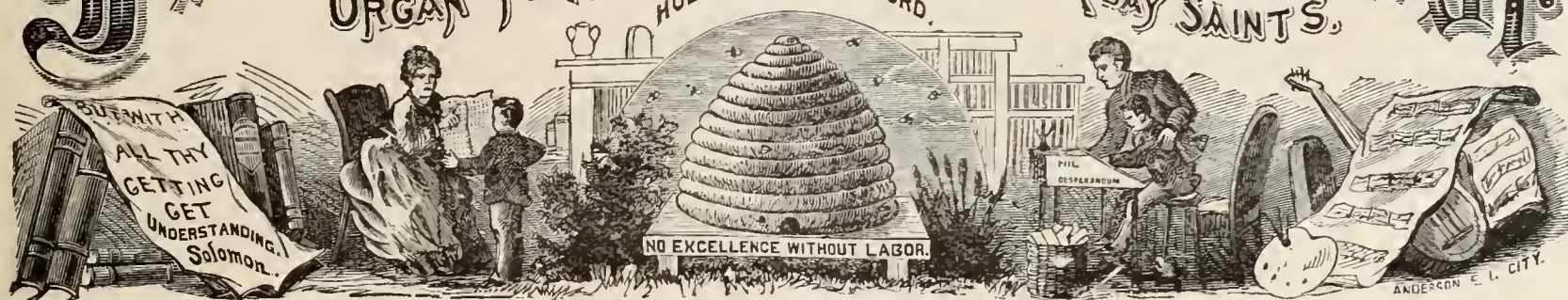
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NO. 12.

GUISEPPE GARIBALDI.

FROM a smoldering fire will often leap a brilliant flame. Though it fail to reignite the whole mass, it sheds a light all around and yields momentary hope and comfort to weary watchers.

For centuries the fire of Italian patriotism has seemed well-nigh dead; but occasionally there flashes out a Reizi or a Garibaldi, who, if he may not disenthral his country nor permanently restore her ancient grandeur, yet irradiates her with the glory of his own personal heroism.

The nation is not dead to sublime possibilities which can produce a man like Garibaldi; for, although he was nurtured in the free air of the sea, there must have been something still surviving of greatness and worth in the "Niobe of Nations" to win to her his fierce and incorruptible devotion.

Italy was struggling to preserve her identity as a nation from the rapacity of Austria without and the Papacy within when this man, one

of the greatest heroes of modern times, was brought into the world. The city of Nice, in Savoy, claims his nativity. Here, on the 22nd day of July, 1807, was born to the traditional "poor but honest parents" the future soldier-statesman, Giuseppe Garibaldi. The word "poor" must here be received in

its comparative sense; as the elder Garibaldi was the owner of a small trading vessel. But certain it is that the family was obscure; and the boy was soon put to a sea-faring life. Indeed he early betrayed a settled liking for this career. Nice is a considerable port of the Mediterranean Sea; and probably offered to a humble youth, looking for danger and glory, no other occupation than that of sailor.

The boy Garibaldi's first voyage, outside of his sire's felucca, was to Odessa, the noted grain market on the Black Sea. Later he made numerous trips to the various cities upon the Mediterranean; and in brief time became known as a mariner whom no peril could appal.



His first command of a vessel was most momentous, as it brought him into the spirit of Italian patriotism, for which his soul was already athirst. When he was 23 years of age, he was captain of a brig, *Notre Dame de Grace*, and frequently had for a passenger a mysterious man whose name is yet unknown, but who was certainly devoted to the cause of liberty. His fervid eloquence transported the impetuous youth.

In 1833, Garibaldi became the intimate friend of Giuseppe Mazzini and other leaders of the Carbonari; and when that fierce society gave place to the more humane organization, "Young Italy," he was recognized as one of the chief supporters of the latter. This formidable league, Young Italy, had for its watchword, "Liberty, Equality, Humanity;" and for its motto, "God and the People." It depended upon education and insurrection for its operating agencies. It carried a tricolored banner—white, red and green; and the symbolic emblem of the Carbonari, a dagger, was supplanted by a book and cypress branch.

From this hour Garibaldi lived but for Italy. His courage, his intellect, his blood were hers. The accomplishment of her freedom was his work in his long waking hours, and his dreams in his brief moments of slumber. The aim and hope of Garibaldi and his compatriots was to establish Italy's republican union under one common law, and to secure the extinction of foreign rule. To this end he eagerly joined with the revolutionary movement at Genoa, in 1834, and refused to leave the insurrection even when it had clearly failed. His patriotic delay had nearly proven fatal. The sanguinary Austrian power had him just within its grasp, when Providence enabled him to elude the threatening fate.

After incredible difficulty and privation, Garibaldi escaped from Italy and fled to France, even while his native land was ringing with the proclamation of his sentence to death. With his absence and the banishment of Mazzini; with the failure of their revolutionary plan and the scattering of the insurgents; the cause if not dead was sleeping, and time was required for its reawakening. Garibaldi went to sea again in a commercial venture; but he was Liberty's soldier and hated tame voyaging and bartering. The sound of war crossed the ocean—Buenos Ayres was invading Uruguay; and the Italian patriot hastened to give his services to the latter state. Here he displayed his masterly military powers, and was soon elevated to the supreme command of the entire land and sea forces.

But he was speedily recalled to his own beloved country. The time was ripe for another uprising against the oppressors; and in 1848 occurred the famous revolution of the Italian liberals against Austria. Garibaldi joined the patriots and distinguished himself in the war which followed. He was entrusted with the direction of the patriot forces at Rome, where for an entire month he withstood the mighty French army. When at last overwhelmed by numbers the city yielded, he began a desperate retreat through the hostile Austrian lines. He reached the sea and embarked with his devoted Brazilian wife; but being pursued by swifter vessels, was compelled to land at random. On the desolated shore his wife died in his arms.

Garibaldi escaped to Tunis, and afterward became master of an American trading vessel. It soon was made manifest that Italian freedom could only be accomplished by the substitution of a plan to create an united monarchy for the original idea of a republic. He accepted the inevitable and returning again to Italy, fought gloriously to remove the foreign yoke. From this time on, his mighty efforts tended to the grand result of establishing and extending the power of Victor

Emmanuel. On the 5th of May, 1860, he set sail from Genoa with a force of 1070 patriots who had volunteered under his banner to attack the Neapolitan forces in Sicily. He forced his way with his two small ships through the ponderous opposing fleet at Marsala; landed, cut to pieces an army three times as great as his own; and besieged and took Palermo. Later with 2,500 men he utterly routed a force of 7,000 Neapolitans; and, being subsequently joined by hosts of volunteers, he marched into Naples itself at the head of 30,000 men. After other victories of great historical moment, he proceeded across the lands which he had conquered; and at Teano on the Neapolitan frontier he delivered the provinces won by his valor and genius and the grand volunteer army, to Victor Emmanuel. Then, having finished his work as he believed, he declined every emolument and personal distinction which the grateful monarch would have accorded him; bade farewell to his loving, heroic comrades; and betook himself to his home on the rock of Caprera, in the Mediterranean. While thousands were ready to do him honor, he sailed within two days from the time of his yielding up the southern kingdoms to his monarch. A more modest hero history does not portray.

Victor Emmanuel was now King of Italy. In 1862, the powerful but disloyal ministry of Ratazzi was formed; and it immediately began to exhibit subserviency to the French Empire. This greatly alarmed the liberals who had fought and suffered so much to secure Italian unity free from foreign dictation or espionage. Garibaldi loved France as he hated Austria; but he could not brook even French interference with the destiny of his beloved Italy. He called and presided over a conference of all the liberal clubs of the nation; and declaimed loudly against the occupation of Rome by the troops of France. He made a tour, which the loving people made a triumph throughout Italy. Arrived at Palermo he organized an expedition to proceed against Rome and was speedily joined by thousands of volunteers.

The insurgents were declared by proclamation to be in rebellion against their lawful king. But Garibaldi believed that he had the secret approbation and hopes of his sovereign, and he declined to desist from his project. It was not until after he had reached the mainland and had a skirmish with an opposing force, that he discovered his error. Later being confronted by the royal army he told his volunteers not to fire upon their king's soldiers; and he with his troops surrendered. The heroic Garibaldi, sick and wounded, was carried a prisoner to the fortress of Varignano, at Spezzia. But Victor Emmanuel knew too well the grandeur of the patriot's soul to permit him to languish in a dungeon. The king granted amnesty to Garibaldi and his idolizing followers; and the chief returned to Caprera.

The union of all the Italian states, free from Austrian or papal domination, being not yet accomplished—as appeared after a few years of experience—he again raised an army. He fought against the Austrians in 1866, attempted the liberation of Rome in 1867; was captured and imprisoned, but quickly escaped and invaded the papal states; was decisively defeated by overwhelming numbers at Mentana at the close of 1867, was again captured and this time was banished from the mainland to his own home.

The cession of Savoy to France had given Garibaldi's birthplace to the latter country; and as France had been a place of refuge to him when he was under proscription, he felt a double sympathy for the French. He joined with them in the Franco-Prussian war and fought fiercely at the head of the

irregular forces in the Vosges. At the close of the strife he became a member of the National Assembly for Paris; but not being in accord with the methods or sentiments there, he retired to his little island. In 1875, he was enthusiastically elected a member of the Italian parliament, and held his place until he chose to resign.

He passed the last years of his life at Caprera, and died there on the second day of June, 1882—mourned by all Italy and by lovers of liberty throughout the world.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCE AND THE RESURRECTION.

(Continued from page 163.)

BEFORE proceeding to examine the main point at issue, let us notice the minor, but collateral, objection which affirms a resurrection impossibility on account of the scattered condition of the particles of dead bodies.

In a religious point of view our faith assures us that it is perfectly consistent with the character of Him who hears the ravens when they cry; and who notes the sparrows when they fall; and who counts the hairs of our heads, to keep constantly in view the exact location of every atom of the ashes of earth's dead hosts. These particles never can become scattered apart to a distance greater than the earth's diameter, which is a line too insignificant to be measured by the foot-rule of the Almighty. It spans a length and breadth that shrink to a mere point in the infinite sweep of Jehovah's vision.

Then, too, the all-penetrating, omnipresent, intelligent Spirit of God can no more lose sight of a single atom of the substance of our bodies than if the whole of it were jealously guarded by angelic hosts in the most holy place of the highest heaven. But science demands that she be met on her own chosen ground; for at present she cares but little for religion.

Now, the whole objection to the gathering process is based upon the unfounded assumption that the material particles of our bodies are to be gathered while in the state of gross, dead substance—as mortal dust—then reorganized as the new resurrection body; and, simultaneously with this event, vitalized and immortalized. Instead of this clumsy theory it is proposed, hypothetically, that our dust shall be immortalized in the precise location in which each atom may be found when the resurrection trump shall sound, and then gathered and reorganized and the work is finished.

It is a scientific truth that the instant any certain law or power, which forces material substance to remain in any given state or condition, is removed or abrogated, the same matter must be operated upon by some other law or force; for were this not true, then all substance which undergoes chemical change would be subject to no law; but such are not the facts, for all substance, at all times and in all places, is subject to some law. No atom of matter has ever been discovered which was not under the control of some force or power.

The dust of the dead is under the dominion of death, or it would still live, and its power is sufficient to retain it in that condition permanently if there be no interference with its sway. But what will become of this same dust when the

dominion of death is destroyed? An immediate change of masters is unavoidable. But what law will be introduced when the power of death is destroyed or abolished? Were there any intermediate state between life and death the answer would be a simple conjecture; but as the destruction of life invariably is succeeded by death, so also must the destruction of death be followed by life. Immortal life would follow necessarily from death's overthrow.

Could this not be shown so clearly, one may still infer the same fact from the consideration that as man was originally created immortal, and his descent to mortality was designed for a fixed purpose, when that purpose is accomplished, and the power which binds him to it is removed, he will assume his normal condition in an eye twinkling through the operations of immortalizing agencies. It is not necessary that the destruction of death should be effected for each atom separately; for, to illustrate, should the law of gravity be abrogated all substances now held by its power would be released. Thus also should death be destroyed every atom of dead human dust would instantly experience the effect of its overthrow, unless God chose to interpose some obstruction.

The force of this argument can best be assailed by an attempt to combat the proposition that death can be destroyed. It can not be questioned, however, that it is a something, a force, a power; and if something it can be removed, and if a power it can be rendered inoperative or nugatory. But, further, should our infidel friends attempt this task, any success they may achieve is a strong blow against their principal physiological objection to the resurrection verity; for if death can not be destroyed, then no dead atom of human dust ever can become an integral part of a living organism.

There is no logical reason why if a given quantity of substance may be subject to chemical changes as a whole, and in any particular place, the separate parts of it may not also undergo a similar metamorphosis in different places; and hence the widely-diffused particles of our bodies may be restored to life, or immortalized, anywhere, and singly, too, or as an aggregation of atoms.

Let infidels define the laws which operate upon spiritual and immortalized matter before they assert it can not be gathered together by natural spiritual processes from any distances, not to mention the space of a few thousand miles. The gathering process may follow an analogous operation observable in material substances which have a tendency to collect about given centers. La Place's theory of a cosmic beginning is founded upon this fact. The clouds in their formation obey the same mysterious law, and so does the dewdrop that glitters in the sunshine. No one disputes the idea except when it may serve the cause of religion. There must be a powerful and special affinity existing between the different particles of our organism or they never could become so closely united as they are.

Again, none can determine what peculiar magnetism may exist between the spirit and the house which it has, particle by particle, attracted to itself, and reared for its accommodation and comfort; nor can it be denied the strongest ties of some sort exist between the spirit and the body, since this is apparent from the soul's extreme reluctance to quit the body, while it entered it without any conscious repugnance or pain.

This spiritual magnetic attraction is not more wonderful in its nature than the various specific cohesions that seize upon and compel each particle of our corporiety to remain in organic unity.

(To be Continued.)

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

HOW SAMMY WAS CURED OF STEALING SUGAR.

SAMMY was a very small boy, but he was old enough to know he ought not to put his hand into the sugar bowl so often. Besides his mother had said to him more than once:

"Sammy, don't you take any more sugar without I give you leave."

But, like many other children, he did not always mind when his mother was out of sight.

It was one summer when caterpillars were very, very plentiful. They came into the house, and crawled about into all manner of things.

If you were reading a newspaper, you might expect when you turned it over to find a caterpillar on the other side, or, if you took your hat down for a walk, it was safe to shake out the caterpillar before you put it on.

One night at tea time the rest of the family had all left the table before Sammy climed down from his high chair, and he happened to be left alone in the room a few moments.

The sugar bowl was in reach, and as quick as thought he popped in his little dirty hand for a lump of sugar; and just then he heard his mother coming.

Now it happened that a caterpillar had got on to the table and into the sugar bowl unseen by anybody, and as Sammy snatched out a lump, the caterpillar came with it, but in his hurry, he popped both into his mouth without stopping to look, and in trying to swallow the sugar quickly, both sugar and caterpillar stuck in his throat.

"Why, Sammy, what is the matter?" asked his mother, as she came in.

But Sammy could only cough and choke till his nose bled, and finally he vomited, which cleared out the caterpillar.

But the bristles that were left in his throat made it sore for a long time, and there was no further trouble with Sammy and the sugar bowl.

THE rules of health, according to Plutarch, are the following: "Keep your head cool and your feet warm. Instead of employing medicine for every indisposition, rather fast a day, and while you attend to the body never neglect the mind."

LED BY A GANDER.

IN a village in Germany, a blind old woman was led to church every Sunday by a gander, who used to take hold of her gown with his bill. When he had safely conducted the poor woman to her seat, he would go back to the churchyard and graze there until service was over. When he saw the people coming out of church, he went back to his blind mistress and led her safely home. One day a gentleman called at the woman's house, and when he found her out, he expressed his surprise to the girl who opened the door. "Oh, sir," she answered, "we are not afraid of trusting her out, for the gander is with her."

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

IN Dr. Bombaugh's "Gleanings for the Curious," is the following:

There is a set of five univowel verses wherein each in succession only one vowel is employed.

The "I" verse "On the Approach of Evening" is:

"Idling I sit in this mild twilight dim,
Whilst birds in wild, swift vigil circling skim;
Light winds in sighing sink, till, rising bright,
Night's Virgin Pilgrim swims in vivid light."

A STRANGE MAN.

THE Gallas in South Africa were very much amused when Mr. Wakefield entered their country.

"How many toes have you?" they asked.

"Just as many as you have," he answered.

"Will you pull that off, and let us see?" they said, pointing at his boot, and shaking their heads.

When he had done so, they all laughed; for even now they could not see his toes. At last, one exclaimed,

"What a strange man this is, to put his foot in a bag! We never heard of a man putting his foot in a bag before."

What is the worst kind of an omen? To owe men.

When is a cook like a barber? When he dresses hare (hair).

What is the largest species of an ant? It's an eleph-ant.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. Where did Joseph Smith first see Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball? 2. What prediction did he make concerning one of these brethren? 3. What important prophecy did Joseph make concerning this nation? 4. When did he receive this revelation? 5. What great event transpired in fulfillment thereof? 6. When did this occur? 7. When did the Prophet complete the translation of the New Testament? 8. What significant revelation did he receive towards the end of the same month? 9. When were the first two counselors to President Joseph Smith ordained and who were they? 10. What glorious vision did the brethren receive on this occasion?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 10.

1. When did Joseph and his family arrive in Kirtland, Ohio? A. In February 1831.
2. When and where was the fourth conference of the Church held? A. June 6, 1831, in Kirtland.
3. What did the Church now number? A. two thousand.
4. Where did Joseph and some of the prominent Elders journey to after the conference? A. To Independence, Jackson County, Missouri.
5. What important revelation did Joseph receive while here? A. The Lord revealed unto him the location of the New Jerusalem and the spot upon which the temple is to be built.
6. When was the ground dedicated for a temple in the land of Zion? A. August 2, 1831.
7. When and where was the fifth conference held? A. On the 4th of August, 1831, in the land of Zion, Kaw Township, Missouri.
8. Where did Joseph and some of the Elders remove to from Independence? A. To Kirtland.

The following named persons have sent answers to the questions in No. 10: Alice Crane, Ovidia A. Jorgenson, A. J. Barrett, Mary E. Chandler, S. Stark, E. J. Morgan, Alice A. Keeler, Sarah E. Cole, W. E. Cole, Lucy D. Perry, Marinda Monson, Louisa Steele, Mary L. Harding, E. V. Bunderson, R. Hurst, T. L. Davis, Avildia L. Page, Lizzie Hatch, Janet L. Jenkins, J. H. Jenkins, Huldah L. Stout, Martha A. Terman, W. L. Worsencroft, H. H. Blood, Leone Rogers, H. Blood, Etta M. Huish, F. W. Kirkham, J. M. Kirkham, R. H. Brown, Rozina Brown, D. E. Coleman, Susie S. Coleman,

Rosie M. Sedgwick, E. Porter, W. C. Mortimer, Emily E. Brough, S. P. Oldham, Dency E. Terry, G. S. Forsyth, Janie Smith, J. K. Young, Jr., Wm. Dixon, W. N. Draper.

ENIGMA.

THERE was a man of Adam's race,
Who had a certain dwelling place;
He had a house all covered o'er,
Where no man dwelt, since or before.

It was not built by human art,
Of brick or lime in any part,
Of rock or stone in cave or kiln,
But curiously was wrought within.

'Twas not in heaven nor yet in hell,
Nor on the earth where mortals dwell;
Now if you know this man of fame,
Tell where he lived and what his name.

TRUE MANLINESS.

PRINCE ALBERT, of England, was one of the noblest men of our century. He was better fitted to be King of England than were most of the long line of able monarchs who have ruled her in past ages. No one of the Brunswick family can compare with him in largeness of views or purity of character. It was a misfortune for England that jealousy of foreign influence at court limited his power for good. But he did much indirectly for the nation, and his opinions had great weight not only with the Queen, but with the most eminent of English statesmen, who frequently sought his advice. His modesty and consideration for others, and thoughtfulness in little things, were beyond all praise. He cherished no resentment for injuries received, but felt rather compassion for men who could stoop to do wrong or mean things. Alexander Humbolt had uttered some cruel words against the Prince, designed to cause pain; when a friend was complaining to Prince Albert of the wrong done him, he replied, sweetly, "I pity poor Humbolt. Such things injure one whom I have loved and admired."

Why was the first of September like the transgression of Adam? Because it was the beginning of the fall.

HOW THE HONEST-HEARTED ARE LED TO THE TRUTH.

BY HAMILTON.

NEARLY every Latter-day Saint who has lived out in the world, in looking back over his experience, cannot fail to see the hand of the Lord controlling the circumstances that led to his acquaintance with the principles of the gospel. Such has been the testimony of many to whom the writer has listened, and such has been his own experience.

When a boy of sixteen I was bound out for five years to learn the trade of engraving for calico printing in Jersey City, a few miles from my home. In a few months my employers sold out their business, myself included, to other parties, who removed to the town of H——, about forty miles up the Hudson River. This to me, seemed a terrible hardship, and I opposed it with all my power. I threatened to run away, to sue them, to spoil all my work, but it was of no avail, as I was secured by my papers, and disheartened, discouraged, and homesick, I was forced to go with my employers.

In the course of time these feelings wore away, and I settled down in my new home and I worked in a shop with a large number of men and boys, where, as in most factories, the associations tended to the ruination of good morals and habits. As I now look back from my present position I shudder to think of the yawning gulf that I now see was open before me, but which I could not see at the time. And I thank my Heavenly Father for His guiding hand that kept me from moral destruction.

In the Summer of 1847 a new man who had just arrived from England was hired in our shop. He was a very quiet man and very different from the remainder of our crowd, in that he did not drink, smoke or swear. He was a good workman, minded his own business, kept aloof from beer shops, and spent his evenings, with his little family who were far above the average in goodness.

Being an American myself and having all the prejudices of a Yankee boy against the English, I used to make all the fun I could of him and his cockney pronunciation; but although very quiet, I soon found that he always got the best of me. Little did I then think of the influence this man was to have over me in a little while, to change the whole course of my life, to be the instrument in the hand of God of opening up to my mind things of which I had never dreamed, by transporting me back to the days of our Savior, and putting me on a footing with those who lived in the age of the apostles. Many a time in after years did I think of my murmuring at being compelled to go to H——, but thank God that He had overruled that I should go, for in that act, I acknowledged His kind hand in guiding me to where His mind and will in relation to myself could be made known to me.

After Mr. D., our new workman, had been there some little time, there was a great revival of religion in the village among the Methodists, and we boys frequently attended the meetings for the purpose of escorting the girls home. The exciting scenes we there witnessed became the common theme of our conversation in the shop, and we frequently held arguments as to which religion was the best, each one arguing in favor of the one to which he had become attached. Upon asking Mr. D. at one time which one he thought the best, he began, without answering direct to speak about the days of the Savior and certain things that were said and done by Him and His apostles, and of the gifts and blessings manifested at that day.

He then compared these with the different denominations of the present day. He exhibited such a knowledge of the Bible from which he quoted chapter and verse to prove everything he said, that we were greatly surprised, and became so interested that we resumed the subject at every opportunity we got. This continued till quite a number of subjects from the Bible had been discussed and explained from his standpoint. We finally told him that he ought to have been a preacher instead of an engraver. He replied that he was a preacher, at which we laughed heartily, the idea of a working man like him being a preacher of the gospel was to us simply ridiculous, and so we told him.

He replied, "If you boys will get me a hall, and put out some notice, to circulate the news, and will come and sing for me, I will promise you that I will do my part."

We, thinking we were going to have some rare fun, set about it in right good earnest, and on the following Sunday afternoon at the time appointed, had a hall holding about one hundred persons packed full, about six of us did the singing which was tolerably fair, as we had practiced for the occasion. Mr. D. offered up a prayer which made us feel quite sheepish, as we were not in the habit of doing anything of that kind ourselves. He then took up the subject of baptism and for over an hour held that audience spell-bound. Everyone who attended the meeting with the thought of enjoying the discomfiture of Mr. D. in his attempt to preach went away with a very different feeling. There was no more doubt of his ability to preach, that was a settled fact. He could both preach and interest an audience.

The question now on all sides was, are the principles advanced by him correct? For he had placed many things in an altogether different light from what we had been accustomed to view them, all through the following week the subject was debated *pro* and *con* in the village stores and bar room, and on the street corners. I listened to the arguments, treasuring up all the objections I could hear, and going to Mr. D. with them, expecting to confound him; but everything I could bring was swept away by chapter and verse, with the same ease that he delivered his ever-ready discourse. I would then take his arguments, and finding some of the opposers would refute their objections, and receive a cargo of fresh objections when I would return to Mr. D. only to have them as easily dispelled as were the former ones. Thus I made myself a go-between until I had become conversant with the principles he advanced, and all the objections the opposers could bring forth, and I very soon became a full believer in the principles of the everlasting gospel.

These meetings were continued until the county for miles around was thoroughly warned that the gospel tree had been restored and the hour of God's judgment was come. The result was that hundreds believed, and about ten obeyed the message that was sent them. A little branch was organized, the Spirit of God was poured out in gifts and blessings, a haven of rest was made for weary traveling Elders from Salt Lake to recuperate and replenish for further traveling. An opportunity was also given for all the members to apostatize who wished to do so, which some few did, and the balance in due time gathered to Zion, where they are to be found to-day holding honorable positions in different branches of the kingdom, as faithful Saints gathered out from the nations by the power of God.

Bro. D. holds the honorable position of Bishop's Counselor, honored and loved by all, but by none more so than the little

flock he picked out of the hills in the village of H—. The writer holds the position of convict in the Utah Penitentiary for what is called unlawful cohabitation, whether the position is an honorable one or not he leaves his readers to judge for themselves.

POLITENESS.

BY W. J.

POLITENESS is a comprehensive term. This word and its synonyms express the most of our behavior or conduct in this life; and it is designed that in this article it shall have a broad application.

Some boys are in the habit of speaking disrespectfully of their parents. They call their honored father "dad," or "the old man," and they degrade the dear name of mother into "the old woman." This should not be. Any boy who is guilty of this wrong should reform in this particular immediately.

"Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

This is the voice of inspiration to the young.

Boys who dishonor their parents are liable to disrespect men in authority. Were they speaking of President Cleveland they would call him Grover, just as though they had played marbles or ball with him a few days before. This is a familiarity that is inexcusable.

A published anecdote says that when Prince Bismarck was a boy he was rebuked by his father for speaking of the king as Fritz. Said the old squire of Varzin:

"Learn to speak reverently of his majesty, and you will grow accustomed to think of him with veneration."

Young Bismarck laid the advice to heart, and to this day the great chancellor always lowers his tone and assumes a grave, worshipful look when he alludes to the Kaiser. If a message is brought to him from the emperor, by word of mouth or in writing, he stands up to receive it. Boys, try to profit by this example.

The following has been published, but it should *not* be applicable to the gentler sex:

Two gentlemen resigned their places in a railroad car to a couple of ladies, one of whom, as she took the proffered seat, was distinctly heard to say, in a low but firm voice:

"Thank you, sir."

The gentleman thus addressed was startled and turned deathly pale. Then he grasped a strap in the car, and leaning forward, inquired of the lady in question:

"Are you a resident of this city, madam?"

"I have always lived here," she answered hurriedly.

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed the stricken man; "and yet you wear no medals—no insignia of honor—nothing to show that you are not like others; but, good heavens, what a difference! Why, madam, I have traveled on this railway ever since it was made and no member of your sex ever thanked me audibly for a seat before this moment."

Boys, please to take particular notice of the following incident in a boy's history, for it is written expressly for your special benefit:

I stood in the store the other day when a boy came in and applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Ya-as."

"Good at figures?"

"Ya-as."

"That will do—I don't want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy was gone, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how would he answer my customers after being here a month?"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he had ever applied for.

Lord Chesterfield, who has been pronounced the most polished man in England, was once singularly devoid of that polish. Read what he says of himself:

"I had a strong desire to please, and was sensible that I had nothing but the desire. I therefore resolved, if possible, to acquire the means, too. I studied attentively and minutely the dress, the air, the manner, the address and the turn of conversation of all those whom I found to be the people of fashion, and most generally allowed to please. I imitated them as well as I could. If I heard that one man was reckoned remarkably genteel, I carefully watched his dress, motions and attitudes and formed my own upon them. When I heard of another whose conversation was agreeable and engaging, I listened and attended to the turn of it. I addressed myself, though with a bad grace, to all the most fashionable ladies; confessed and laughed with them at my own awkwardness and rawness, recommending myself as an object for them to try their skill in forming."

James Parton says:

"The mode in which respect to the presence of a human being may be left to custom. In the East men take off their shoes before entering an apartment. We take off the hat and add a verbal salutation. The mode is unimportant; it may vary with the humor of the moment; it may change with the changing fashion; but no one who respects himself, and has a proper regard for others, will omit to give *some* sign that he recognizes an essential difference between a horse and a man, and between a stable and a house."

Another able modern writer has placed the following on record to his everlasting credit:

"Every denial of, or interference with, the personal freedom or absolute rights of another is a violation of good manners. He who presumes to censure me for my religious belief, or want of belief; who makes it a matter of criticism or reproach that I am a Theist or Atheist, Trinitarian or Unitarian, Catholic or Protestant, Pagan or Christian, Jew, Mohamedan or Mormon, is guilty of rudeness and insult. If any of these modes of belief make one intolerant or intrusive, he may resent such intolerance or repel such intrusion; but the basis of all true politeness and social enjoyment is in the mutual tolerance of personal rights."

The object is not to induce our young folks to become mere imitators—to ape the fashionable *nonsense* of the world; but to prompt them to act with propriety under all circumstances. Manners, as well as morals, are founded upon certain eternal principles, and they are too numerous to enumerate here. They are correct as well as eternal. Among them are magnanimity of soul, self-control, kind feelings, a sense of equity, respect for the rights of others, good will towards our fellow-men, and many others.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

GOVERNOR WEST has visited the Latter-day Saints in the penitentiary. His object was to try and arrange a plan of settlement between them and the government; in other words, to have them promise to "obey the Edmunds law as interpreted by the courts." If they would do this he and the other Federal officials would endeavor to obtain amnesty from President Cleveland. By the Edmunds law President Cleveland is given the power to forgive sins against that law; that is, he has power to grant amnesty.

The brethren at the penitentiary were unmoved by the arguments of the governor. While they respected him and gave him credit for good motives, they told him they had no confidence in the courts nor in the prosecuting attorney, and could not, in honor, do anything of the kind he asked of them. It is very gratifying to read the report of the remarks of Brother Lorenzo Snow as he replied to the governor. Others of the prisoners also expressed themselves as he did.

In going on this mission Governor West was doubtless prompted by the kindest of feelings and by deep anxiety to stop this persecution; but he plainly showed that he did not comprehend the attitude of the Latter-day Saints in regard to the law nor the reasons which prompt them in their actions. He perhaps thinks that the Latter-day Saints are obstinate, and if they do not change they will have great trouble.

Possibly Governor West reasons about our situation as many others do:

"The United States is a powerful nation. It crushed secession in the South, though there were millions of people who upheld it. By the stroke of his pen the President of the United States—Abraham Lincoln—emancipated four millions of slaves; and now the North and the South being united, it is a power of overwhelming strength. If this government says plural marriage must be given up, what possible chance have two hundred thousand Latter-day Saints to withstand it?"

Many men reason in this way and see nothing but ruin before us if we persist in our refusal to lay aside the doctrine which is denounced. They think that a nation that has shown its strength in quelling so formidable a rebellion as that of the South can easily brush out of its way a handful of people like the Latter-day Saints.

But in all these calculations God is left out. No one who endeavors to persuade the Latter-day Saints to reject the principle of plural marriage has any idea that the Lord has anything to do with the contest; and it is here where they make the great mistake.

It is plain that Governor West does not understand our true position. If he believed for a moment that the revelation concerning celestial marriage was from God, he would see how impossible it is for the Latter-day Saints to repudiate it, and how vain it would be for the world to array itself against it with any hope of successfully destroying it from the earth.

After the Savior's crucifixion the apostles performed mighty miracles and much opposition was shown against the Church by the Jews. On one occasion, after Peter and John had been arrested, the rulers acknowledged that a notable miracle had been performed and that the people knew it; but they would not admit that Peter and John were servants of God. They called them before the council and commanded them not to speak in the name of Jesus; and when the apostles said they would not but speak of the things they had seen and heard, it made no difference; they repeated their commands and threatened them with punishment if they did not obey. They would have punished them then had they not been afraid of the people.

Another time, after the apostles were arrested, they brought them before the council and said to them:

"Did not we straitly command you that ye should not teach in this name? and, behold, ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and intend to bring this man's blood upon us."

The answer which Peter and the other apostles gave to them was similar in import to that given by Brother Lorenzo Snow to Governor West:

"We ought to obey God rather than men."

Again they threatened the apostles, and even went so far as to beat them; but finally released them with the command that they should not speak in the name of Jesus. Instead, however, of obeying the command of the chief rulers of the nation they rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Jesus, and they ceased not to teach and preach Him to the people.

Now, the policy that many people would have the Latter-day Saints adopt is the same policy that was urged upon the apostles of Jesus: The rulers of the Jews considered it a crime to preach Jesus Christ; they imprisoned and beat His disciples for doing so. They also threatened them with death and, in fact, did kill James, one of the apostles, and Stephen and others; but as the apostles said unto them:

"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye."

On the one hand, there was the command of God; on the other, there was the command of the rulers of the nation. If they obeyed the command of God, they were threatened with the most severe punishment—they were put in prison, were abused and some of them were slain. If they obeyed the commandments of men, as they were urged to do, they rejected their eternal salvation and would incur the anger and eternal punishment of God. They were in a trying position, but they did not flinch: they obeyed God and endured all the consequences of disobeying men. Through their disobedience to men and their obedience to God, through their sufferings, privations and dreadful afflictions, the name of Jesus was proclaimed and His gospel was believed in and His Church was established; and to-day the very men who urge us to disobey God and obey the laws of the land profess to be proud of the religion which they claim to be of Christ, and which has only been brought to them through the refusal of His apostles to obey the laws of the rulers of the nation to which they belonged.

Before urging us to disobey God, before holding up to us the great obligation that rests upon us to obey the laws of the land, men should study the history of the religion which they profess to believe.

Christianity exists to-day because there were men as obstinate in maintaining their views and carrying them into practice as the Latter-day Saints are accused of being. Had the apos-

tles and Saints of those days promised to obey the law, "as interpreted by the courts," where would the Church of Christ have been? It would either have disappeared from the face of the earth, or another people would have been raised up by the Lord who would have obeyed Him in preference to "obeying the law as interpreted by the courts."

AN INTERESTING AMUSEMENT.

MASTER JAMES BAYTON is an ingenious, intelligent young fellow. He is quite studious in his habits, and is fond of reading instructive books and papers. He is also very clever at using tools and at various kinds of handiwork. He will whittle out toys of all descriptions with his pocket knife.

Instead of being found in the streets with other boys, James spends most of his spare time at home. He amuses himself by reading and studying; and when he is tired of studying he goes out into the yard where he takes exercise by jumping, and performing on a horizontal bar, and such like sports. Then he will take his pocket-knife and cut out of pieces of wood toy animals, small wagons, wheelbarrows and numerous other things to amuse his little brothers and sisters.

He is very fond of his brothers and sisters and tries to entertain them in various ways. They in turn are greatly attached to him and are ever willing to do what he wishes them. He makes it a rule to spend a part of each day teaching them how to read and write. By so doing he helps his parents to a great extent in their duties and labors.

This bright young lad takes a great interest in making experiments to demonstrate principles that he has learned from the books he reads. This makes his studies much more interesting to him and he is better able to remember the prin-

ciples he learns by so doing, and they may be of use to him at some future time.

One day James Bayton was found by his little sister whittling some odd-looking figures out of pieces of wood. They were different to anything he had made before, and she was very anxious to know what they were for. But James did not want tell her or any of the young children what he was making until the job was finished. One after another would come and watch him work and try and find out what he intended to make, but without success. Although they put all sorts of questions to him, he would not give a direct answer, but told them to wait and see. He was desirous of giving them some

little surprise by presenting the toys to them when finished. For several hours he worked away with his pocket-knife until several blisters were raised on his hands.

At last he finished the work and called the children to him to see the curious figures he had made perform their tricks. One of the toys was a man cut out of wood, with a saw, made of the same material, attached with a small peg to his arms. A lump of lead was fastened to the other end of the saw, in the manner shown in our picture. By placing the man on the edge of the table, in such a way that the weight fixed to the saw would project beneath where he stood, he could be made to move back and forth, as if in the act of sawing the table, by simply giving the weight a slight touch to start it rocking.



The other object was a wooden horse with a rider on his back, which was made to appear as though it was galloping off at full speed. In order to do this, the end of a piece of stiff wire, curved like you see it in the picture, was inserted in the body of the animal, and a weight was fastened to the other end to balance it in position. Then by giving it a rocking motion the horse would appear to be making a leap. These toys pleased the children very much, and it was a long time

before they grew tired of watching them perform. It puzzled them, though, to understand how it was that the objects remained on the table; and it would also puzzle many larger persons, who were unacquainted with the principle upon which it was done, to account for this performance.

We will leave it to each one of our little readers to try and solve this simple problem for him or herself. If you are unable to find it out, just get some one to explain it to you. But try first to do it yourself. It will cause you to think and reason upon the matter, and this is what everyone should learn to do if he wishes to become intelligent.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 158).

[The last chapter which we published of this Journal brought us to the Summer of 1845. We cannot, at present, obtain the manuscript covering the remainder of 1845 and the whole of 1846; and are therefore obliged to continue this series with the opening of 1847. As the reader will observe, this Journal for 1847 is a personal diary, detailing many comparatively unimportant occurrences; but that year was filled with mighty events for the Church of God, in many of which Elder Clayton was a participant. We therefore feel that this personal and minute record will well repay its publication and general perusal.]

Friday, Jan. 1, 1847.—During the forenoon I was at the store.

At 2 p.m., I went with Diantha [Bro. Clayton's wife] to her father's and partook of roast turkey for dinner. At 4 o'clock met the band at the basket shop and played about one and a half hours. The basket makers made to each of us a present of a new basket, and showed their gratitude in various ways. At 6 o'clock I met with the band at Father Kimball's and played for a party until after 1 o'clock. Presidents Young and Kimball danced several times and all seemed to feel well.

Saturday, Jan. 2.—I was at the store regulating the books and making out Whitney & Woolley's account. About 2 o'clock p.m., Sarah [Bro. Clayton's daughter] came and said her mother wanted me, as Moroni [Bro. Clayton's son] had fallen into the fire and burned himself very badly. I went home immediately and found Moroni in a bad condition. There were large blisters around his left eye, and he was burned all over the left side of his head and neck. At once applied consecrated oil and ordered the folks to keep it on all the time. I then returned to the store. In the evening President Young came and got his hardware bill and made some purchases.

Sunday, Jan. 3.—Moroni's face seems much better, though his left eye still looks bad. I was at the store all day working at Whitney's account current, which is difficult to balance. In the evening, Heber C. Kimball, his wife, Ellen, Sarah Ann and Sister Whitney came in to trade and remained until about 10 o'clock.

Monday, Jan. 4.—I was at the store all day. In the evening I was busy waiting upon Orson Pratt and Amasa Lyman. I paid my tax, to-day, amounting to \$2.17½, to J. C. Wright.

Tuesday, Jan. 5, to Saturday, Jan. 9.—At the store each day. The weather is intensely cold.

Sunday, Jan. 10.—At home nearly all day. About 2 p.m., I went to Hutchinson's to dinner. Retired at 9 o'clock, and half an hour later Margaret [Bro. Clayton's wife] was taken sick. At 20 minutes past 11 she was safely delivered of a son, for whose birth I am thankful. She seems to feel well and is doing well. The boy is named Joseph Thomas.

Monday, Jan. 11.—To-day the weather is more moderate. Margaret and her boy are doing well. Last night Pitt returned from Missouri.

Tuesday, Jan. 12.—This morning Ruth [Bro. Clayton's wife] was sick. I went to the store and continued settlements as usual. Brothers Lee and Russel returned from Missouri, having obtained change for the checks. About 4 p.m., President Young and J. D. Lee came to Bishop Whitney's and I received in gold \$496.17, and in silver \$1,080.52, out of three checks which Lee took to the value of \$2,447.32, the balance to be accounted for hereafter.

As soon as I got through receiving the money I was informed that my folks had sent for me and I went home soon after. Found that Ruth had brought forth a son about 20 minutes after 5 p.m. The boy is named Newel Horace.

In the evening I met with the band at Johnson's and played until 11 o'clock. The house was so crowded that there was little room to dance, but nevertheless dancing was engaged in freely.

Wednesday, Jan. 13.—This morning Ruth feels more comfortable. Margaret is also doing well.

I was at the store all day waiting for Lee and Russel to settle. In the evening Russel came and I received from him in gold \$177.50, and in silver \$363.19. He also accounted for \$150 paid to Heber and \$30 to Daniel Russel, out of a check of the value of \$732.53, leaving him deficient \$11.84. I spent the evening at home.

Thursday, Jan. 14.—I was at the store paying out a part of the money, expecting before making final payments to settle with Lee and Egan.

Friday, Jan. 15.—Spent an hour with Lee and Egan at my house, but did not accomplish much towards a settlement. I was afterwards at the store paying out money and filling bills for Pisgah and Garden Grove.

Saturday, Jan. 16.—I was again paying at the store. The weather is very cold. My folks are doing well.

Sunday, Jan. 17.—I spent the greater part of the day at home.

Monday, Jan. 18.—At the store engaged principally in paying out money to the soldiers' wives.

Tuesday, Jan. 19 to Thursday, Jan. 21.—At the store paying money, etc.

Friday, Jan. 22.—In the evening I went with Hutchinson to Packer's party and played for the party in the smoke house until nearly midnight.

Saturday, Jan. 23.—I was paying money at the store during the day; and in the evening was with Pitt and Hutchinson at the Council House.

Sunday, Jan. 24.—At home nearly all day. In the evening walked alone over the river.

Monday, Jan. 25.—Busily engaged at the store paying money, etc. It is snowing and it is quite cold.

Tuesday, Jan. 26.—At the store until two p. m. Afterward went with the quadrille band to the Council House in pursuance of previous notice and played for a party of Seventies and their families who had assisted in building the house. They danced until near midnight. We had plenty of refreshments through the interview and a very pleasant party.

Wednesday, Jan. 27.—At the store again until noon. At two p. m. went to the Council House with the quadrille band to play for another company of those who had aided in the erection of the structure. We had refreshments, a sociable party, and closed at midnight as on the 26th.

Thursday, Jan. 28.—At the store until noon and then at the Council House with the quadrille band playing for the third party of those who had assisted in constructing the building, together with the poor basket makers.

Friday, Jan. 29.—Felt ill but was at the store a part of the day.

Saturday, Jan. 30.—At the store all day settling and paying money to soldier's wives.

Sunday, Jan. 31.—At home all day. Dined with Diantha, Ruth, Margaret and Mother Farr.

Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1847.—I was at the store until noon. Afterward was at the Council House with the quadrille band playing for President Brigham's children and the children of the Young family generally.

Wednesday, Feb. 3.—In the afternoon was again at the Council House with the quadrille band to play for a family meeting of the Young family. President Brigham Young was quite sick and seemed very low spirited. After the meeting had been opened by prayer the President called upon his brothers to stand up by him in the center of the room. This they did, standing according to age. John Young took his place at the head, then Phineas, Joseph, Brigham and Lorenzo. The President then requested Heber to take his place in the line inasmuch as he had been recognized about fifteen years as a member of the Young family. He took his place between Joseph and Brigham. The President then said that this was the first time that Father Young's boys had been together in the same capacity for a number of years. After a few remarks, the remainder of the evening was spent in partaking of a good supper and in cheerful dancing until nearly two o'clock in the morning, when the party closed in the best of spirits and good feeling.

Friday, Feb. 5.—In the afternoon went with the quadrille band to play for the Silver Greys until midnight.

Tuesday, Feb. 9.—I left the store at ten a. m. and went with the quadrille band in Eldredge's carriage to play around the city; but the weather was so cold we could not perform very satisfactorily. At two p. m. we met with the "Bishop's party," at the Council House and played until midnight. This night I danced, for the first time in my life, the Scotch Reel or "Mormon dance." My partners were Diantha and Olive, her sister.

Wednesday, Feb. 10.—After noon I met with the band at the Bishop's second party in the Council House and played until late at night. I danced several times.

Thursday, Feb. 11.—At two p. m. went to play for the Silver Greys, and danced a few times.

Friday, Feb. 12.—I was at the store all day. I paid to C. C. Rich money for sundries at Pisgah.

Saturday, Feb. 13.—At one p. m. was at the Council House with the quadrille band and played for the "bench-makers" until midnight.

(To be Continued.)

DISCOVERY OF GAS.

GREAT was the amazement of all England when, at the close of the last century, William Murdoch discovered the use of combustible air or gas. So little was the invention understood and believed in by those who had seen it in use, that even great and wise men laughed at the idea.

"How could there be a light without a wick?" said a member of Parliament, when the subject was brought before the House. Even Sir Humphry Davey ridiculed the idea of lighting towns with gas, and asked one of the projectors if they meant to take the dome of St. Paul's as a gas meter. Sir Walter Scott too, made himself merry over the idea of illuminating London by smoke; though he was glad enough, not so long after, to make his own house at Abbotsford light and cheerful on winter nights by the use of that very smoke. When the House of Commons was lighted by gas, the architect imagined that the gas ran on fire through the pipes, and he therefore insisted on their being placed several inches from the wall, for fear of the building taking fire; and members might be observed carefully touching the pipes with their gloved hands, and wondering why they did not feel warm. The first shop lighted by the new method was Mr. Ackerman's, of the Strand, in 1810; and one lady of rank was so delighted with the brilliancy of the gas lamp on the counter, that she asked to be allowed to take it home in her carriage. Mr. Murdoch was, however, too busy with his other pursuits to study the uses of gas, and though he was undoubtedly the first to apply it to practical purposes, many others laid claim to the honor, and other people quickly reaped the benefit of his cleverness and ingenuity. In this he shared the general fate of inventors.

HE WAS ANSWERED.—In order to be understood, and clearly answered, questions should be put in a form that cannot be mistaken. The *Sacramento Union* tells a story of a lawyer who made his question very plain.

In one of the courts in this city, two or three days ago, there came up for trial a case in which a Chinaman was the complaining witness against a white man. During the impanelling of the jury, one of the attorney's questioned closely the men summoned as jurors, to ascertain their views on the Chinese question. He asked one of them,

"Would you believe a Chinaman under oath?" The witness responded in the affirmative.

"Would you believe a Chinaman as quickly as you would a white man?"

"Well (hesitatingly), I would believe him as soon as I would some white men."

"That isn't an answer to my question. I now ask you, and I desire a categorical answer, would you believe a Chinaman as soon as you would believe me, or the attorney for the defense, for instance?"

"Oh, yes, sir, certainly!"

The attorney did not appear to feel much better after he found out.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE training which the Latter-day Saints are receiving in officiating for their dead, will have a marked effect upon the future character of the people. The doctrine of baptism for the dead does literally, as the Lord said it would, turn the hearts of the children to their fathers and arouses an interest in ancestry such as is not felt among any other people.

In old settled countries, where families have accumulated wealth and obtained distinction, attention is paid to such matters. In such society it is an honor to belong to an old family—the older the better, even though some of the ancestry may have led very disreputable lives and have achieved their positions and fortunes by acts of violence and little less than wholesale robbery. Many of what are called the noblest and most famous houses of Europe were founded by vigorous, unscrupulous and daring men. They acquired fame and property by wars and pillage, and grasped with a strong hand the opportunities thrown in their way through the disturbances of the times in which they lived.

In the New England States a remarkable spirit took possession of the people about the time the Lord, through the Prophet Joseph Smith, revealed the doctrine of baptism for the dead. Up to that time, indifference and ignorance had been generally exhibited by the people of that region respecting their ancestors. But all at once interest was taken in the history of families. Societies sprang into existence, the object of their organization being the accumulation of genealogical knowledge and the tracing of family pedigrees. Every old record became an object of interest, and details of great value for families or persons who have taste for such facts were brought to light. A desire to publish family histories became very general, and numerous volumes, containing most valuable information for Latter-day Saints who are connected with the families, have been published.

If these societies and individuals had believed the doctrine of baptism for the dead which the Prophet taught, they could scarcely have done better work to aid the Latter-day Saints in attending to this ordinance than they have done and are still doing. Probably thousands and thousands of names have been preserved by their efforts which otherwise would have gone into oblivion, at any rate for the present; and their friends in the Church have officiated for them. That they were and are inspired by the Lord to do this work no reflecting, faithful Latter-day Saint doubts.

The knowledge which Latter-day Saints have of the origin of their families and the names of their kindred is remarkable. Nothing like it can be found in any community in similar circumstances. The oldest settlers have only been in these valleys thirty-eight years. As emigrants they severed the old ties and launched out, as it were, into a new existence. The tendency under such circumstances is to look forward and not backward, to forget the old and think only of the new; to think about the children and grand-children rather than the parents and grand-parents, to forget uncles and aunts and cousins, not to mention more remote relatives. This is the case in other communities of our age. There may be many in such communities who know they had grand-parents; they may have heard their parents mention their uncles and aunts; but it would puzzle them to give their names, and as for cousins, especially if beyond the first degree, they are too remote to think about. But how different it is in Utah!

Visit the humblest houses in our cities and villages, and one may find families who, in leaving their former homes, severed themselves from all their kindred; but question them concerning their ancestors and family connections, and in many instances they will exhibit a surprising amount of familiarity.

This is very general and is becoming more and more so.

What will be the effect upon the character of the people?

Under the influences which prompt this searching out and preservation of pedigrees and family names and connections, it will be most elevating.

The motives are not sordid or unworthy; they are not for the purpose of affecting society by claiming to belong to old families; but they are the highest and holiest—the desire to know who their relatives and ancestors are, that they may officiate for them in those holy and saving ordinances which God has prepared.

Between the living families and the dead ancestry the most tender ties will exist.

The living may never have known or seen the dead; but after officiating for them, the latter will be, in the minds of the living, almost as though they were still here with their personal presence, and a kinship will exist infinitely stronger than that of mere blood relationship.

The future world will be no vague, undefined region, about which doubts and fears will prevail, but a place to which all will look forward with hope and pleasure. The work which they have done for their ancestry will give them an assurance of a cordial welcome into the best society there.

I am sure I do not exaggerate the elevating effects which this doctrine and the practices which flow therefrom will have upon the future character of the Latter-day Saints. Let those who are old enough compare the American people of thirty or forty years ago with the American people of to-day and see the contrast. In many directions the influences which have been at work in that period have effected a complete change of character.

So it will be with the Latter-day Saints. The character of the people will be modified and changed by their belief, practices and hopes for the future. Religion, in our case, is a powerful and very influential factor in moulding our character.

One effect I hope to see—I feel confident that under the above-described influences it will be developed—and that is, a disposition on the part of the young people who belong to families who keep family records, and who have attended to ordinances for their ancestry, to avoid unworthy alliances.

I would like to see a caste of the right kind grow up among us.

Not a caste based upon riches.

Not a caste based upon what the world esteem as old families or noble birth.

But a caste based upon good character—faith, purity, high morality and probity.

I trust that, in the good days coming, no one who has not these last-named qualities will be able to contract a marriage with any one who possesses them, and that there will be no marriages between young people of the right kind and young people of the wrong kind.

IN connection with this subject my attention is drawn to a magazine article, lately published, from the pen of Frederick Douglass, on "The Future of the Colored Race."

My readers will know that Mr. Douglass is the son of a white man by a black mother, and is probably more prominent

and better known than any other man who has negro blood in his veins in the nation. He is an eloquent speaker and a strong writer.

His conclusions are that:

"Looking at the negro as politically and socially related to the American people generally, and measuring the forces arrayed against him, I do not see how he can survive and flourish in this country as a distinct and separate race, nor do I see how he can be removed from the country either by annihilation or expatriation."

He looks forward to the colored race being absorbed and assimilated, and a blended race being the result. He appears to laugh at such a result being thought unnatural, abhorrent and impossible. People who utter such exclamations, he says, only shake the air. He appeals to a stubborn fact which confronts people daily and which is open to the observation of all.

This fact is: that "at least one fourth of our colored population is composed of mixed blood, ranging all the way from a dark-brown color to the point where there is no visible admixture."

This certainly is a stubborn fact and is indisputable, as every one knows who has traveled in the States where the colored population reside.

Mr. Douglass triumphantly asserts that if the blending of the two races were impossible there would not be such an admixture as that which has already taken place. He therefore relies on this as a conclusive and an unanswerable evidence of the correctness of his anticipations respecting the future of the colored race.

He thinks this result will not be reached by any hurried or forced process. If it comes at all, it will come without shock or noise or violence of any kind—that is, it will come around gradually and through the causes which have already produced the blending we witness.

There is undoubtedly much truth and force in Mr. Douglass' statements. However much men may refuse to admit that the negro race will entirely disappear by assimilation or absorption, few will deny that in some parts of the country the bleaching process is going rapidly on. There are forces at work the tendency of which are to break down and destroy the pure white type and produce in its stead a mongrel race in whose veins the blood of the Caucasian and African will be blended. What the consequences of this will be I must reserve for my next, as my space will not admit of its elaboration in this number.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 166.)

ON the 2nd of December, we marched nine miles and came out into an open, broken country and camped by the ruins of some old Spanish buildings. Here we were visited by Apache Indians, who had baked roots, called "mescal," to sell. The roots were sweet and nutritious. They seemed to have known we were short of provisions. Our colonel bought of them a mule.

My health was so poor I could scarcely travel. Every muscle in my body was sore, as if somebody had beaten me with a club. Having brought a little ginger from Fort Leavenworth, I made tea and drank it. As to my weakness, I attributed it to short rations.

The guides said there were plenty of wild cattle in the country. The next day the camp rested and four men were sent from each company to hunt wild cattle. Twelve head were killed, seven by the men of company B. I thought the wild cattle meat far sweeter than the States beef.

We were overtaken at this place by a soldier who had left camp a few days before to have a hunt. He came in minus his gun and the most of his clothes and was nearly starved to death. He said he had been robbed by Indians, had lost his way, and it was not until he had wandered back fifty or sixty miles that he found the way by striking our trail. Finding Captain Hunter's dead horse he feasted on the carcass so as to keep body and soul together until his arrival in camp.

On the 4th, orders were given to jerk our fresh meat; but we soon received orders to be on the march by 1 p.m. Our beef was not half cured and we did not like the idea of starting so soon.

That afternoon I was detailed to lead a pack mule, and notwithstanding we traveled only about eight miles, I was so weak and unwell I could not keep up with the command. I fell to the rear and was obliged to lie down a number of times before reaching camp.

During the next day's travel we saw thousands of wild cattle. The next day we had a storm of snow and rain, and before camping the ground became quite soft and the weather was very cool, making it disagreeable to travel.

On the 7th the camp laid by to await the return of the guides, who had gone ahead to pioneer our way. Late in the evening they came in and reported there was no more water within thirty miles.

The next morning, before taking up the line of march, we buried Brother Elisha Smith. He had been sick several days. We burned a brush heap over the grave to hide him from Indians and wild beasts.

My health from this time on began to amend. We camped that night without water, and the next day noon we reached the San Pedro River, where a halt was called to refresh ourselves and teams, after which we traveled down the river five miles and camped. Bands of wild horses were seen, also cattle and antelope. A few of the latter were killed.

On the 10th we camped near some old, vacated adobe buildings on the banks of the San Pedro. Here fine salmon trout were caught.

The next day, while traveling down the river, several wild cattle, mostly bulls, from some cause, ran through our ranks, goring two mules to death, while some of the men were badly wounded by their horns. They were fired upon, when ten of the rascals were killed.

On the 13th, at noon, we halted to await the return of the guides, who, as usual, were ahead to look out the route. Soon, however, they came into camp and reported the next water to be twenty miles distant on a trail leading to a fortified garrison fifty or sixty miles distant. They had fallen in with a party of Mexicans, from whom they learned there were two hundred regulars and two cannon at the garrison, and that they had been watching our movements for several days. At 3 p.m. the colonel called us out on parade, using up the afternoon in the drill.

On the morning of the 15th we took up the line of march, making our way towards the garrison, as the guides asserted that to go in any other direction would be more than one hundred miles out of our way, over hills and mountains almost impassable. We passed a Mexican distillery and some of the

battalion tasted the liquor there manufactured, but pronounced it poor stuff.

About two miles on, our colonel took two Mexicans prisoners and confined them under guard as spies. That night we camped without water. The next morning the two prisoners were liberated, and by sunrise we were on the march, with loaded muskets, as it was reported we would not be allowed to pass the garrison without resistance. About the middle of the afternoon we reached there, passed through the town and camped a mile away, unmolested. On our approach, the soldiery and most of the inhabitants had fled, taking pretty much all the public property, with the exception of some two thousand bushels of wheat. Of this the colonel took what he needed for present use.

The place (Tucson) was nothing but a Mexican outpost against Indians. It looked good to behold young, green wheat patches and fruit trees, and to see swine and fowl running about. It was music to hear the crowing of the cocks.

The few people that were left in the place were old and infirm, with a few children, who were at our mercy and were badly frightened on our approach; but as officers and soldiers showed no sign of fight they became very friendly and sociable, though close in their dealings.

We lay at Tucson one day. At night I was placed on horse guard half a mile from camp. About midnight I was startled at the sudden beating of drums. I expected every moment to hear the crack of firearms, believing the Mexicans were on us. Soon everything was quiet.

On going to camp next morning I learned that two of our picket guard had orders if they saw anything in the shape of danger to fire an alarm and run into camp. This they had done, when the whole camp was called to arms. They formed a line ready for action, but no enemy making an appearance all soon retired to their tents and passed the night in sweet repose, with the exception of those who had eaten too freely of boiled wheat.

On the 18th we left Tucson and continued our march down a creek in a northerly direction. After going a few miles orders were given to water the teams and fill up our canteens, as the guides said the next place where water was to be found was forty miles distant. After obeying the order we traveled until ten o'clock at night. Early the next morning we were on the march. We came to the foot of a mountain, where we were told there was water, not for the mules, but only for the men. It is true we found water, and orders were not to use a cup. We lay down and drank from the puddle holes; but there was not a tithe for the men. We traveled till a late hour in the night and camped without water. Men and mules gave out and were left all along the wayside in little squads. After making camp I and one of my messmates, Jesse B. Martin, took our canteens and left camp in search of water. We found a small hole filled with standing water, from which we quenched our raging thirst.

When we took up the line of march the following morning it seemed almost impossible for the teams to move, and no wonder, for they had not had a drop of water nor a spear of grass since leaving Tucson!

Soon we were met by the head guide with the glad news of water a short distance ahead. Directly another guide came up saying he had found a little grass and plenty of water for the whole army. To this latter place we moved and camped by a big pond. We were now within eight or ten miles of the Gila River.

(To be Continued).

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued from page 167.)

THE unfortunate Vladimir was carried from the brilliant, beloved capital of his country upon his black journey to the grave of Siberia in a stupor of despair. To work in the arsenic mines all his life, where his father, great and good, toiled to his horrible death! Who can wonder that the thought was maddening!

To make the spectacle of the czar's power more imposing, and to give a salutary warning to disaffection, no portion of the way was to be traversed by rail.

After a miserable parade of the score of stricken creatures, under a dazzling military escort, along one of the principal thoroughfares, they were huddled together at the river bank, facing the Winter Palace. The populace gathered in the vicinity and gazed with commiserating curiosity upon these men condemned to a death in life. There were no scoffings nor ribaldry. Russians out of official life never gloat over the victims of insatiable Siberia; as a rule they do not even betray the ordinary enthusiasm which one would expect in seeing the enemies of the czar, and therefore the enemies of all good people, banished from society.

Happily for the proud Pojarsky, his soul was insensible to his immediate surroundings. Even when the sledges were brought and he was ordered to mount to his place he could not be aroused. But mechanically he obeyed; and, linked with galling chains to a hideous malefactor, he took his seat.

The journey had progressed many dreary days towards its more dreary close before the lieutenant recovered the use of his ordinary faculties; but when the reaction came it was indeed most painful. He was now exquisitely sensible to every incident: the cold stung him; the chains festered upon his wrists; he was so cramped that to dismount at a guard house was torture.

His mind resumed its activity, and he wondered how many miles he had traveled; how far yet he must journey before reaching his place of burial.

Another thought agonized him more than all physical suffering. Would Olga ever learn his fate and remember him with loving pity? The proceedings of the court martial, he knew, had been terribly sudden and secret. Unless good fortune should reveal the truth to her she might believe that he had voluntarily fled to some foreign land and deserted her.

As this prospect dawned upon his mind, his heart swelled almost to bursting. Vladimir had never been a wicked man; but he had been too thoughtless to be very religious—although like most Russians he attended church and respected the priests. But now, in his distress of spirit, his mind rejected all forms of grace, and mentally he prostrated himself before his Maker and begged for mercy and comfort.

One day while thus meditating, he was disturbed by his companion—the Nihilist thief to whom he was chained. This creature, ever alert, had in the course of their journey discovered, among many other things, Pojarsky's name, rank and offense. He had been seeking an opportunity to make himself familiar with the titled state prisoner; and when they came in sight of the ice-bound shores of the Volga River, he whispered:

"Duke, little more than two hundred miles from here we will find a resting place. We are to wait at Kostroma for the opening of navigation upon the river; and from that point we will pursue our journey for a considerable distance by flat-boats. While we rest at Kostroma a chance may offer for an escape if we are quiet and watchful."

Though Vladimir made no immediate reply, he was not insensible to this information. He had little or no hope of an escape; but to stop and rest for a few days or possibly weeks would be comforting; and to feel that he was not constantly drawing farther away from Olga would be an infinite consolation.

Pojarsky's chain comrade had stated facts which probably he had gleaned from scraps of conversation between the guards.

From Kostroma, on the Upper Volga, down to the noted city of Nijni Novgorod the river is navigable for light craft, and during the open season it is a great commercial waterway. As the river is filled with masses of ice and debris in the Spring time, the first trip each year is attended by considerable suffering and danger. Upon this occasion the exiles were to be used for the hazardous enterprise of opening and testing the channel.

Two days later, as the party were still droning along monotonously in their sledges, the Nihilist said:

"I wonder what can be the business of that old fellow in a sledge who follows us so persistently. Day after day he has pursued us and yet has seemed to avoid overtaking us. Usually he keeps always the same distance from us—just within sight—but last night he was obliged to seek shelter at the guard house, and I caught a good look at his face. He stared as intently as if he knew us or wished to speak. He certainly has some definite object in view concerning this party."

Other eyes as sharp had watched the distant single traveler, and that night the guards awaited his appearance in order to interrogate him; but he could not be found.

A momentary interest had been awakened in Pojarsky's mind, but it soon passed away, and was not again aroused until Kostroma was reached.

No sooner were they arrived at this town than the exiles were driven into the prison court-yard; their chains were removed, and they were told to recuperate themselves for the trying river voyage to Nijni Novgorod and the still longer foot-journey from that city across the plains and through the forests to the Ural Mountains.

By some means the captives learned that the river would not be open for weeks. This was glorious news and they actually began to enjoy life. So comparative in its nature is all human happiness!

Ten days had passed. Relieved from an enforced and disagreeable companionship, Pojarsky had held himself aloof during this time and had given free rein to his thoughts. Among the thousand fancies which flitted through his mind, the remembrance of the lonely sledge traveler recurred to him. What if the traveler had been seeking Vladimir himself with a message or a hope of rescue! What, again, if the traveler had been a mere commercial courier, but still willing to convey a letter or a word to St. Petersburg!

One time while ruminating upon this very subject and deciding to dismiss its fruitless cogitation from his mind, he stood looking through the grated iron gate of the court-yard. The soldier on duty there, marching back and forth, passed once, twice—each time drawing nearer to the gate than his usual beat. The third time, as he walked by the gate, without turning his head, he spoke in a low tone:

"Lieutenant Pojarsky, remain where you are until I can give you a letter."

Astounded, and yet his heart throbbing with wild impatience, Vladimir stood staring through the bars.

He watched with eager intentness every motion of the guard. Half a dozen times the soldier passed and made no sign. Then on his seventh turn he suddenly thrust his hand into the exile's waiting palm and continued his monotonous march.

Pojarsky held a little packet covered with oiled silk. After hiding his treasure within his bosom he hastened into such poor retirement as the place afforded. Here, after looking carefully about, he drew forth the packet, the very touch of which set his pulses bounding.

Without a single moment of mental debate or doubt he had gone straight to the truth. The letter was from Olga—he knew it; no one else in all Russia would have sent a message so far, to reach a man exiled to death. He tore the packet open and found within a crested envelope; this, in turn, he severed and held in his hand the letter from his princess. It said:

"MY VLADIMIR:

"Though cruelty condemns your visible form to Siberia, you are not, you shall never be, exiled from my waiting heart. Something tells me we shall meet again and dwell in joy. Michael carries this and he will follow until he obtains your answer. Forgive my father, he only meant to be loyal to his czar. Have courage, my Vladimir! I pray for you.

"The enclosed notes may gain you comfort even if they can not win your release. Use them with my love. All the wealth which I possess is at your free service.

"Your True

"OLGA."

Russian exchange notes to the amount of two thousand imperial ducats, Vladimir had unfolded with the letter. He thrust them carelessly into his pocket, and read again and again the gentle words of Olga's missive.

From this hour on, he spent every moment possible at the gateway, but for several days he failed to see his friendly soldier.

In the meantime he framed the most loving and courageous answer which his heart could master. With a pencil which he had happily been permitted to keep, he wrote upon the blank page of paper which Olga's letter had contained, and then carefully sewed the half sheet in the strip of oiled silk. But the letter itself from his princess he never permitted to leave his bosom.

About a week later, he saw his sentry again on guard. Vladimir watched patiently for an hour; and then had the happiness to observe the soldier repeat his former tactics and draw steadily nearer to the gate.

Once as he passed, he asked, "Have you anything to send, Lieutenant?"

Before Vladimir could answer the soldier was too far away. But as the latter returned, the prisoner answered, "Yes."

"Next time I pass," replied the guard.

And when the soldier once more walked before the gate, Pojarsky slipped the letter and a note for one hundred roubles into his hand.

That same night, Michael left Kostroma to speed to his waiting mistress.

In another fortnight the river was officially declared to be open, and the exiles embarked on boats bound for Nijni Novgorod.

(To be Continued.)

A PETITION.

WORDS BY GEORGE MANWARING.

MUSIC BY J. G. FONES.

Kind and lov - ing Father, Our pe - ti - tion hear, Help us all to
 serve Thee, And Thy name re - vere; Bless us now with wisdom, Feed us with the
 truth, In the path of du - ty Lead us in our youth.

We are weak and sinful
 Tempted every hour,
 We can only conquer
 Aided by Thy power:
 When we lose Thy spirit,
 All is dark as night;
 Thou alone can save us,
 Keep us in the light.

Keep our hearts before Thee
 From all evil free,
 All our thoughts and actions
 Holiness to Thee;
 Make our bodies temples
 For Thy spirit pure,
 Let us ever faithful
 To the end endure.

KINDNESS.

Be kind to each other!
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother
 Perchance may be gone!
 Then 'midst our dejection,
 How sweet to have earned
 The blest recollection
 Of kindness—returned!
 When day hath departed,
 And memory keeps
 Her watch, broken-hearted,
 Where all she loved sleeps!
 Let falsehood assail not,
 Nor envy disprove—
 Let trifles prevail not
 Against those you love!
 Nor change with to-morrow,
 Should fortune take wing,
 But the deeper the sorrow,
 The closer still cling!

Oh, be kind to each other!
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother
 Perchance may be gone!

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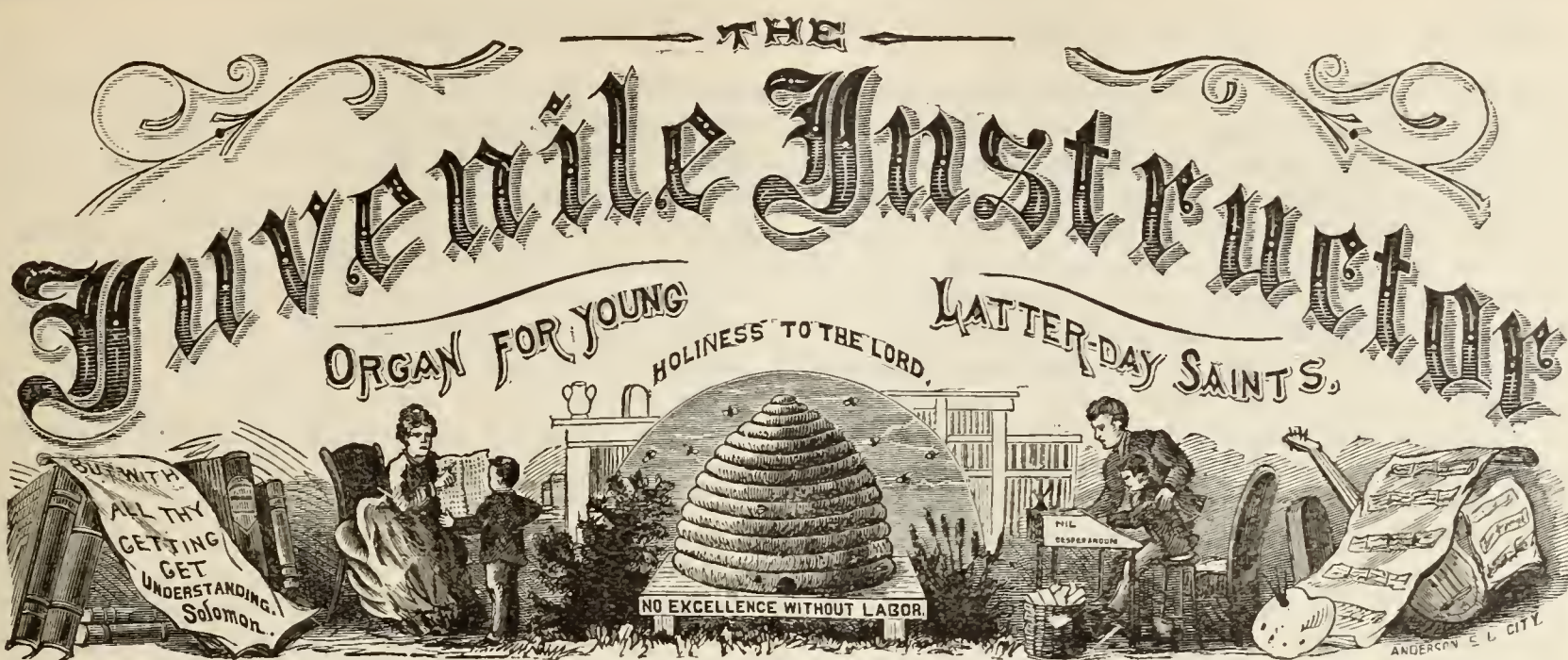
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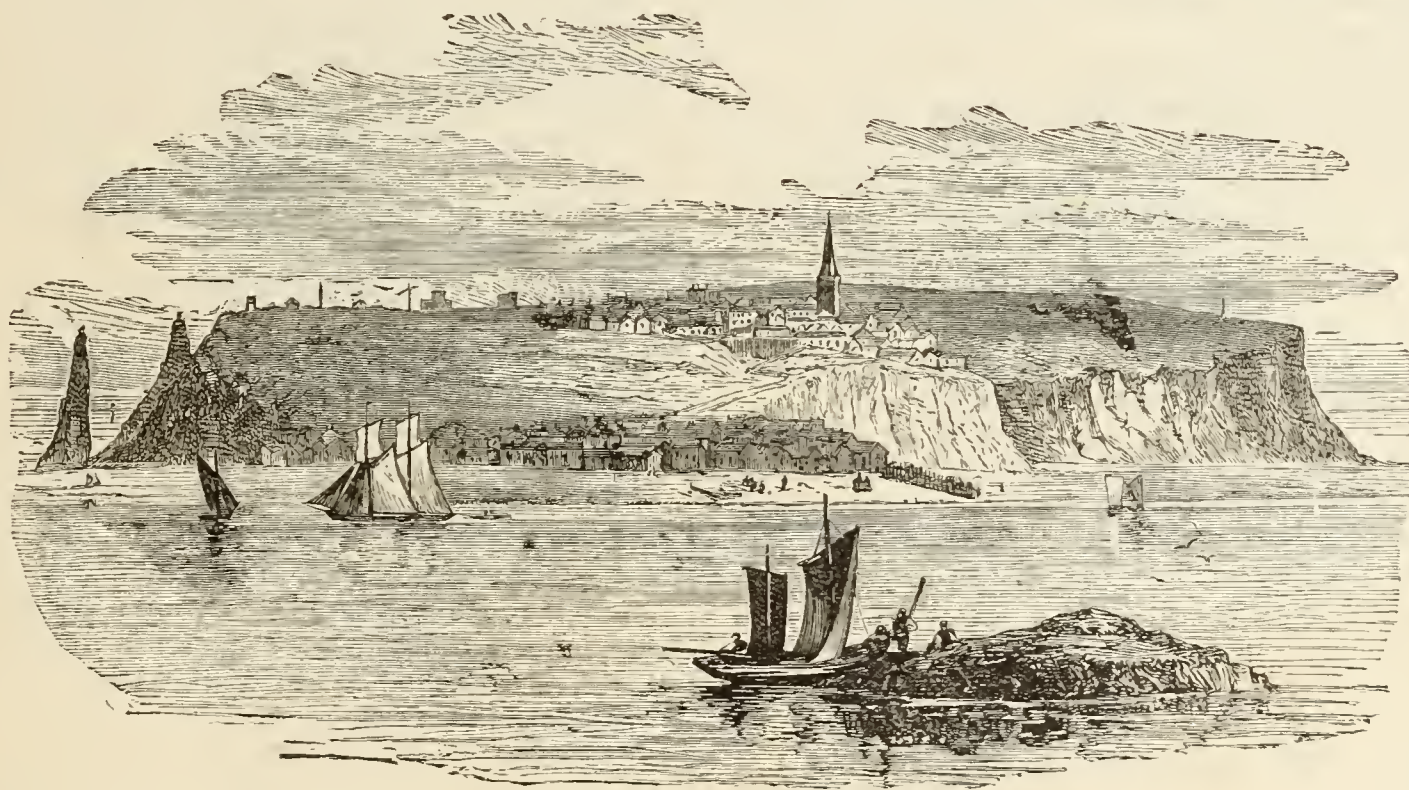
HELIGOLAND.

SITUATED about thirty-five miles north-west of the mouth of the Elbe river, which empties into the North Sea, is the small island represented in our engraving. Though it is only one mile in length and has a breadth of but one-third of a mile it is an important possession of Great Britain, who acquired it from the Danes in the year 1807. Its chief importance consists in the fact that it commands most of the German trade in the North Sea, and in case of war between the nations, no ship could pass to or from the port of Hamburg without passing under range of the English batteries stationed at this point.

required to warn mariners to avoid the place where Heligoland once stood.

The principal occupation of the inhabitants is fishing, though some little remuneration is derived from the excellent bathing afforded at the lower part of the island, to which point many pleasure and health seekers go from adjacent countries during the Summer season. The annual yield of lobsters and haddock is said to amount to £5,000.

An English governor presides on the island, but a council of men who are residents of the place manage internal affairs.



That part of the island called The Oberland consists of a rock two hundred feet high. It embraces nearly the whole of the land. Here is located a town containing a population of about two thousand five hundred persons, while on the lower part, as seen in the picture, is a village of perhaps four hundred inhabitants. Within the memories of some of the old residents the size of the island has been considerably reduced from the washing of the sea on its shores, and it is not impossible that before another century shall have elapsed a lighthouse will be

Four batteries are mounted on the elevated part and these are all manned by Britishers. Both the English and German languages are spoken and some few of the people also speak Danish.

In the early centuries of the Christian era this island, then much larger than at present, contained many large churches and quite a number of villages. It was to this place that the tribes from the mainland opposite went to perform religious rites in the honor of the goddess Hertha. Between the years 700 and 1200, whole tracts of country were submerged by the

sea thus washing away villages, churches and everything.

A pleasing incident occurred at Heligoland some years ago which deserves mention here because of the bravery exhibited by a mere boy who lived on the sea-shore. It must be known that when the tide is down there are many rocks at some distance from the real coast which can be reached without wetting the feet, but at other times are entirely covered with water. One day a little child just able to walk wended its way unnoticed to one of these projections, and sitting down allowed the tide to entirely shut it off from the mainland. The elder brother having been sent to look for the child quickly perceived the danger which threatened it from the quickly rising water. Delay was dangerous. That something must be done immediately was very evident. Springing into a boat that was moored near at hand he worked his way to the solitary rock and got the already frightened child. In returning, however, the boat capsized but not at such a distance from the shore that some men who happened to be near could not rescue both from what might have been a watery grave. As it was the brave boy was only revived after much care. A monument was erected on the rock in honor of this gallant deed.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

THE following question has been propounded by an officer of one of the stakes of Zion:

"Is it right to place a man as superintendent of a Sunday school who is an habitual smoker of tobacco, when there are other men as well qualified who do not smoke?"

As our answer may benefit others besides the person seeking information, we think it proper to reply through the columns of the INSTRUCTOR.

The advice of late has been, and it is still in force, not to advance men, who wilfully disregard the Word of Wisdom and set examples unworthy of imitation, to responsible positions in the Church. If such counsel is applicable to general officers in the Church, how much more carefully should it be observed when selecting men to preside over the youth of Israel, from whom so much is expected and who are so susceptible to influences of either a good or evil nature? Such should have examples only of the purest kind given them—instructors whose actions they can with profit emulate.

The use of tobacco in any form is one which should receive no sanction among this people. In the first place, because God has said it is not good for the system, and has advised His people to abstain from using it. Secondly, physicians agree that in whatever way it is taken its effects are very injurious to the mind as well as the body. Furthermore, all will agree that the habit is a very disagreeable one. For these reasons, and others which might be adduced, it should not be tolerated, irrespective of religious principles.

An eminent writer, and one capable of judging, says:

"The temporary stimulus and soothing power of tobacco are gained by destroying vital force."

That it contains a deadly poison has been proven by so many experiments as to place the fact beyond controversy. Even a cat, with the vital force which it possesses, will die almost instantly if a single drop of the deadly nicotine be taken from the stem of a pipe and placed upon its tongue. A dog, too, being given but a very small quantity of this poison will die in spasms. Its effect upon human beings is well known: When first taken, either to chew or smoke, it almost invariably pro-

duces sickness, acting as an emetic upon the system. Its use, however, being continued, these visible effects are partially overcome, just as a person can accustom himself to the use of arsenic or other well-known poisons. But one only flatters himself with a vain delusion when he supposes that because sickness does not follow the use of the weed its evil effects are entirely overcome. Within the system the poison still works and its baneful results will sooner or later be felt.

The stomach, by its use, is weakened, the digestion is impaired, producing, not infrequently, dyspepsia, and the whole body is made liable to disease. The nervous system is weakened. The action of the heart becomes irregular and does not send a proper amount of blood through the various parts of the body, and, as a natural consequence, the muscles become weak. But not the least important of the effects produced by this narcotic is that it enfeebles the memory to such a degree that men addicted to the habit of smoking must nearly always have a cigar to brighten up their faculties before commencing any mental labor.

Such being the results following the use of tobacco to those who thus indulge themselves, it is no wonder that their offspring inherit the taste for this article in a greater or less degree. Nor is it surprising that many children of such persons enter the world with feeble constitutions and weak minds, and whose precious lives are cut short by the acts of their parents, the sins of the fathers being, in this way, visited upon the heads of the children.

The assertion has been made, and with considerable show of truth, that next to liquor far more money is spent for tobacco than for public education, or for bread, meat, iron, lumber, cotton goods, boots and shoes, or many other articles of daily use.

The evils of smoking, on the minds and bodies of young men, have become so apparent to the French that the habit is strictly forbidden in their military schools. Also in the military academy at West Point, and the naval academy at Annapolis, of this nation, smoking or chewing is not allowed. In Germany, too, this matter is receiving some attention from the government; and now, every youth under sixteen years of age found smoking is arrested and fined.

Now, while we would not recommend any harsh measures to overcome this growing evil in the midst of the Latter-day Saints, we do think every moral influence should be used to restrain the youth from indulging in so disgusting and injurious a habit. And as a starting-point in this reform, all who are placed to teach, direct or lead the youth should exemplify in their own lives the virtues they desire to see predominate in those under their care. Moreover, if we do not gain control over our appetites in these small matters and put away all petty vices as they are made known to us, we may rest assured that our Father in heaven will find a way either to purify us or remove entirely from us His Holy Spirit; for in unclean temples the Holy Ghost cannot dwell.

Our advice to all teachers and superintendents of Sunday schools especially, if such there are who use tobacco, is to cease the filthy habit, and do not, by such practice, give offense to the pure spirits intrusted to their care. And to the authorities who have such matters in charge our advice is not to select as leaders of the young those who wilfully disregard the counsel of God and His servants upon this point. VIDI.

THERE are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

STATISTICAL REPORT OF THE
DESERT SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,
FOR THE YEAR 1885.

STATES.	No. of Schools Re- ported.	No. of Schools not Reported.	No. of Male Officers and Teachers.	No. of Female Offi- cers and Teachers.	Total No. of Officers and Teachers.	Average Attend- ance, Officers and Teachers.	No. of Male Pupils.	No. of Female Pu- pils.	Total No. of Pu- pils.	Average Attend- ance of Pupils.	Total No. of Offi- cers, Teachers and Pupils.	No. Theological Classes.	No. Bible and Tes- tament Classes.	No. Book of Mor- mon Classes.	No. Doctrine and Covenants Classes.	No. Juvenile In- structor Classes.	No. Catechism Classes.	No. Miscellaneous Classes.	Total No. Classes.	No. of Books in Li- brary.	Am't of Funds on Hand, end of Last Year.	Amount of Funds Collected.	Amount of Funds Disbursed.	Amount of Funds in Treasury.	SUPERINTENDENTS.
Bannock	9		113	61	174	95	376	300	676	394	850	6	14	9	5	2	7	48	91	454	12 00	93 66	88 90	16 76	Walter G. Paul.
Bear Lake	18		179	110	289	185	931	822	1,753	1,115	2,042	13	51	9	3	2	5	100	189	868	31 62	145 11	49 99	26 74	Andrew Galloway.
Beaver	5		47	48	95	74	216	269	485	369	580	4	7	5	2	6	1	26	51	260	51 00	122 00	133 65	39 35	W. Fotheringham.
Box Elder	26	3	265	174	439	304	1,074	1,006	2,080	1,530	2,519	10	48	40	16	10	7	141	272	2,146	132 06	222 41	289 61	64 86	Justin C. Wixom.
Cache	23		387	232	619	436	2,365	2,101	4,466	3,197	5,085	43	95	25	13	11	44	157	388	2,661	86 00	778 03	683 84	180 19	C. W. Nibley.
Davis	15		151	120	271	190	1,200	997	2,197	1,360	2,468	10	38	18	8	7	1	92	174	3,047	18 93	493 30	394 60	117 63	Nathan T. Porter.
Elmore	8		105	62	167	100	312	276	588	390	755	4	10	6	5	1	2	67	95	473	14 55	35 86	41 16	9 25	Peter Johnson.
Eastern Arizona	16		143	92	235	149	470	498	968	683	1,203	7	22	19	8	5	4	79	144	484	24 05	45 17	49 42	19 80	John A. West.
Idaho	5		83	52	135	92	418	430	848	585	983	7	16	7	3	4	2	51	90	921	12 24	138 10	122 45	27 89	Wm. Paxman.
Little Colorado	7	4	50	46	96	64	243	237	480	348	576	3	5	4	1	1	3	37	59	142	6 90	21 11	14 40	13 61	Allen Frost.
Maricopa	5		29	21	50	29	231	69	166	102	216	2	7	4	3	2	1	18	28	192		17 75	14 25	3 50	John McLaws.
Millard	8		54	45	99	58	231	171	402	249	501	7	22	17	4	3	2	27	47	301	14 03	27 95	112 82	74 29	J. L. Robeson.
Morgan	10		117	84	201	123	619	618	1,237	789	1,438	4	18	9	1	5	7	63	117	882	45 34	141 77	77 25	11 24	John K. Hall.
Navajo	21		90	44	134	92	331	258	589	380	723	18	33	21	11	5	25	42	84	409	11 95	76 54	74 71	22 82	W. L. Webster.
Parowan	10	2	70	67	137	85	331	323	654	404	791	5	15	5	3	5	5	51	93	601	62 21	29 80	58 17	33 84	Riley G. Clark.
Salt Lake	43		617	360	977	701	4,155	4,168	8,323	5,602	9,300	46	154	73	31	8	17	255	584	750	583 14	845 72	1,949 66	479 20	John C. Cutler.
Sanpete	20		312	258	570	386	1,534	1,639	3,173	2,303	3,743	20	74	23	14	15	16	155	317	3,470	141 53	589 70	631 74	99 49	John B. Maiben.
San Juan	4		52	32	84	46	191	152	343	199	427	2	9	2	2	3	3	18	35	382	16 42	67 63	83 40	65	Jas. B. Decker.
St. George	1	3	12	6	18	14	34	37	71	56	89	10	53	26	10	8	5	5	207	919	112 40	141 93	200 58	53 75	A. R. Whitehead.
Summit	24		177	158	335	237	736	697	1,433	1,056	1,768	1	6	7	4	1	6	50	69	258	7 65	52 90	58 15	2 40	Alfred Huff.
Sevier	7	1	64	44	108	74	313	303	616	437	724	6	25	9	3	4	6	39	88	667	57 29	140 69	112 84	85 14	John Boyden.
Tooele	10	3	102	48	150	93	509	546	1,055	647	1,205	19	42	15	11	4	26	95	212	1,189	48 32	181 29	138 17	91 44	H. P. Miller.
Utah	8		214	171	385	250	1,118	1,022	2,140	1,424	2,525	12	21	12	5	2	10	36	98	393	58 30	121 95	63 65	116 60	Wm. Jeffries.
Weber	22		512	271	783	506	2,438	2,781	5,219	3,319	6,002	23	130	68	24	14	14	212	485	4,303	302 26	830 50	624 73	508 03	David John.
Wasatch	25		333	225	558	407	1,878	1,747	3,625	2,354	4,183	18	80	33	13	3	4	190	341	3,878	35 51	686 35	545 07	176 79	Richard Ballantyne.
TOTALS	9		97	84	181	114	471	490	961	669	1,142	5	19	6	3	3	3	62	101	877	41 04	118 30	118 55	40 79	Samuel J. Wing.

This Report, compared with that of 1884, shows an increase of 24 new schools, 529 officers and teachers and 3,375 scholars. The reports from many of the states show a decided improvement, both as to accuracy in the figure columns and style of writing. In every school there should be a competent secretary to take correct minutes of the school sessions, keep a good, clean record, and make out accurate reports.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, General Superintendent,

GEORGE Q. CANNON, 1st Assistant General Superintendent,

JOHN MORGAN, 2nd Assistant General Superintendent,

LEVI W. RICHARDS, Secretary,

GEORGE RAYMOND, Treasurer,

JOHN C. CUTLER, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

SOLOMON AND THE TAME BEAR.

UNCLE REUBEN was a farmer; and he had a great many cattle, sheep, horses, pigs, geese, and turkeys, all of which, you know, are usually found on a large farm; and besides these, he had one animal not usually found on a farm, and that was a tame bear. He hired a large boy to do the "chores" as the easy part of farm-work is called, and this boy's name was Solomon Sturtevant.

Now, although the bear was tame, he was kept chained; for there was no knowing what mischief even a tame bear might do. He might take a notion to find out how a nice, tender pig would taste.

Solomon thought it fine sport to tease the bear, and there was one way of doing it more amusing than any other, and that was to pelt him with green chestnut-burs.

Chestnut-burs, you know, are covered with sharp thorns; and yet the bear, being very fond of chestnuts, would try to get at the nuts which he knew were in them,—snarling and whining, and making up very comical faces, because the burs pricked his mouth.

Solomon would stand and watch him, and think it fine fun. But he came near doing it once too often; for one day, when he had carried the bear a capful of burs, intending to have a good laugh at him, the chain that held the bear was not fastened as firmly as usual. After trying two or three burs, the bear made a spring toward Solomon, got loose from his chain, and started after him in earnest.

Solomon was not long in deciding that he had something to do *that* time besides laughing, and started in a hurry to get out of the bear's way. Now there was a ladder leaning against the side of the barn close by, and Solomon thought that if he went up on the barn-roof he would be all right.

No such thing. The bear went right up the ladder after him. Then Solomon ran up the roof to the ridge; but the bear followed. Solomon ran down the other side of the roof, and so did the bear. Solomon jumped down to the cow-house, and still the bear followed him. Then Solomon jumped on to a shed that was close by the cow-house, and the bear jumped too.

Solomon now began to think that his time had come. He gave one more jump from the shed to

the ground. This was too much of a jump for the bear to take, and so Solomon made good his escape.

I do not remember how the bear got down; but I am sure, that, when he did, Solomon did not care to feed him any more with green chestnut-burs. I think Solomon was too glad to escape a hugging to try it very soon again.

This is a true story.

THE PRIZES.

IN the first number of the present volume of the INSTRUCTOR we offered a number of prizes for the best and most complete list of answers to questions on Church History published in the first half of the volume. In the next number we will announce the names of those who have won the prizes.

Being satisfied that the answering of these questions has proven a great benefit to many of our young readers, we wish to continue the publication of "Questions on Church History," and will invite all our young friends to prepare answers to the same. As well as benefiting you by learning the leading facts and incidents in the history of the Church the practice of writing and preparing the answers in good shape for the press is of great value. And as a further inducement we will offer the following prizes:

First prize—One year's subscription to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for the best list of answers to the questions that will be published in the last twelve numbers of this volume.

Second prize—A Book entitled, "Odd People," being a popular description of singular races of man, for the second best list of answers to the same questions.

Third prize—"The Life and travels of Baron Humbolt," for the third best list of answers to the same questions.

"What would be your notion of absent-mindedness?" asked an eminent New York barrister, of a witness, whom he was cross-examining; "Well," said the witness, with a strong Yankee accent, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch tu hum, and took it out'n 'is pocket to see if he'd time to go hum and get it, was a *leetle* absent-minded."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 11.

1. Where did Joseph and his family remove to from Kirtland? A. Hiram, Portage Co., Ohio.
2. When did this occur? A. On the 12th of September, 1831.
3. What important work did he engage in while here? A. The new translation of the Bible.
4. When and where were the Saints instructed in the ancient manner of holding meetings? A. Oct 11th, 1831, at a conference held in Hiram, Portage Co., Ohio.
5. When did the prophet take his second journey to the place the Lord had set apart as the land of Zion? A. On the 2nd of April, 1832.
6. While here what works did they arrange to have published? A. The "Book of Commandments," and the Hymn Book.
7. When and where was Joseph Smith acknowledged as the President of the High Priesthood? A. On the 26th of April, 1832, at a general conference held in Missouri.
8. When and by whom was Brigham Young baptized? A. April 14th, 1832, by Elder Elazer Miller.
9. When and where was the first number of the *Evening and Morning Star* issued? A. June 1832, in Independence, Jackson Co., Missouri.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. When did the enemies of the Saints begin their persecutions in Jackson County, Missouri?
2. What were some of the depredations committed by the mob during the following months?
3. What did the Saints do in hope of being protected from the mob? 4. What was the result?
5. What did some of the officers of the state do that these mobocrats might more effectually drive the Saints and destroy and plunder their homes?
6. What extraordinary sight did the Saints behold after they were driven from their homes and while seeking temporary shelter? 7. After being driven from Jackson County, the center stake of Zion, in what three counties did they seek refuge? 8. Were they permitted to dwell in peace in these counties? 9. Where was Joseph during these persecutions in Missouri? 10. When were the corner stones of the Lord's house in Kirtland laid? 11. When and where was it decided

to republish the *Evening and Morning Star*, formerly published in Jackson County, Missouri? 12. What other paper was published in connection with it?

THE following-named persons have sent answers to the Questions on Church History in No. 11: R. Hurst, Louisa Steele, Leone Rogers, Marinda Monson, E. V. Bunderson, Rosie M. Sedgwick, Heber Scrowcroft, W. E. Cole, Sarah E. Cole, Janet L. Jenkins, J. H. Jenkins, W. J. C. Mortimer, J. R. Morgan, Eliza J. Morgan, Alice Crane, Lizzie Hatch, Ovenia A. Jorgensen, F. Pickering, Huldah L. Stout, Wm. L. Worsencroft, Dency E. Terry. E. Porter, Rozina Brown, R. M. Brown, H. H. Blood, S. P. Oldham, H. C. Blood, Martha A. Terman, S. Stark, H. A. Barrett, Lucy D. Perry, Mary E. Chandler, R. A. Turner, Avildia L. Page, Emily E. Brough, F. W. Kirkham, J. M. Kirkham. W. D. Dixon, Janie E. Smith.

Hearts, like doors, can ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that they are these,
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

Then let us watch those little things,
And so respect each other,
That not a word, or look, or tone,
May wound a friend or brother.

AN Irishman some years ago, attending the University of Edinburgh, waited upon one of the most celebrated teachers of the German flute desiring to know on what terms he would give him a few lessons. The flute player informed him that he generally charged two guineas for the first month, and one guinea for the second. "Then," replied the Hibernian, "I'll begin the second month."

Why is T like an amphibious animal? It is found both in earth and water.

What part of speech is most distasteful to lovers? The third person.

What is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child? One pours with rain, and the other roars with pain.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE WORD OF WISDOM.

An address by D. M. McAllister, delivered at a meeting of the Sunday school teachers of the Salt Lake Stake.

THE subject which your committee has honored me with a request to speak about is The Word of Wisdom, and why it should be observed.

I am ashamed to confess that it is only within the past eighteen months that I have begun to give that revelation the attention it deserves. The result of my study and practice of its principles has given me much pleasure and benefit, and an earnest desire to persuade others to benefit themselves by doing likewise. I consider the matter of temporal salvation especially that part of it relating to the preservation of our bodies in perfect health, is as essential for us to understand as the salvation of our immortal spirits; and both subjects should be conjointly taught in our Sunday Schools. Spiritual purity depends largely on bodily purity. The necessity for purifying our spiritual natures, and how to do it, that we may, after death, be worthy to live forever in the presence of our Heavenly Father, forms the almost exclusive theme of preachers and teachers. It is assuredly one of the grandest that can engage our attention. But, while we possess these earthly tabernacles, it is, in my opinion, equally essential for us to know how to preserve health, which is physical purity, that our bodies may be fit dwelling places, not only for our immortal spirits but, also, for that Holy Spirit which should be the constant companion of every Latter-day Saint.

When we invite an honored personage to visit us at home, we are usually careful to have everything that he is likely to observe therein, perfectly clean and not likely to give offense. So it should be when we pray for the great and glorious Heavenly Spirit to abide with us, we should endeavor to have our bodies always clean, outwardly and inwardly, free from disease and impurity of every kind, for "the Spirit of God will not dwell in unholy temples." The body of man, woman or child that is clogged up with impure matter, from indulgence in unwholesome things such as tea, coffee, strong drinks, tobacco, hog meat and grease, or too much of any kinds of meat or drink, is assuredly not a holy temple, and is, therefore, unlikely to be the constant abode of God's Holy Spirit.

But, how are we to secure this purity of body, this freedom from disease, this perfect health, which is so very rare and yet, in connection with spiritual purity, is so essential, that we may have the inestimable privilege of enjoying the constant companionship of the Heavenly Monitor? Thousands of books have been written by philosophers, scientists, physicians, and other worldly wise and learned men, expounding the laws of health, but, with all their profound research, and acquired wisdom of centuries, the doctors of this enlightened age continue to wrangle over the question, and there are nearly as many methods of treating disease as there are physicians. In regard to the problems of health and disease, it is the same as in religion: creeds have been formed out of the imaginations of men, and the truth has been lost or distorted. As it is in regard to the true plan of spiritual salvation, so it is in relation to the true laws of health, a new revelation has been given in these the last days. God has clearly stated, in The Word of Wisdom, the plan of temporal salvation, or how we all may, without drugs or doctors, enjoy that great blessing—health. There is no mystery about it. We have no need to go to college for years, and get our brains stuffed with a lot of big Latin

words, to enable us to comprehend how to preserve health. Here we have it in simple language, "adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all Saints, who are or can be called Saints."

The closing sentence of The Word of Wisdom, in which the Lord promises health, wisdom, and preservation from the destroying angel, to all Saints who keep its sayings, and walk in obedience to the commandments, should suffice, without argument, to make them comply with its simple requirements; but, alas! even professed Latter-day Saints seem to need an array of scientific facts to substantiate the word of God! I will now endeavor to briefly, analyze this important revelation, and show wherein the observance of its precepts will, without doubt, secure the blessed boon of health and other great gifts, and also that, in every particular, it harmonizes with true philosophy.

"A Word of Wisdom, for the benefit of the Council of High Priests, assembled in Kirtland, and church; and also the saints in Zion."

This shows the revelation was not designed for the High Priests only, or any other class, but for the whole Church, *all* the Saints in Zion; none are exempt, old nor young, priest nor people.

"To be sent greeting—not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days."

I understand this conveys the same meaning as we find embraced in the whole plan of human redemption, that is, we have our agency to accept or reject it; if we obey we receive the blessings thereof, if we do not we have no claim upon them. "God will *force* no man to Heaven," neither are we *compelled* to follow the teachings of this revelation; but, in view of the fact that it expresses the "will of God," it is the manifest duty of all Saints to obey it. Our love should make us observe His will in this as in all things.

"Given for a principle with promise, adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all saints, who are or can be called saints."

There is no revelation in the book of Doctrine and Covenants more easily comprehended than this. Its language and meaning are so simple that a child can readily understand the whole of it. Some of the brethren and sisters, by their actions, seem to imagine that it is adapted *only* to the weak ones, and that the strong are exempt. This is a sad mistake, for them, because, if they do not observe its precepts, they assuredly can have no right to the blessings promised.

"Behold, verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, in consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation."

It may seem incredible, especially to the young people of the Latter-day Saints, that men could be so wicked as to seek to destroy the Saints by poisoning them, but such has been the case and, but for the preserving care of God, and their observance of the Word of Wisdom, many would have died thus from poison placed by their enemies in tea, coffee or other liquors which they were expected to drink. The only absolute safety from such disaster is in entire abstinence from those things which our Heavenly Father declares are not good.

"That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of

your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before him.

"And, behold, this should be wine, yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, of your own make.

"And, again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies."

There are two kinds of wine and strong drinks alluded to in the Bible, one is the pure juice of grapes, or fruit, boiled or otherwise prepared to prevent fermentation. This kind is not intoxicating, it is a wholesome article, eminently suitable for sacramental use, and was undoubtedly what Paul prescribed for Timothy. Some people seek to justify themselves in drinking wine, and other liquors, by quoting these words of Paul: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake." Other passages of scripture are also quoted by them, such as "wine maketh the heart glad," and it "cheereth God and man," but in all instances the wine thus alluded to was evidently the pure, unfermented juice of grapes. The intoxicating wine is everywhere condemned in the Bible; therein we find recorded that "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." "The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty." A prominent temperance advocate says: "The Creator never made alcohol. No plant upon the face of the earth produces it. No bubbling spring affords it. It is one of the products of vegetable decomposition and decay. The process of making it is termed fermentation." Fermentation is the effect of putrefaction, the dissolution or death of vegetation; and alcohol, which is a product of this rottenness, causes the moral and physical death of those who use it. Alcohol is the stimulating, or intoxicating element in wine, beer, whisky, etcetera, no matter whether the articles from which they are derived are fermented or distilled, the only essential difference in the liquors are in their degrees of alcoholic strength. The weakest beer or wine contains about ten per cent. of alcoholic poison, while the strongest, such as brandy and rum, contain fifty per cent. or more, of the same deadly element.

MILITARY CHEMISTRY.

THERE is one department in the British service which has been of the most essential service ever since its establishment, viz., the Department of Chemistry. It was, says the *Public Ledger*, formed during the Crimean war, at the suggestion of the illustrious Faraday, to check the frauds of the contractors for army supplies at that time. The Minister of War allotted to it a large space in Woolwich Arsenal, fitted up with laboratories, provided with every species of apparatus, with fine balances for estimating results, with the most powerful microscopes, with machinery for analyzing gases, with photographic studios, etc., all of which were placed under the control of a distinguished professor of chemistry and half a dozen well-skilled, practical assistants, whose time is fully employed in a variety of matters, and just now, especially, in testing metal for the manufacture of guns and projectiles, in examining the elements of gunpowder, in analyzing the stores and food of the soldier, and in many other experiments of a similar kind.

It is somewhat surprising that such an establishment was not founded long ago, familiar as all the world is with the tricks of contractors in times of public necessity, as during a war.

It is a melancholy fact that there should exist a class of men who have no scruple in sacrificing, not merely the health and

lives of their fellow men, but the very safety and existence of their country, in order that they may make money out of its necessities.

We need only turn our eyes to France at the present moment for a sample of what these men are capable of. What French contractors have done lately, English contractors did during the Crimean war, and American contractors did during our civil war. The guilt seems to be characteristic of the class generally, and not of any one nation in particular. But the good effects of such an institution as the British Military Department of Chemistry were shown in the recent Abyssinian war, when out of a large number of articles supplied to the troops none were complained of, for they had previously been tested by the Department.

The rule now is, that when tenders are sent in for supplying stores to the army, the contractors are bound to forward, at the same time, specimens of the material they intend to supply. These samples are carefully tested in the chemical department, and the firm that offers the most suitable articles at the lowest prices receives an order to supply the goods. Subsequently, when these are sent in, a further examination takes place to ascertain whether they are equal to the samples first submitted, and only if this proves to be the case are the stores accepted and paid for.

The number and variety of the articles operated upon is extraordinary. Almost all the belongings of the soldier pass in one way or other under the eyes of these chemical detectives.

The cloth of his coat, the thread with which it is sewn, the gold lace, the accoutrements, are all tested, and the buttons he wears must be covered with a film of metal sufficiently strong to withstand the action of the acid which the chemist applies to them. The bread, milk, flour, biscuit, preserved meat, vegetables, fruit, etc., of his rations are periodically sent to Woolwich to be tested, and it is said that the system has been so rigorously applied throughout the service that, even at remote stations, flagrant cases of fraud are now rare.

Considerable pains are taken to provide wholesome drinking water in barracks, and a very large portion of the work of the chemical department is devoted to this point. Specimens of the water used at the military stations abroad as well as at home are forwarded to the arsenal for analysis, and reports as to its qualities, together with advice to the commanding officers, are sent to the different stations. Barrack and equipment stores are not forgotten. Soap, candles, oils, coal, coke, emery dust, varnish, blacking, paper hangings, and all kinds of paint are analyzed carefully in order to prevent the injurious action of arsenic, lead, and other poisonous metals. Soap, in particular, is always severely tested, by reason of the facility with which it may be adulterated, and because it is used in such large quantities.

Very great vigilance is also exercised over camp equipage; the making of the canvas unflammable and unfavorable to the formation of mildew, the perfecting of india-rubber coating for the ground sheets on which the soldier spreads his blankets, and other like cares also occupy the department. The services it has rendered are immense. The condition of the modern soldier is very different from that of the soldier of even half a century ago, when he was looked upon as little better than "food for powder."

LET us incessantly bear in mind that the only thing we have really to be afraid of is fearing anything more than God.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 1, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

GREAT responsibilities rest upon the officers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The souls of the children of men are entrusted to their care. They are called shepherds of the flock of Christ, and if the sheep of the flock are injured or destroyed, the blame rests upon the shepherds. They are also called watchmen. They must stand and give warning of the approach of danger. They tell the people to prepare to escape threatened evil. If they are not watchful and vigilant, trouble may fall upon those whom they are appointed to guard and care for.

Suppose a shepherd, having a large flock of sheep in his charge, should allow a wolf or a coyote to creep into the flock and devour the sheep, would he not be to blame? Or suppose he permitted a mean dog to tear the lambs to pieces and not drive him off, would he not be a careless and poor shepherd? Who would entrust a flock of sheep to such a man? Again: suppose some sheep in the flock should be diseased, would a good shepherd suffer those sheep to remain with the healthy sheep? or would he not separate them until they were either cured or pronounced hopeless and cast out? A good shepherd would not leave such sheep to poison the rest which were healthy.

Now, so it is with the Church of Christ. If the First Presidency should not look after the flock, blame would rest upon them, and the Chief Shepherd, who is Jesus Christ, would condemn them.

The Twelve Apostles also are shepherds and are required to look after the flock; so with the Presidents of Stakes and their counselors, and the High Councils and the Bishops and their counselors, each in his place, and each responsible for the part of the flock which is entrusted to him.

It is the lesser Priesthood that is brought most in contact with the people. If wolves or coyotes, or dogs or scabby sheep are in the flock, they should soon find it out; and if they suffer them to remain without trying to drive them off great blame rests upon them.

These reflections have suggested themselves by hearing that the young man, Flowers, who killed his wife and her mother and shot himself, a short time since, was a member of the Church. We do not know the particulars of the case, and therefore cannot speak definitely about it. But when we heard that he was a member of the Church we were greatly shocked. From the reports that have been made of him, he was a drunkard, a violent character and a dangerous man. Perhaps he had not long been a man of this character. If he had been, he should not have been allowed to remain in the Church. An awful responsibility would rest upon some of the officers of the Church if they were to permit such wickedness to exist in the Church.

Men who are doing wrong, by being dealt with, may sometimes see their folly and repent of it; but if they are left to themselves they may go from bad to worse until they have

gone too far for repentance. Besides, the example of such characters may lead others astray.

A drunkard should not be allowed to remain in the Church. He should be dealt with according to the laws of God. If he should repent, it would be well with him; if he continued in his wickedness, he should be severed from the Church.

We know that many are tender-hearted about their relatives, their friends and their acquaintances. They dislike to deal with them and to expose them; but this is mistaken kindness and always results badly. If the man who drinks liquor and gets drunk be taken in hand in time, he may be induced to repent and lead a new life; but if permitted to go on he may go until he indulges in acts of violence and perhaps becomes a murderer. Then, which of the shepherds will be responsible for permitting him to remain with the flock and be called by the holy name of our Master? What a reflection for a Teacher! What a reflection for a Bishop, if a man, through his neglect of duty, goes step by step on the downward road until he stains his hands in innocent blood and stands a murderer before God! Every Teacher and every Bishop and every President of Stake and every Apostle should take warning from a case like that of the young man, Flowers.

Men who break the Sabbath, men who get drunk, men who commit acts of violence, men who are guilty of any act forbidden by the law of God, should be dealt with; and if they will not stop their evil practices they should be cut off from the Church.

The officer who permits these things to exist in the Church God will not hold guiltless.

SOME DAY.

SOME day, with heart and pulses still,
With folded hands and sealed eyes,
And quiet face turned to the skies,
Not even thy touch shall wake one thrill,
So still I'll lie some day.

And thou shalt weep, and all fond names
Shall cross thy lips I may not hear,
And yet, ah! yet, thou'lt be as dear,
(For love shall live, tho' lips are still),
As now thou art, that day.

And I shall come and fill thy dreams
With all sweet thoughts and fairest gleams
Of light and joy—'till thou shalt long
To cast aside this earthly thrall,
And come to me some day.

For even in that bright land
I could not feel my joy complete,
Some chord would jar all else so sweet,
Without thy gentle hand—
So we shall meet some day.

A NEGRO being asked what he was in jail for, said it was for borrowing money.

"But," said the questioner, "they don't put people in jail for borrowing money."

"Yes," said the darkey, "but I had to knock the man down free or fo' times befo' he would lend it to me."

AN ISLE OF BEAUTY.

BY KENNON.

NEAR the sixth degree of south latitude lies the balmy spice island of Zanzibar. It is thirty miles east from the coast of Africa, and is washed on all sides by the languorous waters of the Indian Ocean. The island is a part of the domain of the sultan of Zanzibar, who has extensive possessions stretching over nearly fourteen degrees of latitude on the mainland. The name is variously given by geographers and travelers—sometimes as Zanguebar and sometimes as Zanzibar—though of late there seems to be a general disposition to bestow the former appellation upon that portion of the sultan's territories which lies upon the coast of the continent, and to accord the latter name only to the island and its city, the capital of the empire.

Zanguebar, the mainland, is of little worth beyond its 1,100 miles of coast. Predatory idolators and perhaps cannibals inhabit the interior and scarcely condescend to pay even nominal allegiance to the sultan. Their country is not worth the cost necessary to bring it into absolute subjection. As the equator pierces this domain one can easily imagine that the heat is fierce and continuous. Along the seaboard the land is fertile and the climate is less deadly than that of the interior. But Europeans find even this region very fatal; and though many of them abide here for the sake of gain, they usually pay a dear price for their prosperous ventures.

The island of Zanzibar is by far the richest part of the sultan's dominions. Its length is nearly fifty miles; its breadth varies from fifteen miles to twice that distance, and it contains four hundred thousand acres. Notwithstanding its close proximity to the equator, the climate is most healthy and delightful. The thermometer has a range of only twenty degrees—from seventy to ninety. The air is very humid, the estimate being made that not less than two hundred inches of rain fall annually—half of that depth descending during the months of our Spring, March, April and May. The verdure is thus perpetual and luxuriant, though not rank. Coral hills three hundred feet in height are the only elevations. Plantations and rich woods spread everywhere. Crystal streams and flowery paths form networks throughout the island. The air is soft

and always fragrant. Nearly the entire tract of four hundred thousand acres is capable of most easy and profitable cultivation.

The inhabitants of the island number one hundred thousand, principally Arabians. Zanzibar, the town, has a permanent population of sixty thousand souls, and during certain seasons it has forty thousand visitors, mainly from northern Africa, from Arabia and India. As a rule, the buildings of the city are poor, but there are some notable exceptions, the state palace being a superb structure, while there are several private mansions of considerable magnificence. The European denizens reside in large, handsome, flat-roofed houses located in the better quarters of the town.

The plantations are owned by Arabs and are tilled by slaves. A considerable commerce is carried on at the city. Exports consist mainly of dyestuffs, oils, spices and ivory, and some cattle and sheep from the mainland. The imports are largely of cotton goods, trinkets and fire-arms. Foreign trade amounts to \$3,000,000 annually, the exports and imports being nearly equal. Natives of India, of whom the city has five thousand, keep all the shops and control the commerce to a great extent.

Men who have visited the island describe it as a place of wondrous beauty. One writer says:

"The country houses of the Arab proprietors and the huts of their slaves are thickly dotted over the surface, surrounded with gardens and fields. The hedge-rows are covered with flowering creepers, and pine apples grow among them in wild profusion. In many parts are glades of undulating grass-land of park-like appearance dot-

ted with gigantic mango trees. The ponds are covered with rushes and water-lillies. And the air is perfumed with the blossoms of the orange and the clove."

The harbor of Zanzibar presents a very picturesque scene, animated by hundreds of little sails. Much of the traffic between the island and the coast of Zanguebar is in the hands of sailors who own small craft. The strait is not tempestuous and the vessels are often crude and frail in their construction. Awnings cover the decks, and the sailors take their share of the lazy luxury which abounds in this region to which nature has been so generous.

Portugal formerly collected tribute from the sultan of Zanzibar; but the decay of the Portuguese power has left him



THE PORT OF ZANZIBAR.

free. The monarch, now freed from foreign domination, has a standing army and a navy and aims to follow the fashions of wealthier and more powerful sovereigns.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 187).

Thursday, April 8, 1847.—Since I last wrote I have been sick nearly all the time, and unable to do anything. During most of the month of February the Quadrille Band played at the Council House nearly every night. The room was very damp and chilly; and I took cold all the time. This I suppose to have been the cause of my late sickness.

About a week ago the Pioneer Company, including most of the Twelve started for the Mountains. They, the Twelve, returned yesterday; and this afternoon I took my wagon and went up to the intended farm, about six miles above, with Kay and Corbett to fetch Pitt down. The Quadrille Band concluded to go to the Elk Horn river and play for the Pioneers. As we returned, we learned that Parley P. Pratt had got into camp from England. This will probably detain the camp a few days.

Friday, April 9.—Went with the Quadrille Band over the river as the Twelve do not start for the Horn to-day. We played while crossing the stream the first time; but in returning the wind was very high, the boat being very heavily laden with cattle, and there was considerable danger.

Monday, April 12.—At home all day. Thomas and James have planted a number of garden seeds. To-day they are cutting wood and preparing to go to the farm to-morrow. I have no hay, neither can I get any for my cows and horses.

Wednesday, April 14.—This morning I was severely pained with rheumatism in my face. At 11 o'clock Brigham and Dr. Richards came. Brigham told me to rise up and be ready to start with the Pioneers in half an hour. I delivered to him the holy records; and set my folks to work to gather my clothes. At 2 o'clock I left my family and departed in Heber's carriage, with Heber and William Kimball and Ellen Sanders. Bishop Whitney and Lyman went out with us in another wagon. We traveled about 19 miles and camped on the prairie. After supper Heber prayed and we retired to rest.

Thursday, April 15.—After breakfast, and prayer by Bishop Whitney, we started at half past seven o'clock and arrived at the Elk Horn at half past eleven. We were all across the stream at noon and there we overtook Brigham, Geo. A. Smith, Ezra T. Benson and Amasa Lyman. We reached the Pioneers' camp about 3 p.m. This camp is about 12 miles from the Elk Horn and about 47 miles from Winter Quarters.

Friday, April 16.—This day is gloomy, windy and cold. About 8 o'clock, the people in camp were called together and organized. Two captains of hundreds were appointed, viz: Stephen Markham and A. P. Rockwood; also there were chosen 5 captains of fifties and 14 captains of tens. There are 143 men and boys on the list of the Pioneer company; also there are 3 women and Lorenzo Young's

two children. O. P. Rockwell has gone back to camp with J. C. Little. Bishop Whitney, Lyman, William Kimball and J. B. Noble return from here to Winter Quarters.

The following is a list of the names of this Pioneer Company, * to wit:

FIRST TEN:

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Wilford Woodruff, | 2 John S. Fowler, |
| 3 Jacob Burnham, | 4 Orson Pratt, |
| 5 Joseph Egbert, | 6 John M. Freeman, |
| 7 Marcus B. Thorpe, | 8 George A. Smith, |
| | 9 George Wardle. |

SECOND TEN:

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 10 Thomas Grover, | 11 Ezra T. Benson, |
| 12 Barnabas L. Adams, | 13 Roswell Stevens, |
| 14 Amasa Lyman, | 15 Sterling Driggs, |
| 16 Albert Carrington, | 17 Thomas Bullock, |
| 18 George Brown, | 19 Willard Richards, |
| | 20 Jesse C. Little. |

THIRD TEN:

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 21 Phineas H. Young, | 22 John Y. Green, |
| 23 Thomas Tanner, | 24 Brigham Young, |
| 25 Addison Everett, | 26 Truman O. Angell, |
| 27 Lorenzo Young (and wife), | 28 Bryant Stringham, |
| 29 Albert P. Rockwood, | 30 Joseph S. Schofield. |

FOURTH TEN:

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 31 Luke Johnson, | 32 John Holman, |
| 33 Edmund Ellsworth, | 34 Alvarus Hanks, |
| 35 George R. Grant, | 36 Millen Atwood, |
| 37 Samuel Fox, | 38 Tunis Rappleyee, |
| 39 Harry Pierce, | 40 William Dykes, |
| | 41 Jacob Weiler. |

FIFTH TEN:

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| 42 Stephen H. Goddard, | 43 Tarlton Lewis, |
| 44 Henry G. Sherwood, | 45 Zebedee Coltrin, |
| 46 Sylvester H. Earl, | 47 John Dixon, |
| 48 Samuel H. Marble, | 49 George Scholes, |
| 50 William Henrie, | 51 William A. Empey. |

SIXTH TEN:

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 52 Charles Shumway, | 53 Andrew Shumway, † |
| 54 Thomas Woolsey, | 55 Chauncey Loveland, |
| 56 Erastus Snow, | 57 James Craig, |
| 58 William Wordsworth, | 59 William Vance, |
| 60 Simeon Howd, | 61 Seeley Owen. |

SEVENTH TEN:

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 62 James Case, | 63 Artemas Johnson, |
| 64 William C. A. Smoot, | 65 Franklin B. Dewey, |
| 66 William Carter, | 67 Franklin G. Losee, |
| 68 Burr Frost, | 69 Datus Ensign, |
| 70 Franklin B. Stewart, | 71 Monroe Frink, |
| 72 Erie Glines, | 73 Ozro Eastman. |

* Elder Clayton's list was evidently compiled during the hurry incident to starting the company. It differs slightly from the official list in the Church Historian's Office, in the orthography of the names and their distribution to the several subdivisions, and also in some other particulars, the most important of which are separately noted.

† Does not appear in the official list.

EIGHTH TEN:

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| 74 Seth Taft, | 75 Horace Thornton, |
| 76 Stephen Kelsey, | 77 John S. Eldredge, |
| 78 Charles D. Barnham, | 79 Alma M. Williams, |
| 80 Rufus Allen, | 81 Robert T. Thomas, |
| 82 James W. Stewart, | 83 Elijah Newman, |
| 84 Levi N. Kendall, | 85 Francis Boggs, |
| 86 David Grant. | |

NINTH TEN:

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 87 Heber C. Kimball, | 88 Howard Egan, |
| 89 William A. King, | 90 Thomas Cloward, |
| 91 Hosea Cushing, | 92 Robert Byard, |
| 93 George Billings, | 94 Edson Whipple, |
| 95 Philo Johnson, | 96 William Clayton. |

TENTH TEN:

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 97 Appleton M. Harmon, | 98 Carlos Murray, |
| 99 Horace K. Whitney, | 100 Orson K. Whitney, |
| 101 Orrin P. Rockwell, | 102 Nathaniel T. Brown, |
| 103 R. Jackson Redding, ‡ | 104 John Pack, |
| 105 Francis Pomeroy, | 106 Aaron Farr, |
| 107 Nathaniel Fairbanks. | |

ELEVENTH TEN:

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 108 John S. Higbee, | 109 John Wheeler. |
| 110 Solomon Chamberlin, | 111 Conrad Klineman, |
| 112 Joseph Rooker, | 113 Perry Fitzgerald, |
| 114 John H. Tippets, | 115 James Davenport, |
| 116 Henson Walker, | 117 Benjamin Rolfe. |

TWELFTH TEN:

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 118 Norton Jacobs, | 119 Charles A. Harper, |
| 120 George Woodard, | 121 Stephen Markham, |
| 122 Lewis Barney, | 123 George Mills, |
| 124 Andrew Gibbons, | 125 Joseph Hancock, |
| 126 John W. Norton. | |

THIRTEENTH TEN:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 127 Shadrach Roundy, | 128 Hans C. Hanson, |
| 129 Levi Jackman, | 130 Lyman Curtis, |
| 131 John Brown, | 132 Mathew Ivory, |
| 133 David Powell, § | 134 Hark Lay (colored), |
| 135 Oscar Crosby (colored). | |

FOURTEENTH TEN:

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 136 Joseph Mathews, | 137 Gillhoid Summe, |
| 138 John Gleason, | 139 Charles Burke, |
| 140 Alexander P. Chessley, | 141 Rodney Badger. |
| 142 Norman Taylor, | 143 Green Flake (colored), |
| 144 Ellis Eames (see † in foot of preceding column.) | |

(To be Continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 166.)

ON the 21st of December, 1846, I was detailed to be the colonel's orderly for the day. On going to his tent to report myself I found him feeding his mule some wheat he had brought from Tucson. There was another mule determined to share with the colonel's. He had driven it away several

† Is called J. C. Redden in the official list.

§ David Power in the official list.

times, but as soon as his back was turned the mule would march boldly up for another morsel of wheat, until the colonel could endure it no longer. Turning to me, he said, "Orderly, is your gun loaded?" Being answered in the negative, he said, "Load your gun and I'll shoot that mule." He then turned and walked into his tent. I knew who owned the mule—it belonged to one of our own men. A thought came to me not to cause it to be killed. At this I took from my box a cartridge, clapped it in my mouth, and with my teeth tore off the bullet end and put the ball in my pocket. I then emptied the powder into my musket and rammed the paper on top of it. Pretty soon he came out, and walking up to me, seized the gun and ran up within ten feet of the mule, standing broad side, and fired. The moment he discovered the animal was not hurt he dropped the musket and with an oath said: "You did'nt load that gun right," and walked into his tent, I suppose in disgust. His bugler, Mr. Quigly, and others who saw the trick fairly split their sides with laughter.

When we reached the Gila we were met by Pima Indians who came out by the hundreds, men, women and children. The chief seemed pleased to see us. He said the Mexicans had been to see him and wanted him and his men to join them and give us battle, promising the Indians all the spoil. But he told them his men should not fight. They never had shed the blood of a white man, and for that reason he was not afraid of the coming army and did not believe we would hurt them. He stated that he had no objections to our passing through their towns. The colonel purchased of the chief one hundred bushels of corn to feed the teams.

From the time we left Tucson until arriving at the Gila river I cannot call to mind seeing grass enough scarcely to satisfy one hungry mule. The whole face of the country was bare of grass, and much of the way the soil was composed of sand and clay packed together firmly, having a hard, smooth surface, which reflected light like a mirror. There was no timber except a species of cactus, if timber it can be called. It grew 40 to 50 and perhaps 60 feet high, perfectly straight without a limb and measured from a foot to 18 inches in diameter. Once in a while there would be one having from two to six branches about half as thick as the main trunk. These ran out horizontally a foot or two and then, turning at right angle, rose vertically parallel with the main body. Near the top of some of these prickly trees we saw scores and perhaps a hundred Indian arrows sticking. For what purpose they had been shot there was left to conjecture.

At the Gila we struck General Kearney's trail. He had crossed the mountains above on pack mules and came down the river.

On the 22nd we camped in the Pima village, and I understood their settlements extended down the river 25 miles and numbered about five thousand souls. I thought them the finest looking and the largest Indians I had ever seen. Here the chief turned over to our colonel some mules and merchandize that General Kearney had left in his care for that purpose. The chief said Spaniards had been to him, representing themselves being part of our army, and demanded the goods, saying the colonel had sent for them. But he did not believe them and would not let the goods go. Now he believed we were the right men, and therefore he was glad to see us. The Indians brought to camp large quantities of corn, beans, meal and pumpkins to trade for clothes, buttons, beads, needles and thread, etc. Money they refused, saying it was of no use to them. The colonel bought a beeve.

(To be Continued.)

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCE AND THE RESURRECTION.

(Continued from page 179.)

SINCE spirit thus operates upon gross material, let us think for a moment what the result must be when, as metamorphosed spiritual substance, it is left wholly free to obey the slightest impulse of magnetic, spiritual law or force, and to select that affinity for which alone it is wholly adapted. True as the needle to the pole, will the particles of our bodies, though widely diffused, fly with the speed of thought to the pole star of our being—the spirit—when the supreme moment has arrived and the power which separates them has been removed. As the magnet reaches out into space and attracts to itself atoms which are too infinitesimally small even to be detected by the highest powers of the microscope, so will the last atom of our bodies come home.

Thus it would be immaterial whether an atom magnetized by the individual spirit, were incorporated in vegetation, or in another human body, or buried in the depths of the sea, or in the bowels of the earth, as spirit matter it could pass out through the pores that exist in all substance at the instant it felt the irresistible magnetic impulse, and assume its proper place in the new corporiety. This theory of the gathering process seems probable, and does not in any way conflict with science since it is founded upon strictly analogical processes.

Before closing, however, it may be stated that since we do not know the capabilities of spirit matter, nor understand the laws to which it may be subject, other agencies more powerful than those of spirit magnetism and affinity may operate to effect a reunion of the scattered particles of dead bodies.

Let us now proceed with the investigation of the most formidable objection that infidelity has ever urged against the verification of the resurrection doctrine. The objection and its bases have been stated already.

In the first place, we must remember that but a small part of our physical organism is really living at any particular moment; and the balance is in no proper sense essential to our continued existence; and if non-essential now, we conclude our personal identity will not be destroyed if all the dead and effete particles of our corporiety are not incorporated in the resurrection body. Take us as we are and our bodies are scarcely more than living, movable tombs. Doctor Wythe says:

“Much of the matter connected with our bodies during life is doubtless foreign and not essential to our identity. Nine-tenths of the human body is water—as has been shown by the weight of a corpse desiccated in an oven—and of the remaining tenth part much is material in a state of decay, so that but a very small part of the matter of our bodies is really our own.”

Dr. Beale, an eminent English authority, also says:

“Some years ago I obtained evidence which convinced me that the substance of the bodies of all living things was composed of matter in two states: and I showed that the truly vital phenomena, nutrition, growth and multiplication were manifested by one of the two kinds of matter, while the other was the seat of physical and chemical changes only. From

observation I was led to conclude that, of any living thing but a part of the matter of which it was constituted was really living at any moment. In the case of adult forms of animals and man indeed only a very small portion of the total quantity of their body matter is alive at any period of existence.”

But what becomes of the dead, effete substance in our bodies? Nature is constantly throwing it off by means of insensible perspiration and other agencies; and, perhaps, the whole of it might be subtracted at once from our system without any inconvenience to us, if, indeed, its complete expurgation might not prove a blessing; and certainly we could sustain the loss of all of it without impairing our identity.

Certain it is, too, that should the whole of it be retained even for the briefest period, death would undoubtedly ensue. This fact has been demonstrated in experiments performed upon animals by coating their bodies with an impervious varnish. What nature so imperiously demands shall be cast off can in no sense be essential to our existence. To illustrate the relationship which exists between the living and the dead matter of our bodies, we may liken the former to fire and the latter to ashes which accumulate about it. The ashes are in no way essential to the fire's continued existence; so neither are the effete atoms of our bodies integral parts of ourselves. Indeed, the analogy which we have just drawn is peculiarly scientific, since the combustion of material by fire and its combustion in our bodies is identical for all practical purposes.

Thus by the peculiar cleansing processes of nature it seems quite probable and in strict accordance with physiological law, that every individual gives back, finally, those portions of matter which belonged to other bodies, but had become incorporated temporarily into his own. If our bodies, in their totality, change once in every seven years, or, not to be too particular, once in every ten years, and those parts of them in most constant exercise much more frequently, there can be no question that such atoms as may be of disputed ownership, are restored to the general mass of matter, excepting those that may be incorporated into, and have become integral parts of a person's corpse body, which is the one to be resurrected.

Now, let us ascertain approximately what weight the petted physiological objection can possess respecting this final body. Human flesh is not a regular diet with any people, cannibals not excepted; and it forms no known part of the food of civilized nations. What little of it that is incorporated into our system is accidental and unavoidable. The objection must derive its greatest force from the assumption, wholly unfounded, that in the process of digestion and assimilation large masses of food are taken into and made integral parts of our system daily, or at each meal. We certainly eat a great deal, but the vital combination of such nutrient matter with our system is effected by assimilation, and assimilation by absorption, and the organs of absorption can admit nothing larger than molecules. And what is the size of a molecule? The distinguished physicist, Sir William Thomson, reaches the conclusion, from exhaustive research, that in solids the distance from center to center of contiguous molecules is less than one-two-hundred-and-fifty-millionth, and more than one-five-hundred-millionth of an inch. But, allowing the larger size, it would take two hundred and fifty millions of them laid side by side to extend across a surface measured by an inch. Our minds are wholly incapable of forming any approximate idea of their extreme minuteness.

Now, suppose some of us will have to surrender a half dozen of such molecules in order not to defeat the resurrection of a human race, or even allow that some Shylock may justly

exact from us the restoration of a few millions of such particles, what conceivable proportion can that number bear to the sum total contained in our bodies? A cubic inch of solid matter contains 250,000,000 times 250,000,000, multiplied by 250,000,000. The actual number in our bodies must fluctuate daily by many millions, perhaps by billions; but who affirms because an individual has gained or lost, in his essential substance, a fraction of an ounce to-day, compared with the weight of his real self yesterday, that his identity is at all affected?

To offset the force of this showing, and to avoid the charge of making "much ado about nothing," it is claimed that millions of the molecules are being constantly absorbed and assimilated; and the aggregate must make a considerable quantity of substance. Were this a fact, it is a gratuity to assume the molecules are largely composed of dead human dust. But it will be proven that the aggregate of assimilated molecules is far less than is generally supposed. Yet could this not be done, attention has already been called to the fact that nature is constantly throwing off millions of effete particles from our corporiety, and, in general, the number received is counterbalanced by the number discharged; for were this not a fact, our bodies would still continue to grow or else become emaciated as their numbers were respectively disproportionate.

(To be Continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN Washington City the blending of the two races has been carried to great lengths. In some cases it would be difficult for a person not familiar with the product of such blending to distinguish them from genuine whites. Even those who are acquainted with the type may not always be able to discover the negro trace. In many instances they are real wealthy and educated and very proud. This Hon. Jerry Haralson, a member of Congress of my acquaintance, once had proof of. Jerry was a full-blooded negro—so black, as one of the members who petted him a good deal facetiously remarked, that a piece of charcoal would make a white mark on him. He was full of fun and good humor, was naturally shrewd and bright and had the reputation of being an effective speaker among his own race, but was quite innocent of all book learning. For this he could not be blamed, as he had been a slave and had been sold at the block at least twice in his life.

During his term in Congress he happened to be at a high-toned gathering of the mixed blood of Washington City. All the style for which the white society of that city is famous was exhibited at this party, and an effusive politeness that went far beyond anything ever seen among whites. Jerry was the only pure-blooded black among them, the rest were of all shades, from saddle-tinted up to the sickly-looking blondes. He had not been long there until he was made to feel that they thought he was greatly honored by being admitted into such society; and, finally, one of the swells of the party informed him that he was too black for their company; but as he was a Member of Congress they had invited him.

Jerry had perceived their disdain, and his choler had been rising at it all the evening. He replied that he had conferred honor upon them in coming to their party. He was black, he

said, but his skin showed that his mother was honest; if their mothers and grandmothers had been equally so, they would have been as black as he. After firing this shot he left them.

The bleaching of these people begins, at least, outside of the marriage relation. The marriage of a white man and a black woman, or a woman of the negro race of any shade of color, is almost unknown. Where such women are married at all, it is to persons who have, like themselves, more or less of negro blood in their veins. But there is a disposition shown in many quarters to encourage the mixing of the races, as indicated by Mr. Douglass, to whose article I have previously referred. Thinking people who are desirous to maintain the purity of the white race are alarmed at this tendency, and their attention has been drawn to our position on this question.

Hon. J. Floyd King, a Member of Congress from Louisiana, came to me one day while I was in the House of Representatives at Washington, and entered into conversation upon this topic. He had heard that we had very pronounced views respecting the admixture of the two races, and wished me to explain them to him. He said he viewed with positive alarm the treatment which this important question received at the hands of many people, particularly ministers of religion. They were using their influence in a most pernicious manner to break down the barrier which God had erected between the two races and to bring about amalgamation. This he utterly opposed. He thought it a crime against nature and against God.

When he found that I agreed with him, and that, as a people, we all felt the same, he expressed his delight and said that upon us would devolve the great mission of maintaining the purity of the race to which we belong. There was no other organized people on the continent, that he knew of, who felt as we did; and the effects of the teachings of many of the preachers of every other religious denomination was likely to bring about, he feared, the destruction of the pure white type.

A most impressive letter, written from Greenland, West Virginia, under date of October 17, 1885, by one of the Elders, who signs the initials "N. L. N.," appeared in the *Deseret News*. It gave a most appalling description of the results of the amalgamation of the whites and the blacks as he witnessed its fruits. The writer mentions cases where persons have married, each supposing that the companion with whom the alliance was made was pure white. Children were born, and, after a while, one would come bearing unmistakable marks of the negro. He was told of one old man who had a taint of this blood, whose posterity had spread over seven States. Numerous families could be picked out in whom the blood of that old man flowed, and some of them were considered the best citizens of their locality and would be terribly insulted if they were told they were not pure white.

He asks the pertinent question:

"Now, in such a state of society, how is a man or a woman to be guided in choosing a companion?"

In such a society as he describes such a question is difficult to answer. Probably if a man were desirous of buying a valuable horse there he could get his pedigree from the record, and could assure himself, by authenticated proof, of the purity of its blood. Not so, however, with a husband or a wife. Their pedigrees are not recorded, and there is no way among them of obtaining any certain knowledge that they are of untainted white descent.

This brings me back to the importance of preserving genealogies and the effect the keeping of these records will have upon the families of the Latter-day Saints. With many people in the world it makes very little difference what their own descent, or the descent of those with whom they marry, may be.

I heard Henry Ward Beecher say, in a lecture on evolution, that he did not care whether, in remote ages, his ancestors were monkeys or not; all he knew and cared about was that he himself was not a monkey.

But ancient men of God were not so indifferent upon this point. Genealogies were preserved with great care. In the days of Nehemiah, those who could not prove their right to the Priesthood by descent and authenticated genealogy were put from the Priesthood. The people of God were most careful about marriages; the chosen families were kept pure.

Abraham, in his record, speaks of his descent, he being a rightful heir and a High Priest. This right he derived from the fathers. He was of a family to whom the Priesthood had been promised and rightfully belonged. Knowing this, he sought for and obtained the Priesthood.

Abraham differed from Pharaoh, king of Egypt, in this respect. He had the right, through his descent, to the Priesthood. But Pharaoh was of a lineage that was not entitled to the Priesthood. He descended from Ham, the son of Noah, and had in his veins the Canaanite blood. From Ham sprang that race which preserved the curse in the land—a race whose ancestor was blessed with the blessings of the earth and with the blessings of wisdom, but was cursed as pertaining to the Priesthood. Yet Pharaoh, so Abraham informs us, "would fain claim the Priesthood from Noah through Ham."

The Egyptians were of this blood and were, therefore, denied all right to the Priesthood.

No man of this descent can legally hold it.

Hence, the people of God have been strictly commanded not to mix with that race.

The man who does so brings himself and posterity under a curse, and they are cut off from all share in the Priesthood.

It was this knowledge that made Isaac and Rebekah grieve because of Esau's marriages and caused them to send Jacob to Padan-aram to get a wife of the right blood.

All through the history of the people of God the same care is enforced concerning the selecting of wives and husbands.

Solomon's sin, which brought the anger of God upon him, consisted of loving and marrying the daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, and other strange women. Ezra, after the return of the Jews from captivity, found that some of the people had married wives belonging to nations which Israel was commanded to have no connection with.

He was so shocked that "the holy seed," as he called Israel, should have mingled themselves with those forbidden people that he rent his garment and his mantle, and plucked off the hair of his head and his beard and sat down stunned and amazed. They afterwards were commanded to separate themselves from these strange wives; which they did.

After these illustrations it appears plain that it is of the highest importance that great care be taken in maintaining the purity of our race.

The preaching of the gospel is gathering many of that blood which is entitled to the Priesthood.

In many of these families they are collecting genealogies and forming records.

Considering the condition of the world and the many sources from which the Latter-day Saints have been brought, they are surprisingly free from admixture with the nations to whom the Priesthood is denied.

As we grow, and new additions are made, the danger of admixture increases; because the admixture is going on at a rapid rate among the peoples from whence new converts come.

Great care should therefore be taken by our young people in marrying. There should be the utmost certainty that they do not intermarry with those who have a taint of that blood which cannot legally hold the Priesthood.

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued from page 167.)

MICHAEL, reached St. Petersburg just at dusk after many days travel. He knew that the lovely princess would not forgive delay, so he hastened to her apartments in the Ivanovitch mansion.

The servants stared at him and asked him a score of questions to which he did not deign a reply. They would have stopped his way if they had dared; but, though a servitor himself and holding no special rank in the household of the War Minister, Michael was a privileged character and known by his fellow-dependents to be under the especial protection of the princess.

The worthy Michael was nearing the stairway and was beginning to congratulate himself upon having escaped all interruptions in the house, when he almost ran into the arms of the Count Ivanovitch.

The Count at once grasped the old servitor's shoulder and stayed his progress.

"Well, Michael, how found you all at my daughter's estates at Berovitchi? Strange freak of a strange girl to send you posting off upon such an errand, before winter has fairly broken."

Michael had been trembling with fear, for he did not know what excuse Princess Olga had made for his absence. But the count's question gave him the cue and he answered readily enough:

"All was prosperous and the people were happy, my lord.

The reply was satisfactory and the anxious messenger was allowed to depart.

As soon as he entered the outer apartment of the princess she saw him; and giving a scream of delight she rushed through the rooms to clasp his honest hands and beg for news.

"All is well, my lady princess, and here is the duke's letter."

Old Michael retired and Olga hastened to devour the precious missive. It was a fond, manly letter, breathing undying courage. He closed with these words:

"Your tender faith has renewed my own. I know that we shall meet again sometime in a happy future; and until that dear hour shall come, I pray God to bless and protect you.

"Your grateful and patient

VLADIMIR POJARSKY."

Wonderful were the effects of the exile's expressions of hopeful love. At dinner that evening Olga appeared with a smile upon her face, for the first time since the day her father had informed her of Vladimir's exile.

The Count was overjoyed to witness this evidence of returning good nature. He ventured now to broach the subject of his official visit to Germany and France, which could no longer be delayed but which he had not dared for some time to mention to the princess.

As soon as Ivanovitch had stated that his departure must be made within a week and that he would be absent the greater part of a year, his daughter abruptly asked:

"Will you compel me to go with you?"

"Certainly I will not force you to go. But I had hoped—I was quite sure, that you wanted to take this journey. You have never visited Paris and you cannot comprehend its infinite gayety and the delightful glory which there surrounds a young woman of your rank, beauty and wealth."

"I care nothing for these pleasures," replied Olga, and if you will graciously give your consent I will remain here in St. Petersburg or at my country-house near Berovitchi until your return."

The Count looked at her in blank astonishment and was about to launch forth a torrent of remonstrance; but the princess anticipated him.

"I know all you would say regarding the impropriety of such a course; but give your consent and I will find means to satisfy even your exacting judgment as well as that of the critical court and the world of fashion. If you will permit me to stay at home, I will secure the company of my Aunt Madame Veranil, who will be glad to live with me and care for me during your absence."

Count Ivanovitch argued the question long and warmly with his daughter; but her only reply was, "If you so command me, I will accompany you; but I prefer to remain in Russia. You need have no fear—the only man I can ever love is lost to me in the mines of Siberia; and if I were now a nun I could not feel more completely severed from the world."

At last the indulgent and somewhat remorseful father felt compelled to acquiesce in this arrangement. The count departed on his long political mission; and Olga, now more cold and unapproachable than ever, was left in care of Madame Veranil, the widowed sister of Nestor Ivanovitch.

* * * * *

While these events were in progress at St. Petersburg Pojarsky was enduring all the physical sufferings entailed by his cruel sentence.

The journey down the Volga was almost unendurable. Two of the exiles, to escape the pain and horror of their situation, threw themselves from their boat, or raft, as it should be called, and were drowned and mangled amidst the floating ice. But with all this woe, Vladimir had his consolation in the letter which he jealously guarded in his bosom. No hour could be so full of agony and despair that one touch of this precious paper would not dissipate sorrow and re-awaken hope.

Even misery, in this life, finds a limit; and finally the grand commercial city of Nijni Novgorod was reached. Here, in the fort overlooking the Volga, the banished wretches were permitted to rest briefly and nurse their bruised bodies. There were already signs of the coming Spring; and with the belief that their greatest distress of travel was ended, a measure of cheerfulness was restored to the little band of prisoners.

Only one week of delay was permitted and then, chained in pairs—Pojarsky once more being linked with his former odious companion, they departed from the city. They were to walk across one third of the width of European Russia, through the Ural mountains and into the Czar's Asiatic possessions.

The journey grew more and more endurable as they progressed, except for the fact that they were nearing the spot for their living burial. Grass and hardy flowers were peeping from the ground, the forests were yielding the fresh odors of the new season, and the sun began to give forth rays of grateful warmth.

After the intense suffering to which the exiles had been subjected on the river this land journey had no horrors. The guards were just, and even kind—probably being influenced to

merciful feelings by their close approach to the dread fate of the prisoners.

It took nearly five weeks of gentle travel to take the party to Ekaterinburg, a fortress on the eastern or Siberian slope of the Ural range.

This town being the seat of government for the mines, it was from here that the exiles must be apportioned to the various districts in pursuance of their sentences. Some were to go a thousand miles to the north-east to engage in the fur trade; others were to be bound out to proprietors of gold and copper mines; and one lately known as Lieutenant Duke Vladimir Pojarsky of the Imperial Guard, but now shorn of his titles—was to labor during life in the arsenic mines near Berezovsk.

After the chains were struck from their arms and they were about to separate forever, there was a brief pathetic scene between the exiles. Nearly all shed tears, and many hugged each other convulsively as they exchanged an earthly farewell.

Vladimir was among the first to depart from Ekaterinburg. He had few *adieux* to make and no tears to shed. His pride would not let him betray a sign of weakness.

By a fortunate coincidence one of the soldiers detailed to guard him on the journey to the vicinity of Berezovsk was his friendly sentry of the Kostroma prison gates. A *droitzschka*, (a rude Russian carriage) was brought and upon it were mounted the prisoner and the kind soldier; while two guards on horseback accompanied them—one on either side of the vehicle.

The distance from Ekaterinburg to the arsenic mines was about 60 *verst*s; and they were to make the journey in a day.

For some time after they started the two guards on horseback kept near their charge, and there was no opportunity for conversation; but as the road became rough and narrow, they relaxed their care and trotted along some distance ahead—only occasionally looking back at the lumbering conveyance. As soon as this happy chance opened the way, Pojarsky thanked the guard for his kindness at Kostroma and then forced upon him a note of five hundred roubles.

Paul Oserov, the soldier, soon evinced to the exile that selfishness was not at the bottom of his complaisance. He said: "My Lord, I accept this money, as I accepted the former sum, in the hope that I may be able to use it in your service. My duty belongs to you, Duke Pojarsky, for I was born and raised on your maternal estates. My father before me had been a servant of your house; and almost his last speech was one of gratitude toward your queenly mother. I am to remain for three months as a guard at the mine to which you are condemned; and I believe that during that time we may think of some plan to help you. At all events, you may rely upon my devotion even unto death."

This speech delighted Vladimir as much as it astonished him. A sudden wave of hope swept over his being. He was not now a hopeless exile. He had youth, strength and courageous resolution; he had a comforting letter—the tangible evidence of a pure, glorious love—resting upon his bosom; he had money to a practically unlimited amount; and here was a devoted friend, with the manliness and training of a soldier, ready to die in his behalf. Long before Berezovsk was reached Vladimir had determined that he would escape from Siberia. He communicated this as his unalterable resolve to Paul Oserov, and into the soldier's friendly hands entrusted a considerable portion of his money. Darkness had settled upon the earth when they arrived at the guard-house of the arsenic mine; but there was still an abiding sunshine in Pojarsky's heart.

(To be Continued.)

HOME-MADE PHILOSOPHY.

BY NEWAYGO.

IT is easy to mistake policy for principle. A great Union general, during the rebellion, ironically showed his appreciation of this fact. Cotton was needed in Northern factories; but in order that the resources of the South might be the sooner exhausted, the Government absolutely prohibited the bringing of a single bale through the lines. Private enterprise was then at war with national patriotism. A New York speculator visited the Union general in his tent one night; and after much skirmishing opened his business. He said:

"General, I've a train of cotton just below. I'll give you ten thousand dollars if you will pass it beyond your lines.

"No, sir! That's against my principles."

"I'll give you twenty thousand dollars."

"Against my principles, I tell you."

"I'll give you fifty thousand dollars."

"Didn't you understand me to say that it was against my principles?"

"I'll give you one hundred thousand dollars."

"See here, you clear right out and don't you ever speak to me again. *You'r getting too close to my figures!*"

Do not be *too* severe with your erring neighbor. With all his transgressions, he may have overcome ten temptations when you have only encountered one.

UNTIL human labor is recognized as the real capital we will not see the end of this mighty struggle which is agitating the political and commercial world.

THIS is a wicked age; and instead of praying to be spared contact with all temptation, the wise man supplicates for strength to resist the evil which inevitably will cross his path.

HE who reads novels, as many say they do, to obtain knowledge of history and science would be insulted if asked to drink dishwater for the sake of getting a meal of roast beef and potatoes.

THE best theoretical economist I ever knew never met me without asking the loan of a dollar. He was so busy regulating the affairs of the world that he never had a moment for his own concerns.

ONE of our good bishops, now in the penitentiary, preached an entire sermon the other day in these words: "Charity begins at home—but it doesn't end there."

THE millennium of industry will not come until cultured minds go with skilled hands. At present most toil is either all mental or all physical.

WE want industrial colleges, where a man may graduate an educated carpenter or blacksmith, instead of being a learned ass or a polished nonentity.

DEBT is degrading, and indefinite hoarding is equally contemptible.

HE is not your friend, no matter how devoted he may appear to be, who would aid you in your darling project if it involved any wrong or dishonor.

THE OLD PRINTER.

A PRINTER stood at his ease one night,
In his office dark and drear,
And his weary sight was dim in the light
Of the moldy lamp hung near;
The Wintry winds were howling without,
And the snow fell thick and fast,
But the printer, I trow, shook his locks of snow,
And laughed at the shrieking blast.
He watched the hands of the clock creep round,
Keeping time with his snail-like tick,
And he gathered the type, with a weary click,
In his old, rust-eaten stick.

His hairs were white as the falling snow,
And silently, day by day,
He beheld them with grief, like the Autumn leaf,
One by one, passing away;
Time had cut with his plow furrows deep in his brow,
His cheek was fevered and thin,
And his long Roman nose could almost repose
Its end on his grey-bearded chin;
And with fingers long, as the hours stole on,
Keeping time with the clock's dull tick,
He gathered the type with a weary click,
In the old rust-eaten stick.

For many long years, through joys and through tears,
That old printer's time-battered face,
So ghostly and lean, night and morn has been seen,
Earnestly bent o'er his ease;
In a few more years Death will look up his form,
And put it to press in the mold,
And a stone o'er the spot where they laid him to rot
Will tell us the name and how old;
And his comrades will light that old lamp by his case,
And list to the clock's dull tick,
As they set up his death with a solemn tick,
In his old rust-eaten stick.

LEARNING, like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

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FULTON'S GREAT TRIUMPH.

THE "CLERMONT" ON THE HUDSON.

THE modest and often unfortunate genius, Robert Fulton, is entitled to be called the Father of Steam Navigation. It is true that he was not the first person to apply this wonderful motive power to vessels; but he was the first man to build a steamer which was successful. And from his effort has grown the immense benefit which humanity enjoys in traveling swiftly and luxuriously by water.

The effort which formerly was often made to withhold from Fulton the honor justly due to his skill and perseverance was a most unworthy one. Happily, of late a better spirit prevails; and in all lands where civilization reigns the plucky American engineer is recognized as having been the real inventor of the steamboat. The claims of other men who contested the honor with Fulton have been rejected by force of their own arguments; for when his contemporaries asserted that he was only the adapter of ideas which they had originated, they in fact excluded themselves from any just claim to credit. The actual origin of the idea to use steam as a motive power is lost in the mists of antiquity. Very recently the works of Hero of Alexandria, a mathematician who flourished in Egypt more than two thousand years ago, have been brought to the notice of scientific men. This ancient philosopher invented and constructed numerous automata to be propelled by steam; and these were in their day greatly admired as toys. Hero (or Heron, as he is sometimes called) has left full descriptions of his experiments and models; and an authentic and fine but much-neglected edition of his scientific works was published in Paris about two centuries since. How much earlier than the time of Hero of Alexandria the idea of steam power may have been entertained, historians do

not pretend to say; but it is now beyond dispute that no one of Fulton's rivals, and not even Fulton himself, could truly claim to have been the first man to deem steam navigation practicable.

In the year 1543, Blasco de Garay attempted to navigate a steam vessel in the harbor of Barcelona, Spain; but he met with utter failure. In 1736, Jonathan Hulls secured a patent in England for a steam tow-boat, but for some reason he never built the vessel. In the years 1774 and 1775 two Frenchmen made independent but unsuccessful experiments with steamers upon the Seine; and the Marquis de Jouffroy navigated

the Saone for some time, in the year 1782, with a boat which he had constructed to be moved by a steam engine; but he, too, finally gave up the experiment. A Mr. Symington, in 1803, built a steamboat, the *Charlotte Dundas*, which plied for a time upon the Forth and Clyde Canal in Scotland, but which was eventually abandoned.

These various efforts were not without value; and to the experiments of other men Fulton was greatly indebted. He was able to adopt their successes and reject their

many failures. But we do not detract from Shakespeare's fame when we say that he wove into his magnificent plays a hundred pretty stories from Boccaccio, Chaucer and a score of unremembered writers; and the time has come when the world is willing to judge our great inventor by the same liberal rule.

Robert Fulton was born in 1765 at Little Britain, Pennsylvania. He became first a jeweller, then a portrait painter, and lastly an inventor. He went to London when he was twenty-two years old, and after some years of art study he for-



unately turned his attention to mechanics. He built a plunging or submarine boat called the *Torpedo*, and invented other valuable machinery. Being unsuccessful in some of his ventures abroad, and desiring to experiment with steam navigation, he resolved to return to America. He secured plans of the workings of the *Charlotte Dundas*, and obtained financial aid from the noted Robert Livingston who was a relative of Fulton's wife.

The ambitious boat builder established himself at New York on the banks of the East River. Here, after much labor, through trials and failures which would have discouraged those who had before him given up the experiment in despair, he constructed a side-paddle steamer which he named the *Clermont*. While it was being built it was the subject of much ridicule, even Fulton's friends scoffing at his project. At last he felt confident enough to announce the date for a trial trip, and to invite his friends to steam up the Hudson in his boat. The time fixed was the second of September, 1807. On that day, the invited guests went on board the vessel, many of them incredulous and a few of them in absolute fear of never again being permitted to set foot on dry land. A vast crowd of curious people had assembled on the wharf, prepared to witness a failure and perhaps a fatal disaster. The critical moment arrived and Fulton, proudly confident, gave the word to the engineer. There was a rumbling noise from below which startled the timid passengers into an agony of apprehension; but the boat did not move. A jeer from the crowd on shore, made the inventor's eyes flash with pain and anger. His face became as gray as ashes and a great dread tugged at his heart. He staggered rather than walked below; and, after a few moments again gave the starting signal. The brave little boat moved gracefully away from the pier, fairly churning the water into foam on either side. She glided, puffing and snorting, through the shipping of the harbor and finally entered the beautiful Hudson. Fulton sank down white and cold after the reaction of his feelings; but he was soon called to enjoy his triumph. His passengers lavished unstinted praise and congratulations upon him. As the *Clermont* ascended the river thousands of people who had gathered upon the shores, cheered a grand welcome and encouragement. Skiffs and small sail boats attempted to race with the steamer, but they soon were left far astern. Against stream and wind, Fulton's beloved little boat made the trip from New York to Albany, a distance of one hundred and ten miles, in twenty-four hours. From that moment steam navigation passed from the shadowy realm of experiment into the real world of practical utility; and to-day the number of steam vessels ploughing the waters of the earth is beyond computation.

The *Clermont* began soon to make regular trips to carry passengers and freight on the Hudson. After a few years, however, she was retired to make way for larger, finer and swifter boats. The steamers upon the Hudson in our day are famed throughout the civilized world for their speed, safety and luxurious appointments.

It is told of Fulton that when he received the first fare which was paid by a passenger on the *Clermont*, he burst into tears. When he was at last able to master his feelings, he said to the gentleman who had paid the fare:

"Sir, in common politeness this money ought to buy a bottle of wine for the *Clermont's* first paying passenger. But I must be just to my patient assistants, and this money will aid in the payment of their salaries."

The gentleman assured Fulton that the principle avowed so frankly was worth more than all the common forms of polite-

ness in existence. They conversed for some time and on the trip grew considerably acquainted. Some few years later, they met again; and Fulton seizing the gentleman's arm cried: "Now, sir, for our bottle of wine!"

The gentleman accompanied the great engineer to a quiet hotel, where they drank a toast to the "dear old *Clermont*."

Fulton's latest years were crowded with triumphs and public honors. But he was unable to amass wealth. His generosity, his numerous experiments, and the disastrous lawsuits into which he was forced for the protection of his inventions, kept his pockets constantly drained. He died on the 24th day of February, 1815, leaving four children.

A magnificent marble statue of Robert Fulton occupies an honored place in the old Hall of Representatives, in the Capitol at Washington.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE WORD OF WISDOM.

An address by D. M. McAllister, delivered at a meeting of the Sunday school teachers of the Salt Lake Stake.

(Continued from page 199.)

"AND again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill."

There is an intimate relationship between these two evil things, alcohol and tobacco. We almost invariably find the user of tobacco is a lover of strong drink. The thirst created by smoking seems to be best satisfied by stimulating drinks. The boy who learns to smoke is in danger of becoming a drunkard. Like strong drinks, tobacco enslaves those who indulge in it. It blunts the intellect, impairs the memory, injuriously affects the brain and nervous system. It stunts the growth of boys and young men in mind and body. No boy who uses tobacco can excel in feats of agility, strength or endurance, neither can he keep at the head of his class in school. Men waste much valuable time and means while consuming the vile weed; its tendency is to create idleness and lead to immorality. It is a dirty habit. Observe the stinking breath of the tobacco user. I cannot help thinking that no guardian angel, nor God's Holy Spirit, can abide with the smoker, chewer or snuffer of tobacco, as it impregnates the body and clothing with foulness. Joseph Smith well said that "cleanliness is a part of Godliness;" how, then, can men who defile themselves with tobacco or strong drink dare expect to enter holy places or enjoy the society of pure beings? What would boys think of their sisters and sweet-hearts smoking or chewing tobacco? What would men think of their wives and daughters indulging in such habits? We would, naturally, be disgusted with the fair sex if they were guilty of such practices. If a lady were to walk along our public streets with a lighted cigar in her mouth, spitting on the sidewalk as she went along, she would be stared and jeered at and stigmatized as unlady-like and nasty; but we are so accustomed to see men do so that we have come to regard it as gentlemanly and proper for them. How inconsistent! There is not a single redeeming feature in the use of tobacco. We have got to overcome and stifle our natural feelings to become accustomed to it. It destroys the teeth, injures the voice, affects the appetite, creating a craving for stimulating food and drink; it

originates or aggravates various diseases, irritates the nervous system, produces dyspepsia, headaches, cancer, consumption, "burns out the blood, the eyes and the brain." It is the most active poison known: the oil of tobacco contained in a single cigar would kill a man in a few minutes if he were to swallow it.

"And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly."

The Prophet Joseph Smith stated that the term "hot drinks" has special reference to tea and coffee. That these beverages are injurious is a fact well known to physiologists; and yet, as in the use of tobacco and strong drinks, the masses of the people give no heed to evidences of their hurtfulness, but continue their use.

The drinking of tea or coffee produces an effect on the nerves that is called stimulation; it is precisely similar to the effects of alcoholic liquors or tobacco, the only difference is in the degree or extent of stimulation; the tea and coffee are weaker than the others, but they are, to a certain extent, intoxicating. In reality, tea and coffee are narcotic poisons, and their action upon the system is simply to arouse the nerves in rebellion against the laws of nature. This accounts for the feeling of excitement, or exhilaration which is so pleasing to habitual drinkers of tea and coffee. But what a price the tea and coffee sots have eventually to pay for their indulgence! Their vital force is wasted; indigestion is one of the results: the frequent stimulation and reaction cause a variety of nervous complaints, such as sick headache, neuralgia and heart disease. They are irritable, peevish and do not sleep well. Add to these characteristics of tea and coffee drinking the fact that these articles, tea more particularly, are generally adulterated with coloring and flavoring matters of exceedingly injurious kinds, and it is marvelous that such multitudes of people continue to use the worse than useless stuff.

A great many may say, "A cup of tea is so refreshing;" or "I could not do without my coffee in the morning;" or "a cigar or chew of tobacco makes me feel good and steadies my nerves;" or "a tumbler of beer braces me up;" or "a glass of liquor does me lots of good, especially in cold weather." In other words, they claim those things are good for them, while the Creator of heaven and earth, and all things that are therein, declares they are *not* good for man. Who are we to believe, puny man and woman or the Almighty? There can be no question about this. The users of tea, coffee, tobacco and alcoholic drinks are terribly mistaken; they deceive themselves. Science and common sense sustain the verdict of God that those things are injurious, and every man, woman and child should, at once and forever, abandon their use.

"And again, verily I say unto you, all wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man.

"Every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof; all these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving."

We should carefully observe this suggestion and make our daily food principally of fruits and vegetables, in the seasons when they are most prolific and ripe, that is, mostly in warm weather. The obvious advantages of dieting on fruits and vegetables in warm weather is that they are cooling and furnish abundance of moisture to the system at a time when we most need those elements. The word "prudence" I understand to mean moderation; and here let me say, I think there are fully as many people intemperate in eating as in drinking. It is surprising how little of the right kinds of food is needed to sustain us in life and health. Custom prescribes three

meals daily; many people eat more frequently, and at each of those three meals it is also customary to over-load the stomach with a great variety of solids, fluids and grease. It is no wonder that dyspepsia, biliousness and the hundred ills that arise from disordered stomachs afflict, to some extent, nearly every person we meet. We say we "have caught cold," or blame our stomachs for troubles which are the positive results of over-feeding. We are not prudent; we allow our appetites to control us instead of us controlling our appetites. Many, apparently, live to eat instead of simply eating to live. Let us heed the admonition and use all these products of the earth "with prudence," giving thanks to the Great Creator therefor.

"Yea, flesh also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly:

"And it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine."

I wish to call special attention to the words "nevertheless they are to be used sparingly." "Sparingly" does not mean one, two or three times daily all the year round, which is the practice of many people. To use flesh meat "sparingly," as I understand it, would be to eat it only occasionally, say about once a week, and then "only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine."

(To be continued).

HE DID NOT WANT A NEW LEG.

A DOCTOR of divinity, named J. M. Buckley, has been writing for a popular magazine upon the subject of miracles. He gives the "Mormons" the credit of working some miraculous cures, and mentions some which he believes to be authentic. He tells the following story about President Brigham Young, which, we scarcely need say to our readers, has no foundation in truth. We publish it, first, to show the kind of stuff which some so-called Christians believe about the "Mormons;" and, second, because it has a touch of humor about it:

"So great was the faith of certain Mormon converts in Europe that the priesthood could work miracles, that one of them who had lost a leg and could not secure another through the prayers of the Mormon missionaries, crossed the Atlantic and made a pilgrimage to Salt Lake City, where he had an interview with Brigham Young. This fox-like prophet and miracle-worker, who could cope with Horace Greeley or any other visitor in intellectual keenness, said to him, 'It would be easy for me to give you another leg, but it is my duty to explain to you the consequences. You are now well advanced in life. If I give you another leg, you will indeed have two legs until you die, which will be a great convenience; but in the resurrection, not only will the leg which you lost rise and be united to your body, but also the one which I now give you; thus you will be encumbered with three legs throughout eternity. It is for you to decide whether you would prefer the transient inconvenience of getting along with one leg till you die, or the deformity of an extra leg forever.' The pilgrim concluded to remain maimed in this life, that he might not be deformed in that which is to come. This may be a myth, but it falls in well with Brigham Young's known character."

ENVY is blind, and has no other quality but that of detracting from virtue.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

LITTLE HOWARD'S FAITH IN GOD.

LITTLE Howard was three and a half years old when grandma sent for his mother to come and stay with her. She wrote, "My health is failing so fast I do not think it is wisdom to stay alone any longer. Come and bring the little ones, so you can stay all Summer."

Preparations were hurriedly made, and early one morning Frank and Darkey were hitched to the wagon, and off they started. The children were in high glee, but their mamma was thoughtful and anxious, for she felt a foreboding that before she returned home she would have to lay her dear mother in her last resting place.

Howard was a little timid fellow, and had never been in a wagon many times before. When they went down hill he would cling to his mamma with fear; and when he saw a mountain or high hill he thought they would have to go right over the top of it, but the road would wind around through the narrow passes and come out all right. Four days after leaving home they came in sight of St. George. What a beautiful picture burst upon their view! Where they lived Spring had not opened yet, but here in this sunny vale, trees had put on their robes of green and the flowers and fruit trees were in full bloom, the fields were dotted with patches of lucern and wheat, and just ahead at the foot of the hill flowed the Virgin River. It was a muddy, angry-looking stream, and quite high, but there was a bridge to cross. But the prettiest sight of all was the beautiful temple. How the children clapped their hands with delight as they gazed upon it! When they drove up to their grandmother's door they found her quite cheerful. She was able to get about, and go to the temple three days every week to do a work for dear friends who had passed behind the veil.

Two weeks were spent pleasantly, when one night after grandma came home from the temple, she was taken suddenly sick, and in a few moments her spirit had passed to a better and happier world. She was dead. After the last duty was performed for the dear, departed, they had to stay for a time until grandma's affairs could be settled up, and so five long, lonely months were spent in St. George, and then little Howard with his two brothers, sister

and mamma went to the Santa Clara for awhile, where grandma owned property. It was a pretty little place but not a healthy location. One after another of the children were attacked with fever, but by a little good nursing and through the prayers of the Elders they were restored to health. At last Howard took the chills, and for a time every remedy failed. For two weeks he lingered, growing paler and weaker every day until there was not a bit of color in his face. He refused to take any medicine, but asked for some of the Elders to come and lay hands on him. Two brethren were accordingly requested to anoint him with oil and pray for him. They did so, and when his mother went to lay him down on his little bed, he said, "No; I ain't sick any more; didn't those good men pray for me?" And it was so. He was healed that moment. He has never been sick any more. When any of the family are sick he says, "Get the good men to pray for you, that is the way to get well." And so it is my dear children. When we are healed by the power of God our bodies are cleansed from disease.

L. K. YOUNG.

PRIZES AWARDED.

AFTER a careful examination of the lists of answers sent to Questions on Church History that were received in time for publication in the INSTRUCTOR we have decided that the following are entitled to the Prizes: One Year's Subscription to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is awarded as a first prize to W. J. C. Mortimer for having sent the best, most correct and complete list of answers to the questions published in the first half of this volume.

The Life and Adventures of Rear-Admiral John Paul Jones, is awarded as a second prize to W. E. Cole, for having sent the second best list of answers to the same questions.

Paul's collection of Choice Readings and Recitations is awarded as a third prize to H. H. Blood, for having sent the third best list of answers to the same questions.

The following persons are deserving of honorable mention for having also sent complete and correct answers: Sarah Estella Cole, Eliza J. Morgan, Marinda Monson, Avildia L. Page, Rosie M. Sedgwick and Wm. L. Worsencroft. There are many others who answered all the questions, but sending in their lists too late their names were not published. Many lists were also received with no signatures.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 12.

1. WHERE did Joseph Smith first see Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball? A. At Kirtland, Ohio, in November, 1832.

2. What prediction did he make concerning one of these brethren? A. That the time would come when Brigham Young would preside over the whole Church.

3. What important prophecy did Joseph make concerning this nation? A. The Lord revealed unto him that a war should rage between the Southern and Northern States.

4. When did he receive this revelation? A. December 25th, 1832.

5. What great event transpired in fulfillment thereof? A. The rebellion, or the civil war.

6. When did this occur? A. The war commenced early in 1861, about twenty-eight years after the Prophet uttered the prediction.

7. When did the Prophet complete the translation of the New Testament? A. February 2nd, 1833.

8. What significant revelation did he receive towards the end of the same month? A. The revelation known as the Word of Wisdom.

9. When were the first two counselors to President Joseph Smith ordained and who were they? A. March 18th, 1833, according to a revelation given on the 8th of March, 1833, Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams were ordained and set apart as counselors to President Joseph Smith.

10. What glorious vision did the brethren receive on this occasion? A. Several of them beheld the Savior and a multitude of angels.

THE following-named persons have answered the questions published in No. 12: W. E. Cole, Rosie M. Sedgwick, R. Hurst, Alice Crane, F. Pickering, Sarah Estella Cole, Eliza Jane Morgan, W. J. C. Mortimer, H. Scowcroft, Mary Emily Chandler, Marinda Monson, Huldah L. Stout, Alice A. Keeler, Emily E. Brough, E. V. Bunderson, Lucy D. Perry, Dency E. Terry, S. Stark, F. W. Kirkham, J. Kirkham, Janet L. Jenkins, J. H. Jenkins, Rozina Brown, E. Porter, H. H. Blood, Lizzie Hatch, Avilda L. Page, Leone Rogers, H. C. Blood, R. A. Turner, W. L. Worsencroft, Etta M. Huish, Geo. S. Forsyth, Ovidia Jorgenson, Thos. L. Davis, Wm. D. Dixon, Ada P. Minkler.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 12 is JONAH. Solutions have been received from M. Monson, Richmond; T. W. Workman, Josephine Winegar, Egin, Idaho; Ezra Christenson, Manti; C. C. F. Dixon, Payson; D. H. Sedgwick, Bountiful; C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHEN and where was the first High Council of the Church of Christ organized? 2. What command did Joseph receive from the Lord on the 24th of February, 1834? 3. When did he commence to raise volunteers for that purpose? 4. When did a portion of the company begin their journey and what did it consist of? 5. When and where was the Church first named the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? 6. Why was "Latter-day Saints" added to the name? 7. When did the Prophet leave Kirtland with the remainder of the company to join those who left on the 1st? 8. When was the company organized and what was the name given it? 9. When did it arrive in Liberty, Clay County, Missouri? 10. When did Joseph start on his return journey to Kirtland? 11. When and how was the principle of Tithing first introduced among the Saints?

FINDING A PERSON'S NAME.

LET the person whose name you wish to know tell you in which of the upright columns the first letter of his name is found. If it be found in but one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column it is found by adding the *alphabetical numbers* of the top letters of these columns and the sum will be the number of the letter sought. By taking one letter at a time in this way the whole name can be ascertained. For example, take the word Jane. *J* is found in the two columns commencing with *B* and *H*, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet; their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is *J*, the letter sought. The next letter, *A*, appears in but one column, where it stands at the top. *N* is seen in the columns headed *B*, *D* and *H*; these are the second, fourth, and eighth letters of the alphabet, which added give the fourteenth or *N*, and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the foregoing explanation.

A	B	D	H	P
C	C	E	I	Q
E	F	F	J	R
G	G	G	K	S
J	J	L	L	T
K	K	M	M	U
M	N	N	N	V
O	O	O	O	N
Q	R	T	X	X
S	S	M	Z	Y
U	V	V	Y	Z
W	W	W		
Y	Z			

THE LAST WORK OF LIVINGSTONE.

BY EDDIS OWEN.

IN a previous number, some account was given of the life and earlier works of the eminent Scotchman, David Livingstone, accompanied by a very faithful portrait of that devoted missionary explorer, who spent so many useful years in the wilds of Africa.

The last effort of Livingstone was the greatest. It was his exploration made in the hope of solving that mysterious African problem which had baffled so many others—the discovery of the source of the Nile.

In 1866, he started from the Rovuma River in the far south of Africa, and plunged at once into the interior. He passed around the south end of Lake Nyassa, or Star Lake—a large body of fresh water over three hundred miles in length, which he had discovered in a previous journey. Proceeding northward, he explored lakes Bangweolo and Moero, and the great water system of the Chambeze, or Lualaba. This river has its source in the elevated region to the south and west of Lake Tanganyika. In fact, Livingstone found three large rivers in this high basin, all bearing the same name of Lualaba, and all uniting to form a great lake, which he called Lincoln in honor of our martyred president. Out of this a river runs to the northward; and Livingstone believed that this, instead of Victoria Nyanza, Albert Nyanza or Tanganyika, was the true source of the Nile. To determine the course of the Lualaba after leaving Lake Lincoln, to decide whether it joined the Nile or turned westward and formed the Congo, was the grand task which he resolved to accomplish or perish.

The great and good man died before his work was ended, and Stanley subsequently completed this part of the task by exploring the Lualaba to its mouth and proving it to be identical with the Congo.

But long before Stanley went to the relief of the intrepid hero, the latter had suffered appalling woes. His attendants were assailed by hostile tribes and by murderous slave dealers, some of them were massacred, some taken into captivity and all the rest became so terrified by the dangers surrounding them that they refused to proceed. His trains of supplies

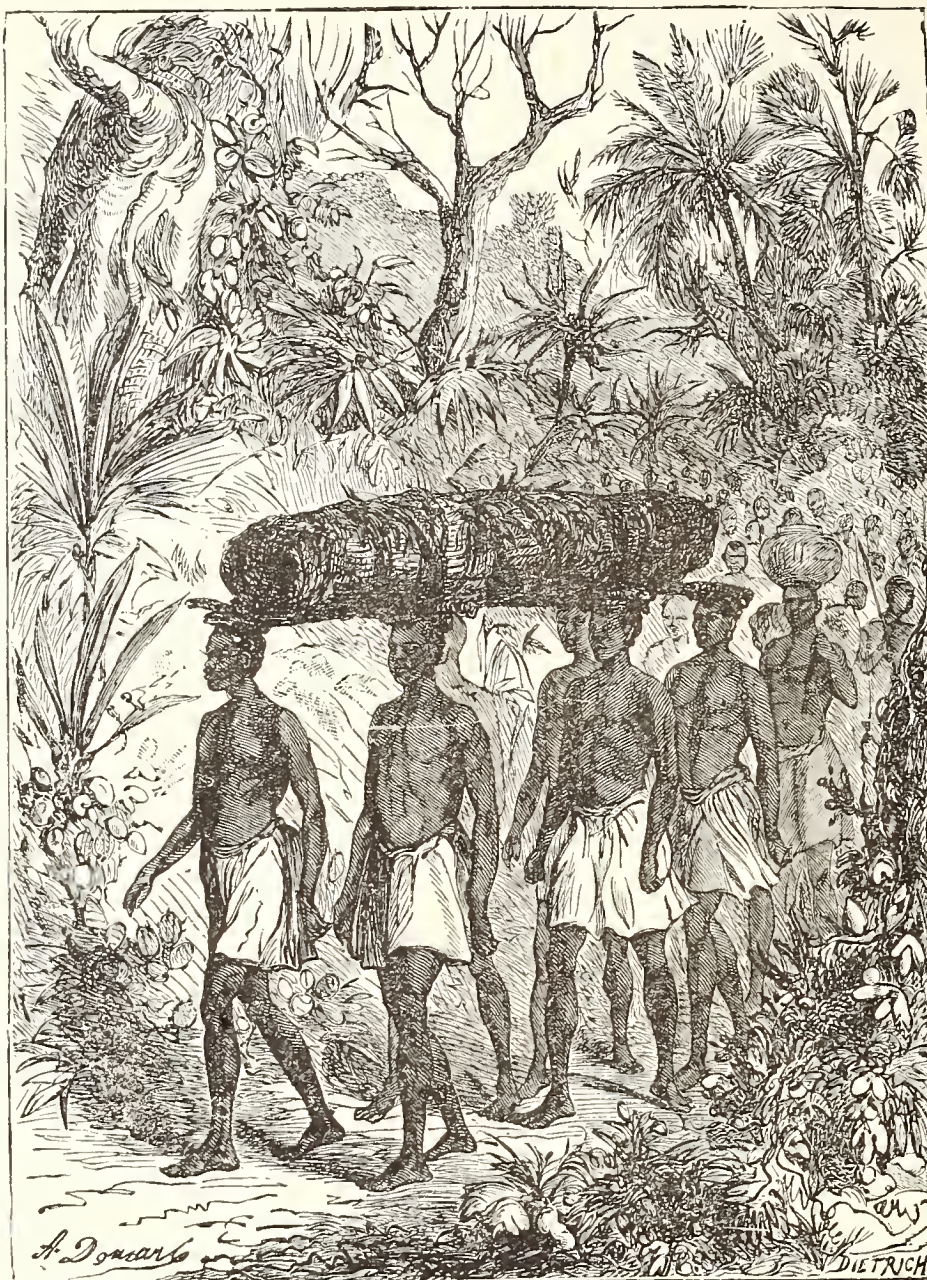
were plundered by predatory natives, or delayed through the dishonesty and cowardice of his own trusted servitors. Despite his own ill-health and constant personal danger he was determined to proceed. But at last an especially brutal and extensive massacre occurred, and Livingstone, filled with an intolerable loathing of bloodshed, even in the cause of science, resolved to yield to the importunities of his attendants. Heart-sick and depressed in spirit, he turned his back upon the object of his hopes and started on a long and weary journey of five hundred miles to Ujiji, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. At this point it was his purpose to re-arrange his plans, get new servants from the coast and proceed once more with his gigantic labor. Every step of that return journey was in pain and danger. Livingstone himself says: "I felt as if

dying on my feet." He was obliged to pass through unfriendly districts the inhabitants of which had recently been exasperated to frenzy by the barbarity of slave hunters; and he and his party were exposed to daily attack and outrage. When he finally reached Ujiji, the illustrious explorer was in a horrible condition—ill, lame, deserted by his helpers, and struck down with hopelessness upon making the cruel discovery that the supplies which he had expected to find had been stolen by the wretch to whom they had been intrusted by the British government.

Some time previous to this, deserters from Livingstone's party carried a false report to the coast that the explorer had been murdered. The sorrowful tale was at first credited and subsequently found to be improbable. Finally, to set all doubts at rest, James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *New York Herald*, fitted out an expedition for Henry M. Stanley, an enterprising journalist; and the latter

left Zanzibar early in 1871 with the intention of learning the fate of Livingstone or never returning home to America. With incredible courage and perseverance he pushed on to Ujiji, which place he reached just sixteen days after Livingstone had arrived there in the pitiable condition which we have described. This is one of the most romantic episodes of African exploration; the coincidence of the meeting at Ujiji of the searcher and the man he sought being little less than marvelous. Livingstone says, in recounting the meeting with Stanley:

"He had come at an expense of £4,000, to obtain correct information about me if living, and if dead to bring home my



FROM THE JUNGLE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

bones. The kindness was extreme and made my whole frame thrill with excitement and gratitude."

Stanley had men and supplies and he proposed an expedition to the northern end of Tanganyika, to settle the disputed question of its relation to the Albert Nyanza. Though sorely weakened by disease and much cast down because of his late failure and the outrageous dishonesty of his supply agent, Livingstone enthusiastically acquiesced in the plan. A boat was secured, a company was equipped, and the party went on a trip which was but a pleasure excursion to the great explorer worn by travel and hardships. The result of this journey of Livingstone and Stanley was to demonstrate positively that Lake Tanganyika was of no interest, except in a remote degree, in connection with the search for the sources of the Nile.

After this, Stanley started on his return journey and Livingstone awaited the supplies which the other was to send him from Zanzibar. When these came, his purpose was to renew his great effort. At this hour he wrote to Earl Granville the following sketch of his plan for the coming years:

"I shall at present avoid Ujiji, and go about south-west from this to Fipa, which is east of and near the south end of Tanganyika; then round the same south end, only touching it again at Pambette; thence resuming the south-west course to cross the Chambeze, and proceed alone to the southern shores of Lake Bangweolo, which being in latitude twelve degrees south, the course will be due west to the ancient fountains of Herodotus. From them it is about ten days north to Katanga, the copper mines of which have been worked for ages. The malachite ore is described as so abundant it can only be mentioned by the coal heavers' phrase 'practicably inexhaustible.'

"About ten days north-east of Katanga very extensive underground rock excavations deserve attention as very ancient, the natives ascribing their formation to the Deity alone. They are remarkable for all having water laid on in running streams, and the inhabitants of large districts can all take refuge in them in case of an invasion. Returning from them to Katanga, twelve days north-north-west, take to the southern end of Lake Lincoln. I wish to go down through it to the Lomani, and into Webb's Lualaba, and home."

He started on his fresh exploration of the Lualaba, late in 1871, and after a year and a half of most assiduous work he found himself at Ilala, beyond Bemba. Here, in May, 1873, he was stricken down by illness and never again rose in mortal life from his couch. After sixty years of existence this brave, good man died in the wilds of the Dark Continent, which his courageous devotion had done so much to illuminate with the light of civilization and Christianity. His body was embalmed and wrapped in tropical leaves by his native servants, and subsequently was carried to the coast by a large party of those who had loved and followed him during life.

The venerated remains reached England in April, 1874, and were interred in Westminster Abbey; and the body of the man who began life a poor cotton "piecer" lies by the side of kingly dust—not more noble than his own.

MISERY is caused for the most part, not by a heavy crush of disaster, but by the corrosion of less visible evils, which canker enjoyment, and undermine security. The visit of an invader is necessarily rare, but domestic animosities allow no cessation.

IN EXILE.

BY HOMESPUN.

SHE held the letter in her hand—
'Twas wet with many a tear—
It told of those in that far land
She'd left for one long year;
'Twas penned by one she dearly loved:
Her husband's other wife;
Their lives had in one channel moved
For nearly half a life.

* * * *

"Your little Georgie's grown so big—
He struts about in pants—
And looks so cute in such a rig:
He's spoiled by both his aunts:
He often comes and questions me
In such a curious way;
My answers are not very free—
I don't know what to say.

"Dear auntie, when will mamma come
To us, no more to part?
A year ago she left our home
To comfort papa's heart.
And what does mamma look like now?
And does she love me yet?
Why don't she come and teach me how
To tame my rabbit pet?

"Say, auntie, why does papa roam?
Why does he have to go
And leave behind his happy home,
And us who love him so?
Where can the devil find such men
To make this awful raid?
My papa is the bestest man
The Lord has ever made.

"Why didn't papa come right home
When auntie's 'Robin' died?
He surely would if he had known
How hard Aunt Nennie cried.
And who will tell him how we laid
Our robin in the ground.
So close to Albert, 'neath the shade
Of trees right o'er the mound?

"And do they know that auntie's left
Without a baby-boy?
Could papa send one in the mail
Just like he sent my toy?
I caught him up then in my arms
And held him up to me;
'Say, auntie, I can 'member once
I sat on mamma's knee.'"

* * * *

She could not read another word
Her heart was crushed with pain:
She longed to take her Georgie to
Her aching heart again.
She saw her face was growing dim,
To those sweet baby eyes,
She felt she echoed with a pang
His childish questions wise.

What have they done that they must live
Exiled from friends and home?
When would the voice of God cry out
When would His justice come?
But sweet and low the whispering voice
God breathed in her heart—
"The end soon comes, thy care must be
To nobly bear thy part."

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THERE are many sorrows greater than that produced by death. Yet those who have witnessed the heart-breaking agony of a mother over the death of her infant child might imagine she thought it the greatest calamity that could befall her. But ask the mother of a son who is wild, drinking and godless, what she thinks about death. If she has buried an infant child, she will say that great as was her grief at having to part with it, she suffers more with the living than she ever did for the dead.

The most of mothers in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who have wicked, ungodly children, will say they would rather have buried them when they were young and pure than that they should live and be the creatures they are. They can think of the dead children with pleasure; they died stainless and sinless. They know they are safe. But they contemplate the future of the living, who are full of wickedness, with dread and horror.

In this country, and among us, the vice of drunkenness is attended with the most frightful consequences.

We have been deeply impressed to warn the children and young people of this Territory against it.

They should never put any intoxicant—liquor, wine or beer—to their lips.

If this habit of drinking be once formed it seems almost impossible to break it off.

The warnings of men of God who have had experience; the entreaties of parents and friends; the tears, supplications and anguish of wives and children; the dreadful consequences which have fallen upon other drunkards; and the terrors of God's law, urged ever so eloquently, have no effect upon the most of the victims of this awful appetite.

When it obtains the mastery, the victim becomes dead to the voice of religion, of honor, of affection and of every human sentiment.

If he lives long enough, and continues in his evil course, there is no point of degradation he will not reach.

There is no crime which he may not commit—from lying, through all the grades of sin, to murder and denying his God.

He begins life a pure, innocent babe. His boyhood may be full of promise, giving joy to his mother and hope to his father. His youth and early manhood may exhibit the most attractive qualities and inspire the brightest anticipations and lead his friends to expect for him a career of usefulness and honor.

But in a fatal moment he yields to the tempter.

He drinks a glass of some intoxicating beverage.

He may be in company and be urged to drink a glass of wine.

"It will not hurt you," says the tempter, it is only wine."

It may be punch, "and you know," says one, "a glass of punch won't hurt anybody."

Whatever it may be that is offered to him, if he refuse to drink it he perhaps is laughed at.

If he be weak and sensitive to ridicule he will feel ashamed. He sees others drink whom he may respect, and he drinks.

If he had never touched that first glass he never would have become a drunkard.

It was that first glass that proved his ruin.

He liked the taste. Glass followed glass. Not immediately; for weeks and perhaps months may have passed before the appetite was fully aroused.

The taste of alcoholic beverages has an extraordinary effect upon many people. It seems as though it awakened a demon within them, whose craving for a drink cannot be resisted or controlled.

Step by step the victim of this vice descends. Confidence in him is destroyed. His word is not believed. His very presence is dreaded. Those who looked upon him with admiration now turn from him with disgust. His parents and wife and children, if he have any, are ashamed of him. It is not very long till he fills a drunkard's grave; but, frequently, not till all his friends feel relieved at his departure.

IT is a question in the minds of some as to what shall be done by the Church with people of this description. They may have wives and children who are faithful members of the Church. Their parents and other family connections may be honorable and greatly respected. Bishops and other officers may, on this account, hesitate to deal with them. They may have sympathy for their relatives and perhaps have hopes that the sinners themselves may see the error of their ways and repent.

But while it is well to be kind and compassionate, these feelings should not carry one too far. Mercy ought not to be allowed to rob justice any more than justice should cast aside mercy.

There is a medium line between severity and leniency. This the law of the Lord points out. When justice is executed by the Lord it is tempered with mercy. It should be the same with His servants. When sinners repent then mercy steps in. But until there is repentance mercy cannot present its full claims.

It is always attended with bad effects for officers of the Church, for parents, wives or other relatives to have sympathy with and take the side of those who break the laws of God. Whenever they excuse or justify them in their wrong-doing they become partakers of their sin.

When any are inclined to do this they should remember the case of Eli. The punishment he brought upon his house for permitting his sons to do as they did ought to be a warning to all the generations of men. It should teach all in authority to enforce the laws of God.

If a son or a daughter enters upon a wrong course he or she should be warned of the consequences. No pains should be spared to win them back.

But suppose such ones will not turn from their evil ways, are parents under any obligations to go with them, to cherish them or to harbor them?

Are not such sons and daughters free agents?

Have they not deliberately chosen their path and their course of life?

It was a wise father who said to his disobedient son:

"If you and I walk together you must tread in my path. I shall not follow yours. Take your choice. Which will you do? Walk with me in the path of righteousness, or will you take the other path? If you take the other path, we separate here and now, and our association ceases."

Every parent owes this to himself, to his wife or wives and to his children.

If sons or daughters choose wickedness and wrong, that is their business; but they should not expect their parents and brothers and sisters to follow them; neither should they follow them. They make their deliberate choice; they should abide the consequences. Intercourse and association with them should cease.

What sorrow has been brought to many households by neglect of this! How many families have been ruined! Who can number them?

But some say it is cruel for parents not to associate with their offspring, no matter what their conduct may have been.

This is a mistaken view.

Is it not cruel for children to disobey their parents, to trample upon their advice, to fly in the face of all their admonitions and warnings? Is it not unfeeling and heartless for them to commit acts which they know will wring their parents' hearts with agony?

Latter-day Saints who are strict and careful in the teaching of their children will warn them that one of the consequences of wrong-doing and the pursuit of vice on their part will be separation from their society both here and hereafter.

If, then, they become vicious, or are determined to marry out of the Church, they are aware of that which will follow.

But they are not content with that. They want the sympathy of their parents and relatives. They would like to introduce their new companions to their old homes. They become missionaries of evil. After all their disobedience and misconduct such persons frequently act as though they were unkindly treated if they are not allowed to ruin their brothers and sisters by their pernicious examples and associations.

The one who marries out of the Church is not content with this—she would like her sisters to follow her example.

If the parents will permit it, introductions are made. A new element enters the family circle. Spiritual ruin follows.

If any doubt this, look around your neighborhood or settlement and find the proofs.

The drunkard or unvirtuous man thinks he is treated very badly if his parents will not suffer him to associate in the family circle as he did when he was pure.

If they will harbor him and sympathize with him he will make the rest of the family like himself if he can.

Apostate sons and daughters may bitterly seek to destroy the work of God, which their parents through their lives have labored to establish; but they still expect their parents to uphold them and associate with them.

They think themselves absolved from all obligations to God and their parents; but, in their view, their parents are never released from their obligations to them.

Let their parents take the same view, and they are likely to destroy the faith of their parents and of their brothers and sisters and lead them down to the pit.

Is it unpleasant to say that intercourse and association with such characters should cease on the part of families who desire to be Saints?

It should not be; for it is the truth.

Are the proofs not numerous? Let all judge from that which they see and know.

WE have received a lengthy communication from A. A., which, he says, is in the interests of the German population of our Territory, and to defend the German race against

what he terms "the sweeping degradation" of "The Working Classes of Germany," as described by C. H. W. in number 6 and page 90 of this present volume.

He informs us that "all the Germans in this [the town in which he lives] and other towns feel very indignant about the article;" and adds that "our young folks have already too much dislike against the Germans, and such articles, like the one mentioned, will make things still worse."

Far be it from us to publish a word in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR that would wound the susceptibilities of any man, woman or child of any nationality, or that would increase prejudice against any one. Our mission is to make peace, to diffuse knowledge and to endeavor to show Latter-day Saint children how blessed they are and how united and thankful they should be.

We have examined the article to which A. A. objects; we have also carefully read his communication, and we cannot see that A. A. has shown that C. H. W. has not told the truth. His complaint appears to be that C. H. W. "seems to take delight in degrading the laborers of Germany below the level of a negro, without any exception whatever."

A. A. lauds the German nation and gives a truthful picture of the wonderful achievements of that race. He says: "Comparing the German nation as a whole with other nations, the Germans will take the lead in a great many respects."

This sentiment the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, too, fully endorses. We entertain the highest respect for the German people. We believe they and their descendants will yet be numbered by millions among the people of God.

C. H. W. wrote, and we published, his article on "The Working Classes of Germany" not to degrade or to lower the German people in the estimation of the JUVENILES; but to show them the hardships and severe labors which the agricultural laborers and women of that land have to endure, just as we give pictures of American life, English life, Danish life, or any of the lives of other people that will give information to our readers, and, by the contrast, enable them to better appreciate the advantages they possess. No German should take exception to this. As dark pictures can be drawn of life among certain classes in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland as C. H. W. has drawn of life in Germany; but for these the English, the Scotch, the Welsh or the Irish people are not to be blamed; but the organization of society which permits such evils to exist.

POWER OF REASON AND KINDNESS.—The language of reason, unaccompanied by kindness, will often fail of making an impression; it has no effect on the understanding, because it touches not the heart. The language of kindness, unassociated with reason, will frequently be unable to persuade; because, though it may gain upon the affections, it wants that which is necessary to convince the judgment. But let reason and kindness be united in a discourse, and seldom will even pride or prejudice find it easy to resist.

GRIEF for the calamity of another is pity, and ariseth from the imagination that the like calamity may befall himself; and therefore it is called compassion, or in the phrase of the present time, a fellow-feeling.

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued from page 206.)

THE exile and his attendants were received by the commandant of the strong military guard which held charge of the mine. Ushered by the officer into the prison-like building, Vladimir found himself in a long hall, narrow and low, with smoked walls and ceiling and dimly illuminated by two or three stinking oil-lamps.

This apartment was at once the hall of justice, the dining-room and the chapel. Against the wall on each side stood a line of tables; while at the end opposite the main entrance was a desk which served for either priest or military judge. Leading off this hall, on one side were the stifling bunk-rooms of the miserable exiles, and on the other, the better chambers of the soldiery and their servants.

Leading the way to the desk the officer seated himself in such show of state as the circumstances would permit, and announced that he was ready to examine the exile.

"But first," said he, "let us have the chief of the miners, Hulinski, out to take a memorandum of this new helper."

A guard stepped to an open door of the prisoners' sleeping room and called:

"Nicolaus Hulinski, come out and record the name of one more of your children."

This rude sally occasioned a burst of laughter, in the midst of which an old man emerged from the gloomy chamber. He was a striking figure: he was tall and dignified in bearing, but he was worn almost to a skeleton; his gray hair and beard were long and wavy; his face was colorless; and his deep-sunken eyes seemed to be two smoldering fires. He took a seat at a little table near the desk, with his back to Vladimir, and opening a book he prepared to make the necessary notes.

"Your name?" curtly said the officer.

The young exile lifted his head and answered in a firm, proud tone:

"Vladimir Pojarsky."

Before the words had ceased to agitate the smoky air of the room, Nicolaus Hulinski gave a shriek and sprang to his feet. He cried:

"It cannot be! Oh, that would be too monstrous!"

While everybody was staring with astonishment because of this outburst, the old man approached Vladimir and looked with devouring gaze into his face; then he sobbed:

"Heaven preserve us, the boy speaks the truth!"

Here the officer interposed:

"What's the matter with the old fool? Of course the boy speaks the truth. Here's the warrant from the court martial which tried him: 'Vladimir Pojarsky, late a lieutenant in the imperial service, sentenced to perpetual exile in Siberia, to labor in the same mine where his late father, Feodor Pojarsky, worked and died. His estates to become the property of his majesty, the czar.' Now, you crazy old man, Hulinski, what is there so marvelous in all this?"

"Nothing, nothing," stammered Nicolaus, "only I knew the boy's father, and I was astounded to see the son here. Feodor Pojarsky and myself were soldiers together; we worked side by side in the mines and it was in my arms that he died, praying for his child, Vladimir, and that lad's unhappy mother."

The officer checked the words with which Pojarsky was about to address Hulinski, and then ordered the old man to proceed with his memorandum. This was merely an entry upon the mine register of the name, age, sentence and a complete personal description of the new-comer. While Nicolaus was engaged in this labor Vladimir observed that he was almost overcome by the violence of his emotion, and that only the most resolute self-control enabled him to complete his task.

In the meantime the commander and some of his subalterns were commenting upon the fate of the Pojarskys—father and son—and wondering if the latter had left a child to receive exile in his turn, and thus perpetuate the misery of the family.

After the record concerning Vladimir had been read and approved by the officer, Hulinski was instructed to provide the young man with a ration of coarse food and then to conduct him to bed.

Vladimir barely touched the black bread and the meat which Nicolaus brought in a wooden pannikin, and soon announced that he was ready to retire.

Hulinski led the way into a room which was infinitely worse than the large hall. About forty bunks were ranged against the walls—all of them but one occupied. One dim lamp, giving less light than smoke and foul odor, served to partially show the misery of the place. Aside from the rough bunks the room was without furniture.

Some few of the occupants were snoring and seemed to be in hearty enjoyment of a blissful oblivion; others were moaning and tossing as if the agony of the day were haunting their slumbers; and still others were sitting in their beds, striving to mend their uncouth garb.

No word was spoken in greeting of the new-comer, all unnecessary noise being forbidden. Hulinski drew Vladimir to one corner of the apartment, where they were almost hidden in shadow and were a little way removed from the other people; and then, taking Vladimir's hand he pressed it tenderly and kissed it, while the youth felt warm tears falling from the eyes of his companion.

"There is no vacant berth, my poor boy," said Nicolaus softly, "and you will be obliged to share the bunk of some other unfortunate. Will you sleep with me? Probably I can make you more comfortable than you would be with anyone else."

Pojarsky whispered a grateful "yes" and assured his companion that the offer was just what he would have chosen if he had dared to solicit such a favor.

As they were retiring, Hulinski said quietly,

"You see that our bunk is placed at a little distance from the others, on account of the window; and after our friends all get asleep we can talk in a whisper without danger. I am very impatient to learn all that you will tell me of yourself, for the sake of your father and the sufferings which I have seen him endure."

When the moment came in which they could converse without attracting attention, the old man begged Vladimir to proceed; and although the latter was very anxious to learn something concerning his companion, and hear the recital of all that Nicolaus knew regarding the brave and martyred Feodor, Vladimir consented to relate the particulars of his life. He told the story as we know it: when he spoke of his dear mother and of her sad death, Nicolaus groaned and wept with sympathetic sorrow; and when he told of his own daring challenge to the czar on account of the wrong done to the noble Feodor

in life and in death, Nicolaus convulsively embraced him and murmured, "Brave boy! a true Pojarsky!"

With the natural delicacy of a well-bred gentleman, Vladimir was at first inclined to conceal or at least to withhold that portion of his story which related to Olga. But when he attempted to avoid detailing his reasons for remaining at St. Petersburg, he saw at once that the omission was noted by his eager listener; and when Nicolaus courteously and affectionately solicited the young man's complete confidence, Vladimir complied with the persuasion.

Already he felt a loving friendship for this old comrade of his dead father, and he poured out his pathetic story as he fain would have done upon the parental bosom. He only withheld the facts involving Oserov, and as he finished he asked:

"Now, my kind friend, will you tell me of my father's last hours?"

Hulinski grasped Vladimir's arm and answered:

"Yes, my persecuted child, and I'll relate that which will fill your soul with marvel, if you will promise to make no sound of surprise but to keep your astonishment locked in your own breast.

The other assenting, Nicolaus continued:

"Many years ago two exiles who were sworn comrades labored in this mine. One of them, Nicolaus Hulinski, was condemned to Siberia during the pleasure of the czar and was in hourly expectation of his release; the other, Feodor Pojarsky, was under a life sentence and his only hope was in that Omnipotent Providence whom he had always revered both in prosperity and adversity. They came here on the same day, they were about the same age, both had a military air, they kept together and very much aloof from all others; and the result was that even the officers and soldiers as well as their fellow-exiles, confounded their identity, and addressed either one of them indifferently as Hulinski or Pojarsky. One day, one of these brothers in misfortune fell ill and was at length removed from the mine; and the officer said to the sick man's companion:

"Come, Hulinski, go and wait upon your friend."

"Gladly complying with this kind permission, the exile attended his distressed comrade during four and twenty hours when the poor fellow's eyes were mercifully closed in death. Stunned and saddened by his loss, the survivor sat at the bed until the soldiers came in, and, seeing the dead, cried:

"Ah, Hulinski, your poor brother Feodor Pojarsky has fulfilled his sentence. His exile is now ended."

"The prisoner thus addressed sprang suddenly to his feet and was about to speak. But suddenly a thought, a prayer of hope, an inspiration, flashed through his mind; and he bowed his head over the face of his departed brother. Listen closely, Vladimir, but do not cry out. *The officers, soldiers and exiles were alike mistaken. The dead man was Nicolaus Hulinski and I am your father, Feodor Pojarsky.*"

* * * * *

After his son was sufficiently restored to calmness, Feodor continued:

"I allowed the record of my own death to stand uncontradicted. Much as I dislike cowardice or deceit, I felt that in this case I was justified in accepting the plan which Heaven had opened before me. There had been no hope of pardon for me as Pojarsky; but as Hulinski, I might hope to receive an order of release at any time and be permitted to return where I could communicate with my loved ones. It was my plan to seek some foreign land, and then send for your dear mother and yourself. This sweet hope has sustained me through

the intervening years. But of late I have been growing despondent, fearing that Hulinski had been forgotten and that the relief would never come. Now however, that you are with me, we must renew our courage and pledge ourselves to the unalterable determination that we will escape from Siberia and that you shall repay the Princess Olga for her faith and loving help."

At this, Vladimir told his father of the assistance promised by Paul Oserov, whose father Feodor distinctly remembered; and the two exiles agreed that their prospect had in it much of sunshine. Before their loving conversation and the discussion of their hopeful projects were concluded, the morning hour had come; and the bell had sounded for the exiles to arise to their cruel toil.

(To be continued.)

A WONDERFUL DOG.

AN eastern paper tells the following dog story, which overtops most of the displays of canine sagacity that have been recorded:

Lately, a traveler passed in a carriage along the Avenue de Neuilly. The night was dark. All at once the horse stopped, and the traveler saw that the animal had met an obstacle. At the same moment a man raised himself from before the horse and uttered a cry.

"Why don't you take care?" said the traveler.

"Ah!" cried the man, "you would do better, instead of hallooing, to lend me your lantern."

"What for?"

"I had three hundred francs in gold on my person: my pocket has broken and all has fallen in the street. It is a commission with which my master has entrusted me. If I do not find the money, I am a ruined man."

"It is not easy to find the pieces on such a night. Have you none left?"

"Yes, I have one."

"Give it to me."

The man hesitated.

"Give it to me. It will be the means of recovering the others."

The poor fellow gave him his last coin. The traveler whistled. A magnificent Danish dog began to leap around him.

"Here!" said the traveler, putting the coin to the nose of the dog. "Look!"

The intelligent creature sniffed a moment at the money and then began to run about the road. Every minute he returned leaping and deposited in the hand of his master a Napoleon. In about twenty minutes the whole sum was recovered. The poor fellow, who had got his money back, turned full of thanks towards the traveler, who had now got into his carriage.

"Ah, you are my preserver!" said he. "Tell me at least your name."

"I have done nothing," said the traveler. "Your preserver is my dog. His name is Rabut-Joie;" and then, whipping up his horse, he disappeared in the darkness.

THE best ground untilled, soonest runs out into rank weeds. A man of knowledge that is either negligent or uncorrected, cannot but grow wild and godless.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 203.)

THE Pimas seemed to live well. We saw a number of cattle and a great many horses, mules and donkeys, and also poultry. They raised cotton manufactured it into cloth for blankets and breech-clouts. The chief said they believed God put them on the earth and gave them their lands, and they worked for their living. They did not steal, nor rob, nor kill and plunder like other Indians.

On Christmas morning before taking up the line of march, we feasted on watermelons bought of the Indians.

On the 28th, the colonel dispatched two guides with a few men to California for fresh mules and beef cattle, with instructions to return as soon as possible.

On the 29th, we passed a mass of rocks covered with pictures of birds, serpents and men.

On January 1st, 1847 we met and camped near some Mexican families who were on their way to Chihuahua. They said they met General Kearney eighteen days before, near the Pueblo, California. Here the colonel ordered two wagons to be unloaded, their boxes put into the Gila river, and loaded with corn, bacon and flour, and sent down the river, with men to manage the boats. The men were instructed to haul in every afternoon and camp with the command. This move we did not like, and had forebodings it would not be a success.

On the morning of the 2nd, in getting up our mules we found four dead ones, believed to have died with thirst, as the colonel had gave orders not to water the stock only when the bugle sounded for that purpose; and he had forgotten to have them watered. There was a pond of salt water in their range and they may have killed themselves by drinking from it.

On the 4th, after going into camp we felled cottonwood trees for the mules to get the bark and for the cattle to brouse on, there being no grass. Our boats had not as yet come up since they left on the first. The colonel had sent up the river to ascertain what was the matter. A report came in the evening that the boats had run a-ground and it was doubtful about them getting along any farther. On the evening of the 6th the boats arrived minus the provisions. Part of the latter had been put ashore and part left on a sand bar in the middle of the river. A corporal and some privates with mules were sent up the river after the provisions left. On the evening of the 7th we camped at the end of a mountain close on the back of the Gila. Here the provisions on hand was weighed and found to be only enough for nine days of half rations. These were expected to last us at least twelve days. On the morning of the 10th, we commenced ferrying our baggage over the river on wagon boxes. Two mules were drowned while trying to cross. While the boats were running a number of soldiers were detailed to gather and sack up large quantities of mezquit seeds to be taken along for mule feed. The soldiers ground some in coffee mills and mixed it half and half with flour and made bread of it. On the afternoon of the 11th, we marched fifteen miles through heavy sand. The afternoon was hot, teams gave out and two wagons were left and the baggage packed on mules.

On the morning of the 12th of January, 1847, orders were given to leave two more wagons. The probability was they would be sent for from California. The next day we reached a well dug by General Kearney; but it was dry. In it were

four dead wolves. The well was soon cleared out and dug deeper until water was had for man and beast.

Next morning twenty-four men were detailed to go ahead some twenty-five miles with a guide to dig for water. That night we camped without water. On the 15th, before noon, we overtook the men who had been digging for water; but it was a very poor supply that they were enabled to obtain.

About three o'clock, p.m. of the 16th, we reached a place where water could be obtained, having traveled at least forty-five miles through heavy sand, with the scorching heat of the sun overhead, without eating or drinking. Here, again, was a time of suffering for both men and mules.

I am now reminded of hearing Brother Abraham Hunsaker of Company D, tell something like the following. I do not remember whether it took place here or at some other drive on our march:

He had been detailed to lead a pack animal. He was soon left behind and out of sight of camp, and was nearly famished for want of water, when two turtle doves came, as he had stopped a moment, and perched one on each of his shoulders. He had been thinking of home, and his mind was troubled concerning his family, and he felt some alarm at his present condition. The birds sat upon his shoulders for several minutes when his fears and awful forebodings instantly left him, the anxieties for himself and family ceased and he was comforted.

On the 17th, we camped between two mountains, where we found plenty of water and some grass. The next day we lay by. The day was spent in cleaning guns and washing clothes. Our muskets were literally filled with sand and dust. One of the men shot a crow. It was a fat one, and he picked, dressed, cooked and ate it, remarking that it was very good. Some of the boys went to the top of the mountain south of the camp and amused themselves by rolling large boulders down the mountain, making a noise like peals of thunder and fairly shaking the earth like an earthquake.

On the 19th, in order to pass through a narrow, rocky channel to gain the top of a mountain, we were obliged to unload our wagons, take them apart and carry them past the narrows. At dusk we camped on top of the mountain without water and no wood except fine brush. The night was cold and chilly. Our clothes were in tatters and our feet nearly bare. Well do I remember how, with others, I suffered, and had, in fact, for some time past. The days were very hot and the nights very cold.

On the following morning by daylight we were on the march. We soon came to a nice, running stream, where a few Indians lived. The command halted a short time for refreshments. Here, for the first time, we began to see the young green grass. After eating our lunch we moved forward a few miles and camped under "live oak trees."

On the 21st, we reached Warner's Ranch. Here our colonel procured a few fine beef cattle of Mr. Warner, when our rations were increased to four pounds and a half of meat to each soldier per day. This did us very well, though it was flat eating without either bread or salt.

In the afternoon of the 23rd of January, it began to rain and the weather turned cold, and on the mountains each side of us we could see it snowing. The wind arose and blew almost a hurricane. We halted to camp and undertook to pitch our tents, but the wind blew them down almost as fast as we could put them up. Hats were blown away and it continued to storm all night. The next morning four of our mules were found dead. It was a pitiful sight to see the poor, dumb

beasts that survived the storm shivering and shaking with the cold. The earth became so soft that we moved camp only a short distance to a spot where there was some timber which served to shelter us from the storm. It soon cleared up, however, and the ground began to settle.

On the 25th, we camped in one of the prettiest valleys I ever saw. Here we were met by an express messenger from General Kearney, with orders for us to march to San Diego, where he was then quartered. This intelligence rather pleased us, as the expressman, Mr. Walker, said a ship load of provisions was daily expected to arrive at that place from the Sandwich Islands.

While fording a creek on the 26th, the water being high from the late rains, and the current swift, every officer except the colonel got a complete ducking. The officers' mules fell from under them. The footmen waded it. Nearly everyone being wet, the colonel soon made camp, where fires were built and a general drying of clothes ensued. Herds of fine, fat cattle on every side were seen, and a few were killed for beef. The doctor advised the men to broil the beef instead of boiling it, as we had neither salt nor bread.

(To be Continued.)

GETTING THE WORST OF IT.

BY W. J.

CAUSES produce effects. This is an eternal principle. Those causes may be good or bad, and the effects corresponding. This principle is true in physics, morals, and religion. Our good or bad actions generally effect others as well as ourselves, either directly or indirectly, and sooner or later; but the effect, whether good or evil, is experienced in a greater degree by him or her who performs the good or evil act. And the principal object of this article is to try to show that he who tries to injure his fellow-beings in reputation, person, or property, injures himself the most—he *gets the worst of it*.

If one man speaks evil of another, or bears false witness against him, or writes libelously concerning him; and he does any one or all of these things wilfully and maliciously, and without evidence or just cause; and for the sole purpose of injuring or destroying his fair name; he may hurt that other's feelings; he may cause him vexation and even righteous wrath; but will it really change his fair reputation? Will it add to his guilt or rob him of his merits?

"Though the slanderer may defame you,
Make your friends forsake your side,
Make them scorn you, make them hate you,
Make them shun you in their pride;

"Though his bitter envious lying
Makes your heart feel sick and sore,
Still, in heaven's estimation,
You are as you were before."

It cannot change his real moral status before God or man. True, a slander may be believed for awhile, and this belief may have a temporary, damaging effect; but a wise man will benefit by the experience; he will shine the brighter when the cloud has passed and the truth is known; and he will merit and receive the sympathy, respect and confidence of the good and the true. But what of his enemy? He is branded as a slanderer, or false

witness, or libeler. He is deprived by his own act of the respect and confidence of honorable men. The verdict is against him—he stands condemned. He is in a much worse condition than the one whose reputation he tried to destroy. In his mean attempt to tarnish the fair name of his fellow-man, he has lost his own reputation—he has got the worst of it.

If one man steals a horse from another, which of the two is in the worst condition? The owner of the horse may be inconvenienced and vexed by such a loss; but the other, if the old law were applied, would have to pay four horses for it; hence it would be very unprofitable, financially. But he has secured the title of thief. He has violated the laws of God and man. His condition is very deplorable—he has got the worst of it.

If one man assaults another, and does him bodily injury even to the extent of taking his life, the murdered man's condition is far preferable to that of the murderer. The murdered man has lost his life, and that, too, possibly, without having given the slightest provocation for the assault which terminated so fatally; and in such a case he is without condemnation or guilt. But the murderer is branded as was Cain of old. He has taken that which he cannot restore neither in time nor in eternity. His hands and soul are stained with his brother's blood, and there is no eternal life abiding in him—he has the worst of it beyond all human conception. And this principle applies equally to all personal wrongs—and how does it apply to communities, or peoples, or nations, with regard to wrongs committed against one another or against God?

The community which wrongs another is under the greater condemnation before all just men and before the heavens. The same is true of any people or nation in this or any other age. Any measure of guilt or innocence is secured by them, when acting in their several capacities, just as the same is secured by persons acting in their individual capacity. The nation which stoops to misrepresentation, to oppression, to robbery, and to murder, places itself in a much worse condition than its misrepresented, its oppressed, its robbed, and its murdered victims. Its day of retribution will most assuredly come, and then it will get the worst of it.

And what about those who commit wrongs against the Almighty? True, the wrongs already referred to herein, perpetrated by individuals or nations against one another, are sins against God, because they are in violation of His general laws; but there are special laws, dispensations, and messengers sent by the Lord to the children of men in different ages of the world, and they are opposed with all the powers that mortals can muster. Jesus was sent from the Court of Heaven, in the meridian of time, with gospel laws, and a dispensation of salvation to the inhabitants of the earth; but He was mocked and reviled, opposed and persecuted, and finally, crucified on Calvary. But mark the result: He was crowned with glory and honor and immortality and seated on the right hand of His Father in Heaven; while the Jews, His murderers, suffered death, dispersion, and the wrath of God in a variety of ways, and from which they are not yet freed—they, got the worst of it.

Noah was sent of God and inspired to offer the means of salvation to the antediluvians, but they rejected him and the proffered salvation, and in doing so rejected God, who soon showed them they could not reject Him with impunity, for He brought the flood upon them, thus destroying them in the flesh, and then He sent them to prison till the meridian of time for their disobedience—they got the worst of it.

God has raised up a Prophet in the nineteenth century. His name is Joseph Smith. Through him He has sent a message of salvation to the inhabitants of the earth. His is the last call.

But how was he relieved? He was hunted and driven, mobbed and persecuted. and, finally, martyred for the testimony of Jesus, in Carthage jail. His brother Hyrum fell a martyr to the truth at the same time. President John Taylor suffered martyrdom on the same occasion—though he still lives, for a wise purpose; yet there is no doubt that he suffered more than those who died. Others, male and female, have sealed their testimony with their blood—and the list of martyrs is not yet complete. Others have been, still are, and will be, prosecuted, persecuted, robbed, and made to suffer in various ways for the truth's sake. The gospel has been rejected by many. Many more will reject it. But, while those who have honored God, who have obeyed and lived the gospel of Jesus Christ, and who are saved by its power, are enjoying the blessings of exaltation in celestial glory, their bitter enemies, whether individual, official, or national, will be suffering the decrees of a just God for their deeds done in the body—they will be getting the worst of it.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCE AND THE RESURRECTION.

(Continued from page 205.)

LET us endeavor now to approximate the amount of human dust which we are obliged to incorporate into our systems. It cannot be so great as over-zealous infidels would have us believe.

Bishop Kingsley's famous calculation proves this:

"Suppose," he says, "a human being to have eaten grain that had grown upon soil enriched by the decomposition of a human body; allow that he had consumed one hundred pounds of such grain; not more than one part in twenty of this grain ever becomes a part of a human body; that is, five pounds. But more than one part in twenty is converted earth; that is, one fifth of a pound. But probably not more than one part in a thousand to which the roots had access was human dust, which by the previous calculation would give to the second human body but one part in five thousand of a single pound, that, the one three hundred and twelfth part of an ounce of matter which had ever been possessed by another human body."

But, let us push this interesting calculation a little further. Suppose a person to diet continuously upon this kind of grain; he must eat five hundred and twenty bushels of it before he can lay claim to a single ounce of substance not wholly his own. Allowing him twelve bushels per year, the five hundred and twenty bushels would supply him with food for forty-three and one third years. During this time, however, his whole body will have changed six times, taking a general average, and hence he can never have in his system more than one sixth of an ounce of matter whose ownership can be disputed. This is the awful result obtained by a forty-three years' diet on grain raised upon soil enriched by human blood and dust. Is

this terrible showing sufficient to abate our hopes of a resurrected life?

It must be admitted that, in rare instances, more than this small amount may be incorporated into corpse bodies; but so far as the mass of mankind are concerned the amount will be far less, without any reasonable doubt.

Can we approximate this greater quantity by any rational calculation? Most certainly we can, if the current teachings of science be accepted as true. If nine tenths of our bodies are water, the remaining sole one tenth is all that is composed of animal substance. This amount is just ten per cent. If but a small part—some say a very small part—of this ten per cent. is really alive at any moment of our lives, let the total amount of living animal matter in our bodies be fixed at five per cent. of the whole. Indeed, a less figure than this would correspond more strictly with the scientific fact that but a very small part of our corporiety is really alive at any one moment. But we are not disposed to figure our opponents out of this computation, and so give them the benefit of a generous estimate. Taking men's bodies at an average of one hundred and fifty pounds, which figure is certainly high enough, each corporiety contains but seven and a half pounds of living, essential substance. The remaining one hundred and forty-two and a half pounds is either the ashes of animal substance or else water, which cannot be reckoned in this computation.

But, again: our bodies change once, on an average, in every seven years according to the commonly-accepted scientific theory; hence, this seven and a half pounds of living matter will pass away and be renewed in that period. The full average weight of men's bodies, one hundred and fifty pounds, must not be reckoned; for, to illustrate, let us take an individual who has attained his full manhood. In his organism the respective quantity of living and non-living substance is seven and a half and one hundred and forty-two and a half pounds; and if in the next seven years the actual new waste of the body be supplied, it will weigh at the end of that time just what it did in the beginning of the seven year period. If the amount of food assimilated be in excess of waste, the body will necessarily weigh more, and less if the conditions be reversed. If a cannibal diet for one fifth part upon human flesh (which can easily be demonstrated an impossibility, or the race of cannibals would forthwith become extinct), there is but one fifth of seven and a half pounds of newly assimilated animal substance that is to be derived from a dead human corporiety; that is, one and one half pounds. But, further, only one half of this one and a half pounds was really an essential part of the individual whose body was eaten; hence, a cannibal may, by a continuous diet for seven years upon human flesh, incorporate into his system twelve ounces of matter whose ownership may be contested. We can not reckon upon what he would incorporate into his system for a longer term than seven years; for by the end of that period, what he had first assimilated would be ready for its expurgation through the natural cleansing processes of nature. Again, it is on special occasions only that cannibals consume human flesh; but allowing that they do make one solid meal of it in twenty-five, none of them, upon the basis of this calculation, can ever possess more than two and two fifth ounces of substance to which any adverse title can be proven.

(To be Continued.)

RICH soils are often to be weeded.

HAIL TO THE MORN!

(Chorus for Pioneer Day.)

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

Spiritoso.

ff
D.C. Hail to the morn when a wea-ry band Of pilgrims found a place of rest. 'Mid mountains
Hail to the men, who, with courage bold, Came o'er the trackless deserts wild! Tell o'er their

high, 'neath smiling sky, Within the valleys of the west! When after toils and per-ils
names un-til their fame Be known to ev-ery lisping child; Nor yet for-get the Might-y

dire They rested free from thralldom's yoke! Hail to the morn when o'er their heads the rays of
Hand That led them forth to this fair land, And has pro-tect-ed us from foes By His al-

peace and freedom broke! Wave we the joy-ous banner, While with our singing the vales are ring-ing;
mighty saving hand.

Wave we now the joyous banner, While with songs the valleys ring;

Shout till the loft-y mountains Shall give an answer in echoes loud; O let us welcome this day with

Shout till all our loft-y mountains Ech-o back the sound; O let us welcome now this

D. C.

gladness, In joyous measure express our pleasure; Let anthems of glad thanksgiving Reach above the clouds.
day of gladness, And our pleasures great express; Let anthems of glad thanksgiving Reach above the clouds.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT will be interesting to know how much of the trouble and persecution which has come upon the Latter-day Saints during the last eighteen months is due to the unwise gossiping of friends. I believe if it were all known it would surprise us. The U. S. marshal and the U. S. district attorney, it is said, have freely asserted that much of their information upon which they have based their prosecutions has come from members of the Church. I believe their statements to be mainly untrue, unless they count apostates as "Mormons," then perhaps such statements are near the truth. But if they do not get information concerning families directly from "Mormons," no doubt they do so indirectly. It scarcely seems possible that anyone professing to be a member of the Church would betray his brethren or sisters to the district attorney or the marshal. There may be some cases of this kind; but those who do such acts are not Latter-day Saints; they are traitors and apostates at heart, they have the spirit of Judas Iscariot, who betrayed the Lord.

When information has been obtained from Latter-day Saints it has been through their unwise talk. There are some people who have such an itching curiosity to know all about other people's business that they continually pry into their affairs. Every bit of gossip concerning them which they can get hold of they roll around their tongues like a sweet morsel. Such persons always have a few confidential friends who are as full of curiosity as they themselves are. When they meet, there is a full interchange of news, each endeavoring to make his or her story as interesting as possible. There are frequent illustrations of this. The following is a case in point:

Not many months ago, two of our prominent ladies were returning from a Society meeting held in the Fourteenth Ward to their homes in the Seventeenth Ward. Another lady, who was walking close behind them, overheard the one telling the other, as a great secret, that a gentleman, well known to them both, had married a certain lady and that the evidence of the marriage would soon be apparent. They gossiped upon all the details as they went along, and were so interested in the case that they did not notice that the person walking behind them was eagerly drinking in all they said. Before they separated the one who had told the news wound up the conversation with the admonition:

"Now, you won't tell anybody, will you? I would not, for the world, bring Brother — into trouble; it was told me as a secret and hardly anything is known about it."

But the mischief was done. The news was no longer a secret. The person who overheard this private conversation is a dressmaker. She works at her business in different families. Combined with her skill in her occupation is her fondness for relating news. She is an inveterate news gatherer and not very scrupulous in her methods. Of an apostate family, she took pleasure in relating, with suitable embellishments, the news she had overheard. The lady who was said to have married was well known and the news soon spread from family to family. It was not long till, through the agency of the dressmaker, the deputy-marshals heard of the alleged marriage, and they started to hunt their game. As a consequence, the lady, especially, has suffered great annoyance.

To have such a story told about one is attended with as many annoyances when it is untrue as when it is true; for if arrested,

innocent men and women are presumed to be guilty, and upon them rests the burden of proving their innocence. Whether this couple had married or not they suffered, up to a certain point, as much as if they had married.

But the prominent ladies who gossiped about this on the street were the true causes of all this trouble. By their unwise talk they really betrayed this couple. Yet, if they were accused of this they would be greatly shocked.

This is one case that has come to my knowledge; but who knows how many similar cases there have been? Probably very many persons have been involved in the most serious difficulty, and some are even in the penitentiary, by the imprudence and indiscrete chattering of those who call themselves their friends.

Such gossips can frequently clothe a very small skeleton of fact with a very large body of fiction.

They are proud of a reputation as news gatherers, and if they obtain a secret concerning a family or an individual it appears impossible for them to keep it. Such unwise persons will have much to answer for in the day of reckoning.

Our people are learning to control their tongues better than they did before this persecution commenced; but there is much room yet for improvement.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

WHAT might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness;
And knowledge pour
From shore to shore
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in Summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod.
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

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NO. 15.

A GREAT HUNT IN AFRICA.

THE *beau ideal* of that character described in the terse slang of America as a pot-hunter, lives, moves and kills his game by most ignoble means in the Zambesi region of Africa.

Around "The Large River," as the natives style the Zambesi, stretch numerous fine table lands, bearing forests interspersed with rich glades. Many different tribes inhabit these spots; each tribe having its particular name for the magnificent stream. The entire river is known to the Africans as the Liambia or Leeambye, meaning "the large river" or "the stream without a rival," while the local names applied at various points are Luambeji, Luambesi, Ambesi, Ojimbesi and Zambesi. The last name is given by the geographers of Europe and America to the stream and the immense country which it drains. The principal tribes possessing the table lands are the Betjuanas, the Luinas, the Mucasseguares, (the yellow or white Ethiopians), and a branch of the Zulus. Owing to the prevalence of the *tsetse*, a fly the bite of which is fatally poisonous to domestic animals, but is not seriously harmful to wild animals nor to man, the entire region is largely in a state of nature.

Big game abounds in the forests and on the grassy glades. Ostriches, zebras, antelopes, and quaggas are found in great numbers. All of these creatures are the prey of the human beings who wander in bands over the face of the country. The native tribes are lazy and improvident. They do not care to hunt with spears, slings or arrows, the game which largely forms their supply of food; so they adopt the plan of constructing an ingenious pit-fall into which the herds of wild animals are driven to slaughter each other or to be safely and speedily killed by the hunters.



A PIT-FALL FOR GAME IN THE ZAMBESI REGION.

Some of the savages believe that the earth is a very thin crust suspended in space by some mysterious means; and therefore they will not dig into the ground to a greater depth than a few feet for fear that they may break through and be dropped into limitless darkness. They also entertain the idea that a man is forever dishonored who is bitten by a zebra, although the flesh of the animal is highly esteemed as food; and it is the practice to ostracise the poor wretch who may be so unfortunate as to have any portion of his anatomy come in contact with a zebra's teeth. The pit-falls are constructed and the hunt is conducted with all possible deference to these superstitions.

In the particular locality which may be chosen as a favorable region for game, some slight gully or natural depression is selected, and a pit is excavated about five or six feet in depth, as wide as the gully, and sometimes as much as one hundred feet in length. Upon the sides of the little ravine, and entirely enclosing the pit except for a space of thirty or forty feet at the top, are built frames of logs to a height of a yard or more; and these, combined with the natural depression and the excavation, give to the pit its necessary depth. A strong wall of small timbers is then built upon either side of an avenue leading away from the trap; and at a considerable distance these walls diverge from each other and form a huge half circle. The hunting party scatters over the surrounding country in another half circle; and gradually closes up toward the trap. Hideous noises are made through the day, and at night torches are kept in motion; until the poor beasts—hundreds of which are frequently surrounded at one time—are driven frantic by fright. The doomed creatures rush away from the noises and the lights, and soon find their way into the avenue of death. Along this they madly dash, heedless of their usual hatred toward each other, until they reach the verge of the pit. Here they are again startled by savage yells; and, unable to return, over they go in wild confusion. Many of them are killed outright; and most of the others are desperately wounded. After the pit is found to contain sufficient prey, great numbers of hunters approach and discreetly use their long spears to settle any zebra, quagga or antelope which shows a sign of life.

When the act of destruction is entirely completed, the frame sides of the pit are torn away, the animals are drawn out, and equitably distributed, and for a little time are feasting and merry makings among these "pot-hunters" of Africa.

EDDIS OWEN.

A PARALLEL.

BY NEJNE.

POOR Ireland has universal sympathy—outside of British domains; for men everywhere feel that her case is cruelly misunderstood by the imperial government, and that, because of this misconception, many of the legislative and judicial methods adopted or suggested to remove real or supposed evils are tyrannical in the extreme. The following paragraph, illustrative of the oppressions to which Ireland is subjected, is taken from the recent speech of Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish leader in the British Parliament, when the question of Home Rule for Ireland was under debate:

"I admit the existing strong sentiment on the part of the Liberal members. I will not say it is a very reasonable sentiment when I consider how many times my colleagues have been forcibly ejected, and how even the necessity of suspending, if not entirely abrogating, the representation of Ireland in this House, has been eagerly canvassed by the London press as the only solution of the Irish question. This difficult question requires very serious consideration. When Gladstone produced his plan we said we would, without binding ourselves beforehand, examine it candidly with a desire to see in it elements which will not injure a permanent settlement. We had gone through it all before and knew the sort of coercion there had been during the last five years. You will require even severe, more drastic measures of coercion than now; you will require everything you have had during the last

five years, and more besides, and of what sort has the coercion been? I don't say this to inflame passion or embitter animosity, but you had during these five years the suspension of *habeas corpus* in Ireland; thousands of your fellow-subjects have been imprisoned without specific charges, many for long periods—twenty months—without trial, without intention to try them. You had the right of domicile infringed at any hour of the day or night; you have fined the innocent for the guilty; you have taken the power to expel aliens from this country; you have renewed the curfew law and the blood money of your Norman conquerors; you have gagged the press, seized and suppressed newspapers, manufactured new crimes and offenses and applied fresh penalties unknown to your laws. All this and much more you have done in the last five years. All this and much more you will do again."

Any one who is acquainted with contemporaneous events in Utah will be able to supply a partial parallel to the case of down-trodden Erin.

Another quotation from the words of an Irishman may extend to view the similarity. Samuel Lover was an author of some considerable eminence. His heart was with his native Emerald Isle and he wrote several realistic novels portraying with scrupulous and acknowledged fidelity, important scenes and incidents of Ireland and Irish history. One of his favorite works is *Rory O'More*, the hero of which is a young peasant of good descent whose sympathies were very active for his suffering country in the troubles at the close of the last century. O'More was known to be a patriot of the staunchest character and was correspondingly hated by the large class of Crown officers and their hosts of sycophants who desired to see Ireland and all her loyal sons crushed into the dust. At last, as they controlled the prosecuting officers and the juries, they had him arrested on the charge of murdering one Scrubbs, a collector, whose life in reality Rory had saved. By the contrivances of one Justice Slink and one pettifogger Sweeny—both renegades—Scrubbs was induced to keep out of the way until a certain date, by which time they hoped to have Rory O'More condemned and hung. The trial fortunately lasted one day longer than they had anticipated; and the collector making his appearance in the assize town, was dragged to the court by a friend of Rory's just as the case was being fatally closed against the innocent defendant. The continuation of the incident is best told in Lover's own language:

"It would be impossible minutely to detail all which immediately followed; the surprise, the commotion, the impossibility to command order for some minutes. Then Mr. Scrubbs was produced on the table; and scores of witnesses were on the spot to identify him—indeed every man on the jury knew him.

"Order was not obtained for many minutes, and it required some interval to restore to Lord A—sufficient tranquility to command his judicial dignity in addressing the jury, which he did in a few words, nearly as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury—Your duties have been terminated in a very singular and affecting manner. By one of those interpositions of the Divine will which the Almighty is sometimes pleased to vouchsafe in evidence of His eternal providence, a human life has been preserved even when it was in the most imminent danger—"

"Lord A—paused, for his feelings were yet an overmatch for his power of composure; and in the interval the foreman of the jury said to his brothers, with a nod of assumption:

"He means our friend Scrubbs; wonderful escape indeed!"

"Lord A—resumed, 'Gentlemen, it has been the will of Heaven to make manifest the innocence of an accused man,

when all other hope had failed him, save that of the merciful God who has been his protector!"

"Lord A—— could proceed no further; and many a stifled sob was heard in the court—everywhere but in the jury box.

"Gentleman," resumed Lord A——, "though the trial is at an end, it becomes necessary, as a matter of form, you should return a verdict."

"Singularly contrasting to the subdued voice of the judge, subdued by the operation of his feelings, was the tone in which the foreman of the jury, with a smirk, answered without a moment's hesitation,

"We are all agreed, my lord."

"Of course," replied Lord A——, passing a handkerchief across his eyes "Return your verdict, if you please, gentlemen."

"Guilty, my lord," said the foreman, with an assumed suavity of voice and manner.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the judge; "your feelings have overcome you as well as many others present: you said, Guilty—of course you mean. *Not guilty.*"

"No, my Lord—we mean, Guilty."

"The words were now pronounced sufficiently loud to be audible over the court, and a wild scream from the women followed, while the upturned eyes of every one in court at the jury box testified their astonishment. Even the common crier was lost in wonder, and forgot, in his surprise, the accustomed call of 'Silence!' in response to the shrieks of the women.

"Good God, sir!" exclaimed Lord A——, addressing the foreman, "have you eyes and ears, and yet return such a verdict! The prisoner at the bar is accused of the murder of a certain man: that very man is produced on the table before you and identified in your presence—a living evidence of the prisoner's innocence—and yet you return a verdict against him of guilty!"

"We do, my lord," said the foreman pertinaciously, and with an offended air, as if he considered it a grievance his verdict should be questioned.

"Will you be good enough, sir," said Lord A—— changing his tone from that of wonder to irony, "to tell me upon what count in the indictment he is guilty?—for really I am not lawyer enough to discover."

"We should be sorry, my lord, to dispute any point of law with your lordship; but the fact is, my lord, you don't know this country as well as we do, and we can swear upon the oath we have taken this day, that the prisoner *ought to have been hanged long ago*, and we say, Guilty, my lord!"

"Lord A—— could not withdraw the look of mingled wonder and indignation he fixed on the jury for a moment; and when he did, he transferred his eye to the prisoner—but in its transit the look of asperity was gone, and an eye beaming with benignity met the bright and unflinching look of Rory.

"Prisoner at the bar!" said Lord A——, whose address turned every eye upon the prisoner.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said one of the magistrates, sitting on the bench, "your lordship has forgotten to put on your black cap."

"No, sir, I have not forgotten it. Prisoner at the bar," continued the judge, "I feel it my duty to tell you that, notwithstanding the verdict you have heard pronounced upon you, not a hair of your head shall be harmed!"

"A loud 'hurrah!' interrupted the continuation of the address; and the crier, after some time, was heard shouting 'Silence!' After the lapse of about a minute, order was obtained; and before Lord A—— could resume, the foreman said, loud enough to be heard for a considerable distance,

"No wonder the rebels shout!"

"Lord A—— noticed not this impertinence, directly, but ordered the crier again to command silence; and when that functionary had done so, his lordship added, fixing his eye on the insolent offender, "And whoever dares again to violate the decency and solemnity of this court, I will commit him."

"The bullying foreman quailed before the dignified rebuke, and his lordship proceeded in a business like tone to the whole jury:

"I can not avoid, gentlemen, receiving and recording your verdict; which neither can I resist stigmatizing as disgraceful to yourselves individually and collectively—for you must be either fools or worse. But I am not bound to pronounce sentence on the prisoner on that verdict, and I will not; neither will I rest this night until I dispatch a special message to the lord-lieutenant to represent the case and have your verdict set aside; and I promise here, in open court, to the prisoner, that with all convenient speed he shall be liberated from prison!"

* * * * *

"Sweeny [the pettifogger] followed the constable, who led him to a room in the court-house where Slink [the justice] awaited him. The brow of the justice was clouded, and his tone was angry as he addressed the attorney.

"A pretty bungle Scrubbs has made of this business!"

"My dear Justice, it is not his fault, after all."

"Pooh, pooh!—didn't we tell him on no account to appear until the rascal's trial was over?"

"So we did. But you see the trial occurred a day later than we calculated, and I told Scrubbs he *might* go home on Wednesday!"

"Zounds why didn't you stop him?"

"I endeavored to do so, my dear Justice, by sending over a messenger last night; but he missed him."

"It's d—d unfortunate! that's all I can say," said Slink. "Come home, however, and dine with me; I'm as hungry as a hawk, kicking my heels here about the court all day, and for no good, since that rebel has escaped. Come along! it can't be helped—the old saying, you know, 'The devil's children have the devil's luck;' and so that rascal Rory O'More has cheated the gallows."

* * * * *

"Yet this atrocious triad were considered eminently useful persons by the Irish executive at that period; and it was of such persons it was said by the adherents of government, 'that the country would be lost without them.' And, indeed government seemed to think so too: for Sweeny rapidly rose in law preferment, being made crown-solicitor for the district; Scrubbs was advanced to a place of great emolument in the metropolitan custom-house; and Justice Slink was created a knight, and in due time a baronet."

One who has watched with any care the court proceedings in a certain class of cases in this locality, will not be at a loss to find incidents which too closely approach the scene quoted from Rory O'More. It would be a much easier task to find here the Slinks and the Sweenys and their friendly jurymen than to discover any person who answers the description of Lord A——.

HONEST good-humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

LITTLE WILLIE AND THE APPLE TREE.

LITTLE Willie stood under an apple tree old;
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low; how he longed for a bite,
But he knew if he took one it would not be right.

Said he, "I don't see why my father should say,
"Don't touch the old apple tree, Willie, to-day;"
"I should'nt have thought, now they are hanging
so low,
"When I asked for just one, he should answer me,
"No."

"He would never find out, if I took but just one,
"And they do look so good, shining out in the sun;
"There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't
miss

"So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low, mournful
strain

Came wandering dreamily over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently
played.

And he sung, "Little Willie, beware, O, beware!
"Your father has gone, but your Maker is there;
"How sad you would feel, if you heard the Lord
say,

"This dear little boy, stole an apple to-day!"

Then Willie turned round and as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house;
In his own little chamber, he knelt down to pray,
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not
to say

"Little Willie almost stole an apple to-dya."

FAITHFUL DANDY.

MR. BAXTER, a poor laboring-man, was the owner of a fine dog, whose name was Dandy. Having to remove from one village to another in the State of Maine, Mr. Baxter hired a small wagon on which his furniture was packed. Then he led the horse, while Dandy followed behind.

When he came to the place where he was to stop, Mr. Baxter unloaded his wagon, but was sorry to

find that a chair and a basket were missing from the back-part of the wagon, and that Dandy, also, could not be found. The day passed; and, as the dog did not appear, the poor man feared that something must have happened to him.

The next day, as Mr. Baxter was on his way to the old cottage to take away another load, he heard the bark of a dog, which sounded very much like Dandy's. Judge how glad he was when he saw by the roadside, not only his lost property, but his faithful Dandy, seated erect by the chair and basket, keeping strict guard over them.

They had fallen from the wagon when Mr. Baxter was not looking; but Dandy had seen them, and, like a good dog felt it his duty to stay behind and guard what belonged to his master.

Although left for so long a time without food, the faithful creature had never quitted the spot where the chair and basket had fallen. But, when he saw his master, how glad was poor Dandy! He leaped up, put his paws on the man's shoulders, and barked with joy.

"Good Dandy! good Dandy!" said Mr. Baxter: "you must be hungry, old fellow! Come along: you shall have a good dinner for this. While I have a crust of bread, I'll share it with you, you noble old dog."

PRIZES FOR PROSE, POETRY AND PUZZLES.

IN No. 2 of the present volume we published an offer of several prizes for the best stories in poetry or prose, and for puzzles or enigmas, that would be suitable for this department of the INSTRUCTOR. The pieces for competition were to be forwarded to this office before the first day of July. But few persons have sent productions in competition for any of these prizes, and we propose on this account to give our young friends six months longer time. The prizes we offered were as follows:

For the best short and simple story or poem, suitable for this department of the INSTRUCTOR, a work on Natural History in 2 vols, and for the next best story or poem a History of Australia.

For the best puzzle, enigma or charade, we offer as first prize, "History of Richard 1," and for second prize, "Natural History of Birds."

All competitors for these prizes must send in their productions before the 1st of January next.

We wish it understood that none but original pieces will be accepted in competition for prizes.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth my while to try it?
Is there something to be made?
It is such an undertaking
That I almost feel afraid?
Do not fear to venture boldly
When a good thing may be done;
If you don't succeed exactly,
Still a vict'ry will be won.

Shall I meet with cold derision,
If perchance I do not win?
If I can't get one step higher,
Shall I lose the place I'm in?
Never mind the world's deriding,
You will be no more the same,
You'll be nobler for the effort—
You'll be better for the aim.

See the baby, bravely trying,
Though he meets with many a balk:
Should he never venture forward,
He would never learn to walk.
Down he falls, but in a moment,
Starts again, resolved to go—
Doesn't have so far to tumble
As his papa would, you know.

Follow baby's wise example,
Choosing nature's noblest plan.
And you'll grow a brave, true woman,
Or a whole souled, earnest man.
If you will not shrink nor falter,
You will triumph by and by;
God is with the faithful worker,
It is worth your while to try!

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHEN and where did Joseph receive a revelation making known the calling of the Twelve Apostles? 2. Where is this revelation recorded? 3. When were the Twelve Apostles chosen? 4. In what manner were they chosen? 5. Give the names of the first Twelve Apostles in the order they were selected. 6. Why was this order subsequently changed? 7. Give their names as they afterwards stood. 8. When was the organization of the first quorum of Seventies commenced? 9. Who was ordained the first President of Seventies? 10. When did the Twelve leave Kirtland on their first mission, and where did they go to?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 13.

1. WHEN did the enemies of the Saints begin their persecutions in Jackson County, Missouri? A. In the month of April, 1833.

2. What were some of the depredations committed by the mob during the following months? A. They tore down the printing office, destroyed its contents, tarred and feathered Bishop Edward Partridge and otherwise abused him.

3. What did the Saints do in hope of being protected from the mob? A. They each signed a petition which was sent to Daniel Dunklin, governor of Missouri.

4. What was the result? A. Nothing was done to protect the Saints against the mob. They were more violent afterwards, and burned houses, destroyed property and committed all manner of outrages upon men, women and children.

5. What did some of the officers of the state do that these mobocrats might more effectually drive the Saints and destroy and plunder their homes? A. They gave the Saints assurances of protection, and took their arms from them.

6. What extraordinary sight did the Saints behold after they were driven from their homes and while seeking temporary shelter? A. They beheld a grand meteoric shower. It appeared as if every star in the heavens fell from its place, causing almost a shower of fire.

7. After being driven from Jackson County, the center stake of Zion, in what three counties did they seek refuge? A. Van Buren, La Fayette, and Clay Counties.

8. Were they permitted to dwell in peace in these counties? A. No: in Van Buren County, especially, they were again called upon to partake of the horrors of persecution.

9. Where was Joseph during these persecutions in Missouri? A. In and about Kirtland.

10. When were the corner stones of the Lord's house in Kirtland laid? On the 23rd of July, 1833.

11. When and where was it decided to republish the *Evening and Morning Star*, formerly published in Jackson County, Missouri? A. On the 18th of December, 1833, in Kirtland.

12. What other paper was published in connection with it? A. The *Messenger and Advocate*.

THE following named persons have answered the questions in No. 13: H. Scowcroft, C. Alfsen, W. J. C. Mortimer, Martha A. Terman, S. P. Oldham, Mary E. Chandler, S. Stark, Lizzie Hatch, Avildia L. Page, Huldah L. Stout, Dency E. Terry, E. V. Bunderson, Sarah E. Cole, W. D. Dixon, C. C. F. Dixon, Emily E. Brough, Alice Keeler, Ada Minkler, Mary M. Porter, S. Isabella Forsyth, Rosina Brown, Robert H. Brown, H. H. Blood, Etta M. Huish, Janet L. Jenkins J. H. Jenkins.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 203.)

THE names of the women in the camp of Pioneers are Harriet Page Young, Clarissa Decker and Ellen Sanders; the names of the children are Isaac Perry Decker Young and Sabrisky L. Young *—making a total of 148 † souls who have started to the Rocky Mountains as Pioneers to find a home where the Saints may live in peace and enjoy the fruits of their labor free from the dominion of wrathful mobs. We hope to secure a place where the ensign of holiness can be reared to the view of all the world, where truth shall prevail and the Saints enjoy the fullness of the everlasting gospel.

The following are the names of the captains of fifties appointed at this organization, viz:

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Addison Everett, | 2 Tarlton Lewis, |
| 3 James Case, | 4 John Pack, |
| | 5 Shadrach Roundy. |

The captains of tens are as follows:

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1 Wilford Woodruff, | 2 Ezra T. Benson, |
| 3 Phineas H. Young, | 4 Luke Johnson, |
| 5 Stephen H. Goddard, | 6 Charles Shumway, |
| 7 James Case, | 8 Seth Taft, |
| 9 Howard Egan, | 10 Appleton Harmon, |
| 11 John S. Higbee, | 12 Norton Jacobs, |
| 13 John Brown, | 14 Joseph Mathews. |

Stephen Markham was appointed captain of the guard and was instructed to select out of the camp fifty men in whom he could place implicit confidence, who are to be considered the standing guard to watch the camp at night—twelve of them to act as sentries at once, and they are to have two parties of twelve every night, each party to perform guard duty one half the night. In cases where the horses and cattle are tied some distance from the camp at night an extra guard is to be selected from the balance of the company, the standing guard not being permitted to leave the immediate neighborhood of the wagons.

The company has seventy-two wagons, ninety-three horses, fifty-two mules, sixty-six oxen, nineteen cows, seventeen dogs and some chickens.

At two o'clock the company started upon the eventful journey. We traveled about three miles and camped in a line about six hundred yards from timber, where there are plenty of cottonwoods and some rushes.

The country in the vicinity of the Elk Horn is one of the most attractive I ever saw. The bluffs on the east are rolling and well-lined with timber—among the woods being some fine groves of cedar. From the bluffs a little below the ferry one can see the meanderings of the platte, and the magnificent level bottom lands on the north of it—stretching fifteen miles in width and extending up the stream until lost in the distance. The Horn is a beautiful river about one hundred and fifty feet wide and averaging four feet in depth.

* In the official list the names of the women in the Pioneer Company are given as Clara D. Young, Ellen S. Kimball and Harriet P. W. Young; and the names of the children as Zabriskie Young and Perry Decker.

† The official list shows a total of 147 souls in the Pioneer Company.

Saturday, April 17, 1847.—This morning the weather is severely cold, with a strong north and north-west wind. We started at nine o'clock and traveled until nearly noon, the distance covered being about seven miles. We camped close by a cottonwood grove; and the brethren felled hundreds of the trees to feed to the teams that the corn might by this means be saved. There is a small lake near by, but the water is not good; and the brethren go to the river which is about half a mile away.

At five o'clock, p.m., the people of the camp were called together and organized in military order as follows: Brigham Young was elected lieutenant general; Stephen Markham, colonel; John Pack and Shadrach Roundy, majors. The captains of tens as formerly appointed are to hold similar rank in this military organization. Thomas Bullock was installed as clerk of the camp. Thomas Farmer was appointed captain of the cannon, with the privilege of choosing eight men to manage it in case of necessity. The President then said:

"After we start from this spot, every man must carry his loaded gun, or else have it in his wagon where he can seize it at a moment's notice. If the gun is a cap-lock, he should take off the cap and put on a piece of leather to exclude moisture and dirt; if a flint-lock, he must take out the priming and fill the pan with tow or cotton. The wagons must now keep together while traveling and not separate as heretofore they have separated. Every man is to keep beside his own wagon and is not to leave it except by permission."

A little before evening one of the traders' wagons came from the Pawnee village, loaded with furs and peltry, and camped about a quarter of a mile below us. At night Eames and Hanson played their violins. All was peace and quietness. I slept with Egan in Heber's wagon, Heber having gone to sleep with President Young.

Sunday, April 18.—This morning, I wrote a letter for Heber to his wife, Vilate. The letter was sent by Brother Eames, who has concluded to go back on account of poor health, being afflicted with spitting blood. He started on the return journey with the trader's wagon about eight o'clock, a.m. The wind this morning is east and south-east and very cold, accompanied by a slight fall of snow. At ten, a.m., seven more traders' wagons came in and stopped about a quarter of a mile below us, and soon after six mules laden with robes and furs were driven in. The traders say that they have come from the Pawnee village in two days. Brother Roundy obtained some buffalo meat from them and gave me a small piece. I thought it very good.

I began writing in Heber's journal and wrote considerable. He wishes me to write his journal during the entire journey. I also wrote some in this book.

In the afternoon the weather moderated and was much more pleasant, the wind having changed to the south and the sun shining; so I walked with Horace Whitney to the river.

While Father James Case was cutting down a tree for his horses to brouse upon, a gust of wind struck it and it fell in an opposite direction from the one in which he had intended. One of the limbs struck an ox on the neck, knocked the animal down and drove one of its eyes into the socket out of sight. About ten minutes afterward the eye returned to its place and the ox seems to have sustained little injury.

At five o'clock the officers of the camp met with President Young, and he detailed the order for camping and traveling hereafter, which was communicated to the companies by the captains of tens as follows: At five o'clock in the morning the bugle is to be sounded as a signal for every man to arise and attend prayers before he leaves his wagon. Then the people will engage in cooking, eating, feeding teams, etc., until seven o'clock, at which time the train is to move at the sound of the bugle. Each teamster is to keep beside his team with loaded gun in hand or within easy reach, while the extra men, observing the same rule regarding their weapons, are to walk by the side of the particular wagons to which they belong; and no man may leave his post without the permission of his officer. In case of an attack or any hostile demonstration by Indians, the wagons will travel in double file—the order of encampment to be in a circle, with the mouth of each wagon to the outside and the horses and cattle tied inside the circle. At half past eight each evening the bugles are to be sounded again, upon which signal all will hold prayers in their wagons, and be retired to rest by nine o'clock.

To-night at 7:30 I went to bed, suffering severely with pains in my head and face.

(To be Continued).

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 220.)

ON the 27th, while passing over a mountain, we could see the great Pacific Ocean. We judged it to be about five miles away. This was the first time I ever saw the ocean. Joy seemed to fill every bosom to know we were so near the end of our march.

At evening we camped in a little valley near the sea shore. We could hear the roaring and dashing of waves all night. The whole face of the country was alive with herds of cattle, bands of horses, mules and donkeys. One of the guides said he knew a man who owned twelve thousand head of cattle. To me the country was delightful to behold. The earth was carpeted over with green grass and wild oats, and there was any amount of wild mustard and white clover. The latter is said to be very sweet and is eaten by California Indians, both in its raw state and boiled.

On the 29th of January, we reached the San Diego mission, where it was expected we would go into quarters. Forthwith we began to clean out the mission houses, which were built of adobies. The buildings looked old and were much dilapidated. We found the rooms infested with fleas. They had not been occupied for a long time except by Indians. The mission is situated about five miles from the town of San Diego, and is said to be the first Christian mission established in California. It was founded by the Catholics, in 1769, for the purpose of converting the Indians.

On Sunday, the 31st, several of the battalion boys visited San Diego and reported there were a schooner, two men-of-war and a merchant vessel anchored in the harbor; and that General Kearney, the day before, had sailed up the coast to San Francisco.

About this time our colonel received orders to march us to San Luis Rey mission, and there finally to make our quarters. So, on February 1, 1847, we took up the line of march for that place, and on the 3rd, about noon, we arrived there and immediately commenced to clean out the rooms. We were nearly a week cleaning up the houses to quarter in; for, like the others, they were filthy, though the exterior part looked beautiful.

On the 11th of February the drill commenced, which occupied two hours of each day.

On the 14th, Lieutenant Oman of Company A, with ten men and mules, were sent up the country to bring in flour for the command, and on the 19th he returned with two thousand, one hundred pounds of coarse, unbolted flour, perhaps the best the country afforded of its own make.

On the afternoon of the 22nd of February, two Indians who had been herding horses and mules came in, one of whom was badly wounded in the head. They stated that Spaniards fell on them and killed one of their party. The wounded Indian was sent to the hospital.

On the afternoon of the 14th of March, an express came from General Kearney with orders for our colonel to send one company to San Diego to relieve the dragoons under Lieutenant Stoneman, and to garrison that place. Accordingly, the next morning Company B left for that post, where they arrived on the 17th. The next day, Sergeant William Hyde and eighteen men, myself one of the number, were appointed by our captain to take charge of a fort on a hill, about one fourth of a mile from town. The fort had been erected by marines. They had dug a ditch and set up a line of large wine casks filled with dirt and gravel. Against these casks they had thrown up from the trench a heavy embankment of earth, rocks and gravel. There were seven cannon placed so as to command the town and surrounding country. Inside of this fortification stood a building in which we quartered. On the top was a small swivel gun, so hung as to be easily turned and brought to point in any direction.

On the evening of the 14th of April, William Garner, of Company B, baptized a marine named Beckworth. This, no doubt, was the first baptism in California ever performed by an Elder in Israel in this dispensation.

By this time we had become very short of clothing and we had no money to buy any more. Everything we had in the shape of clothing was in rags. We were forced to cut up our tents to make shirts and pants, and this, too, contrary to the wishes of our captain.

At last, pay day came, when each soldier drew his six months' salary—\$42 each.

On the streets of San Diego appeared something in human form, begging for food. He claimed to have been one of Fremont's men, and said he had been traveling in the Rocky Mountains for seven years. He was the worst looking person I ever saw. He was disabled in one of his shoulders and had a wound on his head. Brother Horace M. Alexander of our company knew him. The fellow acknowledged being in the Haun's Mill massacre, and begged to be forgiven for the part he took in the slaughter.

(To be Continued.)

RECEIVE no satisfaction for *premeditated* impertinence; forget it—forgive it—but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

ANY profitable lessons can be learned from the study of Chinese history. The Chinese which come to the United States are very much hated and despised. Great fear is entertained respecting the Chinese and strict laws have been enacted to stop their immigration to this country. The Americans and the Europeans cannot hold their own with the Chinese. They are industrious, ingenious, patient, apt at learning trades and can live where an ordinary man would starve. Then they are so numerous. If they were to determine to immigrate to this country, and they were not prevented from doing so, they would be like the grasshoppers which formerly troubled the crops of our farmers—they would be in such hordes as to overrun the whole land. But the Chinese who come to this country as laborers are not the Chinese proper. They are an inferior class which are found near the seaboard and are frequently low characters, probably the scum of the nation, just as we find in our country hordes of low people who live in large cities on the seaboard or on the frontiers.

The Chinese proper are in many respects a very superior race of people and possess noble qualities, or they could not have existed so long as a nation. They have out-lived the kingdoms of Persia, Egypt, India, Babylon, Greece and Rome.

One of the most prominent features of their religion is the great reverence that is paid to parents. God gave as one of His commandments to Israel, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." The Chinese have long lived in their land. It certainly seems as if the promise of God was fulfilled in their case, for they do honor their parents and they have been permitted to live long in their land. In this respect the children of the Latter-day Saints might imitate to a certain extent, with profit, the children in China. Other nations reverence their parents while living and after death; but nowhere is so great stress laid upon this duty as in China.

To illustrate this we will describe some of the rules upon duties to parents which prevail there:

It is expected that no son, during the lifetime of his parents, shall go abroad, or if he does so, it must be with their consent and to a fixed place.

When at home a dutiful son is expected to rise with the first cock-crow, and after washing and dressing himself carefully, should inquire what the wishes of his parents are as to the kind of food they would eat and drink.

He should not enter a room unless invited by his father, nor retire without permission; neither should he speak unless spoken to.

When leaving the house, he should report himself, and on returning should make his presence known.

He should be regular in his amusements, attentive to his calling, constant in speech and avoiding all reference to old age.

This last is a point strongly insisted upon, and every boy has held up to him, as an example to be followed, the conduct of one of the ancient sages, who, when seventy years old, fearing that his parents would be reminded by seeing him of their own great age, used to dress himself in such clothing as children wore and behaved like a child in their presence.

This reminds us of a trait in the character of President Heber C. Kimball. He disliked to hear people who were advanced in years called old, and frequently reprov'd persons who used this expression. He said the Lord was more respectful, for in speaking of His servant Joseph Smith, Sen., He did not call him "the old man," but said, "my aged servant."

There are few children who have been properly brought up who are not offended when their father is called "the old man." We notice that aged people, as a rule, are not pleased at being called old, and this teaching of the Chinese to their children has its foundation in a knowledge of human nature and the respect which is due from youth to age.

Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher, who was born about 550 years before the Savior, taught that of all things which derive their natures from heaven and earth, man is the most noble; and of all the duties which are incumbent upon him, there is none greater than obedience to parents.

The Chinese carry this so far that they worship their ancestors. To a Chinaman there is no greater sin than to neglect the worship of an ancestor, and this reverence to parents is carried up to the government. The common people must respect and obey the officers as fathers; lower officers must look upon higher officers as fathers, and all must look to the emperor as father. He, in turn, must look upon the people as his children. This makes their government a paternal one, and is doubtless one great cause of its strength and durability.

It is possible that the Chinese carry their reverence for their parents too far; they certainly do if they worship them. There is only one Being whom men should worship, and that is God, the Father of us all; but next to God and the authority which He bestows upon men to act in His stead, children should be taught to reverence their parents.

In this age there is a great lack in this direction. Children do not manifest that regard for and obedience to their parents which they should do. No child can prosper that does not honor its parents. The word of the Lord to Moses on this point is as true to-day as it was when He gave the commandment. Individuals who do not honor their parents will not live long upon the land, and no nation whose people do not obey and honor their parents can remain a truly prosperous and great nation, or have a permanent existence for many generations in the land which they inherit.

THE word "necessary" is miserably applied. It disordereth families, and overturneth government, by being so abused. Remember that children and fools want everything because they want judgment to distinguish; and therefore there is no stronger evidence of a *crazy undertaking* than the making too large a catalogue of things *necessary*.

PATIENCE is the ballast of the soul, that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the greatest storms. And he that will venture out without this, to make him sail even and steady, will certainly make shipwreck and drown himself: first, in the cares and sorrows of this world; and then in perdition.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE WORD OF WISDOM.

An address by D. M. McAllister, delivered at a meeting of the Sunday school teachers of the Salt Lake Stake.

(Continued from page 211.)

THE continuous use of flesh meat is hurtful; it is not pure food; it is stimulating, and tends to arouse animal passions; it is often diseased and the cause of disease; it is not necessary, we can live in perfect health without it; it is expensive, there is more nourishment in one pound of wheat than in four pounds of beef steak. It is true the Lord has ordained that the flesh of beasts and fowls may be used by man, but He has also ordained that it should be used "sparingly" and under certain circumstances. He gave laws to the children of Israel regarding this matter that we would do well to heed. The kinds of animals they might use were "whatsoever parteth the hoof, and is cloven footed, and cheweth the cud among the beasts, that shall ye eat."

Swine meat was positively forbidden, "Of their flesh shall ye not eat, and their carcass shall ye not touch; they are unclean unto you."

He gave commands to abstain from eating the fat or blood of animals, also that the animals should be without blemish, that is, they should be sound and healthy. If it were always possible to obtain flesh meat from animals perfectly free from disease, and they were killed as the Hebrews do, leaving no blood in the carcass, it would not injure us to eat some occasionally in the Winter time, but the daily eating of fish, flesh and fowl, and especially the frequent use of hog meat and lard, is contrary to God's will and very injurious to health.

"All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life, not only for man but for the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth;

"And these hath God made for the use of man only in times of famine and excess of hunger."

Herein we find repeated what our Heavenly Father evidently intended to emphasize, and have us particularly notice, that the flesh of beasts of the field, fowls and all wild animals should be used only under special circumstances. If a diet of flesh is essential, as many people seem to think, God would not have said that we should resort to it "only in times of famine and excess of hunger."

"All grain is good for the food of man, as also the fruit of the vine, that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground.

"Nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field, and barley for all useful animals, and for mild drinks, as also other grain."

Grains of all kinds are most excellent food, especially in cold weather; they produce greater warmth in the body than fruit or vegetables do, and in that respect they are also much superior to any kinds of flesh meat. Wheat is the best of all, as stated: "Nevertheless, wheat for man." It has been clearly demonstrated that wheat contains every element requisite for proper nourishment, and that on a diet of wheat, or bread made from it, with water only, man could live healthfully to a good old age. But we need the whole of the grain, not the interior, starchy portion alone, such as we usually get in fine

flour, but the product of the entire kernel, with all its nutritive properties intact. Such is truly "the staff of life." Snow-white bread, so greatly admired, is a ghostly fraud, on which human beings or animals would starve to death if fed on it alone.

If fowls and swine were fed on rye, as herein recommended, they would not be quite so unwholesome as they usually are; but it is utterly impossible for pigs to be wholesome that are shut up in dirty styes and fed on refuse and garbage unfit for other animals to eat.

Some people quote the allusion to barley being good for mild drinks to justify themselves in drinking beer, which is partly prepared from barley. I wish to state that fermented drinks are not mild drinks, no stimulating or intoxicating drink is mild. Whiskey can be made from barley, should we, therefore, call it a mild drink?

"And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel, and marrow to their bones.

"And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;

"And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint;

"And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen."

These great promises cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the minds of all Latter-day Saints. It is almost impossible to comprehend the full extent and value of those promised blessings. Health! What blessing of a temporal nature is equal to it? Without it there is no true happiness, even the rich, great and wise are made miserable by its lack. Either of those classes would oftentimes gladly exchange riches, station or learning for relief from sickness and pain. The possession of health doubles every other blessing; with it riches can be enjoyed and poverty's burden is lightened; with health comes length of days, to grow in knowledge and accomplish good; for the lack of it the days of man, woman and child are few and full of woe. Is it not worth practicing a little self-denial to obtain this great blessing? And, when we add to that the promise of "wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures," it is wondrous strange that so few, so very few, observe this Word of Wisdom, "in the spirit and meaning thereof." It seems to me it must be that we have not fully understood the magnitude of those promises, and it is high time we gave them the attention they deserve. Let us rivet these facts upon the minds of the Sunday school children in the most forcible manner we can, that they may be induced to do better than we have done, and grow up a race of giants, physically and mentally, well qualified to consummate the grand latter-day work. Inspire them, if possible, with a strong desire to secure those invaluable blessings which our Heavenly Father has promised, and we shall see His word fulfilled: they "shall run and not be weary," and when epidemics are sweeping over the land "the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

THOUGH we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honors; then to retire.

DIVING FOR PEARLS.

PROBABLY but few of our young friends are acquainted with the manner in which pearls are obtained. The following description given by an observer, of how they are taken from the bottom of the ocean by the inhabitants of the Aru Islands may be of interest to our readers:

"A large sugar-loaf stone was let down overboard by a thick rope. A diver stepped on the gunwale, holding on by the rope, and apparently placing his toe in a loop or hole to keep his foot in its place. The other foot was placed in a basket. With this apparatus the diver began to descend. Before, however, his head reached the water I saw that he held his nose very



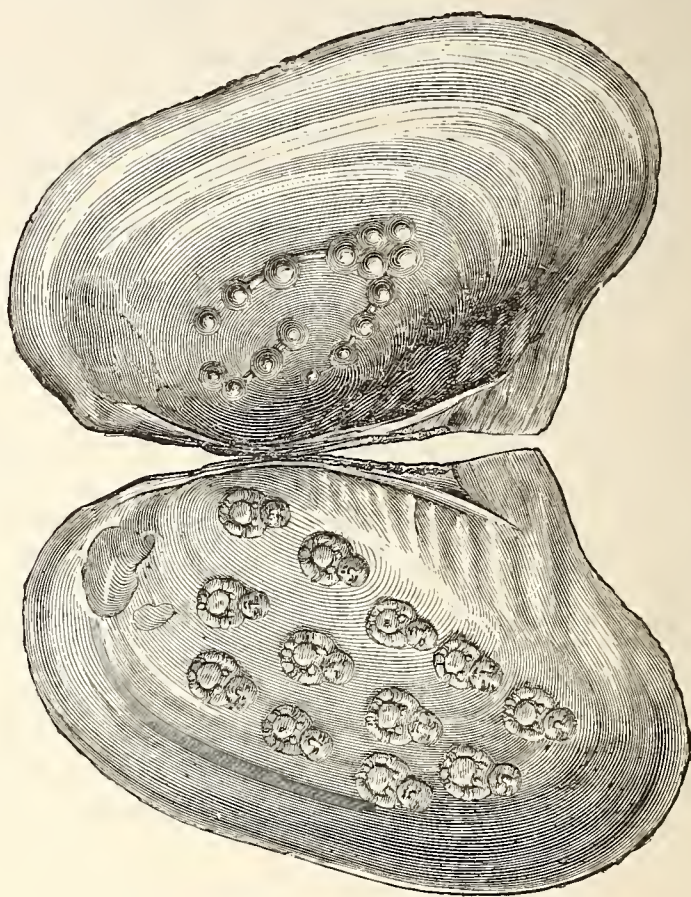
tightly with his hand. This was, I understood, to prevent the water getting into his nostrils. I calculated that about four from each boat were down at a time, and I judged that each man remained from two to three minutes below the water. Up he came again at the end of that time, apparently very little exhausted, although he must have been making active exertions to collect the shells. After he had come to the top, the basket containing the oysters was drawn up, and in that time he had collected from a hundred to a hundred and fifty.

"I learned that most of them will make from forty to fifty plunges in one day, and that a few of the most experienced and strongest remain down nearly five minutes. Their greatest danger is from the ground shark, which lies in wait at the bottom. However, some of these men will face even the shark, with knives in their hands, and come off victorious. To secure themselves still further, some of the boats carry conjurers or priests on board, who, by their incantations, are supposed to preserve them from the attacks of the shark. Of course, if a diver is picked off by a shark, the conjurer asserts that he has not properly obeyed his directions, and thus does not lose his credit. The saw-fish is another of the diver's foes, more dangerous, because more difficult to attack than a shark.

"The merchants have to keep a very strict look-out on the divers on their return to the shore, as frequently when the

oyster is in the boat, and left alive undisturbed for some time, it opens its shell. A pearl may then easily be discovered, and by means of a piece of wood, the shell be prevented from again closing till the diver has an opportunity of picking out the prize.

"Pearls are identical with the substance which is called mother-of-pearl, which lines the shell of the oyster. It is, indeed, the result of disease. When any substance intrudes into the shell the animal puts forth a vicious liquor, which agglomerates and hardens till the pearl is formed. It is said, indeed, in some places, that the divers pierce the shells of the oysters, and thus increase the number of pearls. It has also been discovered that oysters which have been pierced by a



PEARL OYSTER.

certain small marine worm have invariably pearls within them. The oyster, to defend itself from the worm, covers the hole with a substance which becomes as hard as the shell, and brilliant as mother-of-pearl."

DISOBEDIENT EDDIE.

BY HOMESPUN.

LITTLE Eddie Jones was one of those curious little boys who fancy that they are happier in having their own way, than in hearing and obeying the counsels of those older and wiser than themselves. Whenever he found a chance to steal a hump of sugar or a nice, ripe apple, he would take it and then run guiltily away and enjoy it all by himself. And such a mean, sneaking enjoyment as that kind is, too! Such trembling eagerness to swallow the dainty before any one comes, and such a fear that some one is coming or that he will be seen—all these miserable sensations did not keep Eddie from doing wrong.

But after all, we must not blame poor little Eddie too much, for he had no mother, and a wretched drunken father, so that

all through his infancy he had never been taught wrong from right, or good from evil. Think what a blessing you, my little friends, possess in having good mothers and sober, God-fearing fathers, who tell you the way in which your little feet should go, in order to avoid the paths of sin and vice.

It happened that Eddie was put under the care of a kind and noble woman for a few months, and she labored very hard to pull out of the boy's mind these weeds of theft and disobedience; but alas, they had grown so high and rank that they kept nearly all the bright sunlight of truth and virtue from penetrating down to the tiny, sweet flowers of the boy's soul.

Dear Aunt Lucy! How hard she tried, and how long she would talk to the wayward boy!

One day Aunt Lucy gave Eddie a pail, and told him to pick all the black currants, which hung in their black, rich beauty out of the slender green leaved stems of the young currant-bushes.

"Now Eddie," she said, "you must not eat them, be sure and mind, for there are not so very many, and they are very choice. Now if you will be a good boy, and pick them quickly, and then come in, I will give you a nice saucer full with cream on, and some bread and butter for your dinner." "Oh, yes I'll remember," says Eddie.

"Now hurry, and don't you eat the currants," again charges Aunt Lucy, as he saunters off to the lower end of the garden, where the long row of currants are growing.

Aunt Lucy stands in the arbor-covered door-way and anxiously watches the boy go off.

"Oh dear" she sighs as she turns to go in about her work "I do hope Eddie will mind."

It was a delicious Summer day. The air was cool under the shade of the trees, but warm and glowing in the sunshine.

Down past the peach trees, almond trees, through the long grape-vine arbor, and down the path a ways, there along the creek grew the luscious, big, black currants:

Eddie picked one or two and put them in the pail. In the next handful, was one extra large one, fairly black in its soft pulpy ripeness, and Eddie with an involuntary quick glance around, popped it in his mouth.

A touch of remorse seized him, but he soothed his conscience by taking the two next handfuls and dropping them hastily in the pail.

Then on the next stem he saw four or five great big ones shining bright in the sunlight which glanced through the trees. Two of those went into Eddie's mouth instead of the pail, and they stole away, with their guilty sweetness, the slight barriers of resolve erected in the unhappy boy's mind. Setting the pail down, Eddie just commenced devouring the currants by the large handfuls, stripping about two-thirds of the trees before he was thoroughly satisfied.

Shall I tell you, my dear little boys and girls what Eddie ought to have done?

All human beings are liable to be tempted. That is, in other and plainer words, to desire that which is wrong for them to have; this is not the crime, but in this lies the great danger. And Eddie should have told this wicked spirit which was seeking to make him do wrong and be disobedient, to leave him. And just in his simple child-like way ask God to help him keep from doing wrong. Then he should have firmly set his mind upon something else, or he could have whistled, or thought of his new marbles; anything to have kept his mind from dwelling on and hankering after the forbidden delicacy.

But I am sorry to say he only weakly gave way to his willful desires, and ate till he could really not hold another currant. Then he went and sat down under a large spreading grape vine, where it was cool and shady to think over the matter. How to meet Aunt Lucy's rebuking eyes, was the question.

Eddie did not care much about the wickedness of his act; he had done such things too many times for that, but how to avoid detection.

He dug his toes into the soft, warm sand, and made little tiny heaps of sand first on one foot and then another. A brilliant "devil's darning-needle" poked its curious nose into his shady retreat. The bees hummed around the clover tops, the happy birds sang mellow Summer hymns in the almond trees near him, and the busy ant hurried to and fro in swift questionings as to this big intruder. But Eddie saw or thought of nothing but Aunt Lucy's incisive questions, and finally these even faded out of his mind, and he slowly drifted off into a sound, gluttonous, heavy Summer's sleep. How he did snore! The "devil's darning-needle" retreated in a fine fright at the noise, and the birds up aloft in the tree hushed their trills to discover from whence the curious sounds came. The ants still bustled around, and taking counsel one with another, they called a general war assembly. Many ants spoke in indignant and rousing terms of this monster, who had deliberately and without cause, invaded their territory, obstructed their principal entrance, and finally fallen down, completely crushing their many-halled home. But without further parley by a full vote of every ant outside the hill, war was declared on their common enemy.

With one grand rush they attacked their sleeping foe; and hundreds of ants, red with rage resolved to sting, if possible, to the death, plunged their poison-dipped spear into their evening's helpless body.

Poor Eddie! A thin calico shirt and short knee pants, loose and baggie, offered no resistance to this tiny force who swarmed up his sleeves, into his loose shirt neck, in his pants, on his head, in short all over his whole body.

Awakened by the darting pains, and suddenly conscious, a hundred points of living fire seemed to blaze in every limb. Maddened by pain, and hardly yet roused from his sluggish sleep, Eddie rushed with wild screams up past the trees, through the arbor, the frightened chickens flying in every direction from such sounds. He met Aunt Lucy at the door, and to he hurried question, "What's the matter?" he could not even reply, but danced and screamed in very agony.

Divining in her instinctive way the very thing that had happened, Aunt Lucy seized him, and jerked off his clothes, then filled a large tub with soda water, and put the screaming boy in it.

Then she took the boy upon her motherly lap, and oh such a long and grave talking to as she gave him! His sobs grew farther apart, as she carefully explained to him, that the sins and disobediences of his daily life poisoned his soul even as the ants did his body, and that in the fast coming day of awakening and reckoning, his wretched soul would sting and smart with infinitely more intensity from the poisoned darts of the devil. A lesson pointed with so vivid an illustration, sunk deep into the boy's mind, and bore good fruit.

He began to make an effort to overcome himself, and now indeed, that he has grown up he has cause to thank those warlike ants and remember the lesson of obedience they taught him under the grape vine.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN in the Sandwich Islands, about the year 1851 or 1852, I happened to see a book in which a good many of the arguments which the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints use were urged in favor of the healing of the sick and the other gifts promised by the Lord to those who believe. It surprised me to meet such a work; for up to that time I had seen nothing in print which favored our teachings respecting the promises of the Savior, excepting the writings of our Elders. An examination of the book proved that it was written in favor of Spiritualism which was then beginning to make a noise in the world.

I took the more notice of the book, because it brought to my mind the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith which I had heard from him in my youth. He predicted that the time would come when great miracles would be performed to deceive mankind; that fire would be called down from heaven and other supernatural manifestations be shown which would deceive many, and if it were possible, even the very elect.

From this book I learned of the fulfillment of a portion of his words. Numerous instances were related of great miracles which had been wrought by persons who claimed to be under spiritual influences. But they had not obeyed the gospel and its ordinances, and acknowledged no Priesthood or other authority from God as the source of their power.

Since that day I have heard of many miracles which have been claimed to be wrought by Spiritualists, and many thousands of persons who would not receive the gospel and obtain the gifts promised to its believers, have accepted them as worthy of their faith.

But of late years there has another class of miracle-mongers arisen. They profess to believe in the Lord Jesus and perform their work in His name. They pray to and exercise faith in Him, and claim that the results which follow are due to their faith and prayers. Their operations attract considerable attention, and the newspapers frequently report instances of healing through their agency. Some of these so-called faith-healers anoint with oil and lay hands on the sick. That many have received benefit from the operation there is no doubt, if we can believe the testimony of themselves and witnesses. But they, too, discard the Priesthood and have no faith in ordinances. Many of them look upon the Latter-day Saints as fanatics and impostors, because they claim that the promises of Jesus respecting the gifts were intended for all those who should believe in and obey His gospel in all ages.

When one recalls the past the change which has taken place is very surprising. The early persecutions of the Saints were aroused because they claimed to be in possession of the gifts promised by the Lord Jesus to those who would obey His gospel.

These persecutors said there were to be no more miracles. They had disappeared with the apostles of Jesus.

There could be no prophets, and no one could obtain revelation from God.

All these blessings and powers had disappeared from the earth, they said, never more to return.

To prove this they burned the houses of the Saints, robbed them of other property, and organized mobs and expelled them from the lands which they had purchased and owned.

They rejected the gospel and its ordinances and gifts, and drove from their midst the Priesthood, the only legitimate authority through which they could receive these blessings.

Now, we begin to see some of the consequences which the Prophet Joseph said should follow.

The people who rejected the true gospel and its gifts are becoming a prey to strong delusions.

Spiritualism numbers its followers by hundreds of thousands. They are deceived by the alleged miracles which its many mediums perform.

No matter how corrupt men and women may be they can be Spiritualists.

It is not necessary they should repent of their sins.

It is not necessary they should be baptized in water for their remission.

It is not necessary they should have the gift of the Holy Ghost.

It is not necessary they should live lives of purity and godliness.

Believer and unbeliever, moral and immoral, honest and dishonest, temperate and intemperate, can all receive spiritualist manifestations by seeking for them.

It is said that Lucifer's plan, proposed in the council in heaven for mankind in their mortal and probationary state, was to save them all. Because his plan was not accepted he rebelled and was thrust out.

The same plan is seen in Spiritualism.

No moral qualification is necessary to secure manifestations. All, without distinction, can have communications. Astonishing exhibitions of power are given by wicked persons.

Immense numbers of people are in this way entrapped. The plan is so easy. It requires no sacrifice.

Then there is the *Faith-Cure* or *Faith-Healing*.

This system appeals strongly to those who cherish strong religious feeling.

It has, apparently, the sanction of the Bible.

It is in accord with their ideas of that which prayer has accomplished in past times and that which it would please them greatly to have their prayers accomplish in this day.

It requires no ordinances, no Priesthood and no particular church organization.

It does not require those who believe in it to be Latter-day Saints, or "Mormons," to be hated and persecuted of the world and to sacrifice their good names.

Its methods are not unpopular and do not shock the delicate sensibilities of friends.

It only requires faith and prayer.

Orthodox and popular ministers can do the praying.

Those who believe in this method of getting healed and of obtaining supernatural manifestations think it far preferable and more easy than the way God has pointed out and which the Latter-day Saints teach.

They reject that which is divine and true and get that which is false and counterfeit.

This the Prophet Joseph Smith said would be the case.

His words are being fulfilled.

The Latter-day Saints think it better to get the gifts of the Spirit of God by obeying the gospel. It may require some sacrifices; there may be painful circumstances to contend with; but for all these they are abundantly repaid, and they rejoice and are contented.

If people do not like the gospel, then there is a power, opposed to God, which stands ready to offer something else.

Behold the cunning of the adversary!

The Lord sent His servants with His gospel to the world. They were authorized to promise the Holy Ghost and its gifts to all who would obey it.

Those who obeyed it received these blessings.

The world denied that it was possible in these days to have these gifts and tried to destroy those who taught this faith.

But this did not succeed, and then Satan adopted another plan.

He bestowed counterfeit gifts.

There was no obedience to heaven's truth or its ordinances necessary to obtain them.

When the world saw that supernatural power could be obtained without obeying the gospel, a revolution of opinion took place.

Many then began to admit it was possible that Latter-day Saints had performed miracles. But, it was urged, so have the Spiritualists, as have others, notably the Faith-Healers.

Then the cunning plan of Satan became apparent.

The world said, Why should we obey the gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints, to obtain spiritual gifts when we can obtain them without doing this?

Besides, does not this power which we receive prove that we are right?

So the people harden their hearts, reject the truth and turn their attention to delusion and fables.

And Satan and his angels laugh. They have fastened his chains around mankind and they are being led down to destruction.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCE AND THE RESURRECTION.

(Continued from page 222.)

IN view of these facts, based as they are upon scientific data, our opponents must beg the question to assume that more than one half pound of any human organism is ever incorporated into that of another. And the question naturally arises as to whether or not this amount, in very rare cases, if subtracted from the resurrection body, would destroy the individual's identity. It is scarcely supposable that it would, unless we are disposed to haggle about terms, or to quibble because such is our disposition.

If we regard a person who has lost a leg, or even both of them, as identical, for all practical purposes and intents, with the individual that he was before he sustained so great a loss, so also might our bodies come up in the resurrection with a slight deficiency and not necessarily involve the destruction of our identity. We are not disposed to claim too much however, on this point since the most exacting demands of infidels can be satisfied fully.

In the first place, the advocates of the resurrection doctrine do not claim that in no instance shall there be no apparently new accretions of substance in our future bodies. There are many cases in which, during youth, an arm or leg is lost—the rest of the body continues to grow—and finally in the very prime of physical manhood the individual dies. How shall his body be resurrected—as parts, one mature and the other immature? or shall it wholly come forth as a fully grown and

perfect body? (Certainly as the latter; but a new accretion of substance in the child limb is necessary in order to fit it as a part of the fully grown organism. In other cases of necessity accretions of apparently new matter may be made. That there should be something added to the corpse body in its resurrected state in order to supply essential deficiencies, is but a concomitant truth with another which we are all quick to affirm must prevail in the actual resurrection verity. This affirmation demands that all useless and obnoxious excrescences, tumors and mal-formations must be eliminated. As no one would claim because misformed and useless feet are not thus restored in the resurrection body, that the identity of the individual is thereby affected; so neither would the addition of a small amount of new matter be considered of much importance.

But, lest some may assert that our educational bias towards the resurrection doctrine warps our judgment, and permits a laxity of interpretation respecting it that would not be tolerated in other matters, it will be shown how these new accretions of substance need not affect our perfect identity. The Almighty has made provision for meeting emergencies and for closing the mouths of His enemies.

Every contested atom of matter can be restored to its rightful owner and still allow every individual to get back from his own body a full mathematical count of molecules, weight for weight, size for size and kind for kind. The explanation of this apparent mystery is found in the fact that the blood of no one is to be resurrected. The scriptures declare "flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God." The flesh may, but the blood is to be cast out and its place supplied by spirit matter. In every adult person there is an average of about eighteen pounds of blood. This is liquid flesh, bone, hair, nerve, muscle and every other part of our system; and since it is not to be resurrected there is enough of it to supply any deficiency that may exist in the essential particles of our corporiety.

This theory of the use that the blood may subserve in the resurrection appears quite probable and meets the infidel objection satisfactorily. Should the theory prove true, one would naturally prefer that he should possess just enough of foreign, disputable substance in his corporiety to necessitate the metamorphosis of all his blood into solid matter to supply the deficiency occasioned by the surrender of such foreign substance to its proper owner.

Again, there is enough of dead, effete matter in every animal body, at any time, and which is strictly the body's own, that after revitalization might be substituted instead of what particles may be disputed and surrendered to some other corporiety. And during a lifetime of sixty or seventy years, eight or ten times the weight of the essential corpse body have been cast off in dead, effete particles of matter, and the whole of it, which was peculiarly our own, might be entered to our credit and be subject to demand in resurrection times. All that is claimed for these arguments is that they have as good a foundation as the objection they refute.

There is another phase of the question still in our favor and it affords the strongest argument that can be adduced in favor of the most particular preservation of our personal identity in the resurrection body. What has been said hitherto admits the theory of the vital combination of the essential particles of one body with those of another. That such atoms are ever thus assimilated and combined is now denied and the theory, *in toto*, is negated.

(To be Continued.)

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER XI.

(Continued from page 219.)

WHEN they arose the prisoners were served with the usual rude and meagre meal of black bread and coffee, in the hall. At the conclusion of the breakfast Vladimir accompanied to the scene of their daily toil his father and the half score of other exiles whose unfortunate lot required them to work at the arsenic mine. Under the direction of a strong guard, they marched in single file with Feodor at the head. Their companions were escorted in a similar way to other fields of labor.

The arsenic mine was at a distance of a furlong from the guard house. An open shed covered the mouth of the shaft; and a primitive windlass, with a single bucket, provided the means of descent and was the only hoisting apparatus. Within and around the shed was a great dump of ore, from which carts were constantly engaged in conveying selected portions of the mineral to Berezovsk for reduction and shipment.

One of the exiles remained at the surface, with the soldiers, to perform the labor of hoisting; while the others, preceded by an armed sentry, descended two at a time to the bottom of the shaft; a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. Here they were assigned to various chambers by the supposed Hulinski, who had been installed as a working foreman by a former kind officer, and had retained that position through the subsequent changes of commanders. The sentry stationed himself in the main corridor which led to the shaft.

Feodor, for the avowed purpose of giving the new recruit necessary instructions, took Vladimir under his own charge into a chamber where they could safely converse.

The father would gladly have spared his son the prescribed toil; but as that was impossible he explained to Vladimir the nature and requirements of the work.

Feodor's own duty was to make continual examinations of the various chambers, for the purpose of selecting the most available and promising portions of the vein. He was thus exempt from some of the misery and wretched toil which had proved fatal to so many of his associates. But each one of the other exiles, after learning to perform the work, was required to extract and carry to the shaft enough ore to half fill the bucket which would hold probably one and a half tons.

As the arsenic and sulphurets were hard, and blasting materials were not allowed and the tools were of a rude character, this labor was a prodigious one.

Every moment that the Pojarskys could spare from their toil they devoted to a discussion of their prospect for an escape. Feodor informed his son that he had recently discovered that one of the remote corridors, long disused, led to an old abandoned shaft, the boards enclosing which at the mouth were in a state of partial decay. The old soldier added that of late he had been so despairing, he had sometimes thought of attempting an escape through the old shaft; but the want of an outside confederate and the lingering hope that an order of release might come for Hulinski, had combined to restrain his purpose. Now that there were two of them, with Oserov to assist, General Pojarsky thought they ought to make the effort as early as practicable.

The subject was renewed at every possible opportunity; and soon their plan took definite shape.

Each soldier of the guard was required to take his turn as sentry in the mine; and it was thus quite certain that before many days should have elapsed, Paul would be their guard. They proposed to explain the situation of the old shaft to him; and if its mouth were, as Feodor supposed, far enough from the guard house to be free from observation, they would have Oserov secure a strong and lengthy line and lower one end to the bottom of the old shaft while the other end should be safely fastened at the surface. They would then seize some favorable moment to ascend the line and attempt to escape from the neighborhood probably just before the time for quitting work at night so that searchers would be hampered by the darkness.

Of course this plan would require much pluck and patience; but Vladimir was confident of Oserov's devotion, and the exiles soon began to entertain most hopeful views of their prospect.

In the meantime Vladimir was suffering many of the hardships of the exile's lot. The food was poor and scanty; the toil was excessive; and the officers were unnecessarily harsh.

Nearly a month passed before Paul was detailed to perform sentry duty in the mine; and the Pojarskys had begun to grow very anxious. However, Oserov's occasional glances at Vladimir had convinced them that he was waiting impatiently for the opportunity of talking with the young man.

At last the hour came when they saw the unselfish adherent sitting grimly in the corridor leading to the shaft. Opening near him was a chamber in which there were no workers; and Feodor lost no time, after the miners were all settled at their labor, in making his way to the spot. Here he busied himself without addressing the soldier, until Vladimir came by with a box of ore. As no one else was within earshot, the young man stopped and addressed Paul:

"My worthy and dear friend Oserov, this exile—this broken old man here, whom you know as Nicolaus Hulinski, is truly General Feodor Pojarsky my noble and persecuted father. Listen to him and help us if you can."

Then Vladimir left them together while he went to resume his labor.

Feodor hastened to pour his tale into the ears of the astonished sentry. He recounted all of his story which was necessary to make the situation plain to Paul, and then revealed the project for escape which was under consideration.

Oserov showed the utmost attention to the recital, never once interrupting until the general spoke of the proposed flight; whereupon Paul ejaculated:

"My General, a strange thing has just happened. I overheard the commander talking with his subalterns last night and reading an imperial dispatch brought by courier. The letter made careful inquiry after Nicolaus Hulinski; asked if he were still alive, if in good health, if his conduct had been without reproach during exile, and if his manner and speech indicated a loyal feeling for his czar. The commander declared that this was a step toward the release of Nicolaus Hulinski whom he believes you to be; and when the answer is returned it will be very favorable to you. So you may soon expect a pardon which will free you without danger."

By what strange law of mind is it that an idea long overlooked, and trodden underfoot as a useless stone, suddenly sparkles out in new light, as a discovered diamond?

ANGELS ON THE WALL.

Within the brown-walled square this Summer's eve,
Was marked a scene which I would fain believe;
Had couched within such rich and preeious thought,
As to the ready soul oft comes unsought:
Suggestive of the true, yet the unseen,
At least by common eyes, however keen:
The inner vision hath a wider seope—
Its dreams are lined by faith, or born of hope.

Around were groups, in garb of black and white,
Which, soiled by use, offensive were to sight;
Besides, each stripe spoke loud of law's decree,
Of crime and sin, and of its penalty!
A few in flaming or in simpler guise,
Were new, untried, and touched by strange surprise.
Some moving, reading, waiting for the bell;
The evening meal, fall in, or march to cell!

Red hands were there, dyed in a brother's blood;
Black hearts, who ravaged virtue in the bud;
Those who had robbed, and plundered, as they might,
Or lit the torch, then fled beneath the night;
From drunken brawl, from out the gambling hell,
From dens of vice, and haunts where demons dwell.
What master hand can paint, what brush portray.
The moral shadows of that fleeing day!

Some shackled, dragged along the loaded chain;
The vulgar tongue blasphemed in horrid strain;
Negroes and Spaniards, youths and men were there,
Some furrowed deeply, others, beardless, fair,
Far, far from home and native land a few,
From distant States; some, in the mountains grew.
In this infirmary for moral strain,
Who will reform, and honored life regain?

In prison garb, by prison walls kept in,
Well watched by sentries, armed to kill or win,
If e'er a fray, or break for freedom made—
Should scale a wall, or, rigid rule evade;
While crime might dash from hated rule away,
In sudden flight, to revel or to stay,
Perchance to come again with ball and chain!
Not all confined, would freedom thus regain.

By twos and threes, more dignified than those.
Yet mingling, passing or in calm repose;
Waiting the sunset, quaffing in the air,
To meet in crowded cell, or silent prayer!
White-haired, as if in life they tried had been,
Or in its prime as stalwarts are they seen.
A subtle something seems to mark to show,
That crime is foreign to their open brow!

These are the victims prejudice hath laid
Upon the altar, by the law betrayed;
For conscience sake they don the prison garb,
And bear the print of persecution's barb!
Deprived are they of much that sweetens life,
Of home, of household goods, and loving wife;
Immured for that which Heaven itself revealed,
The marriage rite—where two or more are sealed!

A practice of past ages, as we know,
Which Prophets, Judges, Kings were called to show,
How law celestial bids a kingdom start,

From small beginnings, in the willing heart!
The method of the gods, which fills each world
Of rolling space, by fiat made and hurled,—
The law of increase, path of progress true,
Old as eternities, yet ever new!

By Joseph in this latter age renewed;
Of hell and all its minions hot pursued;
As if the fallen angels must deplore.
That disobedience, which for evermore
Bars them of bodies, by unyielding law,
They jealous strive frail man to overthrow;
They to the resurrection have no claim,
Are childless, devils, without love or shame!

Yet have they sway o'er yielding sons of earth,
The slaves of sin' the foes of living worth;
Fealty to truth excites their bitter hate,
To use the power of law, the sword of state.
They scheme to catch the victim as of old,
When Daniel by such law was uncontrolled.
True to their God, His Saints are found to-day,
Though prison gates swing for the fated prey!

But as within the lion's den, so here,
Angels are round to guard from harm or fear,
Men steeped in crime are held in their control.
While peace flows calmly o'er each patient soul,
What trust in God, what faith can so inspire,
But "the one gospel," and the spirit's fire?
Content, waits silently that firm degree
Which tells of triumph when the Saints are free!

Now to return, and mark the angels near,
As sets the sun, as moon and stars appear!
O'er all the west, with gold the clouds are decked
With purpling edges, crimson, some are flecked,
And shafts of light up to the zenith mark,
The dying day, fast fading to the dark;
High on the walls, as if an angel there,
Had then just lit so beautiful and fair!

Suggestive as the shadows gathering fell,
As moved our ranks towards the noisome cell
That home-loved angels 'mid God Israel bow
His throne beseeching for each one they know,
For husband, father, son or friend confined,
Round whom affections, memories are twined:
In absence missed, of counsel now deprived,
They hail afar release, not yet arrived!

Here draw the curtain, bid the muse retire,
For crowding thoughts might wake too eager lyre,
And strains of vengeance might as lightnings play
Around the strings, which best in silence may
Prove faith in God, faith in His holy cause,
Faith in the future which He will disclose;
For He His kingdom will o'er all maintain,
Will from each prison bring His sons again!

All praise to Him, the Saints but ask for grace,
For wisdom, day by day, that every place
May consecrated be, may prove a good,—
A blessing when 'tis fully understood!
May every prison lead to honors great,
Each portal passed tend to you open gate.
Where all the ransomed of the past went in
To wait for valiant souls, then shut them in!

H. W. N.

O LORD, PROTECT OUR LEADERS TRUE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. F. PARRY.

Muertososo.

O Lord, protect our leaders true, In ev' - ry tri - al guard them through By Thy al-

might - y hand, By Thy al-might-y hand. E'er keep them from the hands of those Who

dare Thy mighty work oppose—Thy mandates to withstand, Thy mandates to withstand.

Grant that on earth they long may live,
To guide Thy Saints and counsel give.
O speed the glorious day
When persecution aye shall cease,
And naught shall mar Thy servants' peace,
Thy chosen people pray.

While exiled for a righteous cause—
Obedience to Thy sacred laws—
Protect these noble men,
Until the raging storm is o'er,
And they in peace return once more,
And meet with us again.

FASHION IN FIJI.

MORALISTS are prone to talk about the slavery of fashion to which civilization subjects men and women. But the slavery is due to vanity rather than to civilization. Savages live in that state of nature which is said to be one of ease and freedom. But their vanity is strong, and to gratify it, they put themselves to as many inconveniences as does a fashionable woman or a city dandy. Fashion in the Fiji Islands commands that the women shall be tattooed at the corners of the mouths and in other parts of the body. It is a painful and tedious process. The skin is punctured by an instrument made of bone, and a vegetable dye injected into the puncture. The women do not like to be tattooed; but it is the fashion, and they might as well be out of Fiji as out of fashion. So they endure agony in order to be fashionable.

When a festival approaches, all the natives who belong to fashionable society have their hair dressed. It is washed in lime-water to make it frizzed, and then dyed in several colors, and arranged in various ways. Several days are required to get the head-dresses in shape. When the hair is "fixed up," the native, for fear of disarranging it, sleeps on a pillow or

head-rest made of a length of bamboo, resting on the short cross-legs. A European would have a violent headache if he rested five minutes on such a pillow.

Fashion may not wear out in Fiji as much apparel as it does in Paris. But the Fijian is put to quite as much inconvenience to appear stylish as is the Parisian.

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CHASED BY FIRE.

DR. EMIL HOLUB was one of the most enthusiastic of African travelers. After years of hopeful and patient waiting for the opportunity, he was able, in 1872, to leave Europe for the southern portion of the Dark Continent. During the voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, he was washed

to prevent his penetrating the jungle. At Fauresmith, between Port Elizabeth and the Diamond Fields, he found himself without money or acquaintances, with his clothes in tatters and his feet nearly bare. But like all the other heroic men who have risked their lives in the cause of African exploration,



A POWDER WAGON PURSUED BY FIRE.

overboard by a heavy sea and well-nigh drowned; but by the prompt action of the sailors and by his own exertions he was at length rescued.

After he landed, disasters pursued him until it seemed as if the genii of that mysterious and gloomy land were determined

Holub was so firmly set upon his purpose that no loss, pain nor difficulty could stay his zeal; and soon he had the dangerous pleasure of entering those wilds which proved his home during the greater part of the ensuing seven years.

One of his many providential escapes was from death by

fire upon one of the plains of Southern Africa. Indeed his entire expedition narrowly missed annihilation.

The Damara herdsmen are accustomed to set fire to the dry grass—as is the practice with the American natives—in order to hasten the growth of a fresh pasturage for their cattle. Often the flames spread from the grass to the dense jungles of low brush, and woe betide the living creature caught within the blazing lines! Holub had often observed these fires at a distance, and had grown to have little fear of them. But one day he observed a thick cloud rising from the horizon and rapidly approaching his little caravan. This cloud soon proved to be a mass of smoke, under which the grass and brush were one sheet of flame, traveling towards the expedition with incredible swiftness. It was at once necessary to find some extensive bare hillock, before the caravan could be overtaken; for the wagon contained thousands of cartridges, hundreds of pounds of gunpowder and a quantity of spirits. These combustibles already heated by the sun would not bear the proximity of any additional warmth. Fortunately the doctor espied an elevation at a little distance; and to reach this with his party he strained every nerve.

The circumstances of the escape are thus narrated by Holub:

“With all his might Boly cracked his whip and shouted vigorously, and succeeded in making the oxen drag the wagon with unexpected speed; they were all flecked with foam as they pulled their oscillating load behind them; every moment it seemed as if it must overbalance. At the bottom of the hollow it was absolutely necessary to take a rest; the beasts must have time to recover from their exertions; they were all more or less torn by the bushes, and my friends, too, were much scratched about the hands and face. The heat was becoming intense. My horse was not naturally a nervous animal, but it trembled till it could hardly stand, and the hardest part of our struggle had yet to come.

“A flake of fire fell within fifteen yards of us, and warned us it was time to be on the move. ‘Hulloh an! Hulloh an!’ roared the driver, and the bullocks once again strained themselves to their work. Scarcely, however, had they gone ten paces when the smoke puffed against their eyes, and all bewildered, they swerved into a track where the wagon must inevitably have been overturned; it was a critical moment, but happily one of my party, who was walking at my side, saw the danger, and, rushing at the heads of the leaders, turned them by a desperate effort into the right direction. The instinct of self-preservation now redoubled every one’s efforts; onwards we pushed, through clouds of smoke, amidst falling ashes, amongst fragments of red-hot bark, till we were within fifty yards of the place of safety. So heated was the atmosphere that I momentarily expected to see the canvas of the wagon break out into a blaze.

“The bullocks once more gasped and tottered beneath their yoke; with painful toil they made their way for another thirty yards; it was doubtful whether they could accomplish the remaining twenty.

“One more moment of rest, followed by one more frantic paroxysm of exertion, and all was safe! Just in time we reached the hill that overlooked a hollow, beyond which was the expanse of black burnt grass. I ungirthed my horse, my people all flung themselves exhausted on the ground; their faces were crimson with heat; their limbs were bruised by their frequent falls; their eyes seemed starting from their sockets. Poor Pitt, who had scrambled along with the front oxen, had his shirt torn from his back, and his chest was smeared with

blood from many a wound, but fortunately none that was very deep.”

NEJNE.

DENYING HIS GOD.

BY KENNON.

NEARLY forty years ago an intelligent and pious young Scotchman named John Lamont was a working miner at Rumford, a village a little more than a score of miles from Edinburgh. He was an elder of the Free Kirk and was marked as a shining religious light among his associates.

The old minister of the kirk having departed, two clergymen presented themselves, desiring the vacant pulpit. One was an experienced and somewhat arrogant preacher—a worldly aristocrat, by the name of Boyd; the other, a much younger man, while newer to his calling, was more talented besides being gentle and courteous to the poor. Boyd secured the place by means which were decidedly selfish and unfair, and John Lamont boldly declared to the minister’s face that he, as an elder of the kirk, reprobated the procedure and would not attend the installation services on the succeeding Sabbath day.

The next morning at Rumford, two miners John Simpson and James Allen, who were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, were surrounded by a crowd of their fellow-villagers of all creeds and no creed, and their holy religion was ridiculed and assailed by Presbyterian, Catholic, Evangelist, and Methodist alike. John Lamont approached the group and learning the cause of the commotion, reproached his own brother James, one Roughhead, the Methodist lay preacher, and others of his friends, with their unfairness.

“If you had all been Methodists, or all Free Kirk men, or all Catholics, I wouldn’t care,” he said, “for then it would be only one religion against another. But your own creeds differ as much as do sunlight and darkness, while you all are uniting to abuse these two Mormons.” Roughhead took umbrage at this expression, and said sharply:

“There’s no such difference in our creed. We all believe in Jesus Christ.”

“Well,” replied Lamont, “perhaps these men also believe on Him. But that’s not to the question. You know that there are many vital points of difference between your church and ours.”

Roughhead still disputing this assertion, Lamont turned to his brother, a Free Kirk man:

“Jimmy, do you believe that man is a free agent?”

“No.”

Turning to a Methodist, John Lamont asked:

“Sandy, do you believe that man is a free agent?”

“Yes, of course I do.”

“There,” said Lamont to Roughhead, “is one essential variance about which you might debate until doomsday.”

Resuming, he asked.

“Sandy, do you believe that God has already elected who shall be saved and has irrevocably doomed the millions who shall be damned?”

“Hoot, mon!” said Sandy, “No.”

“Jimmy, do you believe it?”

“Sure I do,” Lamont’s brother answered.

From this opening he progressed to other points, his skill in disputation and his local eminence enforcing the attention

of the miners, until the objects of the original attack were forgotten. In the warmth of the debate and his subsequent victory, Lamont scored some telling blows against his opponents, even the Free Kirk itself receiving an occasional indirect touch.

Roughhead, who was a miner, was angered at the interposition of the young man, whom he had long regarded as a rival in the esteem of their fellow-workmen. So he said in a taunting way:

"Johnny, I think you're a Mormon, yourself."

"What!" cried Lamont indignantly, "I be a Mormon? I'll deny my God, before I'll be a Mormon!"

The next night, Friday, Lamont was sitting by his fireside, reading the Bible, as was his wont, when David Adamson and Joseph Hunter, two Elders of the "Mormon" Church, called at his house. They thanked him with much earnestness for having protected their brethren from abuse, and congratulated him upon his success in silencing his opponents. In conclusion they asked him if he would accept and read a tract.

Lamont had little interest in the new faith. He had only heard one sermon and that upon "Pre-existence of Spirits, a subject which did not so particularly enchain his attention as some more simple principle might have done; and even this had passed from his mind.

But he promised to read a tract, and the elders left with him the first part of Apostle Orson Pratt's "Kingdom of God"—the subject being "God An Organized Being."

When the brethren had departed, the young Free Kirk elder carefully perused the little pamphlet and was startled by its contents.

He read it again and then remarked to his wife:

"Am, that's the strangest book I ever saw."

"What's in it?" Mrs. Lamont asked.

"It says that God is a material being."

Somewhat shocked by such a doctrine, the wife answered, with Scotch quaintness:

"It's a new God they've gotten."

That night John Lamont prayed for light and yet he felt as if the God of the Free Kirk, to whom he addressed his petition, was a nonentity.

After he went to bed he failed to find sleep, so he arose and once more reviewed the tract.

On the following Sunday morning as he was sitting by his door searching the scriptures the two "Mormon" elders passed on their way to meeting. They stopped and inquired:

"Do you not go to kirk, Mr. Lamont?"

"Usually I do," he replied, "but I've had a dispute with the minister and I've vowed not to go this day."

"Then you might come and hear us."

Nothing loath, and hoping to hear something more about the startling doctrine enunciated in the tract, he accepted the invitation.

But the discourse, a most powerful one, proved to be upon the first principles of the gospel. It carried conviction to his soul, and after the meeting he demanded baptism. His request was complied with, the ordinances of baptism and confirmation being administered the next night.

The news of his conversion spread like wildfire through the village and at the mine, and great was the amazement that John Lamont, the bright young Free Kirk elder, should have been converted to the reviled faith.

On the morning following his baptism, John went to his work, not without some wonder regarding the reception he

would receive from his associates. He had no fear, however, for he felt proud and happy in the knowledge of the truth.

After reaching the mine, all at once he fell to trembling, for he saw Roughhead approaching with exultation in his glance.

Now, John felt no shame regarding his baptism, and, having treasured the Sunday sermon in his heart, he felt quite able to defend the doctrine of immersion by scripture and reason; but he had suddenly recalled his own words, "I'll deny my God, before I'll be a Mormon," and he knew that Roughhead was coming to confound him out of his own mouth.

As soon as they met, in presence of other miners all agog for the encounter, Roughhead said:

"Well Johnny I hear you've joined the Mormons. How is it?"

"I've become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," replied Lamont.

"Ah, Johnny, I always took you to be a man of your word until now. Didn't you tell us you'd deny your God before you'd be a Mormon?"

In an instant the words of Apostle Pratt's tract seemed photographed upon his mind and he calmly answered.

"True, I did say so. But then my God was the God of the Free Kirk and the Methodist—a nonentity, a formless something or rather nothing, without body, parts or passions; and I have denied him. In the stead of that impossible being, I worship the only true and the living God of Israel, the great Creator who made man in His own image and after whose express likeness our Redeemer lived and moved among men."

Instead of Lamont's being dumbfounded and put to shame before his friends, it was Roughhead who now stammered and vainly sought words for reply.

Seeing the impression which he had made, the new convert poured forth a flood of scriptural eloquence. He had always been an enthusiastic student of the Holy Book, and now its words, hitherto only partially understood, came from his lips like a stream of living fire. He was helped by the inspiration of the Spirit and he quoted and explained passage after passage until his position was made absolutely and forever impregnable.

John Lamont always believes that a special Providence was exerted in his behalf: if he had not quarreled with his own minister, his duty would have carried him to the kirk instead of leaving him at liberty to listen to the gospel; and if he had not received and read the one particular tract, "God an Organized Being," out of his own mouth he would have been put to shame and confusion and the truth would have been ever after ridiculed in that village.

STUDY OF SELF.—Above all subjects study thine own self. For no knowledge that terminates in curiosity or speculation is comparable to that which is of use; and of all useful knowledge, that is most so, which consists in the due care, and just notions of ourselves. This study is a debt which every one owes to himself. Let us not then be so lavish, so unjust, as not to pay this debt, by spending some part at least, if we cannot all, or most of our time and care, upon that which has the most indefeasible claim to it. Govern your passions, manage your actions with prudence, and where false steps have been made, correct them for the future. Let nothing be allowed to grow headstrong and disorderly; but bring all under discipline. Set all your faults before your eyes, and pass sentence upon yourself, with the same severity as you would do upon another, for whom no partiality hath biased your judgment.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A CROW, one day, stole a nice bit of cheese,
And flew up in a tree to eat it at her ease.
A sly young fox, who was passing below,
Saw her as she flew, and he said, "Oh, ho!
Madam Crow,"

"What a fine bird you are, with your feathers so
gay!
As brilliant as the rainbow, and fairer than the day.
If your voice is as sweet as your form would show!
Then sing me a song: pray don't say 'No,'
Madam Crow."

The crow began her song, when down fell the cheese:
The fox sprang and caught it as quickly as you
please;
And as he trotted off, he said, "Oh, ho!
That is just what I wanted. I'll go,
Madam Crow."

A STORY ABOUT SQUIRRELS.

FREDDIE is a bright little boy six years old. He goes with his papa and mamma every summer to stay a few months at a nice place in the country. In front of the house, near the fence, stands a large elm-tree, which is the home of many little squirrels.

One day Freddie got his papa to build a small shelf on the tree, about four feet from the ground, so that he could put nuts on it to feed the squirrels. At first the little fellows were very shy, and would not come near the shelf, but sat on the branches of the tree; and we fancied that we heard them saying to each other, "Do you think that little boy would hurt us, if we should run down, and take one of those nuts?"

But, after a while, they came down, one by one, took the nuts, and went scampering up to the top branches; and in a few minutes down come the empty shells. They grew so tame before the summer was over, that if we put anything on their shelf, and took a seat a few steps away, they would come down quite boldly, and get their breakfast.

One day we put a small ear of sweet-corn on the shelf. Pretty soon a little squirrel came after it,

but it was too heavy for him: so he sat down on the shelf, as though quite at home, ate off about half of the kernels of corn, to make his burden lighter, and, after trying many times, finally got it up to his hiding-place. Presently we saw all the squirrels running to that part of the tree, and we thought he might be having a squirrel-party in his best parlor.

THE RHYMING GAME.

ANNA and Mary sit down to play the rhyming game. Anna thinks of a word, and then pronounces a different word that rhymes with it. Mary, in trying to guess the word that Anna is thinking of must not mention the words that rhyme with it, but must simply give a definition of them. An example will best show how the game is played:

"I have thought of a word that rhymes with 'sane.' Can you tell me what word I am thinking of?"

"Is it a native of Denmark?"

"No, it is not 'Dane,'"

"Is it a stick sometimes carried in walking?"

"No it is not 'cane.'"

"Is it the long hair on the neck of a lion or a horse?"

"No it is not 'mane.'"

"Is it the ocean?"

"No, it is not 'main.'"

"Is it water falling from the clouds?"

"No, it is not 'rain.'"

"Is it something earned?"

"No, it is not 'grain.'"

Is it a narrow road or passage?"

"No, it is not 'lane.'"

"Is it a spot?"

"No, it is not 'stain.'"

"Is it a suffering?"

"No, it is not 'pain.'"

"Is it a square of glass for a window?"

"Yes, it is 'pane.'"

More than two can play at this game; and then the one who suggests the right word must have the privilege of inventing a new word for the rest to guess. Among the words that may be used in this game are the following: "Cake," "care," "gate," "day," "dear," "pie," "fire," "kite," etc. You must find another word to rhyme with each of these in its order, and then let the other players put their questions according to the form above given.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHAT curiosities were exhibited in Kirtland, July 3, 1835? 2. What was afterwards done with them? 3. What did one of the rolls contain? 4. Where can we now find a translation of them? 5. When and where was the Book of Commandments approved and made a law of faith and practice to the Church? 6. Who presided at the assembly when this action was taken? 7. Where was Joseph and F. G. Williams at this time? 8. Who was made the first Church recorder? 9. When was he appointed? 10. What statement did Joseph make concerning the authority of the First Presidency over the Twelve? 11. When and before whom did he make this statement?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 14.

1. WHEN and where was the first High Council of the Church of Christ organized? A. In Kirtland, Ohio, February 17, 1834.

2. What command did Joseph receive from the Lord on the 24th of February, 1834? A. To raise the strength of His (the Lord's) house from the various branches of the Church, and go up to redeem Zion.

3. When did he commence to raise volunteers for that purpose? A. On the 26th of February, 1834.

4. When did a portion of the company begin their journey and what did it consist of? A. On the 1st of May, and it consisted of over twenty men and four baggage wagons.

5. When and where was the Church first named the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? A. At a conference held in Kirtland, May 3rd, 1834.

6. Why was "Latter-day Saints" added to the name? A. To distinguish it from the former-day church.

7. When did the Prophet leave Kirtland with the remainder of the company to join those who left on the 1st? A. On the 5th of May, 1834.

8. When was the company organized and what was the name given it? A. On May 7th, 1834, and was called "Zion's Camp."

9. When did it arrive in Liberty, Clay County, Missouri? A. On June 23rd of the same year.

10. When did Joseph start on his return journey to Kirtland? A. July 9th, 1834.

11. When and how was the principle of Tithing first introduced among the Saints? A. November

29, 1834, by Joseph Smith Jr. and O. Cowdery making a conditional covenant with the Lord that they would pay tithing.

DON'T EAT THE SKINS.

A GREAT many people I have observed eating fruit eat the skin of it, also. Their children eat it in the same manner, and seem never to have been taught the skin of fruit—be it apple, peach, pear, plum or grape—should never be eaten, especially if uncooked. Fruit skins are so difficult of digestion that there is probably not more than one stomach in a hundred capable of performing the difficult task. The skins are to fruit what shells are to nuts, hides to animals, and husks to grain. To oblige or allow a child to eat his apple or pear unpeeled is unkind and wrong; for it is no question of daintiness, but of health.

PERILS OF ICE-WATER.

No woman would think of cooling a cooking-stove when it is red-hot by throwing ice-water upon it; yet what people know would ruin a stove, they pour by the pint into their stomachs when it is in a state of intense activity, and at the highest point of chemical combustion. The cook who pours water upon her fire while she is getting dinner, knows that the potatoes in the pot will stop boiling, and the meat in the oven will not be fit for food. The same results from deluging the stomach with ice-water. The process of digestion will be arrested, and will not be resumed until the water is raised to the temperature required to carry it on again.

WORD PUZZLE.

1. Chained; 2. discovered; 3. a species of dog; 4. a hill; 5. a weight; 6. circular; 7. noise; 8. injury. Each word is formed of the same letters with the exception of the initial being changed for each.

THE following-named persons have answered the questions in No. 14: Heber Scowcroft, W. J. C. Mortimer, Avildia L. Page, Leone Rogers, Ada P. Minkler, S. Stark, T. S. Court, Mary E. Chandler, H. H. Blood.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 231.)

Monday, April 19, 1847.—At five o'clock this morning I arose at the sound of the bugle, my face still paining me dreadfully. After breakfast I took my rifle and started on ahead of the wagons. At 7:15 the wagons began to move and in less than a quarter of an hour they were all formed in double file and were proceeding on their journey. After traveling about eight miles we arrived at a place where were a number of small lakes, which bore upon their waters many ducks. Several of the brethren shot at the birds and killed a considerable number. Shortly after one o'clock we arrived at a bend in the river where a small stream runs around an island. We stopped here to feed. We traveled about fifteen miles, principally in a westerly course. The roads are very good and the country level on these bottom lands of the Platte River. The flat appears to be ten or fifteen miles wide.

Soon after the camp was formed, O. P. Rockwell, Jackson Redding and J. C. Little came in from Winter Quarters. They found Dr. Richards' mare which was lost east of the Elk Horn, and brought her to camp. They brought me a line from Diantha and a few words from Ruth and Margaret. In the note from Ruth and Margaret are some gentle expressions which have caused me to reflect seriously and which prove to me that during the past year they have been more attentive to duty than I myself have been. In the letter which I had sent to them I requested them to attend to family prayer in my absence, a sacred duty which I had sometimes neglected since leaving Nauvoo. In their answer they inform me that even when I was at home and failed to attend to family prayer, it had been their habit to always perform that duty unknown to me. They had then sought and would still seek, in their supplications, to bear me up before our Heavenly Father. Oh, what integrity! what faithfulness! I feel unworthy to possess such treasures; but I will endeavor to reward them for their goodness. May our Father in Heaven bless them and myself during my absence, that we may all be permitted to meet again and enjoy each other's society for many years upon this earth and eternally in the world to come. O, Lord; grant the prayer of Thy unworthy servant; fill my family with peace and union; open a way that they may have the necessities and comforts of life; let Thy Spirit brood over them; and Thy name shall have the praise. Amen!

I received by Porter some few fish hooks and lines, a ball of fish line and three pencils; but no small books nor knife nor wafers. At twenty minutes past three the wagons began to move again in the same order as this morning. I walked some this afternoon with O. Pratt. I suggested to him the idea of attaching a set of wooden cog wheels to the hub of a wagon wheel, in such order as to tell the exact number of miles we travel each day. He seemed to agree with me that it could be easily done at a trifling expense.

We traveled until six, p.m., when we arrived at a pretty open view of the Platte River, and the encampment was formed in a semi-circle upon its banks. We have covered about twenty miles to-day, over a continuous, dry, level, sandy bottom. The river here appears to be about a mile

wide but very shoal. There is little timber where we are encamped and the water is quite muddy.

After the encampment was formed, I went to Brother Luke Johnson and asked him to draw my tooth, which has been paining me for a long time. While I was speaking to him Stephen Markham came up and wanted Luke to take his team and the *Revenue Cutter* (the leather boat) back about two miles, as they designed to draw in one of the lakes. Brother Johnson drives the team which draws the boat and he rides in the boat as in a wagon. I concluded that I would go and watch them fish and started out on foot. I overtook Markham and John S. Higbee, and in our conversation I mentioned to Brother Higbee the same idea which I had advanced to Elder Pratt, and he fully coincided with me. After arriving at the lake, they launched the boat and made three hauls. They only caught a snapping turtle, four small turtles, one duck, two little catfish and two creek suckers. They then concluded to return, and I started on foot again with two rifles to carry. I reached camp before they overtook me, and being extremely tired and very footsore I went to bed. But I had no rest on account of severe pains in my head and face.

Tuesday, April 20.—I arose at half past five still suffering. I ate but little breakfast although we had a couple of ducks and one snipe. We started out at 7:30 this morning. The weather was pleasant except for a strong west wind. Shortly after nine o'clock we arrived at Shell Creek, which is about six or eight feet wide with a very poor bridge. But we succeeded in getting all the wagons safely over. This was about five miles from where we camped last night. We then passed through a small grove of timber and once more entered upon the wide, open prairie. At half past eleven, we stopped by the side of a small lagoon to feed and lunch; we were now five miles from Shell Creek. While camped here three deer passed about half a mile west of the wagons. O. P. Rockwell and Thomas Brown mounted their horses and gave chase for about five miles but could not secure any venison. The wind has fallen and it is very warm and dusty. At 1 p.m. we again set out, the horse teams taking the lead. We traveled ten miles further and encamped near a cottonwood grove on the banks of the river. This was about half past five; and Brother Tanner's bellows and anvil were put in place and a number of wagon tires were set before dark.

John S. Higbee, Luke Johnson, S. Markham and some others had started with the boat and seine ahead of the camp about noon and went to a lake two miles beyond this place. They took over two hundred very nice fish and returned with them about the time the camp was formed. The fish were distributed according to the number of persons in each wagon, generally two to a wagon, and the camp enjoyed them very much at supper.

I went to the river and bathed my feet which were very dusty and sore. I also washed my socks as well as I could in cold water without soap. After Brother Luke Johnson had finished his distribution of fish, I again asked him to draw my tooth. He willingly consented and applied his instrument. But he only got half the tooth; and the part which was left in my jaw made me suffer more than before. I ate but little supper and then went to bed, but could not sleep for the pain until near morning. The night was very calm and pleasant.

(To be Continued.)

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER XII.

(Continued from page 238.)

THIS news was as agreeable as it was startling. Feodor gathered from it much hope, and his sensations of encouragement were augmented when Oserov announced an absolute intention to devote every energy to the release of his two noble friends.

While they were conversing, the approach of the different miners with boxes laden with ore occasionally interrupted them; but each time when one of the toiling exiles appeared at the end of the corridor with his burden, General Pojarsky withdrew to the gloom of the abandoned chamber or seemed to busy himself with an examination of its arched opening.

After some consideration, Feodor said:

"Paul Oserov, for my own life I care nothing, except as it can minister to my beloved son. I am a broken old man, rapidly descending the last hill of a tiresome journey; and I would willingly give my existence at this moment or bind myself to toil here until the grave shall open beneath my weary feet, if either course could free Vladimir."

"Is there no means," he continued, "of our making the pardon answer for my boy instead of myself? Come, my brave soldier, you have courage and a quick wit; can you not devise some means, however daring or even fatal on my part, which can make the substitution of Vladimir Pojarsky for Nicolaus Hulinski a possibility and a final success?"

Oserov shook his head. "We must not attempt too much," he answered, "or we shall lose all. Besides, what would it profit us? You know as I do that Lieutenant Pojarsky would never accept the sacrifice."

Sorrowing at the instant destruction of his chimerical plan, and yet exulting at this honest praise of his son, Feodor admitted the fact.

"Then," added Paul, "we must devise means for the escape of both. Without delay I will proceed to secure you a line through the old shaft. If you are released by imperial order, we two will never rest until your son is also free. If no favorable news concerning Hulinski's pardon is received before the expiration of my term of duty at this place, you must both manage to escape from the shaft, while I will be prepared to speed you away from this accursed spot."

"Let us watch our opportunity, then," answered the general, "and pray to heaven for Divine assistance."

A few moments later Vladimir was in possession of the news and his spirits rose with all their old-time buoyancy. Already he felt himself free, at St. Petersburg, in the presence of his princess—all his pains ended and his father by his side to bless and reward his beautiful Olga. But Feodor recalled these impulsive wanderings and reminded the youth how much they must dare, how many perils undergo, how many obstacles surmount, before they could be free. He even ventured to hint at the possibility of a total failure of their plans. Still Vladimir would not be greatly downcast; and as to a complete and final defeat of the project, he refused to entertain such an idea.

He said:

"No, my father, we shall not fail. What does the great Englishman make the greater Frenchman say to a faltering

page? 'There is not the word fail.' We will escape from this place of horrors. If we must avoid Russia, we will find some other land where you can safely dwell in the love of a gentle daughter and a reverent son."

By some means, without exciting any suspicion, Oserov obtained from the commander of the guards a detail to act as a sentry in the mine each alternate day during the remainder of his term. Indeed, it was a duty greatly shunned by most of the soldiers, and their selfishness prompted them to acquiesce and even greatly aid in the new arrangement. Each opportunity, in the ensuing days, he spoke cheering words to Feodor and Vladimir. Before a week was out he announced that he had examined the mouth of the abandoned shaft. It was in a better location than he had thought of hoping—situated in a little hollow around a bend of the hillside, it was at a considerable distance, and completely hidden from the guard-house. He had even done more than this: he had visited Berezovsk and made acquaintance there which promised wonders: he doubted not, by the liberal use of money—all powerful in Russia as elsewhere—that he should soon be in possession of two long knotted ropes and such clothing as might be necessary for men who were to brave an escape from Siberia.

Despite all his eager energy, his caution compelled him to move slowly, and the second month of Vladimir's toilsome stay had expired, when Oserov said:

"All is ready. A strong beam crosses the mouth of the shaft and bears two heavy ropes, knotted and looped into easy spaces, and long enough to reach the bottom. Also there are clothes, some light and some furred, from which you can make such selection as the season of your escape shall require, to be exchanged for the tell-tale exile garb with which you could not travel a *verst* without capture. The covering of the mouth of the shaft, except the beam, you can remove with little effort. And now we only await the hour for deliverance—God speed the time!"

"I have to add," he said to Vladimir, "that I have spent more than half of the fortune you entrusted to my care. But," with a telling wink, "officers, governors, secretaries and even some merchants place a very high cash value upon their honesty and patriotism."

The day was closely approaching for Oserov's return to St. Petersburg, and nothing further had yet been heard concerning Hulinski's pardon. Only a week at last remained, and the three friends began to plan for a double escape. But one night the commander, with a good-nature quite unusual with him, said to Feodor:

"Nicolaus Hulinski, I have some good news for you. Some time since I sent a report concerning you, in answer to imperial request, and expected that it would soon bring a gracious pardon from the czar. But through some mischance, for which the careless courier has been disgraced, knouted and imprisoned, my report never reached St. Petersburg. A new demand has come for a repetition of the answer, and I have received most positive assurance that his most gracious majesty intends to pardon you and restore you once more to life and wealth, if he finds my report satisfactory. I would not tell you this news now only you look as if you needed something to drive brooding care from your face. Cheer up, man, a few months at most will see you away from the arsenic mine."

(To be Continued.)

To criminate and recriminate never yet was the road to reconciliation.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE Christianity of the present day, as believed in and practiced by many of the sects, is but little, if any, better than many forms of paganism. Originally, as taught by the Savior, Christianity was pure, divine truth, and contained every principle necessary for man's happiness and perfection. But the Lord Himself and His disciples were slain for teaching these truths. The world did not want them, and to check their growth they slew those who taught them. By degrees, much that was true in Christianity was changed; it was made to accommodate itself to popular views, until it became a corrupt system of idolatry. It retained the name of the Savior, but very few of the pure doctrines which He taught.

Reformers have arisen in various ages, who have seen many of its errors and failings, and have endeavored to correct them. Many of them, in their turn, were slain. To-day Christendom is divided into numberless sects, each one claiming that its doctrines are true and that its path is the best one, and that it leads to salvation.

The Old and the New Testaments have been preserved and come down to us in some degree of purity; though we are told in the Book of Mormon that "they have taken away from the gospel of the Lamb, many parts which are plain and most precious; and also many covenants of the Lord have they taken away. And all this have they done, that they might pervert the right ways of the Lord; that they might blind the eyes and harden the hearts of the children of men. Wherefore, thou seest that after the book has gone forth through the hands of the great and abominable church, that there are many plain and precious things taken away from the book, which is the book of the Lamb of God."

Notwithstanding these plain and precious parts have been taken from the Bible, there is still too much truth in these remaining sacred books for so-called Christians to believe. The chief difficulty the Latter-day Saints have to contend with is, that Christians, so-called, will not believe their own Bible. In this respect they are like other races and nations, whom they call pagans. The Parsees have their sacred book, the Hindoos have theirs, the Buddhists have theirs, the Chinese have theirs, and the Mohammedans have theirs. Some of these books are of very great antiquity, and are the collection of the sayings and writings of wise men and sages who lived long ago. For some of these even inspiration from God is claimed.

The Parsees' sacred book is called the Zend-Avesta. It was commenced by Zoroaster, who is said to have lived twelve hundred years before the Savior, though the exact date cannot be ascertained. It is certain that he must have lived in very early times, because he and his religious reform are referred to in the Vedas, (the Hindoo sacred book), whose great antiquity has been proven. His followers believed that God revealed to him that which he wrote, and that his writings are inspired. The book was completed about four hundred years

before Christ. Many of Zoroaster's writings were destroyed by Alexander the Great, when he conquered the Persian empire, and they were lost beyond recovery.

Mohammed wrote the Koran, and he professed to be a prophet of God, and his followers accept his writings as inspired.

We know by the revelations which God has given to us that our Bible was written by men who were His servants, and that it is a precious record, filled with heavenly truth. We also know that the Book of Mormon is a true record which has come to us in purity, having been translated by an inspired man under the direction of the Almighty. We also know that the revelations given to us as the Church of Jesus Christ, which are published in the book of Doctrine and Covenants, with many others that have been received since then, are also from God, and are pure truths.

But while we have this knowledge, we do not imagine that all the truth which God has ever revealed is contained in these books; neither do we imagine that the men who wrote the Bible and the Book of Mormon are the only ones in ancient days to whom He revealed truth. Many wise men were raised up, and though they did not have the Priesthood, the Lord gave them clear views of truth.

Zoroaster, if all accounts be true of him, was a great reformer, if he was not a prophet. Much pure truth was given to him; but his followers have departed from his teachings. So with the followers of the religious teachings of Chinese sages including Confucius.

There can be no doubt that Mohammed, had much truth revealed to him, and he was raised up to do a great work; but his followers have departed in many directions from his teachings.

Buddah, also, was no doubt inspired of the Lord to teach many important principles, and his doctrines have had vast influence; but his followers, like the followers of other great reformers, have departed from the original truths which he taught.

In every nation men have been raised up and been called of the Lord to effect reforms among their fellow-men and to teach important truths. Many of the so-called Christians arrogantly believe that they have been favored above all the rest of the world. In some respects they have been; for they believe in Jesus as the Son of God, and they have His teachings in considerable purity. But other nations and races have not been forgotten by the Lord. They have had great truths taught to them; and in many instances they have profited by them. There have been millions of people, probably, whom the Christians call pagans, whose lives have been as acceptable to the true God as the lives of the same number of so-called Christians. The reason of this is plain; they lived up to the light which God had given them, and this is all that He could require of them.

The history of mankind surely proves that men require constant revelation from God to guide them. Books will not do it. However full of divine truth they may be, men will construe them differently and will depart from them.

The histories of Christians and Pagans alike illustrate this truth. No nation or people can walk in the true path without the living oracles to guide them. Wherever the true Priesthood of the Son of God is, and is maintained in its purity and power, there the living oracles are, and to them the Lord communicates His will, and they become guides to the people, if the latter will accept them.

CONTENTMENT and happiness go hand in hand.

AN ESQUIMAU WEDDING.

THE wedding ceremonies of the Esquimaux do seem rather rude to our eyes, but they nevertheless express the idea of faithfulness, which is the foundation of the marriage relation. Such ceremonies as are described in the following would not be inappropriate in some parts of this country, where divorces are easily obtained:

Shortly there entered in silence a cortege drawing a dog-sled, in which was seated the high priest of the tribe, and a more villainous-looking object I never beheld. He was stripped to the waist, and smeared with oil and coloring matter in stripes, which gave him the appearance of a Chinese joss; on his head was a *tiara* of bears' claws, surmounted by an enormous polar bear's head.

On his shoulders were placed erect on end two large wahrus tusks, fancifully decorated with stripes of red flannel, which had been obtained from the clothing of a drowned sailor washed ashore. The lower part of his body was covered with other skins, over which were spread a number of young seals, all alive and barking; in the right hand he held a spear, which he waved aloft in a theatrical manner, while with his left hand he motioned to the bride and groom to approach him.

The whole concourse arose, and, with shouts of gladness, capered around the priest's chariot. This he submitted to for a space of ten minutes, and then, imperiously waving his spear, commanded silence.

The groom was now directed to prostrate himself upon his back, and the bride directed to place her right foot upon his throat, which she did evidently with reluctance. While in this position, the priest instructed the groom that such was to be his fate, trodden under foot by men, should he ever prove untrue to his plighted troth.

He was then permitted to rise and directed to approach the old chief, who placed his spear at his breast, telling him it would be his doom should he prove untrue. He was next directed to his father, who, producing a piece of fishing-line, informed him that he would choke to death his offspring should he prove unfaithful.

Then, to cap the climax, he was directed to face the entire tribe, who, brandishing their spears, yelled at the top of their voices vengeance on him in the event of unfaithfulness. At this juncture, the groom, apparently overcome with emotion, dropped on the ground and, bowing his head, cried, "I will be true!" until raised to his feet by the bride.

OLD ENGLISH WORDS.—The vocabulary of the ignorant changes more slowly than that of the learned. Among the uncultivated, a number of obsolete words are now used which were such good English five hundred years ago that they were employed in the best literary style of those days. For instance, among the words used by Wiclif in his translation of the Bible, made in 1380, are "wastle," for wrestle; "sich," for such; "axe," for ask; "susteren," for sisters, and "bretheren," for brethren.

The Irishman who "axes" a question little thinks that he is using a word that is found in Wiclif's Bible and Chaucer's poetry. Nor did Artemus Ward, and the like humorists, suspect that they were not original when they spoke and wrote of "susteren" and "bretheren."

NAPOLEON'S MEMORY.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS never lost a fact or date, but it was because he kept a diary. When we read how Napoleon remembered, we hardly wonder that his self-dependence and self-confidence amounted to arrogance sometimes. Powers like his justify unusual positiveness. An eastern paper says:

"The Emperor Napoleon was at Erfurt. A legion of kings and princes had come to humble their crowns before his recent royalty. At one of the soirees which he gave at this brilliant court, the conversation turned on an ancient pontifical bull, about the date of which there was some doubt. An Austrian prelate indicated a period which the emperor contested.

"I am better informed than your majesty on such subjects," said the prelate, "and I think I am certain of what I state."

"And for my part," said the emperor, "I do not say I believe; I say I am certain that you are deceived. Besides, the truth may be easily ascertained. Let such a work be brought, and if I am wrong I will hasten to acknowledge it."

"The book was brought. The emperor was right. The whole assembly were astonished at such an excellent memory on the part of one whose head was constantly occupied by a crowd of other subjects.

"When I was a lieutenant," said the emperor; these simple words—"When I was a lieutenant"—produced a singular effect on all present. All the representatives of the old monarchies looked at each other smiling.

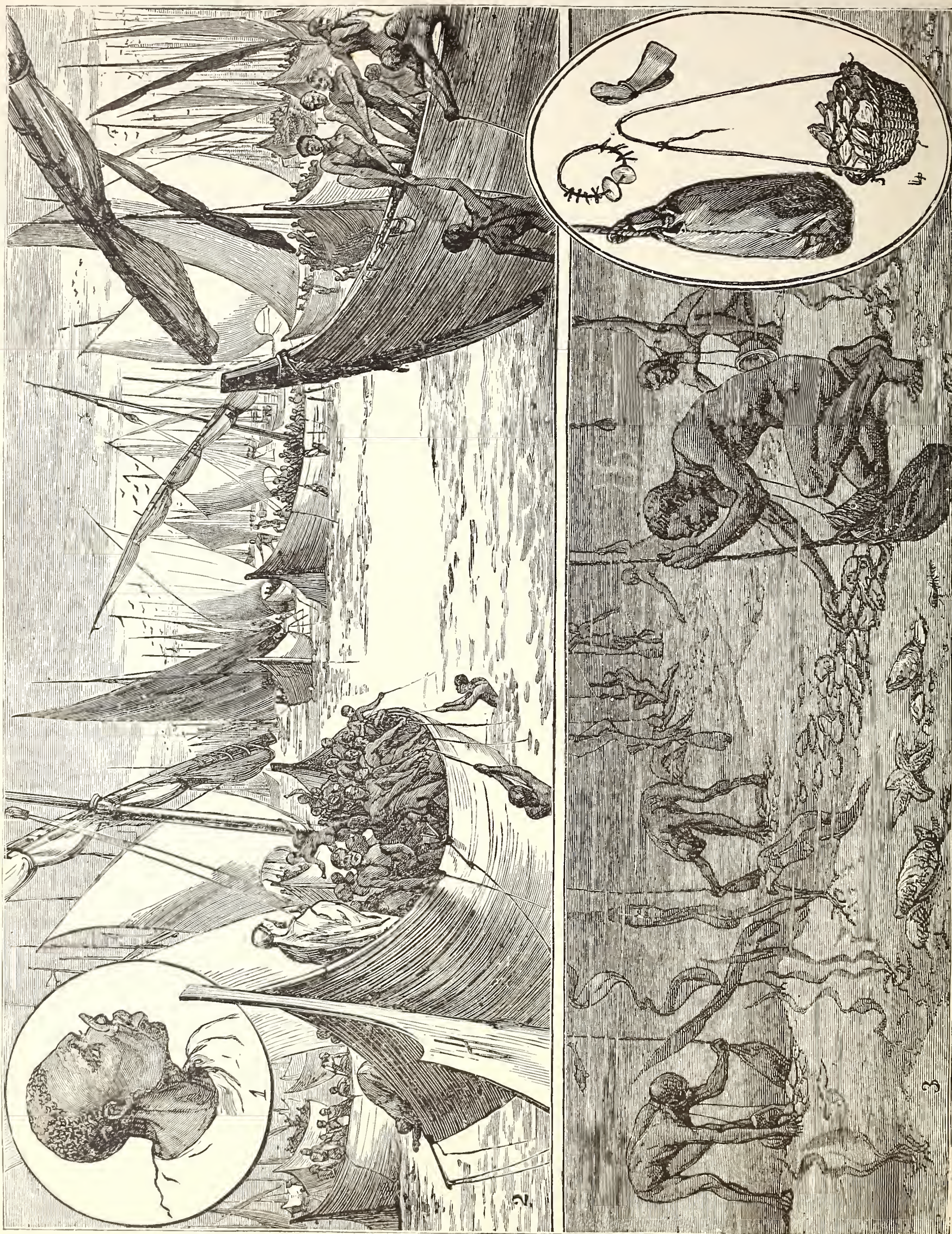
"When I had the honor to be a lieutenant of artillery," continued the emperor in a louder tone, "I remained two years in a garrison in a city of Dauphine, which had but a single circulating library. I read three times the whole collection, and not a word of what I read at that period ever escaped me. The title of the book which has just been brought figured on the list. I read it with the rest, and, as you have seen, I have not forgotten its contents."

SAGACITY OF ANTS.—When Dr. Franklin was in Paris, as he sat quietly and alone at his breakfast one morning, he saw a number of black ants busy with the contents of the sugar-bowl. He drove them away, but they returned. Again he dispersed them, but in a few minutes they were seen climbing from lump to lump, as if nothing had happened. To try their ingenuity, he had the sugar-bowl suspended by a string from the ceiling. They endeavored to reach it by standing on each other's backs; several mounted in that manner and reached upwards but in vain; the chain of ants fell down as fast as it was raised. After repeated attempts they went away, and he supposed they had given up the matter; but presently he saw them descending the string, and dropping down upon the lumps of sugar. They had scaled the walls, traversed the ceiling, and discovered another road to the treasure.

TRUTH and Happiness inhabit a palace, into which none can enter but humble, sincere and constant lovers.

UNGRACIOUSNESS in rendering a benefit, like a hoarse voice, mars the music of the song.

READING furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge: it is thinking makes what we read ours.



PEARL FISHING IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

IN the last issue of the INSTRUCTOR was presented a pearl-fishing scene near the Aru Islands, with a description of how the business of gathering pearls was carried on by the natives of those islands. Herewith we give a view of the pearl-fishery in the Persian Gulf, with an explanation of the manner of obtaining the pearl-oyster from the bottom of the ocean.

The pearl banks lie from twenty to thirty miles north of Bahrein, the chief port on the southern shore of the gulf. Hundreds of boats are employed in the fishery. They differ in size, but are alike in build. They are very elegantly shaped, and are both fast and picturesque. These vessels are manned by mixed crews of Gulf Arabs, Sidi Arabs (that is, naturalized Africans of the Zanzibar type), and a sprinkling of Persians. The fishing season begins at the end of the "Barrah Shamal," or period of strong north westers, which blow furiously during July, August, and September, and continues for the rest of the year, a month or two of Winter excepted, when the thermometer sinks to freezing-point, and snow storms are not unknown. The Arabs can stand the suffocating heat of Summer, but do not care to face the Winter cold.

The irregular grouping of the graceful prows of the fishing-boats renders the scene on the "banks" very picturesque, and the effect is enhanced by the constant shifting of position of the less fortunate members of this enormous "Mosquito Fleet."

The work is carried on throughout the day actively and merrily by the swarthy pearl-hunters. They are free from responsibility, but undergo no small bodily risk. They are employed by contractors (Bunyahs), chiefly Hindoos, who are business-like calculating men. These Bunyahs, again, are under the control of the pearl-merchants, who buy the produce of the fishery wholesale.

From dawn to dusk the divers go down into the sea, at intervals of from ten to twenty minutes, staying from one and three-fourths to two and one-fourth minutes under water. Before immersion they pray devoutly to "Allah" for protection against their enemies, the ground-sharks. They also wear "charms" made of bone and amber, blessed by their priest, who, while they are under water, assumes a devotional attitude, and mutters a continuous and monotonous intoned prayer.

When the boats are laden with pearl-oysters, they sail for Bahrein. The cargo is piled up in heaps on the beach, and left to decompose under the broiling sun. After this the decayed portion separates easily from the pearls, which lie between the flesh and the shell. Then they are washed, sorted according to size and luster, and sold to the merchants. Disputes among the pearl-fishers often take place, and sometimes a British gun-boat has to intervene to prevent bloodshed.

The fishing apparatus consists of a strong line with heavy weight attached; a pair of *pince-nez*, something like a clothes-peg, which prevents the water passing through the nostrils during the diver's rapid descent feet foremost; a basket, into which the oysters are scooped with the right hand from the rocky or sandy bottom; and sometimes, but not often, a knife for self-defense. The left hand retains its hold of the line, which is never let go. The diver is hauled up by the attendants overhead, as, being laden with oysters, he cannot help himself. The divers are well-paid, found in the necessities of life; and have constant employment.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Clarence C. Hearsey, H. M. Indian Marine.

The figure in the left-hand upper corner of the engraving on the opposite page is that of a Sidi-Arab Diver, with a pair of *pince-nez* on his nose. The scene below, numbered "2" is the "Mosquito Fleet" at anchor; No. 3 shows the divers at work below; and No. 4 represents the apparatus used by the divers.

PECULIARITIES OF AUTHORS.

GOETHE abominated smoking, though he was a German. Bayard Taylor says that he tolerated the use of the pipe by Schiller and his sovereign, Carl August, but otherwise was very severe in denouncing it. Goethe himself somewhere says that "with tobacco, garlic, bed-bugs and hypocrites he should wage perpetual war."

Authors vary in their methods of composition. Hawthorne made innumerable notes of every flitting, quaint fancy, strange anecdotes, or eccentric person. These notes he afterwards worked up into his stories. Several distinguished American writers have the habit of jotting a sentence, or a line or two here and there, upon a long page, and then filling up the outline thus made with persistent revision.

Wordsworth used to compose aloud while walking in the fields and woods. Sometimes he would use a slate-pencil and the smooth side of a rock to jot down his lines. Walter Scott worked fasting from five in the morning till about ten. He clung to his home and library, neatly arranged, where he could find any volume at a moment's warning. Lord Jeffrey used conversation to stimulate his mind to write a new article.

Professor Wilson, jotted down in a large ledger "skeletons," from which, when he desired an article, he would select one and clothe it with muscle and nerve. He was a very rapid writer and composer, but would work only when he liked.

Mrs Lewes, "George Eliot," incubates for two or three years before she writes a book, reading up her subject in scores and scores of volumes. She is one of the masters, so-called, of all learning, talking with scholars and men of science on terms of equality.

CAN YOU MEMORIZE THIS?—Generally the degree of ease with which sentences are memorized depends upon the clearness and intimacy of the ideas which they present. Some persons have such a memory for details that they can repeat a long column of figures or a catalogue of names, but most memories require association of ideas to aid them.

Macklin was once lecturing upon literature and the stage, and in discussing the education of memory, boasted that he could repeat any formula of words after once hearing it. Foote was in the audience, and at once wrote and sent to the stand that rignmarole that has since grown so famous:

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple-pie: at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What! no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Pincinies, the Jobolillies, and the Gay-rulies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at the top: and they all fell to playing the game of catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out of their boots."

Macklin failed, and so has everybody else that ever tried to repeat it. Suppose you try.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

PROFESSOR JULIUS H. SEELYE has an article in *The Forum* under the heading "Should the State Teach Religion?"

The professor was a member of Congress some years ago, and is now the president of the Amherst College. He is a clear thinker and possesses the courage of his convictions. He takes the ground that the State should teach religion. He quotes statistics to sustain his views. The insane in our population in 1850, he says, was one to 1,486; in 1860 it was one to 1,306; in 1870 it was one to 1,030; and in 1880 it was one to 549; that is, the ratio of the insane in our population has nearly trebled in thirty years.

Again, the ratio of idiotic persons in 1850 was one to 1,469; in 1880 it was one to 656.

In 1850 one out of every 2,365 of our population was a deaf-mute; but in 1880 the proportion was one out of 1,197.

In 1850 one out of 2,367 was blind; but in 1880 they had increased until there was one blind out of 1,033.

These statistics show a frightful increase in insanity and these other dreadful afflictions, and while it may be admitted that the census reports from which these statistics have been obtained have not always been completely accurate, these differences are not wholly due to them. It seems that the increase of insanity during the past century has been steady, large and universal in the civilized world, and has kept pace with the growth of what is called civilization.

In England and Wales the idiotic and insane have also very high doubled in the last twenty years. Professor Seelye shows that there is a larger proportion of the insane among the educated nations of Europe than among the races which have but little or no education. As to crime, and vice, and pauperism, and divorce, and illegitimacy, and vagrancy, and suicide, they are on the increase, he says, in our best-educated States.

The fiercest war now being waged against the two institutions of property and family, is being waged, he says, in the cities and States most conspicuous for their culture. The leaders in this war, who are aiming their weapons most relentlessly at the heart of society, are the choice products of the universities of the land.

He argues from these facts that the education to which the nation is giving such prodigious energy does not destroy or diminish the real perils of society, but suffers them to increase enormously; that the destruction of the people does not hinge upon their illiteracy, but upon their immorality; and that it is not their knowledge, but their virtue, which will save them. He asserts that a false religion will be found more conducive to virtue than no religion; and that an atheistic people, a people without religion, if such could be, could not have even virtue enough to maintain themselves as a people. He considers that the religious instruction of a people is indispensable to their very existence. Therefore, he contends the State ought to provide for the religious instruction of its population on the same grounds that it provides for any other instruction. He asks:

"Why does the State teach grammar, arithmetic, geography? Of course, only to make better citizens. But a better grammarian, a better arithmetician, a better geographer is not, as such, a better citizen. * * * He is the

better citizen only as he is the better man, and he is the better man only as he is the more loyal to truth and duty; in other words, only as he is the more obedient to God."

He admits there is a grave question of statesmanship as to what kind of religion the State should employ, and how far it should carry religious instruction in its schools; but, he says, the greatest mistake any government is likely to commit respecting religious instruction is to have none. "Any faith for a people is better than no faith." He asks:

"Why should not the life of Jesus Christ enter into all our processes of education? Is there any reason why we should teach the life of Julius Caesar in our schools, and should not teach the life of Jesus Christ? Which is the grandest character of the two? Which is the more potent factor in the history of the world? * * * Why, then, should not Christ's history be taught, not simply in Christian families and the Christian church, but in unchristian families in the unchristian world as well? Why should not a wise statesman, who sees what the story of His life has actually done in dispelling darkness, in relieving sorrow, in removing sin, take advantage of it, and use it in the largest measure? * * * The life of Jesus is, to say the least, no less authentically recorded for us than the life of Julius Caesar."

He concludes the article by saying that the State, for its own preservation, should provide for instruction in the four gospels of the New Testament.

While I may differ from Professor Seelye upon points of doctrine, I most heartily agree with him in many of his views and conclusions contained in this article.

Professor Seelye makes broad admissions when he says that "a false religion will be found more conducive to virtue than no religion," and that "any faith for a people is better than no faith;" yet the history of the world furnishes evidence of the correctness of the statements. All Christians declare that the Shintoism and Buddhism of Japan are false religions. They have, however, been strictly enforced and have been universally lived up to by the people; and with what results? Notwithstanding the wars and convulsions which have occurred, the reigning dynasty of Japan is the oldest in the known world; the present emperor being the one hundred and twenty-third mikado of Japan. The same may be said respecting China, whose religions are idolatrous, but whose existence as a nation dates back to upwards of two thousand years before the birth of our Savior. With their false religions, these nations have possessed great virtues.

There is no good reason why the biographies and writings of pagan philosophers should be admitted into our schools, while the life, teachings and works of the Son of God are denied admission there. As our schools are now managed, the infidel has every advantage. Infidelity is almost sure to follow the use of many of the text books. The books which are opposed to true religion and to imparting a true knowledge of all that is holiest, best and most valuable for men to know are rigidly excluded from the school-room. This is wrong. No people in the world ought to have a deeper interest than we, Latter-day Saints, in the question as to whether religion should be taught in the school-room. Our very existence is wholly dependent upon our religion. The most deadly blow that could be struck at our organization would be to deprive our children of instruction in our religion. The prosperity and permanency of our society depends upon the thorough instruction of the rising generation in its principles.

I have the best of reasons for placing a high estimate upon education. My life has been such as to impress me with its

value. But I never did believe in secular education alone. Divested of religious teaching and it is nearly, if not quite, as dangerous to society and the State as ignorance itself. The increase of crime in the States where education receives the greatest attention is a proof of this. To make education perfect there must be a training and development of man's spiritual nature. To train and sharpen the intellect, and leave man's moral nature untouched, is only partial education, and is dangerous in its results.

We have a religion which is a great power in uplifting and educating men and women. When obeyed by ignorant and illiterate people it effects a great change in their condition. Hundreds and thousands of instances are known among our people of men and women who could scarcely read the Bible being able to meet and overthrow in argument well-educated and learned men. The out-pouring of the Holy Ghost upon the people enlarges their minds, quickens their understandings and strengthens their memories. Those who receive it are frequently surprised at witnessing its effects upon themselves, while their acquaintances are compelled to admit the change and improvement there is wrought in them.

Now, this is a potent factor in the education of our children. Under the influence of the Holy Spirit children can make wonderfully rapid progress in the comprehension of all truth, and there is no science that cannot be greatly simplified under its influence.

As we are now, five days in the week are devoted to secular education; if the children go to Sunday school, a part of one day is devoted to religious instruction. This is not as it should be. A portion of every day, while the children are in school, should be spent in teaching them the principles and duties of their religion.

I shall never be satisfied in my feeling until this shall be the practice throughout our land.

SIXTY YEARS WITHOUT MEAT.—A very sufficient reason for letting alone any particular kind of food is that you don't want it. Persons that never ate meat, because of a constitutional dislike to it, are good advertisements for the "vegetarians," but not examples of abstinence.

There is said to be now living, one-half mile south of Homestead, Penn., an old farmer by the name of Abraham Blatt, who is about sixty years of age, is healthy, robust, and as strong as a horse, who has never in his lifetime tasted the least bit of meat of any kind. He says he never tasted beef, pork, mutton or veal, eats no kind of poultry, no kind of fish, no kind of game, in fact, nothing pertaining to meat. He has such an abhorrence of meat that when they kill a cow or hog on his premises, he generally leaves home and goes about other business. He is the father of a large family, all healthy children. Among them is also one boy, who, like his father, eats no meat of any kind. In reply to the questions put to the father, how he could work so hard without eating any meat, he says he believes he is much healthier than if he ate meat. He uses very little butter.

PERSEVERING OBEDIENCE—He only who endures to the end shall be saved. Of no avail will it be to have entered on the way of righteousness, if we turn from it. The rewards of heaven are not secured to any individual by an immutable decree. Through the mercy of God and the merits of a Savior, they are conferred only on those who do His commandments; and when we cease to do His commandments, we forfeit our title to these rewards.

TO A CHILD.

BY A. J. CROCHERON.

AMY, dear child, of all thy friends
Prize first and best thy mother;
Her love for thee would still live on
Though changed were every other.
Thy youthful mind not now can judge
Its depth, and worth, and beauty:
Life's lessons and life's years alone
Can teach thy debt and duty.

Then follow where her counsels lead—
True mothers ne'er guide wrongly—
Gather her teachings to thy heart
And therein bind them strongly.
And let thy father's memory,
With hers, light thine ambition,
To fill in like integrity
Life's every worthy mission.

The friendships that we prize to-day
Are but as beacons, leading
To sweeter years and holier love,
If we God's words are heeding.
Shouldst thou e'er search in memory's hour
Earth's truest friends—no others—
Thy lone heart may be sure of these:
Thy father's and thy mother's.

DIVERSITY OF COLOR IN THE SEA.—The waters of the sea, in different places and at different times, present almost every hue of the rainbow. Apart from the influence of the condition of the atmosphere on the light reflected by the ocean, there are seas which always present one shade of unusual color. Thus there are the Yellow Sea of China, the Vermillion Sea of California, the Red Sea, the Black Sea, etc. The hue of the last-named is attributed to the frequent storms which agitate its surface, and the quantity of earthy matter brought into its bosom by the Danube and other rivers. But the tinge of the Red and other colored seas is due to the presence of myriads of animalcules, while to the same cause is ascribed the "white water" of the Pacific Ocean, which extends between twenty and thirty miles, about lat. 8 deg. 40 min. S, and long. 105 deg. 30 min. E. The brilliant phosphorescence of the sea has also its source in minute organic life. Admiral Smyth remarks, as an instance of the variation of color in adjacent waters, that the usual tint of the Mediterranean, when undisturbed by accidental or local causes, is a bright and deep blue; but in the Adriatic a green tinge is prevalent; and in the Levant basin it borders on purple. Seamen generally admit one conclusion with regard to color—that a green hue is a general indication of soundings, and indigo-blue a token of profound depth.

THE great end of religion is to make us like God, and conduct us to the enjoyment of Him. Whatever is called religious knowledge, if it does not direct us in the way to this end, is not religious knowledge, but something else falsely so called.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(*Continued from page 222.*)

THE Prophet Joseph Smith says: "There is no fundamental principle belonging to a human system that ever goes into another in this world or in the world to come. I care not what the theories of men are. We have the testimony that God will raise us up, and He has the power to do it. If any suppose that any part of our bodies, that is, the fundamental parts thereof, ever goes into another body he is mistaken."

There can be no question but the author of these words uttered one scientific truth, at least, when he enunciated this doctrine. He most emphatically divides the material composing our bodies into two kinds; that is, the fundamental or essential, and the non-essential. This distinction is exactly the same as that which obtains with scientific physiologists, who affirm that one portion of our physical system is living, and the other is dead or effete; the respective quantities being vastly disproportionate in favor of the non-essential kind.

Having found one peculiar agreement between the teachings of science and those of the Prophet, we may rationally expect to find others also; and such is the fact. We infer from the language of the foregoing quotation that the non-fundamental portions of a dead corporeity may be absorbed and assimilated by another living organism. Enough dead and effete substance is found in all animal organisms to supply the whole demand of our food wants.

The quantity of new material, of an animal nature, which is daily actually assimilated with our physical structure is surprisingly small. By a previous calculation we found that seven and one-half pounds of new animal substance supplies the needs of average men for seven years. Seven years of 365 days each equal 2,555 days. If we eat three meals every day, then in that time we have consumed 7,665 meals; and, distributing the seven and one-half pounds as an equal average among them, we find our dinner will furnish us with the one thousand and twenty-second part of a pound of animal substance which has really been made an integral part of our system. This quantity is almost exactly equal to the one-fourth part of a dram, avoirdupois weight. Should any one be curious to know what amount of solid substance will weigh one-fourth of a dram, some chemist may, perhaps, gratify the desire.

Now, if one-fifth part of our food is flesh, such diet must supply us at each meal with the one-twentieth part of a dram. How much do we eat? If we say one pound of meat each day, then that quantity gives one third of a pound for each and every meal. Nine-tenths of the flesh is water, so there is left but the one-tenth of one-third; that is, the one-thirtieth of a pound that is animal substance. Only one-half of this is essential or fundamental, the other half being effete matter; the one-half of one-thirtieth is one-sixtieth; that is, in the one-third of a pound of flesh which has been eaten there is one-sixtieth of a pound of non-fundamental animal substance, and this fraction of a pound equals four and one fourth drams and a little over.

By comparing the amount of food assimilated with the amount of effete matter offered for absorption, we discover our organs actually accept but one part in eighty-five. This

means, in plain English, that we could assimilate eighty-five times more animal food than we do without necessitating the absorption of a single fundamental particle of its essential animal substance.

If we eat but the one-sixth of a pound of flesh at each meal, and this quantity still supplies one-fifth of our food, there is yet but one part in forty-two and a half of the effete matter that our natures require for their sustenance.

These are the facts respecting the eating of brute flesh, and of course they will hold true in instances of cannibalism. There is, then, no absolute necessity why the fundamental parts of flesh that is eaten must be taken into and incorporated with another body.

Some may think the estimate of food actually assimilated by our organism daily, or at each meal, is entirely too low; and it might appear that several ounces, at least, are required. But if, instead of the small quantity estimated, we say three ounces per day are necessary, then, since in adult forms of animals, waste and supply are equal, our whole physical organism must change once in every forty days. Were this a fact, infidelity might well abandon any attempt to overthrow the resurrection doctrine upon physiological grounds.

The figures given are based upon scientific data and any material change in them will necessitate the adoption of a new scientific theory of physiology.

It is admitted that such a small quantity of newly-assimilated solid substance does not seem adequate as a base for the great strength that is manifested by an adult human organism. But no means are at hand to determine just how much latent power resides in matter. All we know is that it is very great. Water is converted into steam, and the power exhibited by it in that condition is wonderful; but if the steam be superheated, it takes on almost supernatural and uncontrollable power. These facts show us that if we knew how to arouse to the fullest extent all the latent power resident in water we might, perhaps, obtain from a thimblefull as much as we now secure from hundreds, or even thousands of gallons.

Thus nature in her wonderful laboratory may cause a very small amount of food to manifest all the power observable in the strongest adult forms of human life.

But another weighty fact must be considered, viz: Digestion, absorption and assimilation are not essentially necessary to communicate the latent power of matter to the particles of our bodies. A person who is extremely exhausted from hunger will feel revived the moment almost that food enters his mouth; and the thrilling impulse of the communicated power affects the remotest part of his organism. All this transpires before sufficient time has elapsed for assimilation to occur. Water, also, which is not generally regarded as food, in the proper sense of the term, will impart fresh energy to our bodies when we are extremely exhausted by merely touching it to our lips. How such results are obtained if some of the latent power of food substance be not communicated by contact simply, we cannot conjecture. Indeed, physiological facts indicate that assimilation of food material is required merely to supply the place of the cast off or effete particles of our bodies; while our strength is derived from the decomposition of nutrient matter, by which process its latent power is set free and stored in our bodies and thus prepared to meet our drafts at sight. Could this force not be thus stored our bodies would be useless the moment the process of digestion, etc., ceases temporarily, which is very often the case.

It will be perceived, then, why there is no physical necessity that more food substance should be assimilated than sufficient

to equal waste. This truth applies to adult forms only; not to growing ones.

(To be Continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 231.)

ON the 5th of May, I went with a couple of brethren to hunt some timber suitable for making pack-saddles to be used on our trip for home. Not finding any, we went to the bay in search of clams to roast. Here we found the skeleton of a whale, said to have been a small one: the ribs were nine feet long and nearly a foot wide. The joints of the backbone we broke asunder and carried two of them to our fort to use for seats. They were bleached nice and white and were very light. While stationed at San Diego the boys were permitted to take jobs and work for the citizens.

On the 10th of May, I went with some of our men about six or eight miles out into the country to cut cord wood for burning bricks. We were paid two dollars per cord.

On the 11th, Brother Albert Dunham was buried. The doctor said he died with an ulcer on the brain. He was a good man and respected by all.

On Sunday, May 23rd, our fort was visited by a party of Spanish ladies and gentlemen. They were well dressed and fair, and pronounced by our boys to be very handsome. The Spanish ladies dress in silks and satins. About this time the boys began to purchase wild horses and mules and break them to the saddle. The prices for the horses were from three to seven dollars; and wild mules were bought for from nine to fifteen dollars each.

On the 14th of June, news reached us that General Taylor had subdued Santa Anna, whereon we gave the general a cheer of twenty cannon shots.

On the 24th of June, Lieutenant Robert Clift of our company was appointed *alcalde* (justice of the peace) for San Diego.

Sunday, July 4th, at daylight, five pieces of artillery were fired from our fort to welcome in the birthday of American Independence, after which we marched in order down into town and gave our officers a hearty salute of musketry, also cheering the whole town. This seemed to take so well with the citizens that they brought out all the wine and brandy the boys wanted and a great deal more.

Orders were now given for Company B to be ready to march in four days for Los Angeles, there to be discharged with the rest of the battalion on the 16th. This to us was good news. The citizens of San Diego now began to plead to have us re-enlist, saying they did not want us to leave, for they did not want the dragoons nor the marines stationed there. The "Mormons" were more peaceful and attended to their own business; they were industrious and had greatly improved their town, etc. One of their leading men said that when he heard the "Mormons" were coming he was inclined to take his family and leave, for he had been told we were a very bad people; that we would steal anything we could lay our hands on, and that their women would be in great danger when out alone. He had been surprized to learn the contrary.

On the 8th of July, our brick masons finished laying up a brick building to be used as a court-house and for schools.

Brothers Philander Colton, Henry Wilcox, Rufus Stoddard and William Garner made forty thousand bricks for Mr. Bandena, a Spanish gentleman. They paved some of their yards and walks. We dug a number of wells (before our coming they had none) and walled them up with brick. Brother Sidney Willis made log pumps and put into some of their wells; and our carpenters did considerable fixing up and finishing rooms in their dwellings.

On the 9th of July, we left for Los Angeles, where we arrived on the 15th; and on the 16th the battalion was discharged from service. I felt happy and thanked God I was free; and I was not alone in these feelings. From some cause we were not paid off until the 19th of July. All this time Uncle Sam's representatives were seeking volunteers, urging the men to re-enlist. One company from our ranks entered the service for six months and was sent to San Diego under Captain Daniel Davis.

On the evening of the 20th, all those who were for going home met together and appointed Elisha Everett and nine or ten others to act as pioneers by going ahead and selecting the way we should travel. The next morning, Captain Everett and company (myself one of the number) set forward, leaving the main camp to complete their organization, which was to be in companies of hundreds, fifties and tens. Our course was now up the Los Angeles River, in a northerly direction. At noon we halted and camped for the balance of the day and night. We felt like birds let out of a cage, it being just one year since we took up our line of march at Council Bluffs.

The next day we passed over twelve miles of very sandy plain. Reaching General Pico's ranch, we bought some fine pears and also took a little wine for our stomachs' sake. Proceeding a few miles farther we camped where we had excellent feed and good water. Mr. Pico visited our little camp. He was affable, good natured as well as good looking. He was a fine specimen of humanity, well dressed, wearing a red silk sash around his body. He bore in his hand a lance and showed us how it was used, manœuvring it as if in action with an enemy.

By the 27th, all hands were up, when it was agreed to purchase cattle to drive along to kill for beef; and, accordingly, forty-five head were bought at the Francisco Ranch (fine, fat three-year-olds) for six dollars per head, amounting to \$270.

On the 28th, we broke camp, driving our cattle before us. We found them to be very wild and hard to drive. They would charge at us and our horses or mules, as the case might be; and in crossing a mountain densely covered with underbrush we lost fifteen head. The next day we lost three, and on the 30th of July concluded to stop and kill what was left and save our beef before losing any more. Wood for fires was plentiful. Crotches were cut and drove into the ground, upon which scaffolds were made, when the meat was cut up in thin slices and laid on them and nicely jerked.

The next morning the pioneers set forward, leaving the camp to complete the drying business and then to follow on our trail. That evening we camped in a canyon, where we found cut on a tree near our camp the name:

"Peter LeBeck, killed by a bear, Oct. 17th, 1837."

Poor man! I felt sorry for him; this called to my mind the day when the dead would be baptized for by their friends; and for this purpose I made a note of his death in my journal. Near by was the skull and bleached bones of a grizzly bear.

(To be Continued.)

THE TRIALS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

WORDS BY E. R. SNOW.

MUSIC BY T. C. GRIGGS.

The tri - als of the present day Require the Saints to watch and pray, That

The tri - als of the present day Require the Saints to watch and pray,

they may keep the nar - row way To the ee - les - tial glo - ry.

For even Saints may turn aside,
For fear of ills that may betide,
Or else induced by worldly pride,
And lose celestial glory.

O'er rugged cliffs and mountains high,
Through sunless vales the path may lie,
Our faith and confidence to try,
In the celestial glory.

Fear not, though life should be at stake,
But think how Jesus for our sake
Endured, that we might yet partake
Of the celestial glory.

We here may sometimes suffer wrong,
But when we join with Enoch's throng
We'll loudly echo victory's song
In the celestial glory.

What though by some who seem devout,
Our names as evil are cast out,
If honor clothe us round about
In the celestial glory!

Be steadfast, and with courage hold
The key of God's eternal mould,
That will the mysteries unfold,
Of the celestial glory.

O let your hearts and hands be pure,
And faithful to the end endure,
That you the blessing may secure
Of the celestial glory.

Then let the times and seasons fly,
And bring the glorious period nigh
When Zion will be raised on high
In the celestial glory.

KINGS AT TABLE.

REPUBLICANS are not supposed to be friendly to kings, yet they are sufficiently curious to learn all that they may about their habits of life. The *Home Journal* pleasantly gossips about the appetite of several kings. Of Frederick the Great, quoting from Mirabeau, who was at Berlin shortly before the monarch's death, it says:

"The king eats every day of ten or twelve dishes at dinner, each very highly seasoned, beside, at breakfast and supper, bread and butter, covered with salted tongue and pepper.

"On the Fourth of July, when the doctor"—the celebrated Zimmermann, from Hanover—"saw the king in the afternoon, a' had changed for the worse. He had applied himself to public business from half-past three in the morning till seven. He then ate for his breakfast a plate of sweetmeats, composed of sugar, white of eggs, and sour cream; then strawberries, cherries, and cold meat." Frederick's illness was dropsy. He died on the seventeenth of August, 1786."

William III, the savior of our liberties, both ate and drank more than was good for him. He loved to sit many hours at table; indeed, dinner was his chief recreation. Nothing must interfere with his enjoyment; the Princess Anne might look wistfully at that dish of young peas, but she looked in vain,

for the king ate them all, and never even offered her a spoonful. She revenged herself by calling the deliverer "Caliban,"

Among other sovereigns, we find the great Napoleon a voracious eater. Some one has attributed the loss of the battle of Leipsic to the effects of a shoulder of mutton, stuffed with onions, with which the emperor literally gorged himself, so as to become incapable of clear-minded and vigorous action. He ate very fast. The state banquets at the Tuileries lasted about thirty-five minutes.

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A HERD OF ELEPHANTS.

THE largest land animal of the earth is very loving toward its fellows, abiding in herds for company and for operations defensive and offensive. Each herd is very select and exclusive in its membership—as much so as aristocratic human society in the West End or Fifth Avenue. So marked is this

elephants themselves. One herd will be distinguished by extraordinary stature; another by unusually strong limbs; another by great bulkiness of form; another by enormous tusks; and still another by peculiarity of trunks.

In the East Indies, these differences have long been care-



AN AFRICAN HERD MAKING A ROAD THROUGH THE FOREST.

characteristic of the elephant, that family peculiarities and distinctions are noticeable in every herd; and these kinship features are easily recognized by observing hunters and by the

fully noted in Asiatic elephants, even among the various separate herds inhabiting the same forests; and particular names have been bestowed upon elephant families—such as ‘High-

caste" and "Low-caste." An unfortunate elephant which has become forever separated from its herd, either through the murderous onslaught of hunters who have destroyed or captured its companions, or through other mischance, is thenceforward a misanthrope, doomed to linger out its remainder of a long life of centuries in miserable solitariness. No other herd will receive it and it soon becomes maddened. It attacks man and depredates his fields most audaciously, continuing its devastation until some merciful bullet or spear ends its life of melancholy.

Comparatively few animals abide in a herd, though many herds may occupy one locality in perfect friendliness. Each herd has its own chosen leader, and this captain is usually an old and crafty as well as a very powerful creature. He is an absolute autocrat, dictating the advance or retreat of his followers. He examines all routes of march; and, being in the van, is the frequent object of assault by hunters, to whom he is a special prize because of the great size of his tusks. But at the slightest appearance of an attack his followers seek to protect him; and if the assault be pushed by hunters, the herd place their leader in the center and shield him with their own bodies, many of them falling self-sacrificed victims to their devotion.

The herds of elephants have for their favorite haunts cool, deep forests, from which they may make easy incursions to watering places and to rice fields. They are most unconscionable plunderers; but are restrained from their depredations by even the most fragile fence, of which they have a most unaccountable dread.

The march of the herd is conducted with great circumspection and good judgment. In the advance is the sagacious leader, who is constantly on the alert for danger. Passing through a traveled path, the shrewd old fellow carefully beats the ground with his trunk in search of pitfalls. When he discovers one by the hollow sound yielded by his blows, the spot is carefully surveyed and the troop stand quiet until the covering of the pit is torn away and it is unmasked and rendered harmless. Sometimes they form new roads through the forest by uprooting or breaking down the trees which stand in their line of march. They browse upon the tender foliage and upon the fruits. If hungry, and the fruit-bearing trees of the locality are too big to be uprooted and too high to be stripped, some huge bull of the herd uses his head as a battering ram. He rushes straight at the trunk of the tree and gives it such a prodigious thump that it quivers to its roots and its fruit is cast down in a perfect shower.

If the leader decides to cross a stream he plunges boldly in and his troop follow. They swim very easily wherever necessary. If the bank at which they desire to land is naturally too precipitous to be scaled, they fall upon it vigorously with their tusks, soon reducing it to the desired incline. This is often a fatal time for the elephants; for if they have taken to the water to escape the hunter, their delay at the landing place affords him a fine opportunity to pick them off with his explosive shells—especially if the stream be not more than two or three hundred yards in width.

A single elephant, either in its wild or domesticated state, is recognized as a creature of great intelligence; but the sagacity of herds in their movements and discipline is even more marked and surprising.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 246.)

Wednesday, April 21, 1847.—I arose at 4 o'clock, my face being easier though badly swollen. I breakfasted on fish and coffee, without bread. At 7 o'clock I started on foot, the ox teams having already gone in advance. There was some indication of rain and soon a slight shower fell. The wind was from the north-east and rather cool. A little before nine o'clock an Indian rode up to the first wagon and appeared very friendly. Soon afterward, six or eight others came running on foot from the timber about a mile to the left. At 10 o'clock we arrived at a fork in the road, the branch on the left leading to the new Pawnee village, and the branch to the right leaving the village some distance to the south. A consultation was held by President Young with Father Case, relative to the roads, river crossings, etc.; and it was concluded to take the right hand fork of the road. We proceeded accordingly, and at noon came in sight of the new Pawnee village, in an open spot on the south bank of the Loup Fork between two bodies of timber. The village appeared to be about three-quarters of a mile south of the road upon which we were traveling. At half past twelve we were opposite the village and we could then see distinctly upwards of one hundred lodges, apparently ranged in several lines, close together and in good order. We proceeded until we arrived at a long, narrow lake by the side of the timber and near to the river. At 1 o'clock the mid-day encampment was made on the bank of the lake, and guards were instantly placed at the passes, as many of the Indians had followed us. They had waded the river where there was a shoal. One of the Indians presented several certificates from persons who had previously been through the village, all declaring that the grand chief of the Pawnees was of a friendly disposition, and stating that they had made him presents of a little powder, lead, salt, etc. Heber gave the Indians a little tobacco and a little salt; President Young gave to the chief some powder, lead and salt; and a number of the brethren each gave a small amount of flour. The old chief, however, did not seem to consider the presents sufficient and said that he did not like to have us go to the West through their country; he was afraid that we would kill and drive away their buffalo. Brother Shumway told him that we did not like buffalo; but this information appeared to give him but little satisfaction. But there was no sign of hostility. In fact, all who came to camp appeared to be highly pleased to shake hands with us, and they ran from side to side so that they should not miss one of the brethren. A number of the squaws were on the opposite side of the lake digging roots. Brother Shumway says that there are about twelve thousand of the Pawnees in this neighborhood, and it is reported that there are five thousand warriors. We did not see many of them. Sarpy is at their village trading, and it is uncertain whether he will use his influence for us or against us. We have no fears, however, because their only object appears to be plunder; and it is our calculation to be well prepared by night and day. During the resting hour I spent the time writing in my journal. Shortly after 2 o'clock the ox teams started out again and the

TRUTH is the foundation of all knowledge.

horse teams soon afterward. The weather had been calm and pleasant for a few hours, but near 2 o'clock some heavy clouds began to gather and thunder was heard at a distance. About half-past 2 the rain began to descend heavily, accompanied by loud peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning. This continued until 4 o'clock. A stormy north wind blew up, the rain and thunder ceased, and the air grew very cold. We traveled until half-past 5 and then the encampment was formed on the Loup Fork of the Platte River. After the encampment was formed and teams were turned out, the brethren were all called together and some remarks were made by President Young, advising that a strong guard be kept around the camp to-night. He called for volunteers to stand guard, and about one hundred answered the call. Among them were all the Twelve, who were with the company, except Dr. Richards. These volunteers were divided into two companies of fifty each; one company to hold watch during the first half of the night, and the other during the latter half. Those of the Twelve who were to watch stood guard with the first company until 1 o'clock. Brigham and Heber both held watch. Out of the companies a party stood as picket guard some distance from the camp. The night was very cold, with a strong wind from the north-east, accompanied by considerable rain. This morning our course had been about due west; this afternoon, north-west. We are now within about three miles of the bluffs on the north. We have traveled to-day about twenty miles, the roads being good and very level. The grass here is short but looks good. The buffalo grass is very short and curly like the hair on a buffalo robe. The Spring grass does not seem to be as early here as on the Elk Horn, and the last year's growth, not having been burnt off, will be rather a disadvantage to the Spring companies. I have noticed all the way on this bottom from the Elk Horn that the ground is full of wild onions, richer and larger than any others I ever saw. This region of country is very beautiful and pleasing to the eye of the traveler, although a person can only see one kind of scenery for several days at a time.

Thursday, April 22.—I arose soon after 5 o'clock, my face being again very painful on account of cold. There has been no trouble with the Indians, and all seems peace and safety. The cannon was prepared last night for action and it stood all night just outside the wagons. Considerable fun was created this morning at the expense of some of the picket guard, whose guns had been "stolen" during the night, and Colonel Markham, who had lost his hat in the same way. The owners of the missing property had been found asleep on guard, and our men who discovered them took their weapons as a joke and a warning. But it is extremely difficult for men to keep awake night after night on watch, after toiling and marching through the day, caring for teams, cooking and performing all the necessary duties of the camp and march. At half-past 7 the train proceeded again. About a quarter of a mile from our camping spot is one of the prettiest beds of nettle which I have seen for some time. Our road this morning runs beside heavy timber and takes a westerly course. After traveling two miles we crossed Looking-Glass Creek, a small stream about one rod wide and easily forded. I still went ahead on foot and about 10 o'clock sat down on an Indian grave at the top of a mound, from which a splendid view is had of the country surrounding

for many miles. From south-east to south-west I can see the course of the Loup Fork for a considerable distance: while north-west is a level prairie, about four miles, and then a range of timber; the bluffs on the north about seven miles distant, and on the east a level prairie for probably twenty miles. At this place there is a range of what appears to be mounds, about a quarter of a mile long, running from north-east to south-west. Soon after 12 we arrived on the east bank of Beaver "River," having traveled ten miles. This little stream is twenty or twenty-five feet wide, with swift current and clear, pleasant-tasting water. The banks are tolerably well lined with timber. Here we stopped to feed and some of the brethren went to improve the fording place a little, the banks being steep on both sides. At 2 o'clock we started again, the ox teams first. When fording the river some of the brethren stood on the west bank, with a rope fastened to the tongue of each wagon, by which means they helped to get the train up the steep bank. All passed safely over in a very short time. We traveled until after 5, when we reached the Pawnee missionary station, which is about seven miles from Beaver River. We found the country more uneven this morning, there being many sharp pitches and rises. The grass appears longer and there are many weeds, while the soil looks black and would no doubt yield a good crop of corn. Last Fall this missionary station was deserted; and Brother Miller's company being at that time encamped here, they carried the missionaries and their effects to Bellevue, on the Missouri River. A beautiful location is here; on the north and west the place is surrounded by bluffs, on the south by Loup Fork at a distance of six furlongs, and on the east by descending prairies. Plum Creek runs through it, but a few rods from the house of the missionaries. Its banks are lined with a little timber. There is also a steep bluff on each side, and between these bluffs, in the valley, which is a few rods wide, the Sioux have been in the habit of coming down to make attacks on the Pawnees. The ravine is certainly well calculated to shelter an assailing force from observation. There are several good log houses here; there is considerable land, once under cultivation, enclosed by rail fences, and a good quantity of hay and fodder—also there are large lots of old and new iron, several plows and a drag, also two stoves—and all apparently left to rot. The government station is a quarter of a mile below (south) where Father Case lived as government farmer and received \$300 a year for his labor; but when Major Harvey learned at pay day last November that Father Case had "joined the 'Mormons,'" the major very politely dismissed our brother from government service. Some time since, the Sioux came down and burned the government station, houses, blacksmith shop and everything which would take fire; but the missionary station they did not molest. According to my reckoning this place is one hundred and thirty-four miles from Winter Quarters. It would be a lovely place to live in. Before dark the President called the brethren together and told them they might use some of the wasting hay and fodder for their teams, but they must not carry anything away, even to the value of a cent. He said that he had no fear of trouble from the Pawnees, but we must be prepared lest the Sioux should come down and try to steal horses. Guards and picket watch were selected to protect the ravine to the north.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD.

ONE of the most valuable traits in one's character is that of fulfilling promises. A person who is true to his word can be relied upon, and is always able to gain respect and confidence.

Young folks should seek to acquire the habit of being prompt in fulfilling promises, and people will learn to rely upon their words. Many little troubles and annoyances that we have to put up with from time to time might easily be avoided if folks would all learn to keep their promises.

A little incident will show how easy it is for one to greatly vex and annoy another by disappointing him.

Two little girls who had always been very friendly towards each other were one day intending to take an excursion trip on the railroad. It was with the school to which they belonged that they were going to take this pleasure trip.

The evening before starting, one of the little girls borrowed from the other a hat which she had trimmed just for this particular occasion. Desiring to have her hat trimmed and fixed just like it, she got permission to take the hat home for a pattern, that her older sister might trim hers in the same style. It was a kind act on the part of the girl who owned the hat to lend it to the other one; and the one who borrowed it promised faithfully to return it early the next morning. But she was not true to her promise.

In the morning, after getting ready, she hastened off to catch the train, forgetting all about the borrowed hat.

In the meantime the owner of it was waiting anxiously for it, not thinking of being disappointed. At last she started off to get the hat herself, but it was now nearly time for the train to be going.

The two girls lived some distance apart, and it took several minutes to go on this errand. After getting to her friend's home she was delayed a few moments; and just as she was going out the gate the whistle sounded as a signal for the train to start.

The poor little lady was left behind! Realizing the enjoyment she would miss by being left, she knew not what to do but to break out in tears.

And all this trouble was brought upon her by the carelessness of her companion, who proved to be untrue to her word. X.

TIP AND THE TURKEY.

TIP was a great, good-natured dog with shining black, long, curly hair; a Newfoundland pup he was, about two-thirds grown. Now, my dear little friends, some of you may imagine that dogs don't understand when we are kind to them or when we are cross and ill-treat them.

But you may believe me they are very wise about many things and often do things that seem to be dictated by a reasoning power.

Now this Tip was such a happy fellow, and he lived in a great big lot, with plenty of grass to roll on, and wide, cool trees, whose branches spread out their arms in the hot, dusty Summer's day, inviting Tip to come and lie beneath their waving fingers, whispering the while to him that cool mountain breezes should lift the soft, silky curls from poor Tip's heated body; and the clover blossoms waved a fragrant welcome all the long, bright day.

Tip was one of those happy, good-natured fellows, who made friends all round his little world.

And oh, how proud he was when he could lay his long form out on the floor and let his human play-fellow make a pillow of his soft hair! And then he scampers through the grass with all the children, and I'm sure I can't tell which made the most noise, the flying, screaming children or the rushing, barking dog. At any rate when they started out for a race, the chickens scattered in every direction; and old Mother Turkey waddled and lifted up her cumbersome wings, and screamed lustily to her little brood to get away as fast as possible. And Tip didn't wait for ditches nor bridges, and neither did the children.

Tip was very fond of his kind master and mistress, but fondest of all was Tip of black-eyed little Willard who loved Tip, with quite as fond an affection.

Tip used to watch his mistress come out, and feed the little chicks, with their powdery, puffy yellow and black plumage. But most especially careful did his mistress seem to be of the little blundering, awkward turkeys. He would stand by her as she carefully attended to them, and sometimes when a little weak fellow would get over on his back, to see his mistress run to turn the tiny

peeping thing over, why Tip would be too interested in the affair to even wag his tail. And Tip began to tell himself that those turkeys must be very precious to his dear mistress.

One night, while Tip lay sleeping in the one-eye-open style that dogs usually employ, he saw a strange dog come up and by great force push up the box, under which Mother Turkey brooded her little ones, and steal one of those precious little fellows and run for the bottom of the lot. Then the squeaking and squealing that ensued; it woke up Tip's mistress who hurried out to see what ailed her turkeys. That wasn't in dog-nature to be borne. So away flew Tip after the stranger down to the bottom of the lot, and then across the other way. Tip's master had just entered the gate at the lower end of the lot, and saw the two dogs coming towards him. Did I forget to tell you it was a bright moonlight night?

Just before Tip reached his master, he made one headlong jump on the strange dog's back, and seizing the turkey, routed the enemy, who flew off the other way, and with his little squealing prize marched gravely up to his master, and laid the turkey at his feet. Wasn't that intelligence?

Poor Tip! Some unkind neighbor gave him poison, and ended him as I must end this story—at once.

HOMESPUN.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHEN was the Kirtland Temple dedicated?
2. Who offered the dedicatory prayer?
3. When Joseph and the quorums met again in the evening what glorious manifestations occurred?
4. What ordinances were attended to during the next few days?
5. What glorious personages appeared unto Joseph and Oliver in the Temple the following Sunday?
6. What were the words of the Savior unto them?
7. What did Moses commit unto them?
8. What did Elias deliver unto them?
9. What was the nature of Elijah's mission unto them?

The following named persons have answered the questions on Church History in No. 15:

H. Scowcroft, W. J. C. Mortimer, S. Stark, Leone Rogers, Avildia L. Page, H. C. Blood, Emeline Peters, Laura Peters.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 15.

1. WHEN and where did Joseph receive a revelation making known the calling of the Twelve Apostles? A. In June, 1829, at Fayette, Seneca Co., New York.

2. Where is this revelation recorded? A. In the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 18, of the last edition.

3. When were the Twelve Apostles chosen? A. February 14th, 1835.

4. In what manner were they chosen? A. At a meeting convened for the purpose, Joseph called upon each one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, (Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris) to pray, and then proceed to choose twelve men from the Church, as Apostles. After prayer, the three witnesses were blessed by the Presidency, and according to the revelation referred to selected the Twelve Apostles.

5. Give the names of the first Twelve Apostles in the order they were selected. A. Lyman E. Johnson, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, David W. Patten, Luke Johnson, Wm. E. McLellin, Jno. F. Boynton, Orson Pratt, Wm. Smith, Thos. B. Marsh, Parley P. Pratt.

6. Why was this order subsequently changed? A. That they might stand in the quorum according to age—the oldest first, the next oldest second, etc.

7. Give their names as they afterwards stood. A. Thos. B. Marsh, David W. Patten, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, Wm. E. McLellin, Parley P. Pratt, Luke Johnson, Wm. Smith, Orson Pratt, Jno. F. Boynton, Lyman E. Johnson.

8. When was the organization of the first quorum of Seventies commenced? A. February 28, 1835, at Kirtland.

9. Who was ordained the first President of Seventies? A. Joseph Young.

10. When did the Twelve leave Kirtland on their first mission, and where did they go? A. May 3, 1835, to the Eastern States.

“You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend.” “Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances.”

What is it that has a mouth but never eats, and a bed but never sleeps? A river.

What is that which becomes hotter the more you fan it? Fire.

EARLY EXPERIENCE IN THE CHURCH.

BY J. M.

MY home was in the town of Davenport, England. One evening as father and I were returning to the house from a walk, our attention was attracted by a large poster on the wall announcing that an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints would preach on a certain evening in a certain place. I did not think much of the notice until father read it and repeated the words "Latter-day Saints" several times. He then turned to me and said:

"Those people are either the best or the worst people on the earth, because their professions are such that they are either great imposters or the acknowledged of God."

I gave but little thought to the matter for my impressions had long since assumed the form that I could not believe there was any truth in religion. My grandfather had frequently talked to me upon the subject, and had shown up the inconsistencies of the doctrines taught by the various preachers of the day, and prejudices had been created in my mind which it was hard to eradicate.

However, in the latter part of the year 1850 an honest old man named Knight, who lived in the neighborhood, was baptized into the Church, and it was soon rumored about among the boys that the old man would soon be sufficiently holy to bury. He circulated notices about the meetings which were to be held by the Elders, and one night I with other companions decided to go to a "Mormon" meeting and have some fun. The people met in the best room they were able to procure, which was over a stable, the stench of which was not very agreeable. When the Elder preached, instead of laughing and making fun, as it was my intention to do when I went, I became very much interested and even chided my companions for their want of respect.

The year following my parents joined the Church, and in another year I became a member, I being then sixteen years old. This was the turning point in my life, for I was determined to lay aside my follies at that moment and serve the Lord to the best of my ability.

Some little time after this Wm. G. Mills, who had succeeded to the presidency of the conference in which we lived, came to our city and decided to hold some meetings. My father, having been a member of the Odd Fellows society, succeeded in procuring the use of their hall for holding services. The result was that people became interested and some few joined the Church. As a consequence, opposition soon commenced and efforts were made to hinder the progress of the branch.

One eveningsix or seven Methodists, who had been a source of annoyance to us before, came to our meeting for the purpose of breaking it up, if possible. On this particular night our services were to be private and only members of the Church were to be present. I had been appointed a deacon and, as our room was in an upper story with a large stairway leading to it, I went to the street door to notify any strangers who might come of the privacy of the meeting, and thus save them the trouble of ascending the stairs and then being declined admittance.

As I stood by the door I saw these troublesome fellows approaching; I therefore stepped into the hall, turned the lamp low and placed the key in the door so that I could lock it if trouble occurred as I anticipated. I politely informed them that they could not be admitted that evening, at which the leader said

he was going anyway, and called upon the others to follow him. I shut the door, but before I succeeded in turning the key, they had burst it open and were rushing past me. I seized the last one by the neck in such a manner that I could handle him very easily, and he was soon completely in my power. Just then some of the others returned to his assistance and made me loose my hold, but not until he was so weak as to be unable to help his associates. I then started up stairs when I met father who had been in the room above but now had the leader by the collar marching him down stairs.

By this time the noise had attracted quite a crowd, and some got on the stairs and tried to pull father down, but he succeeded in keeping the mastery until the police arrived who took the mobbers in charge. These latter appeared in court the following day, and were compelled to give bonds to keep the peace for one year.

After peace was restored we continued our meeting which was very enjoyable. During the progress of the same Brother Mills prophesied that within one year from that time the then small branch of the Church would number as members over one hundred souls, which prediction was literally fulfilled.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN the Edmunds law was first rigorously enforced with but little regard to law or evidence against the people of this Territory it was confidently hoped they would become terrified at the prospect and abandon their religion. The rules of law and courts which prevailed elsewhere in the administration of justice were deliberately set aside. The presumption that the accused was innocent until proved guilty was completely reversed. Every one accused was presumed to be guilty. He had to prove himself innocent.

It was fully expected by those who conducted this persecution that the sending of men to the penitentiary, clothing them in prison garb and making convicts of them would be so disgraceful that, rather than be subjected to this punishment, they would recant.

But to the great disappointment of those who have been conducting this crusade all, with very few exceptions, who have been convicted have cheerfully gone to the penitentiary. They have esteemed their imprisonment as an honor, and have appeared to be thankful to have such an opportunity of showing to God and men their devotion to their religion.

Could anything be more vexatious to the ruffians who have engaged in this persecution than such a spirit as this?

What is the use of punishment if it does not punish? Any attempt to degrade a man is a miserable failure if he accepts the intended degradation as an honor.

This is the case with all those convicted and sent to the penitentiary in this Territory, in Idaho, in Arizona or in Detroit, for plural marriage or what is called "unlawful cohabitation."

The design has been to attach the stigma of criminality to them. Thus far the design has utterly failed.

The men sent to prison know they are not criminals. Neither while in prison, nor after they emerge therefrom do they view themselves in any other light than as martyrs. This also is the estimate placed upon their conduct by all their co-religionists—they esteem them as sufferers for righteousness—the defenders of the great and sublime principle of religious liberty.

But it is not only themselves and their friends who take this view of their conduct; their chief enemies and persecutors feel their superiority. They are forced to acknowledge that, with all the machinery of punishment at their control, they cannot make the Latter-day Saints bow to their wishes. This utter inability to bring the people to their terms causes them to boil with rage.

Instead of being impressed and softened by the spectacle of a people willing to endure these punishments for their religion, they become more and more exasperated. They are filled with diabolical hatred, and would, if they had the power, spill the blood of their victims.

In this way they show that they are conscious of the great superiority of the people whom they would destroy.

It is always an evidence of a base and craven nature in a man to resort to such methods as are at present employed against the Latter-day Saints.

Whenever a man refuses to meet another upon equal terms, he proclaims that he considers his opponent as his superior.

Whenever men or women exhibit jealousy toward inferiors in station they lift them up to their own level. Their jealousy of them is a proof that they view them as their equals, on the points at least concerning which they are jealous.

So it is with the representatives of the nation in our midst. They are conscious that there is a power here, and their actions prove that in their secret hearts they fear it; they are jealous of the qualities which the Latter-day Saints possess.

How is it with the nation? Do not the men in power manifest an extraordinary solicitude concerning the Latter-day Saints?

If we were a power equal in strength and numbers they could show no more jealousy concerning us than they do.

The Congress of the United States, by its legislation, lifts us out of comparative obscurity into public prominence. It places us upon its own plane, and it says:

"We look upon you as a power to be dreaded. You contain the elements of great strength, and we think it necessary to crush you while we can do so. If we let you alone you will grow beyond our reach, and we cannot overpower you."

This is the secret of all these unjust laws against us and their cruel enforcement. This accounts for the readiness with which men in power trample upon the Constitution, the laws and the rules which prevail in courts of justice, that we may be reached and stricken down.

The conduct of the nation towards us is a tribute to our strength and power. It is a most excellent indication of the fear entertained concerning our future.

Yet how ridiculous it is for a nation of nearly sixty millions to feel and act in this way towards a community numbering a quarter of a million! What a spectacle for God and man! To see a great nation like ours trampling upon its charter, and its laws to enable its officials to reach a people as numerically weak as the Latter-day Saints.

If it were not afraid of us would its legislators do this?

But to return to the subject of the degradation inflicted upon those people who are convicted of plural marriage or so-called unlawful cohabitation.

Has any man in this community been degraded by being sentenced to the penitentiary? Our enemies themselves can answer this question. They know that instead of such confinement being a mark of dishonor it is a mark of honor, and that the men who have gone through this ordeal are ennobled by their submission and have become heroes.

To-day, on the streets of Salt Lake City, among the most rabid of our enemies, they would trust the men who have

been in prison for their religion sooner than they would any others. The reason is before us. These men have shown their devotion to principle; they could neither be frightened, nor bought, nor bullied into a denial of their religious convictions. Such men possess the highest type of manhood as mankind, everywhere on the earth recognizes.

The day will yet come when the children of these heroes will mention with gratification and pride that their fathers were imprisoned in the penitentiary for their religion. No parent of nobility in the old world could bring more distinction upon the families of those who obtain it than will the statement of this fact upon the descendants of those who have been incarcerated behind prison bars because they would not deny their religion.

In a recent conversation with Bishop Hyrum B. Clawson we were given a most interesting illustration of the manner in which men of the world look upon those who have suffered and are now suffering through this persecution.

Bishop Clawson was returning from Arizona, and on the way to San Francisco became acquainted with Monsignore Mori, a prominent member of the Pope of Rome's household, who had been sent to this country as the bearer of the Berretta for the new cardinal that has been recently elected—Cardinal Gibbon, of Baltimore.

In conversation the Monsignore expressed a desire to visit Salt Lake and see the city, the beauty of which he had heard greatly praised; but he did not want to see the people, as he thought them very wicked.

When he made these remarks he did not know that Brother Clawson was a resident of Salt Lake, but soon learned that fact. He was profuse in his apologies to him for what he had said and hoped he would take no exception to it.

The Bishop proceeded to inform him concerning the people of Utah, and the condition of affairs here, of all of which he was very ignorant. The conversation turned also upon the present persecution, of which the Monsignore had heard something. Bishop Clawson told him that he was one who had been in prison. He was surprised. Instead, however, of withdrawing from him or shunning him, this announcement made him more interested. He could not repress his admiration for the Bishop's zeal and fortitude, and expressed the great pleasure it gave him to meet a man who had had such an experience.

Upon parting at San Francisco, he exhibited the warmest interest in the Latter-day Saints, and especially in Bishop Clawson, and urged upon him that if he or his friends ever visited Rome to be sure and give him an opportunity of showing them every attention in his power.

In the course of the conversation he learned that Brother Clawson had a son who was an artist. He thought no artist, who possibly could, would fail to visit Italy, and of course the "Eternal City." And if the young man ever did visit there to perfect himself in his profession, he must give him the opportunity of showing him every attention in his power.

Here is an illustration of what I have before said, that confining men in the penitentiary as is now being done with the Latter-day Saints leaves no stain upon them either in their own estimation or in the estimation of men of the world. They are not criminals. They are not degraded. They are men of honor; men of high conceptions of right, who are willing to suffer, and, if necessary, die for the principles they have espoused. This is the true light in which to view their conduct, and this is the light in which it is being viewed by many at the present time, and in which it will be viewed by future generations.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

WE alluded in our last "Editorial Thoughts" to some of the different systems of religion which prevail in the earth. It is not surprising, when we examine the teachings of some of these religions, that strong nations maintained their power for so long a period. While practicing the precepts of their religion in sincerity, the Egyptians were a strong people. Among many books which the Egyptians once possessed, one called the "Book of the Dead" still remains. A copy of this was placed in every mummy's coffin. According to this book, among other things the deceased was required to state to the beings whom he had to pass before he entered into rest what his life on earth had been.

"I have not blasphemed," says the deceased; "I have not stolen; I have not smitten men privily; I have not treated any person with cruelty; I have not stirred up trouble; I have not been idle; I have not been intoxicated; I have not made unjust commandments; I have shown no improper curiosity; I have not allowed my mouth to tell secrets; I have not wounded any one; I have not let envy gnaw my heart; I have spoken evil neither of the king, nor my father; I have not falsely accused any one; I have not withheld milk from the mouths of sucklings; I have not practiced any shameful crime; I have not calumniated a slave to his master."

The deceased does not confine himself to denying any ill conduct; he speaks of the good he has done in his lifetime.

"I have made to the gods the offerings that were their due. I have given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked."

Thus much for the Egyptians.

The Chinese, though in many respects an idolatrous nation, have a high system of morality, as the following selection from one of their books called the book of "Rewards and Punishments" will show:

"Advance along the right way, and retreat from the evil way."

"Do not betray the secret of the household."

"Be humane to animals."

"Rectify yourself and convert men."

"Have pity for orphans and show compassion to widows."

"Rejoice at the success of others and sympathize with their reverses, even as though you were in their place."

"Do not expose the faults of others."

"Bestow favors without expecting recompense."

"Give willingly."

"Don't take advantage of the ignorance of men to deceive them with lying words."

"Never divulge the faults of your parents."

"Don't rank faults as crimes."

"Don't shoot at birds, nor hunt animals."

"Don't drive insects from their holes, nor frighten roosting birds."

"Don't buy groundless praise."

"When you see others covered with glory and honor, don't desire to see them exiled from the country."

"A handsome figure excites the admiration of the world, but it does not deceive heaven."

"Don't deceive the innocent and set snares for them."

"Live in harmony with your wife."

"Wives, respect your husbands."

"Wives, be not wanting in your duties toward your father and mother-in-law."

Another book contains the following religious maxims:

"Redeem the lives of animals, and abstain from shedding blood. Be careful not to tread upon insects on the road, and set not fire to the forests, lest you should destroy life. Burn a candle in your window to give light to the traveler, and keep a boat to help voyagers across rivers. Do not spread your net on the mountains to catch birds, nor poison the fish and reptiles in the water. Never destroy paper which is written upon, and enter into no league against your neighbor. Avoid contentions, and beware not to stir up ill blood. Use not your power to discredit the good, nor use your riches to persecute the poor. Love the good, and flee from the face of a wicked man, lest you fall into evil. Hide your neighbors' faults, and speak only of their good deeds, and let your mouth utter the true sentiments of your heart. Remove stones and debris from the roadway, repair the footpaths and build bridges. Publish abroad lessons for the improvement of mankind, and devote your wealth to the good of your fellow-men. In all your actions follow the principles of heaven, and in all your words follow the purified heart of man. Have all the sages of antiquity before your eyes, and examine carefully your conscience. What good thing will be withheld from him who practices secret benefits?"

A people who follow these precepts and carry them out in their lives in sincerity are a better people than those nations who claim they have a better religion but do not practice its teachings.

Pagan nations are guilty of a great many follies and wrong acts; but, as a rule, they live more strictly in accordance with the principles which they profess than many of the so-called Christian nations. There are nations in Europe which have practiced every kind of crime upon their fellow-men and yet have thought their acts quite proper, because they were called Christians. They have indulged in the greatest excesses and have broken every commandment of the Founder of their religion and have thought themselves justified in so doing, because they declared their religion to be true and the religion of the people whom they attacked false.

Many of the men who came from Europe and conquered the nations of this continent, especially Mexico, Central and South America, were ruffians of the worst type. They indulged in murder and pillage of the most horrible character and professed to think they were doing God and true religion service because the Indians were heathens and idolaters.

Many of the settlements in North America were founded in the same spirit, and the aborigines were treated by the newcomers in the same manner.

It is not a profession or a name which makes a religion true. True religion consists more in deeds than in words. True principles, carried out in their purity, give a religion power in the earth. But if a man is called a Latter-day Saint and a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, the name that he claims and his membership of the Church are worthless unless his words and his acts correspond with his professions.

A pagan who lives up to the light that he possesses is more acceptable in the sight of heaven and all good men than the professed Saint whose words and life are false and hypocritical.

The morality of the so-called Christian world is but little, if any, better than the morality of the superior pagan nations. But moral truths alone are not all that are necessary to save a people. Yet if they are lived up to, whether in heathendom or in Christendom, they make a people great and powerful.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 256.)

ON the 1st of August, 1847, we broke camp at 6 o'clock in the morning and continued three miles down the canyon, when we entered a large, open country, called Tulare Valley. We saw herds of antelope and some elk. There was a river running through this valley, which our Indian guide told us we could not cross with our animals; and here he left us because he was not acquainted with the country beyond this point. We remained here until 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, when we were overtaken by the company behind. We then all moved forward up the river six miles and camped for the night.

Captain Everett went to an Indian village to seek for a guide to direct us on our journey for a few days. The next morning he returned with several Indians, one of whom promised to go with us as a guide. The Indians informed us that we would have to travel up the river twenty miles before we could cross. We gave them a few presents and then continued our journey. After going up the stream about nineteen miles we crossed it. Some made a raft to carry over their provisions, others waded and carried their things on their heads. Our horses and mules had to swim across. The river was about fifty yards wide in this place and seemed to abound with fish.

The second day after starting, the Indian who agreed to travel with us a few days as guide refused to go any farther because we would not hire his entire company, eight in number. We were now without a guide. Leaving the Tulare Valley on our left, we traveled across hills and over lofty mountains and at night camped in a canyon where water was so scarce that we were all night watering our animals.

On the evening of the 6th, we camped in the mountains near some old Indian lodges. After supper the camp came together and held meeting.

On the 12th, camp laid by while Captain Everett and a few pioneers went up the river to examine the route and to look for Walker's Pass leading over the mountain. The next day the camp moved up the river ten miles, where they were met by Captain Everett and men, who reported that they found nothing like a pass and that we could not cross the mountain with our pack animals. A meeting was immediately called, at which it was decided that we take Fremont's route and go by way of Sutter's Fort. Accordingly the next morning we retraced our steps a few miles and crossed the river, about seventy-five yards wide. We made an early camp and were visited by a number of Indians. We talked to them through an interpreter who could speak a little Spanish. We gave them to understand that we were friends and did not wish to hurt

them. They said we could lie down and sleep in peace. They sang and danced for us in their way.

On the 18th of August we camped on a beautiful river. The country was rich and fertile and abounded with game of various kinds. Wolves were so tame they would not run from us, but would suffer us to pass within a few yards of them, while they would either stand and look at us or lie down in the grass as if to hide from our view. But they sometimes gave us trouble by cutting our animals loose at night when staked out with raw-hide ropes. The coyotes were great thieves and would steal the meat out of the camp-kettles at night, or from under the pillows upon which we slept. I have had my bridle drawn away from under my head by a thieving coyote.

On the evening of the 20th we camped near a river, where we were visited by some Indians, who sold us corn and melons. They told us of some Americans living down the river about nine miles. We were of the opinion that they were some of our brethren, and the next morning Brother Andrew Lytle and two others set out to visit them and find out who they were.

On the 24th these brethren overtook us. They stated that they had found some of our people at the settlement down the river. This same day we arrived at a place where some white settlers had located. We were told by these people that the Twelve Apostles, with a number of pioneers, had reached Salt Lake Valley and that five hundred wagons were close behind. This to us was glorious news, and the first we had heard definitely concerning the location of the body of the Church or the pioneers.

On the 28th we camped on Bear Creek, where there were a few white families residing.

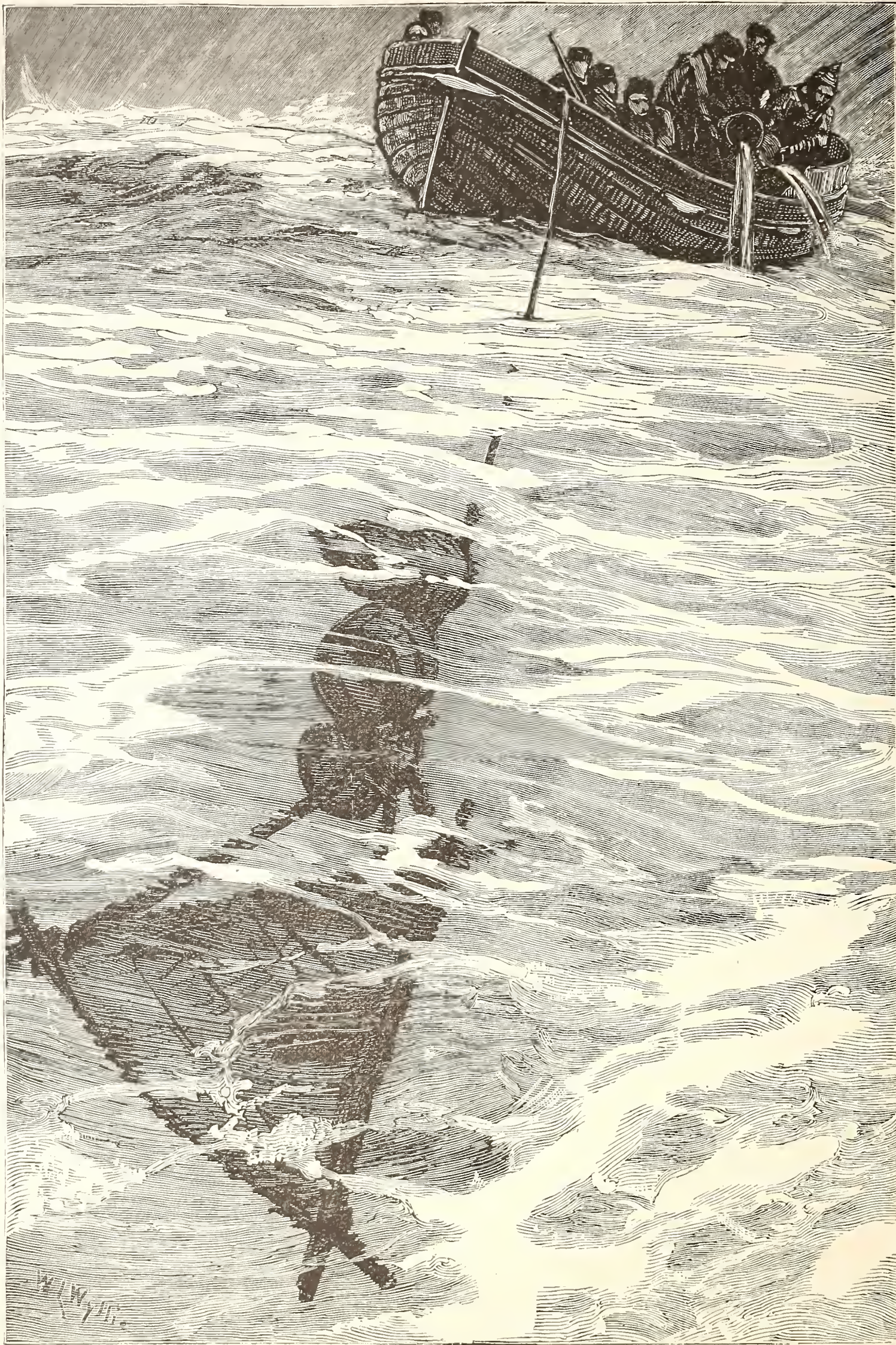
On the 29th we began to penetrate the great Sierras, covered with oak and pine. At 2 o'clock, p.m., we halted for the purpose of making camp for the night. At evening we had a prayer meeting.

On Wednesday, September 1st, we camped in a valley in the mountains. Pea vines were found here as high as a man's head. The valley is surrounded by high California mountains, densely covered with pine timber. The trunks of many of the trees measured ten feet in diameter and more than two hundred feet in height. Near our camp were two wagons left by emigrants. We were told at Sutter's Fort that a company of ninety emigrants were overtaken in a snow storm the previous Fall, while crossing the mountains. The snow fell ten feet deep and fifty of the company perished through starvation and otherwise.

(To be Continued.)

AFFECTED HUMILITY.—True and genuine humility does not lie in a person's affecting the meanest habit, or yet a singularity of dress, however mean, that he may not seem to be proud. I speak not this, however, to cloak the proud gaudiness of any. Excess in costly attire, following vain, strange, light, immodest fashions, is a great sin and shame to our times. Oh, how many are there that in this way glory in their shame! Were the daughters of Zion reprov'd and threatened for this sin by the prophet Isaiah ever more guilty than multitudes among us at this day? But yet I must tell you that a proud heart may be under vile raiment too. . . . And some there are whose pride lies not so much in gaudy dress and fine clothes, which one would think that none but children and fools would be taken with, as in a high conceit of themselves—their knowledge, light and perfection.

Barrett.



ENGINEER MELVILLE AND LIEUTENANT DANENHOWER'S BOAT RIDING OUT THE ARCTIC GALE, SEPT. 12, 1881.

IN THE ARCTIC SEA.

THE fatal cruise of the *Jeannette* and the loss of her commander, brave DeLong and many of his comrades will not soon pass from human remembrance. With the exception of the withering horror of the Greely expedition, which is almost too dreadful to be put into words, more terrible suffering was never endured by any Arctic explorers than fell to the lot of the courageous voyagers who sailed in the *Jeannette* from San Francisco Bay on the 8th day of July, 1879.

James Gordon Bennett personally supplied the means for this search for the North Pole. He purchased the steam bark *Pandora* and re-christened her the *Jeannette*, furnished her with unlimited stores and obtained a special act of Congress by which she was permitted to sail under our national colors and to be navigated by officers of the United States navy, with all the rights of a government vessel. Lieutenant George W. DeLong was in command; his companions were Lieutenant Charles W. Chipp, Lieutenant John W. Danenhower, Engineer George W. Melville, Surgeon J. M. Ambler, Scientists Jerome J. Collins and Raymond L. Newcomb, twenty-two assistants and seamen and two Chinese cooks.

On the 12th day of August, 1879, the *Jeannette* anchored off the little settlement and block house, St. Michaels or Michaelovski, Alaska, and took on board forty trained dogs, three dog sleds and two native Alaskan hunters. Nine days later the ship resumed her journey northward; and about the 6th of September she was enclosed by the ice-pack in latitude $71^{\circ} 35' N.$ and longitude $175^{\circ} 5' 48'' W.$ Slowly and fatally she was crushed and mangled by the floes and bergs which irresistibly drifted her whither they listed. May 16, 1881, she was in latitude $76^{\circ} 43' 38''$ and longitude E. $161^{\circ} 42' 30''$

At first the heroic explorers prayed for the breaking of the pack that they might go onward with their search; but finally they saw that the hour of such deliverance would end the career of their beloved *Jeannette*. She had been irretrievably injured and must sink. On the 12th of June, 1881, she was abandoned, supplies and instruments being taken from her at the risk of the men's lives. The party encamped on the ice and watched. At 4 a.m., the next day, the ice pack split and the brave *Jeannette*, with her colors flying nobly at her mast-head, sank in the insatiable Arctic Sea.

Some of the men were sick and a little delay was required; but on the 17th day of June, 1881, the party started homeward across the ice with sledges, well provisioned and carrying the boats. After one week of toilsome travel to the southeast, the captain found that *they were twenty-seven miles farther to the north-west than they were June 17th.* The ice was drifting faster than they could march. A more appalling discovery can scarcely be imagined.

However, the drift soon decreased materially in speed and they were able to progress southward to water comparatively open. In latitude $70^{\circ} 38''$ they landed on an island where they remained until August 4th. Then they departed in boats, cruising between the ice floes. The three boats were as follows: the first cutter, manned by DeLong, Ambler, Collins and eleven others; the second cutter, by Chipp and seven others; and the whale boat, by Melville, Danenhower, Newcomb and eight others. DeLong gave orders that in case of unavoidable separation each boat should make the best of its way to the Lena River, which empties from Siberia into the Arctic.

For some time they were able to travel within reach of each other, mutually and courageously sharing their many disasters. But owing to gales and the varied sailing qualities of the boats

this was extremely difficult and often dangerous. Of September 12th, Danenhower writes:

"About dusk the captain stood up in his boat and waved his hands as if to separate. This is what the men say; I did not see it. [Danenhower had been many times blinded through his heroic devotion and his sight was yet dim.] Melville asked my advice and I advised that we should prepare a good drag; so I ordered Cole and Mansen to take three hickory tent poles, each about eight feet in length, lash them in a triangle, and lace a strong piece of cotton canvas across it, then take the boat's painter, and make a span similar to the bellyband of a kite, and to the middle of this span make fast the luff tackle fall. On the lower end of each tent pole was a brass nib, which, with the weight of the wet canvas and the bight of the rope, would, I said, probably make a drag heavy enough; if not, we would send down the firepot and boat bucket to help it. The gale was now in its full force, and seas were running high and spiteful. The drag, having been completed, was placed forward of the mast, in readiness for use. We eased the oars and launched the drag. It drifted about three points on the port bow, so we sent down the spare firepot and a bucket by putting loops, or what we call beackets, on the bales. Cole suggested sending down a painted bag with the mouth open. It filled with water, dragged, and was very effective. We then lay head to sea during the night."

On the morning of the 13th, neither DeLong's nor Chipp's cutter was visible upon the cold, raging sea. During more than four days and twenty hours of that awful time, being under drag, the leaky boat rolled and drifted. Crouching under the thwarts the eleven brave men watched and prayed and worked. Two of their number were constantly engaged in baling water out of their battered little craft. On the morning of September 17th two low points of swamp land were sighted. Providence had carried Danenhower, Melville, Newcomb and their companions to a haven of temporary rest and safety—the mouth of the great Siberian river, Lena.

Oppressed as they were by their own woes and vital necessities; the devoted fellows would not yet desert the cruel sea until they had made a further search for their comrades in the two cutters. They looked in vain; and were compelled to proceed up the river and make a landing. Advancing inland, natives and Russian exiles whom they found treated them with great kindness; but food was scarce. Their duty and necessity required that they should seek civilization; but simultaneous with the progress of the invalid members of their party towards Russia, the able-bodied men were searching for DeLong and Chipp and were sending natives in all directions to spread the facts along the coast and to watch for signs of the lost cutters.

At last Melville encountered two of DeLong's party who had been sent in advance to seek for provisions. They had no news of Chipp's boat, but they reported the crew of the first cutter as starving at the Lena delta.

Danenhower was still disabled and almost blind, but he planned skillfully and worked like a hero. The devoted Melville started back with supplies for their commander and his people. Melville found the spot—and twelve dead bodies. DeLong, Ambler, Collins and nine others had perished of starvation.

Nothing was ever heard from Chipp and his party after the separation on the night of September 12, 1881. Undoubtedly his little boat was swamped and himself and crew were drowned in the sea of ice.

One of the crew of Melville and Danenhower's whale-boat died in Russia of small-pox. All the rest, with the two survivors of DeLong's party subsequently reached New York. Only twelve men, out of thirty-three, came back from that dread world of death which they had penetrated. Most of the twelve were maimed and shattered, and one of them was incurably insane from horrors which the expedition endured.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(*Continued from page 222.*)

HAVING demonstrated mathematically that there is more than enough dead, effete substance in all animal matter to supply the demands of our system for actually assimilated material, the question occurs as to whether or not nature can make the necessary distinction between the fundamental and the non-fundamental portions of any animal substance offered to her for assimilation. Both kinds are unquestionably eaten.

To determine the correct answer to this query we must ascertain whether nature in her assimilating processes, acts with discretion, intelligence and wisdom; or without these qualities. We must also determine what distinguishing characteristics, if any, exist between the essential and the non-essential substance of our bodies and those of all other animals.

First: does nature act intelligently and with discernment in the process of food assimilation? The answer is an emphatic affirmation.

Biological science teaches that bioplasm, a transparent, viscid, colorless, structureless substance is the primal condition of all organic existence. The characteristics of this life principle are infinitely superior to any or all of the properties which belong to ordinary matter. It possesses the power of motion according to its own volition, that is, it moves itself, and without the application of extraneous forces. It also grows by internal absorption, not by external accretion. Possessing the power of self-movement it brings itself in contact with nutrient matter through the operations of a physical law, which causes a current in the opposite direction to the line of motion. Necessary pabulum is thus floated into the bioplasmic cell, where immediately it is metamorphosed into a state corresponding perfectly with the original mass.

But what becomes of the newly-vitalized matter? As soon as it is quickened it passes out from the bioplasmic cell, and is used in building up bone, and tissue, and nerve, and all of the different parts of our complicated system.

Now, what is the wonderful differentiating power of the protoplasm which enables it to select with unerring certainty just such matter as our natures require? Why, out of about sixty different elements does it select less than a score? Why does this vitalized matter always construct the proper organ in the right place, and, in ease of accident, at special but needed times? Why can it not be made to weave a nerve where it ought to build a bone; nor construct a muscle where our finger nails grow? How is it that blood forms bone, muscle, hair, nerve, horn and tissue out of a conglomeration of substances? How is it that the protoplasm becomes conscious of a lack of lime in the body, and will at once set about supplying the deficiency if the proper material be offered? How does it know that six grains of lime are lacking, and but one of iron, and still less of some other substance? How does it acquire its wonderful knowledge of the law of proportion, which it follows with such undeviating fidelity that scientists who are passably familiar with the same law can correctly outline the form of extinct animals or fishes from an examination of a fossil bone, or of a single scale? How does the protoplasm become conscious that matters are not working harmoniously in the remotest parts of the body?

Why do not the stomach and intestines consume themselves, since they operate continuously in the dissolution of other substances similar in composition? Since the acid and alkaline fluids of the digestive organs perform their work so effectually in dissolving the food we eat, what power restrains them from operating also in the same manner upon the vessels which contain them ready for instant use? Red-hot coals burning everything but themselves would be an illustration in analogy with the mystery just mentioned. To account for this strange phenomenon some have presumed that because the digestive organs are simply portions of a living organism while the process of digestion is performing, they themselves escape digestion. This assumption, however, is unfounded, as experiments demonstrate: the ear of a living rabbit has been introduced into the stomach of a living dog and perfectly digested; hence, some other theory must be proposed. But, further, we find nature makes the most arbitrary and unaccountable distinctions in selecting her food material. Chemical analysis cannot detect the slightest difference between the albumen of human blood and the albumen of an egg. Why is it, then, that when egg albumen is injected into man's blood, artificially, nature will not use the material so coaxingly offered; but regards it as something wholly foreign to her purpose?

We defy every infidel objector against the resurrection verity to answer scientifically the series of questions just propounded and not give away the very foundation of all physiological objections to the resurrection doctrine. To reply to them by asserting that nature proceeds thus because it is according to her law, is merely to affirm that matters are as they are because that is the way they are—a true fool's wisest answer.

Life, says the philosopher, is the cause of the phenomena to which the questions refer. Certainly. But what is life? Some scientists define it as "the internal power which co-ordinates the internal movements of germinal matter." This definition simply says that life is a power—the co-ordination, etc., is a result of that power in action; for the co-ordination of internal, as well as the external movements of anything, anywhere, requires the exercise of force or power. Latent power can accomplish nothing, co-ordinate nothing, do nothing. What, then, is power in this sense? Laying aside all deceptive definitions, let us consult Webster, who doubtless is good authority. He says, "Power, in its philosophical sense, means the faculty of doing something, of performing something; the faculty of moving or producing a change in something; the exertion of power proceeds from the will, and, in strictness, no being destitute of will or intelligence can exert power." One more definition from the same authority will be presented. He thus defines *Will*: "That faculty of the *mind* by which we determine either to do or forbear an action; the faculty which is exercised in deciding among two or more objects which we shall embrace or pursue."

Now, science informs us the protoplasm moves itself, and without the application of extraneous forces. Its motion, therefore, is independent of anything but its own will, its own volition.

Further, when the newly-vitalized matter which becomes exactly like the original protoplasmic mass, appears in the blood, it is offered, in the experiment already cited, a substance—albumen—with the alternative of its reception and use or complete rejection. It chooses the latter in a most decisive manner; and, hence, must have a strongly-formed and most arbitrary will; and *will* can be predicated of nothing but *mind*. Just as soon as we admit that protoplasm possesses mind, or intelligence, an explanation is forthcoming for the mysterious

phenomena that are manifested by the assimilating organs of our corporiety. Their operations are guided by intelligence—by mind.

This exists as an inherent quality in protoplasmic substance, or else is communicated to it perpetually by the all-pervading, knowing Spirit of God.

Should both of these theories be rejected, the wisdom displayed by the protoplasm will not be affected. There is no mechanic who can construct a building in the same exact and scientific proportions that protoplasmic matter exhibits in the rearing of our bodies. No engineer can ferret out a weakness in the labor he has undertaken with the unerring certainty with which protoplasm detects a flaw in our bodies. No mathematician can estimate the proper proportion of the different elements required to construct our bodies with the facility and accuracy that protoplasm manifests. No human being endowed with the highest powers of intellect can exercise a more arbitrary and apparently unfounded choice than protoplasm does. Nothing possesses a more stubborn, unyielding will.

(To be Continued.)

MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY VIDL.

DURING the Winter of 1877-8 a young missionary of this Church was traveling in and about Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, proclaiming the doctrines of the gospel wherever an opportunity was presented. In his journeys he came in contact with a family which, for some years, had been connected with the Spiritualists. He preached to these persons, and finally agreed with the head of the family to alternately attend the meetings of the Saints and those of the counterfeit which was originated by Satan.

One evening a Mr. Morse, who was a very noted medium for the manifestation of the power of Spiritualism, arrived at Newcastle for the purpose of giving an exhibition. Our missionary and his friend were present and the former, never having seen anything of the kind before, was astonished at the proceedings.

When the medium entered on the platform he said that if his spirit guide did not fail him he would speak upon the subject "Heaven and Hell." He then sat in a chair, clasped his hands, placing the ends of his thumbs together, and remained in this position for about five minutes, while an organist played a quiet, solemn tune on the instrument. During these moments the face of Mr. Morse appeared to undergo a complete change, twitchings being visible in the upper part of his body, the features becoming somewhat distorted and being overspread by a deathly pallor. At the expiration of this time the medium arose, ascended the pulpit, and for one hour and fifty-five minutes poured forth a volume of the most enchanting oratory. The audience was held as if spell-bound. The speaker did not for a moment open his eyes during the delivery of his discourse.

As he concluded, permission was given for any in the audience who desired it to write questions which the speaker would answer. Quite a number of those present wrote questions on slips of paper, folded the same and as a platter was passed around these were dropped in promiscuously. They were then

taken to the medium who, with his right hand, lifted them one by one from the platter, held them for a moment in his hands before him without unfolding them, during which time he slowly repeated the question aloud, and then, as he threw it aside with his left hand, gave an answer to the question.

Just at that time there was considerable talk among all religious people about the late President Brigham Young, who had died but four or five months previous, and some person in the audience propounded the following question:

"Where is Brigham Young?"

The answer was distinctly given:

"I do not know, he is in the spheres beyond me."

Our missionary asked by note:

"Was Joseph Smith a prophet?"

And received the reply:

"Yes."

"Where do you get your information?" was another of the questions, which was answered:

"From the gates of the celestial city."

To the question whether or not the spirit operating upon Mr. Morse had ever existed in flesh on the earth the reply came:

"Yes, I existed as a professor about four thousand years ago in the vicinity of the Euphrates."

Many other questions were asked and answers given, after which the speaker made movements such as a person does who wakens out of a sound sleep, and after rubbing his eyes some little appeared quite natural again.

On another occasion it was arranged for a spiritual seance to be held at the house of our missionary's friend. The medium at this time was a woman. She arranged those who desired to take part in a circle around the table, upon which they merely touched their extended fingers. The thumbs of each person's hands were arranged so that the ends would come in contact, while the little fingers touched those of the persons sitting on either side.

All this being done the table gradually began to move, first on one side and then on the other until finally it was entirely suspended in the air without any visible support. Our missionary thought at first that some deception was being practiced, but he carefully examined it from all sides and was convinced that his eyes did not deceive him. There were also some manifestations of spirit-rapping, in answer to questions which were asked by various persons present. The method of spelling out replies was as follows: After the question had been propounded, the letters of the alphabet were repeated in regular order until the proper one was reached, when it was indicated by a distinct rap on the table. This letter was then written and the next one necessary for the spelling of a word was obtained in a similar manner. This was continued until the answer was complete.

After the company had practiced for some little time, our missionary sat down to the table with the others, and though he sat in the same position as the remainder, no manifestation was given. The medium then had some of them change places remarking at the same time that there was something present which did not harmonize. No difference, however, was seen even from the change of positions, and, in fact nothing occurred until our missionary moved from the circle, when the movements of the table and the rappings became even more vigorous than before.

Both of these exhibitions were given by gas light, so there was no chance of any deception, such as is frequently practiced in so-called spiritual seances.

Now, these were examples of the power of the evil spirit—a spirit which began to manifest itself shortly after the organization of this Church and endeavored to counterfeit the power which God Himself had placed in the latter. The spirit of the false teachers, and which was felt here, produced an unsatisfactory, discontented feeling, instead of a peaceful and happy one, such as the Holy Spirit gives to those upon whom it rests. That the power which made the table move was subject to that given to the servants of God was evident from the fact that operations ceased when our missionary formed a part of the circle. Neither does the Lord show forth His power to gratify the idle curiosity of men, and he only gives His Spirit and authority to those who humbly obey the laws of the everlasting gospel, and prove themselves worthy of receiving these inestimable blessings.

The difference between the workings of the two spirits, and the difference of power existing in the true and counterfeit organizations will always be made apparent to the humble seeker after truth. So it was to the acquaintance of our missionary who, with his entire family, soon afterwards accepted the gospel and is now an honored resident of this Territory.

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER XIII.

(Continued from page 247.)

VLADIMIR was barely able to restrain his joy until they could reach their rude bed; then he hugged to his bosom the old, trembling Feodor.

"My beloved father," he whispered, "I could now die almost content. You will be free: you will force justice to be done to your own honest name; you will seek out Olga, who will love you for my sake, until the near hour when she shall know you to love and reverence you for yourself. Together, you two will await my coming; and the consciousness that I have your hope and prayers will nerve me to all the labor of an escape.

A long and painful sigh from the old general broke this rhapsody of the son; and the elder Pojarsky answered:

"In your unselfish gladness, my Vladimir, you forget that the name which was once my own is now forever lost. I have renounced it to buy the body's freedom; and with that renunciation I have purchased a new slavery. Besides, one half of that dear cause which prompted me to seek for liberty has vanished. Should I return to St. Petersburg, instead of meeting the welcome of your sainted mother—martyred, alas! for me in her youth and beauty—I must encounter the relatives of the dead Hulinski; whom I have defrauded of his name and pardon. The part is difficult, almost impossible. I can not go to a foreign land: life would hold no joy for me away from Russia, which yet I love as a boy loves the mother that suckled him."

"No, no, dear son," Feodor continued in a solemn, sad whisper; "we must find a plan whereby *you* shall be able to take Hulinski's pardon for your own. I hear the breakers of my tumultuous life already dashing upon the shore of that other land: with you, a peaceful ocean will stretch infinitely away into God's own sunshine. Wherever you may go—into what-

ever country you may be led for safety—you will be at home, for Princess Olga will be at your side."

Vladimir interrupted these self-sacrificing words with a warm protestation. By all that is sacred in religion and love he conjured his father to accept the release; and he further swore that he would never leave the arsenic mine until he could feel certain that Feodor also would escape.

Once more General Pojarsky was obliged to relinquish his fond project. The very worth of Vladimir, which prompted the general's attempt, prevented the son's acceptance of the sacrifice.

The next day Oserov was not on duty in the mine, but on the third day following he resumed his old station in the corridor leading to the shaft, and near to the entrance of the abandoned chamber.

At intervals during that day the three friends sought conference together and thoroughly debated the circumstances of their present situation and their future hopes. In this discussion and in the arrangement of a plan which would give promise of success, the strong sense and goodness of Oserov were of incalculable benefit; for the father and son each seemed determined that every possible advantage should be given to the other, and the deciding voice of Paul, the sentry, was constantly called into use.

After much talk, Oserov reviewed their conclusions and stated their final plan:

"In a few days my term of duty here will have expired. I shall hasten to Nijni Novgorod and there obtain my discharge from the army. I shall remain at Nijni Novgorod and watch every imperial courier who departs. If his destination is Ekaterinburg or Berezovsk—a point upon which, as an old and reputable soldier, I can easily gain information—I will follow him within a day; and will hover with horses upon the road leading out from Ekaterinburg to Nijni Novgorod. When the release comes for Nicolaus Hulinski—and I feel confident that before many months it will come—General Pojarsky must accept his liberty and depart from this place, and find means of conveying the news to me. Lieutenant Pojarsky will then seize the earliest opportunity of escaping through the old shaft, and will join me where I wait. General Pojarsky must travel to Nijni Novgorod in the government conveyance; and once arrived there he must remain under pretense of illness or for some other ostensible reason until we can communicate with him. The Lieutenant Vladimir and myself will be able to overcome all dangers, I have no doubt, and we will be able to send to the General news of our safety and of a place where we can all reunite without fear."

Despite all their hopes it was a sorrowful hour for Feodor and Vladimir one morning when they stood in the guard house door and saw a detachment of soldiery take up the march for Ekaterinburg, thence to proceed to the capital; nor was the sadness of the two exiles greater than that of the departing Oserov. Parting words, even glances of recognition, were impossible; but each one of the three friends sensed from his own feelings what was passing in the minds of his companions.

Each one of the three felt a poignant regret at the separation; and Feodor and his son required all their staunch resolution to enable them without a word to witness Paul's departure, while that faithful fellow could so little endure the parting that his usual and enforced military composure was sadly shaken. But for the consciousness that the plan, deliberately formed after a careful consideration of the case, was the only possible

means of success, the brave soldier would have yielded to the temptation which he felt to throw himself at General Pojarsky's feet and swear to abide with his friends.

At length the little cavalcade moved away and the last glance which Oserov caught of the Pojarskys viewed them treading the weary path which led to their place of daily torture; their arms were folded and their heads were bowed as they moved along, and Paul breathed towards their toil-worn frames a solemn prayer.

The brief Summer of the Ural region was in its beautiful waning when Paul and his companions left the mines at Berezovsk.

Their progress was very rapid, for their leader was a young officer anxious to be once more with his pretty sweetheart on the banks of the Neva; while several of the soldiers, like Oserov, were entitled to a discharge, and their eagerness to be freed from the rigorous discipline of military service encouraged the lover in his most ardent haste.

In the expectation of approaching happiness severity was relaxed; and Paul made bold to solicit the favor of his leader in his proposed effort to secure his discharge at Nijni Novgorod instead of waiting until St. Petersburg should be reached.

With the devoted object which he had in view, the soldier felt justified in giving the most plausible reasons which he could imagine for his request; and he was gratified by receiving the assurance that he should have his leader's influence and would undoubtedly be given his discharge at the Nijni Novgorod fort.

The first frosts of the advancing Autumn were touching the waters with fragile crystals and tinting the leaves with brilliance when Oserov found himself in the city of the great fairs.

There was little difficulty in obtaining his release from military control; and by the time his companions were ready to take steamer up the Volga, Oserov was free and in good quarters adjoining the barracks. Knowing that any courier carrying imperial orders through Nijni Novgorod would necessarily report to the military authorities at the fort, Paul used every endeavor to make acquaintance there that he might visit frequently and without suspicion.

After the formality of his discharge was concluded, he continued to call at the fort; and in all his strolls about the city he was accompanied by one or more of the soldiers or petty officers who were off duty.

In return for the hospitality which he extended most judiciously he received all the news and gossip retailed through the mess-rooms.

Oserov felt every assurance that he would learn of any courier's arrival or departure, and even had strong hopes that he would be able to learn the general nature of each courier's mission.

But Autumn was passing swiftly into the long Winter, and no word had yet come. Paul wondered if his absent friends were enduring with fortitude the long delay. He greatly feared that they might lose their patience and sacrifice all hope of success by some hasty move; that the general's health might fail and the impetuous Vladimir throw off all restraint in his anxiety for his father; or that some disastrous discovery of Feodor's identity might be made and his escape forever rendered impossible.

Often, during the lengthy time of waiting, Paul sprang from his sleepless pillow and vowed his determination to start for Berezovsk with the morning light; but each time he withdrew

his rash resolution and concluded to be patient yet a further time.

Winter was rushing down the Volga, congealing its waves into a solid roadway and breathing the frost of death upon all tender verdure, when one day a man, wearing the uniform of an imperial courier, passed the lodgings of Oserov.

Paul had been peering through the window of his warm room and had seen the stranger. Without waiting to seize his overcoat, and only catching a cap from its peg near the door, he burst from the house and rushed after the retreating figure. Fortunately for Paul, the courier soon turned into a tavern, which was a common resort for the soldiers; and Paul, following him, was able to take shelter out of the snowy street.

The courier greeted some of his old acquaintances who were new friends of Oserov and in a few moments Paul was conversing with the imperial messenger as if they had been sworn comrades.

It soon was developed that the courier was on his way to the Ural Mountains, and that he was intending to wait at Nijni Novgorod for a military company which was about to be dispatched to Ekaterinburg.

You may be sure that Paul did not allow this valuable acquaintanceship to languish. He made himself, in the ensuing two or three days, the boon companion of the courier; and learned that this indeed was the man for whose coming he had so long hoped. The courier only knew or would only reveal so much of his message as that he was carrying to Ekaterinburg the release of a high state prisoner who was toiling in the mines at Berezovsk; but Oserov did not need to hear the name of the pardoned exile. He knew that the hour had come for action.

His course had been long matured and his preparations were brief and unsuspecting in their nature. He had long before given out that it was his intention to visit some relatives at Simbirsk before returning to St. Petersburg; and now he announced his readiness for that journey.

One cold, blustering morning Paul saw the courier and the detachment of soldiers leave the fort on their toilsome journey beyond the great mountain range; and that night he followed in a sledge drawn by three swift and wiry horses.

(To be Continued).

CHANGE OF COLOR IN FISH—It is a well-known fact among anglers that in nearly every case the color of fish, especially trout, is particularly adapted to the portion of the stream which they inhabit. If a living black trout be placed in a light-colored basin filled with clear spring-water, within half-an-hour its color will be of a perceptibly lighter tinge, while if it be placed in a similar colored jar for some days, it will become absolutely white; but if, when in this state, it be placed in a dark-colored or black jar, although at first it contrasts strongly with the dark ground, in the course of a quarter of an hour its color will assimilate so completely with that of the jar, that it will be a difficult matter to distinguish it. No doubt this faculty of changing color is furnished to enable them to escape from their numerous enemies, both within and without their native element; but whether the act is voluntary or involuntary on their part, has not yet been satisfactorily determined.

WORDS are like leaves; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

THE LORD IS KING.

By A. M. Fox.

Moderato. *Cres.* *ff*

pp The Lord He is King, The Lord is King, Praise ye His name in ev' - ry land.

p Praise Him, praise Him all ye peo - ple, praise Him, praise Him all ye people,

Cres. *p* praise Him, praise Him, praise Him all ye peo - ple. For His mer - ci - ful, for His

mer - ci - ful, for His mer - ci - ful kindness en - dur - eth for - ev - er. Hal - le - lu - jah,

hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah. A - men, a - men.

AUTUMN.

Time of the rushing flood and dying flower,
 When the changed grove, with russet garments sere,
 Yields its last chaplet for the saddened year,
 And desolating tempests thin the bower,
 Making wild music to the wanderer's ear,
 I love thee for thy melancholy power. —
 There is a moral on thy faded leaf,
 A sympathy within thy clouded sky,
 Well suited to the softening hour of grief,
 And not ungrateful to the tearful eye,
 Or heart, which gives the imprisoned thought relief,
 In unrestrained complaint when none is by,
 And fancies, in thy breezes' solemn tone,
 The answering sigh of earth, responsive to its own.

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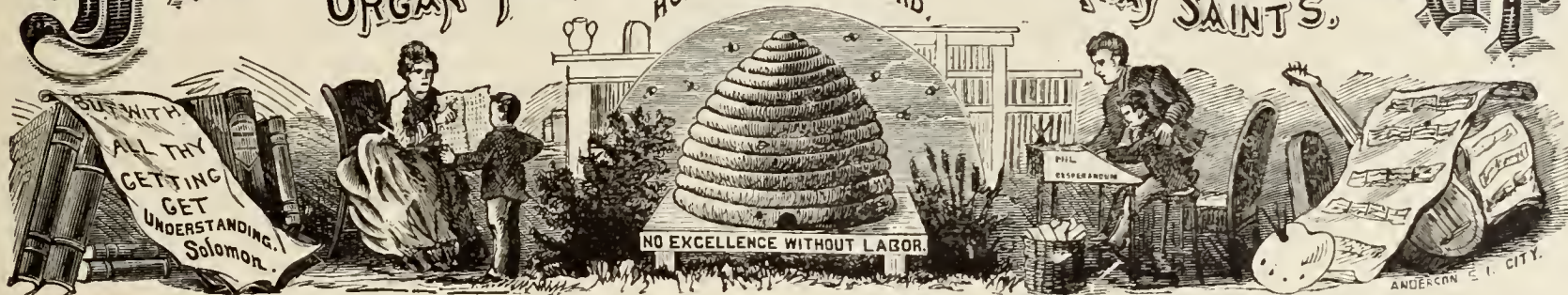
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YOUTHFUL IMAGINATIONS.

IT is quite natural for young persons, when they have nothing of importance to think about, to let their minds wander off from the realities of life and indulge in wild and extravagant imaginations. It is doubtful whether the writers of romance and fiction possess such unlimited powers of imagination as young folks sometimes do. A child has so few cares to engage his mind, and such a small store of ideas to ponder over, that it is a very easy matter to bring before his mind's eye the most varied imaginations. Very often he becomes so wrapt in these flighty visions that he is entirely unconscious of the realities with which he is surrounded and fancies that these vain dreams are veritable facts; and he is charmed with the enchanting views that pass like a panorama before his gaze.

As a child grows older and learns more of the actual condition of his existence and surroundings, his imagination is somewhat curbed and it revels less in the extravagances of deceptive fancy to abide more within the threshold of actual verity. It is at this period of life when youths begin to "build castles in the air," and plan for the future. But as their reasoning faculties are still immature, their youthful expectations and hopes are not always realized. When they read and hear of the triumphs and achievements of individuals they become possessed with a desire to do something great or honorable by which they will gain the respect and admiration of their fellow-beings. But very often they are at a loss to know what pursuit to take in order to achieve honor or distinction; and they are impatient to acquire fame all at once by performing one heroic act that will immortalize their names. While comparatively few persons (and they more accidentally than other-

wise) ever get renown by what are usually called heroic deeds, it is within the power of the masses to build up for themselves a reputation for being honorable in every way; and it is better to be respected for our honor than to be admired for our genius. A person who becomes notable for his integrity and upright dealings with, or kindness towards, his fellow-creatures will be held in great esteem, and be remembered longer by those acquainted with his life than the one who gains notoriety through some daring act, or who becomes eminent for his mental acquirements. No person should feel to regret that he



has no opportunity of becoming noble and to command honor. There are plenty of chances offered for all to do something for mankind that will bring them distinction. It is possible for even the humblest among us to rise high in the estimation of their acquaintances if not to gain exalted positions in the world. It does not require much searching to find some way of bettering the condition of mankind. Objects of our sympathy might be found in any place or at any time. There may be individuals who need help in some way that is within

our power to bestow. But such an act we may think is too trifling and is scarcely worth our notice. It is by such small acts of kindness, some simple deeds of valor and some such humble beginnings, that men who have accomplished much have made a start. One small step up a high hill may seem useless, but by a succession of such steps we are enabled to ascend to its summit. People who have become great public benefactors have almost invariably begun in a humble way, similar to that of the man represented in the engraving, who, through sympathy for suffering humanity, has invited a num-

ber of poor, homeless boys from the streets of the large city in which he resides to a well-prepared dinner. By so doing he gains their respect and he is enabled to benefit them morally and socially as well as physically, by instructing them in the duties of life. Through gratefulness for the dinner he furnished them they would naturally feel like obeying his wishes, knowing at the same time that his words of advice are for their own benefit. Men who have gained distinction in the world as great philanthropists have done so by performing such acts of charity in a humble way.

The following brief sketch of the life of Peter Cooper, one of the world's greatest philanthropists, shows how he arose from the humblest walks in life to a position of honor and world-wide fame:

"Peter Cooper was born in New York in 1791. When young he was in humble circumstances, and was obliged to pick up an education as best he could. At the age of 17 he was an apprentice at coach-making, where his conduct was so satisfactory that his master offered to start him in business, but he declined to incur the risk. His first start towards a fortune was by the invention of an improvement in machines for shearing cloth. Such machines were in demand while the importation of foreign cloth was prohibited, during the war of 1812-15. Afterwards they were of little account, and he went into the manufacture of cabinetware, and soon afterwards into the grocery business, and finally he began the manufacture of glue and isinglass, in which business he was engaged for more than half a century, accumulating a handsome fortune. But he was at various periods concerned in other affairs. In 1830, he built works for the manufacture of iron, and afterwards a rolling and wire mill in New York, where he first successfully used hard coal in puddling iron. In 1845, he had a rolling-mill for making railroad bars at Trenton, N. J., where he was the first to roll iron for building purposes. At Baltimore, in 1830, he designed and built the first locomotive engine constructed in America, and it was soon afterwards operated successfully on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. He was also among the earliest promoters of telegraphic communication in the country, and was for 18 years president of the New York, Newfoundland and London telegraph company. He was among the earliest to become interested in the New York state canal. Before the Erie canal was ready for use, it was a serious question what was the best propelling power for the boats. Cooper then made an experiment of propulsion by means of an endless chain. The chain was driven by the power of elevated water; and on an experimental trip with the governor, DeWitt Clinton, and a distinguished party, a speed of 2 miles in 11 minutes was gained. Other power can also be applied to the endless chain. This invention, though not then adopted, has been used in passing boats through canal locks. Always interested in his native city, Cooper was chosen to the board of assistants and of aldermen; and he was also prominent in the establishment of the old public school society. The great object and the great honor of his life, however, was yet to come. Feeling keenly the disadvantages under which he labored when a youth in obtaining education, he long contemplated and finally established an institution (the Cooper Union) in which the poor as well as prosperous should have the amplest opportunity for education without cost. In 1854, he laid the corner-stone of a large building at the junction of the Third and Fourth avenues in New York, 'to be devoted forever to the union of art and science in their application to the useful purposes of life.' This institution, which has had his constant care and help, now counts over 2,000

pupils in the course of a year. It has a school of art for women, with free instruction in all branches of drawing, in painting, wood-engraving and photography. It has also a free school of telegraphy for young women. These schools for the day-time accommodate 200 to 300 students. In the evenings the free schools of science and art for young men and women give free instruction in mathematics, practical engineering, and practical chemistry; and free lectures are given in natural philosophy and the elements of chemistry. In art, every branch of drawing and painting is taught. A large free reading-room and library with about 300 periodicals and papers, foreign and domestic, and about 10,000 volumes are at the disposal of all comers. Every Saturday evening during the winter, free lectures are given in the large hall of the Cooper Union, sometimes seating 2,000. The annual expense has amounted to about \$60,000. In 1879, the founder added an upper story to this most useful institution."

The youth deceives himself who imagines that he has no opportunity or chance to do any great good by which he can gain honor and distinction. There are plenty of opportunities within the reach of all to make their names memorable among those who know them. Only a few may be able to acquire what is called fame. But what is fame that we should covet it? If we take the testimony of those who have become famous in the world we will conclude that it is not the climax of human enjoyment.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

SUICIDE, or self-murder, is becoming an event of startling frequency in our country. At no time since the people came to these valleys has there been so many suicides in proportion to the population as of late. In fact, in early days, it was a crime almost unknown to the people; and if a self-murder occurred, it shocked the community and excited deep and wide-spread comment. But now there is scarcely a daily paper without an account of some person having attempted self-destruction. A mania for self-killing appears to be going through the country. No doubt the commission of this act by one suggests the crime to others. Weak-minded people, or those who have a love for notoriety, brood over the killing of which they have heard, until their minds become morbid and partly insane upon the subject, and in a moment of temptation they destroy themselves.

The frequency with which this crime is committed calls loudly upon those in authority in the community to take some measures to check the mania. It should receive immediate attention. The seal of public condemnation should be put upon suicide. Those who have an inclination of this kind should be made to understand that in killing themselves, they gain an infamous notoriety and bring upon themselves public dishonor and the same condemnation that is attached to murder of every kind.

This crime is increasing rapidly in the United States and other nations. It seems to be one of the results of Satan's increased influence over the children of men. Having no tabernacle himself, he would like to prompt every child of God to destroy his body. When a human being becomes possessed of the devil, the tabernacle is soon wrecked; for neither he nor his companion spirits know to what use to put a fleshly tabernacle except to destroy it.

Man did not create himself. He did not furnish his spirit with a human dwelling place. It is God who created man, both body and spirit. Man has no right, therefore, to destroy that which he had no agency in creating. They who do so are guilty of murder, self-murder it is true; but they are no more justified in killing themselves than they are in killing others. What difference of punishment there is for the two crimes, I do not know; but it is clear that no one can destroy so precious a gift as that of life without incurring a severe penalty.

By the people of mediæval times the remains of those who were guilty of this offense were treated as the remains of other murderers. In England, it was the practice to dig the grave of the suicide in a place where four roads met. The body was consigned to the hole, and a stake was driven through it into the ground, and it was then covered up. This was a barbarous method of treating the lifeless remains of a human being; but it clearly expresses the horror that was entertained by the people of those days of this dreadful crime. It doubtless was designed to be barbarous in order to impress the minds of the people with the awful consequences of such an act, and to show the execration with which the memories of suicides would be held by surviving generations. To this day places of this kind, where the bodies of suicides were buried are known and pointed out by the common people. The remembrance of the manner in which they destroyed themselves, and their burial places, are perpetuated from generation to generation, and such spots are dreaded and shunned, especially in the night.

This custom of refusing Christian burial to self-murderers prevails upon the continent of Europe. The Catholic church in Europe rigidly excludes murderers from burial in what is known as consecrated ground. This is the rule also where the Greek church, the Lutheran church and the church of England have control. The mortal remains of no suicide is permitted to be buried in ground which has been consecrated as the last resting place of those who lead proper lives. In this way these churches show their condemnation of this crime. I think the Latter-day Saints should do no less. There is no people who are taught as we are to place a high value upon life. We are taught to look upon murder as a most frightful crime. The sacredness and importance of human life are impressed upon us by every revelation which God has given concerning man and his future destiny. The Spirit of God impresses man to look with abhorrence upon the shedding of blood; and no man, who is possessed of it, will take the life of an animal, a fowl, a fish, or even an insect, unnecessarily.

In order to palliate the crime of self-murder there is a disposition often shown to attribute the act to insanity or aberration of mind. This is especially so where the individual who destroys himself or herself has been respected, or where they have respectable connections. In this way it is thought the feelings of surviving relatives will be saved. Doubtless there are many cases of self-murder which are due to insanity; but that this mania can be greatly controlled and checked, experience has abundantly proven. At one time, in the city of Paris, the mania for self-destruction became almost an epidemic. The authorities, being alarmed at the increase of the crime, took the subject into consideration, and, finally, decided to expose the body of every suicide, stripped of every vestige of clothing, to the gaze of all the public, who chose to visit the morgue, or dead-house. It seemed a brutal thing to do, but the epidemic needed a strong remedy. It had the desired effect. Suicides almost ceased. Even abandoned women shrank

from committing self-murder in view of such a penalty—the exposure of their persons after death to the vulgar gaze. This experiment plainly proves that there can be checks used to prevent this crime.

I do not believe that many would commit suicide among us if it were known beforehand that such indignities as I have referred to would be heaped upon their lifeless remains. But if officers and members of our Church meet together, and some of our Elders, with eloquent words, bear testimony to the moral worth and the excellent traits of character of the one who has violently taken his or her own life, and then a cortege is formed to accompany the body, with solemn pageantry, to the cemetery, to consign it to a resting place amidst the honored dead whose lives have been just and pure, what is there to make the living think that self-murder is a dreadful sin against God and against humanity?

Many perhaps will think this language harsh. Sympathy for the families of those who commit this deed would prompt words of comfort, because of the dreadful trial to which they are subjected; but this crime is becoming too common to admit of this method of dealing with it. Justice to the living—justice to the rising generation, demands that it shall receive the condemnation which it deserves. *It is murder*, and men and women can not be justified in staining their hands even with their own blood or in taking their own lives.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints should set its seal of reprobation and condemnation upon this dreadful act. Instead of honoring them who commit it by making their funerals distinguished, and treating them as though they were dead heroes or heroines, and making no distinction between them and those who have worn themselves out in the service of their God, let them be buried in secret and without display, and in ground far removed from the burial places of those who have lived lives of honor and purity.

VALUE AND USE OF HISTORY.—The histories of ages past, or relations concerning foreign countries, wherein the manners of men are described, and their actions reported, afford us useful pleasure and pastime; thereby we may learn as much, and understand the world as well, as by the most curious inquiry into the present actions of men; there we may observe, we may scan, we may tax the proceedings of whom we please, without any danger or offense. There are extant numberless books, wherein the wisest and most ingenious of men have laid open their hearts, and exposed their most secret cogitations unto us; in perusing them, we may sufficiently busy ourselves, and let our idle hours pass gratefully; we may meddle with ourselves, studying our dispositions, examining our own principles and purposes, reflecting on our thoughts, words and actions, striving thoroughly to understand ourselves: to do this we have an unquestionable right, and by it we shall obtain vast benefit.

INSTABILITY OF FRIENDSHIP.—The instability of friendship furnishes one of the most melancholy reflections suggested by the contemplation of human life; and few of us have traveled far upon our pilgrimage, without having had occasion to lament the loss of some companion who has parted from our side upon the first rumor that we have wandered from the fountains of the desert.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

WHO TOOK CARE OF THE BABY.

WHAT would you think of a mother, who should see a great big bear carrying off her baby, and stand still and smile without any concern on her face? And yet such a thing has been seen; and she was a very kind mother, too. So it is a story, of course, and a true one, and I will tell it as it was told to me.

The baby's father is living. He is an Indian; but a good man, and one who studied and has been through college. Once he missed a good deal of corn, from his large cornfield, not a great way from his house. He could not tell who took the corn; whether it was some wicked Indian, or a bear.

So he watched, and one night he saw a bear coming slowly into the field. He went in among the corn, stood up on his hind feet, and making arms of his fore feet, broke off the ears of corn with one foot and put them into the other, piling them up as a man would do, and then marched off.

The Indian set a trap for him (that would catch him without hurting him) and soon had him a prisoner.

He petted him and fed him well, and soon the bear became very tame.

He was a young bear, and so was easily tamed, and every one about the house got to love him. And the bear (for bears can) loved back again.

He was especially fond of the baby, and sometimes the mother would put it in his "arms," and he would walk about very proudly with it.

At last he would carry it out for a walk, and there was a fine woods very near the house where he loved to go with the baby, and let it sit upon the ground and play with moss and acorns as long as it chose.

If a dog came along the bear would drive it away, and once or twice he killed a dog who tried to dispute his right as a nurse.

He always brought the baby home safely. So the mother trusted him, and *that* is the way she could see a bear carry off her child without any look of fear in her face.

One day he went to the woods alone. After a while his master saw him coming very slowly along home, and stopping every now and then to take up some dirt and press to his side.

He went out to meet him, and saw little pools of blood in his track.

The bear had been shot, perhaps by some man whose dog he had killed.

He just made out to get home, take one more look at the baby, and lie down and die.

LINES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

WHILE in thy youth
E'er speak the truth,
And never, never lie;
Commit no ill
But do the will
Of Him who rules on high.

Seek to do right
With all your might,
At home and everywhere;
And ever pray
Both night and day,
For God will hear your prayer.

And all the while
Angels will smile,
When little children pray,
Then do not fear
For they are near,
And watching night and day.

You ne'er should think
To take a drink,
Of liquor, wine nor beer;
'Twill spoil your health,
'Twill steal your wealth,
And fill your souls with fear.

Do not profane,
Nor take in vain
God's name in any place;
But ever strive
To faithful live,
That you may see His face.

C. L. W.

THE answer to the Word Puzzle published in No. 16 is, Bound, Found, Hound, Mound, Pound, Round, Sound, Wound. Solutions have been received from Rachel A. Fowler, Ogden; Wm. Brewer, Hennefer; Hyrum Monson, Marinda Monson, Richmond; Samuel Stark, Payson; Ezra Christensen, Manti; C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 16.

1. WHAT curiosities were exhibited in Kirtland, July 3, 1835? A. Four Egyptian mummies and several rolls of papyrus covered with hieroglyphic figures and devices.

2. What was afterwards done with them? A. They were purchased by some of the Saints, and Joseph Smith translated some of the characters on the rolls.

3. What did one of the rolls contain? A. The writings of Abraham.

4. Where can we now find a translation of them? A. In the "Pearl of Great Price."

5. When and where was the Book of Commandments approved and made a law of faith and practice to the Church? A. August 17, 1835, at a general assembly of the Church in Kirtland.

6. Who presided at the assembly when this action was taken? A. Oliver Cowdery and Sidney Rigdon.

7. Where were Joseph Smith and F. G. Williams at this time? A. Absent on a visit to Michigan.

8. Who was made the first Church recorder? A. Oliver Cowdery.

9. When was he appointed? A. September 14, 1835.

10. What statement did Joseph make concerning the authority of the First Presidency over the Twelve? A. "The Twelve are not subject to any other than the First Presidency. Where I am not, there is no First Presidency over the Twelve."

11. When and before whom did he make this statement? A. Jan 16, 1836, before a council of the Twelve Apostles.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. Who were the missionaries set apart for the first foreign mission of the Church? 2. Who was set apart to preside over this mission? 3. When did the missionaries sail from New York, and when did they arrive in England? 4. When and where did the first preaching by Latter-day Saint Elders occur in England? 5. When did Joseph leave Kirtland again for Missouri, and for what purpose? 6. What new publication was issued in Kirtland about the 1st of the next month, and what paper did it succeed? 7. When was it discontinued and for what cause? 8. When was the first general conference of the Church held in England and how long was this after the arrival

of the missionaries there? 9. How many did the Church in England now number?

"THE LITTLE FOXES THAT SPOIL THE VINES."

ONE little fox is "Bye-and-Bye." If you track him, you come to his hole—Never.

Another little fox is "I Can't." You had better set on him an active, plucky little thing, "I can" by name. It does wonders.

A third little fox is "No Use in Trying." He has spoiled more vines, and hindered the growth of more, than many a worse-looking enemy.

A fourth little fox is "I Forgot." He is very provoking. He is a great cheat. He slips through your fingers like time. He is seldom caught up with.

Fifth little fox is "Don't Care." Oh, the mischief he has done!

Sixth little fox is "No Matter." It is matter whether your life is spoiled by small faults.

ENIGMA.

BY E. FILLMORE.

Sometimes I live to a good old age,
But oftener still I die quite young;
At times I stop express trains and stage,
Yet thieves and robbers I'm never among;
I'm sometimes dreaded on mountain tops,
And often cherished on the plain;
I'm sometimes loved by dudes and fops,
As o'er me they ride with might and main;
Oft-times I'm flying through the air,
Again I'm found resting on the ground;
And when the greater light my life does despair,
Great joy with many a one doth abound.

The following named persons have answered the questions on Church History in No. 16:

Samuel Stark, W. J. C. Mortimer, Leone Rogers, Heber Scowcroft, Avildia L. Page.

WHEN is a doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

WHAT relation is a child to its father, when it is not its father's own son? His daughter.

WHAT woman is most likely to give her husband a blowing up if he irritates her? Dinah might.

JIMMY.

BY AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON.

JIMMY was about thirteen years old. He lived in a tenement house on a very narrow and dusty street rarely traveled by any but delivery wagons, butcher carts and such like, and the front door view was of other people's back premises.

His parents were poor; his father worked away from home months at a time, coming home for the holidays—Fourth of July and Christmas—and of all the year these were the best and happiest days for Jimmy; for then his father gave his only boy a little spending money, and once a suit of ready-made clothing with twenty-five cents in the right-hand pants pocket.

His mother, too, went out by the day; and though I used to think she really loved Jimmy best of all (because he was a boy) still, she always provided for his sisters first, because persons notice little girls' clothing and they had to look neat at school. By the time she had attended to their wants and it came Jimmy's turn, generally, the money was all gone or the rent was just due, or her husband's remittance had failed to arrive on time and a bill of credit was accumulating; all these, and perhaps other conditions, so intervened between her intentions and her actual performance of them that it became quite the common thing for Jimmy to be the neglected and poorest dressed member of the family.

"Boys don't mind about their looks as girls do." "Nobody notices how boys look." "They're always down on their knees playing marbles, and good clothes would soon look just as bad," is the style in which neglect of boys' appearance and comfort is often excused.

Now, Jimmy did love to see his little sisters look neat and pretty on their way to school and did not envy them a ruffle on their aprons, or even buttoned shoes when laced shoes would have done just as well and would have been a saving towards his wardrobe; and when his mother bought some little extra for herself so as to look nice when she went to work for fine persons, Jimmy thought she looked prettier than ever.

But when he started down town to hunt a day's work or some errand to do, and instinctively looked at his limp felt hat, shabby overalls and grimy hands, then at his bare toes, I know Jimmy had a very downcast and abstracted air and a general lack of confidence in anyone wanting to give him anything to do.

But, happily, boys are liable to sudden changes of feeling, and the first "Hello, Jim!" that greeted him had power to rout instantly every dark thought and set him on good terms with all the world again, and the two or three would set off together in quest of something to do. Boys who were apprenticed to trades, ventured generous and impossible suggestions to do as they were doing, but the superintendents always had "boys enough at present," which "present" time seemed to be all the year round.

These more fortunate boys all liked Jimmy and when coasting was in season he was always among them, apparently as happy as any. They divided their treats of candy, etc., with him and played marbles or kite as enjoyably with him as with any other boy. On the occasion of a circus, I am happy to say that Jimmy was always seen going in with the crowd of his friends, and I have even known several of them to accompany him after their work hours to the rear of some store (by permission) in quest of discarded boxes for kindling wood.

These expeditions were made with great zeal and intense enthusiasm prevailed when the search resulted in such discov-

eries as swept-out sticks of gum, "charm buttons," cracked pocket mirrors, old lead pencils, etc., the spoils being always honorably divided, though often into painfully small portions.

Sometimes the boxes (always acknowledged to be Jimmy's property) would be pronounced too good for kindling wood. An exchange for rougher material would ensue, with liberal "boot" thrown in, such as "flipper 'lastic," "pearl-handled knife with only three blades gone," the incomplete works of a nickel-cased watch, or a pocket pistol no longer dangerous. How I have listened and laughed at their bartering, under the fence, and how they took satisfaction!

When Jimmy's mother came home tired enough and smiled to see the fire he had ready, and the little girls getting the table set, didn't he feel that he had done his share? Perhaps he had worked part of the day and invested in a bologna sausage, or, yielding to temptation, made a reckless expenditure in small cakes and caramels enough for a taste all around; or if he had been completely unfortunate all day and came home with a heavy heart, whichever way it was, be sure his mother gave him her fondest smile and had most to say to Jimmy.

Their rooms were small, and uncomfortably warm in Summer and very muddy about the door in Winter. But the mother had a knack of making such pretty tidies for stands and shelves, and the cheap white muslin curtains, trimmed with her own crochet lace, draped the windows so prettily, and the cookstove shone so brightly, that the plain rooms looked quite cheerful.

In the evenings, as the mother sewed or crocheted, she told them stories of the farm their father once owned, of the cow she milked, the plenty of sweet milk, good butter and green corn, "roasting ears." Jimmy listened and a longing grew in his heart to go into the country and live just such a life. He made many resolves to go and work with his father as soon as his mother would consent, and by his help they would all the sooner own a piece of land, a cow and calf—he would train the calf himself—and a horse. How his heart swelled at the very hope! Then, thought he, how happy he would be to have all the boys come out to their place and see his pets and eat melons! and how he would show them where to find birds' nests, squirrels and rabbits! and what rambles they would all take under his leadership.

This all seemed only a matter of time to Jimmy, and he forgot many of his present troubles in happy day dreams. If Jimmy sometimes said: "Maybe our folks will move out on to a farm some time," the boys had no doubt of it and cheerfully hoped it might happen soon, so they would all have somewhere to go and visit. The discussion of the matter seldom went further; for wasn't Jimmy's father a miner; and how was anybody to know but that he was economically and steadily putting aside enough to some time very soon buy a modest little farm, with complete outfit?

The hard Winter had gone, Springtime and sore throats were disappearing, and on sunny days shoes and stockings could be dispensed with; the sidewalks were in good condition for marble playing, and the wind on the hill was not too rough for kite flying—altogether, life was easing a little for Jimmy. He was having less anxiety about kindling wood and could devote some time to gathering water-cress and dandelions, which "brought in the nickels if boys would just go around to folks' houses with their baskets." A rather novel feature of this kind of traffic was that several boys went together to each house, and by the abundance thus exhibited seemed to depress trade rather than the reverse; and sometimes the housekeeper was in perplexity which party to patronize, out of delicate

regard for individual feelings. When I once ventured to suggest a different arrangement to the boys, I learned that this combination of interests was necessary to engender sufficient confidence to carry on the business, and that they "divided turns" in selling, or receiving money, by an arrangement equally profitable all around.

Just as Jimmy was doing fairly well and beginning to see a definite prospect of a new hat and overalls, he became sick. It was not considered anything serious at first—only a sore throat—and by his mother's wish Jimmy stayed home all day to take care of himself and be ready for the next day's campaign. When his mother came home at night he had a fever. The boys came around the gate and finally sent in word that they would come that way in the morning. By the time they appeared Jimmy was helpless with a burning fever and they went on in a lingering, unsatisfied manner for a block or two, then stopped to talk it over, arriving at an arrangement to sell one or two baskets to Jimmy's customers for him and call and report financially. This resolve had great effect in elating their spirits and inspiring great diligence in the forenoon's work and the afternoon's sales. But when they filed up the steep, narrow sidewalk and neared the house, a yellow flag, the sign of diphtheria, floated from over the door. A swift exchange of surprised looks, a brief consultation, and then one of them said: "I don't care, I'll take his money to the door, anyway."

The rest of the group stood with cautious prudence quite near enough to catch the infected atmosphere and watched the bearer approach the door and putting the money into the bewildered mother's hand, then deliver a brief explanation.

"I'll put it by till he can understand and then tell him," she said, "but he's very sick, the doctor says." And the poor mother brushed her hand across her eyes and turned to answer Jimmy's faint, delirious call.

Very quietly the boys walked away and halted at the corner instead of making their usual visit to a baker's shop.

"Poor Jimmy! I guess, though, he'll get well, don't you think so?" "Let's come up this way in the morning. I've got a pup I was going to give Jimmy," said another. "I wish watermelons were ripe, I think one might do him good," added a third. "And I'll tell my mother, she knows what's good for sickness—jellies and things," joined in the fourth. This last suggestion seemed to afford more immediate satisfaction than the others and they parted, each going his own way at quickened pace to tell the news at home that "Jimmy Jones has got the diphtheria, the very worst kind. It's so, I've been right to the house."

This communication was received with unmistakable interest and alarm in each home where it was repeated; and painful injunctions given as to the next day's appointed visit.

Watching so eagerly for a return of consciousness in the sufferer's face, sat the sorrowful mother. He called her, he seemed to know her all the time, and she caught the chance to try and bring back other memories.

"Jimmy, dear, the boys were here last night. They brought your share of money for the water-cress; see, here it is, won't you hold it in your hand?"

He looked at her and she knew he thought only of her; the poor brown fingers that she had shut upon the two dimes and the two nickels opened and the unnoticed silver rolled upon the white sheet. She picked them up again and held them so that he could see them: "The boys brought you this, Jimmy, they said it was yours; look, dear."

But Jimmy only answered: "Mother, take me." And her tired, loving arms that had lifted and held him night and day

raised him up again so that he would cease his restless moving and moaning.

The hot sun came through the white curtains; the smell of stale water and soap suds thrown out upon the little yards of the tenement houses came in through the raised windows; the flies swarmed in, too, and the air was full of kitchen odors and medicines. The low wall, where hung his faded and frayed apparel, faced him; the low, smoky ceiling seemed to close down upon him; voices from all through the house reached that room and dust rolled in from the street; and if any remembrance of earthly ills or happy plans he had told came back to him, or if a better promise, a truer and sweeter, was before his eyes that looked with so uncertain gaze in hers, she could not tell.

The father sat in helpless silence looking on the wasted form, the children tiptoed carefully about with whispers and tearful eyes; and, alive to all, caring for everything, for nothing, shuddering with one dreadful truth before her, yet holding back the cry of anguish struggling to be free, the mother held him to her heart and watched the last look answer to her own, heard the last breath pass away forever—and Jimmy was gone!

CARE OF THE EYES.

GLARING and glancing lights in the sitting-room should be avoided. "Looking-glasses, gilt picture-frames and mouldings, bright-colored curtains and highly-polished furniture," says an English writer, "should, as much as possible, be banished from our rooms. A very bright carpet is also injurious, and so is a brightly-painted ceiling. These things may be agreeable to look upon, but they make sad work with the eyes." After advising that reading, writing, or working, should be done with an oblique light, and never with a horizontal light, the English writer advises that the safest lotion for the eyes is pure water. He says:

"In cases of much inflammation, or difficulty of opening the eyelids in the morning, the water should be warm, and it should be mixed with warm milk; but in nearly all other cases it should be cold.

"All those who have been engaged in reading or writing during several hours at a stretch, and especially at night, should carefully bathe the eyes with cold water before going to bed, and the first thing in the morning's ablutions.

"All artisans who work at a blazing fire, ought often to wash their eyes with cold, pure water; and so should all those who work in wool, particularly carders and spinners, and all those employed in woolen and cotton manufactures, etc; for the fine dust, almost imperceptible, it may be called, which such works disperse, often produces cataracts, obstinate inflammations, swelled eyelids."

The following advice may be of service:

Whenever a fly or other insect, a small flying seed, quicklime, dust, or any other minute object, gets into the eye, do not adopt the common habit of rubbing, or even of washing with water, but gently raise, or get a gentle hand to raise for you, the eyelid, and bend the head forward.

In keeping thus the eyelid elevated, and the eye quiescent for a few moments, one feels a flow of tears starting from the organ, which seldom fails to bring along with it the cause of the pain, or at least to carry it towards the corner of the eye next to the nose, from whence it may be removed by a fine handkerchief, folded to a point.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

IT is well for Latter-day Saints—men, women and children—to open their eyes and their hearts to that which is taking place around them. God is working, and it is proper for us to perceive and acknowledge His hand. Zion has been founded by Him. He has gathered the people who constitute Zion from the four quarters of the earth. They have been, and still are, the peculiar objects of His care. Though the Zanes, the Dicksons and the other ferocious enemies of the Saints are permitted, as free agents, to show the malignant spirit they possess, the Lord has not forgotten Zion. We are under His care. We are the subjects of His precious promises. That which has already been done, and that which is now being done, will be overruled for His glory and the salvation of His people.

It is a proper question to ask, now that twenty months have passed since this persecution commenced: What have our enemies accomplished by their outrageous proceedings? Have they done, or are they likely to do, that which they have had in their hearts?

They started out to destroy Zion—to overthrow our religion and Church, and to take away from the Priesthood all its power, even if they had to use extreme measures against all those who bore it.

All they have done to reach these ends cannot be described in this article. But they have endeavored to create terror in our land by imprisoning or driving off every public and influential man. As robbers, who design to steal flocks and herds, try to overpower the shepherds and herdsmen who have them in charge, so they are trying to deprive our people of their leaders.

They have packed juries—they have tortured witnesses—they have employed spies and spotters—they have trampled upon law and evidence—they have converted courts of justice into dens of infamy and have sent a number of innocent, God-fearing men to prison.

To-day in the penitentiaries of Detroit, of Blackfoot, of Salt Lake, there are a number of honorable and patriotic men incarcerated, whose only crime consists of doing that which God commanded them to do.

But have our enemies attained their object?

By depriving families of their natural protectors and sending them to prison or forcing them into concealment, have they made a breach in our organization?

Have they weakened the faith or destroyed the hope of the people whom the Lord calls Zion?

Where can we see, among true Saints, any evidences of decay of faith or desire to surrender principle or true religious convictions?

Some few who have been called Latter-day Saints may have weakened; but the bulk of the members of the Church stand firm. They are more solidly united than they were when the persecution commenced.

One great effect of this persecution is to make our people think. Men, women and children are aroused by that which they witness around them, to ask many questions. Their thinking powers are brought into exercise. Had it not been for this persecution, some of the young people might have passed along for years without caring much about their religion. But not so now. The effect of the scenes upon the rising generation will never be forgotten. They can now understand, as never before, the statements made by their parents and others respecting the persecutions they received from mobs in the early years of the Church. When they read the New Testament, also, and see how Jesus and His disciples suffered, they will take an interest in the history such as they never felt before, because of their personal experience in persecution.

To contemplate the manner in which the Lord controls the acts of the wicked for His glory and the benefit of His people, causes feelings of wonder. Great good to Zion will be the result of that which our enemies are now doing. They have thought they were dealing Zion deadly blows; but in reality their acts, under the providence of God, have the contrary effect.

It is this that causes men to fear us and our organization.

From the beginning plans have been devised which our enemies have felt sure would break up the organization and destroy the religion.

But all these plans have failed.

The Prophet Joseph Smith was harassed, as long as he lived, with vexatious law-suits.

The design was to destroy him. This, it was hoped, would cause the Church to fall to pieces.

Finding this could not be done by the law, recourse was had to powder and ball.

He and his brother Hyrum, the Patriarch, were cruelly and inhumanly butchered.

Driving the Latter-day Saints from their homes by mob violence, robbing them of all they possessed, and subjecting them to all manner of indignities, and even murdering some of them, did not make them abandon their religion or forsake their Church.

The martyrdom of their Prophet and Patriarch did not have that effect.

Goaded to desperation by their want of success, our enemies resolved to drive us entirely out of their midst.

They would compel us to go so far that we should never be heard of any more.

With fiendish cruelty and exultation they carried out this plan.

But the Saints did not perish. They grew, became a noted people and opened up and made famous a grand country.

Satan was more angry than ever.

What could he do with such a people?

Expelling them from their homes, robbing them of all they possessed, reducing them to dreadful poverty, murdering their leaders and many others, and compelling them to flee into the deserts of the Rocky Mountains, had all been tried. But now (and the thought was hateful to him) they are more powerful than ever.

He had used neighborhoods, towns, counties and States, each in their turn, to accomplish the destruction of the Latter-day Saints. He had not succeeded. But if he could only get the general government to enlist on his side, the desired end might be reached.

By his cunning arts he led the government of the United States into his scheme. An army was sent to Utah, and the

world looked on and said: The days of Mormonism are surely numbered now.

But these anticipations soon faded. Instead of the Latter-day Saints being injured they flourished. The army which had been sent to destroy them was the means of enriching them to an extent never before known.

From that day until the present the warfare has continued. Everything the cunning of the devil and the ingenuity of men could invent has been tried; the Edmunds law is the last production of this kind. That law is, thus far, the crowning achievement.

But what encouragement does its enforcement give to its friends? Are there any victories to rejoice over? The world look on with surprise. They see the assaults made against us beat upon us; but they fall back as waves of the sea do when they dash against an iron-bound coast. Seeing this they are impressed more and more with the strength and admirable character of our organization. Our enemies, also, seeing their failure, begin to despair of reaching the ends they have in view unless some new scheme be devised. Congress has been besieged during its late session to help these plotters against our liberties. New legislation of a most severe character has been proposed. Congress has adjourned without passing it. Still the work of God moves on, and the faithful Saints rejoice in the great promises the Lord has made to Zion.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 259.)

Friday, April 23, 1847.—I arose this morning at half-past 5, suffering much with my face, because of having slept cold. The morning is pleasant but chilly. President Young, Heber and others have gone to the river to see where we can best ford it. There is one ford at a little distance from here and another about four miles above; but the latter is in the neighborhood of a band of Pawnees, whom it is desirable to avoid if possible. President Young and his companions left here on horseback at a quarter to 8, and the camp is to stand here until they return. Some of the people are washing and others are repairing wagons. The day is now warm and delightful.

The President and brethren returned at a quarter to 12 and report that we will be obliged to go to a point on the river about four miles from here and there build a raft. Tarlton Lewis is appointed to superintend the construction of the raft. A good many old plows and large quantities of old iron are lying deserted in this locality; and President Young states that as the government is indebted to Father Case in a considerable amount upon unsettled accounts, we are at liberty to take such of these materials and implements as we need; we must make satisfactory settlement with Father Case for them and he must inform the proper governmental authorities of the amount which he thus collects on account.

I started on foot about noon and viewed the ruins of the buildings and other property burned by the Sioux. From the locality of these ruins the brethren obtained several plows and some bars of iron, which they will haul on shares for Father Case.

Two miles from Plum Creek we crossed another creek, which, though narrow, was difficult to ford on account of its being very sandy. After two miles of further travel we arrived

at the point of the river intended as our crossing place. The prospect looks dull for rafting, on account of the rapid current and the numerous bars in the stream. My feet were so sore and badly blistered that I could not walk for some little time after reaching the river. The sun is very hot and there is no wind. Shortly after 3 o'clock the wagons arrived and some of them were prepared to ford the river. Luke Johnson was the first to cross. He had no load and not even a box upon his wagon; yet it was with difficulty that he got over. Orson Pratt started next with a part of his load. When he had forded the distance of a rod, his horses began to sink in the sand and were powerless to draw. A number of the brethren sprang into the water and lifted on the wheels until Brother Pratt reached the bar in the middle of the stream. He then started for the further bar, but when he had accomplished one-half the distance his horses again sank in the quick-sand and one of them fell down. Once more the brethren went to Orson's assistance, detaching his horses from the wagon and leading them across the sand bar. President Young went over in the boat and took the contents of Brother Pratt's vehicle into the slender craft. Then the brethren, with a long rope, drew the vehicle over the bar. The teams and wagons of Elders Woodruff, Pack and Wordsworth were assisted across in the same manner; and then President Young ordered that no more wagons should be carried over in that manner to-night. We moved up the river about a quarter of a mile and made camp at half-past 5 o'clock. The river is not more than two feet deep, but there are many beds of quicksand which are dangerous to teams and which almost pull a wagon to pieces. Vehicles, in crossing the quicksand, make a noise as if they were rattling over a stone pavement.

The country here is indeed beautiful and apparently rich, but there is little timber. After crossing Plum Creek there is a stretch of plowed but unfenced land on the right for nearly two miles, which appears to have once yielded a good crop of corn. The land on the left, to the river, is level and fine for farming. We are now camped about a quarter of a mile from the old Pawnee village on a splendid table-land, as pleasant to the eye as heart could desire. It is a little more than three-quarters of a mile wide and shielded on the north by fine, rolling bluffs; and on the south flows the Loupe Fork of the Platte. From this point can be seen the timber on the banks of the main Platte. The bottom lands between here and the Platte appear rich and level. There is something romantic and delightful in this scene: the beauty of the prospect can scarcely be exaggerated.

In the evening the captains of tens were called together and it was decided by vote that two light rafts should be built—Tarlton Lewis to have charge of making one and Thomas Woolsey the other. The boat also will be used for carrying as many as possible of the loads from the wagons. The teams with empty wagons will ford the stream. It is said that after several of the wagons and teams have crossed, the sand will be packed down hard and secure. This is believed by several of the brethren who crossed to day; and they intend to give the theory a fair test to-morrow.

Brother Heber was among those who waded the river to assist the teams across this afternoon; and President Young went over and brought him back in the boat.

(To be Continued).

THE valor of a just man is to conquer the flesh.



TEA GATHERING IN JAPAN.

TEA GATHERING.

TEA is an article of which altogether too much is used among the Latter-day Saints in consideration of the instructions received from the Lord through the Prophet Joseph on the subject of hot drinks. And aside from the fact that the Lord has pronounced its use unsuited to the stomach, medical men are almost universally agreed that its effects are very injurious to the human system, as it produces nervousness and prepares the body to succumb to the attacks of various prevailing diseases.

It is well, however, for our young people to become acquainted with the manner of cultivating and preparing this well-known vegetable production. Our engraving represents a Japanese tea-plantation where both male and female laborers are engaged in gathering the leaves. The climate and soil of the greater part of Japan is well-adapted to the cultivation of the tea plant, while only a part of China is suitable for its growth; the northern part being too cold and the southern too hot.

The name of the plant in Chinese is *tcha* or *tha*, and is propagated from seeds which are deposited in rows about five feet apart. Seven or eight seeds are deposited in each hole because several of them are almost certain to fail to germinate. The plantation is always kept free from weeds, and the plants are trimmed sufficiently low to admit of the easy gathering of the leaves.

Three years are generally allowed to pass before the first crop of leaves is gathered and from that time until the expiration of seven years, when new plants replace the old ones, three and sometimes four crops are annually gathered. The first crop, generally obtained about the middle of April, is the best, it having a delicate color and a very excellent flavor. Dull green is the color of the leaves of the second gathering, and they do not possess the excellent qualities of the first crop; and the last collected are dark green and of inferior value. The age of the plant also makes a difference in the quality of the products.

The flowers of the tea-tree are cream-white and somewhat resemble the wild rose. Each of these flowers yields from one to three white seeds in a soft green berry or pod. The plants will grow either in low or elevated situations, but is most thrifty upon light, stony ground.

When the leaves are gathered they are put into large shallow baskets and placed for a few hours in the sun or open air. They are then placed in a flat iron pan in one-half-pound lots over a stove heated with charcoal where they are quickly stirred for a moment and then brushed off into another basket. The rolling follows, which is done by rubbing the leaves between the hands, after which they are thoroughly dried over a moderate fire. The whole is then spread out upon a table where every imperfectly-dried or unsightly leaf is picked out. The tea is then ready for packing and exportation. In the preparation of the most expensive teas the leaves are rolled one by one in the hands of the employees until perfectly dry.

The Chinese do not use their tea until it is about a year old, as it produces an undue stupor if taken soon after gathering.

Tea, like many other articles now-a-days, is very apt to be adulterated. Coloring material is frequently applied to make the article appear better than it really is, and it is asserted that in our large cities persons are engaged to gather the already used tea-leaves; these are then sent to some appointed place where they undergo a chemical process and are then placed again upon the market as the "best tea."

The best way to avoid evils which might follow the use of adulterated tea is to obey the word of the Lord and leave it alone entirely.

A LESSON IN HONESTY.

BY VIDL.

ONE of the brethren who has served a term of imprisonment in the Utah Penitentiary learned a lesson in honesty from his father when a mere child, six years of age, the remembrance of which has remained with him ever since.

One Sabbath he was sent with his sister to the Methodist chapel in the vicinity where he lived in England. As was customary the pews of the various churches were provided with hymn and text books for the accommodation of the worshippers. The little boy seeing a beautifully bound hymn book lying there, apparently without any owner, took possession of it and carried it home with him. Here it was proudly exhibited to the parents as quite a valuable find. The father, however, was doubtful about the finding of the book, and on enquiry learned that it had been found in the pew of the church.

"Now," said he on hearing this, "you found that book before it was lost. You must take it back and place it exactly where you found it."

This was rather a damper on the boy's joyful feelings, and when a slight reluctance on his part to comply was exhibited, the father added.

"If you make an objection to doing as I say, I will flog you and then compel you to do it. Furthermore, if you are ever guilty of finding anything again where it is not lost, I will whip you to that extent that you will never forget it."

The little boy, therefore, though crestfallen trudged back to the church and placed the book where it belonged, the father going with him to see that his commands were faithfully fulfilled.

This lesson was one which the son, through all intervening years since the occurrence has never forgotten, and from that moment he was very careful not to find things in places where they were not lost.

It would be well for parents to carefully watch the actions of their children, for if a small incident like the one related either remains unnoticed, or encouragement is given in any way to such actions, evils of a more serious nature will probably follow and no one can foretell where the matter will end. The time for the correction of wrong inclinations, as all parents undoubtedly know, is in childhood and youth when impressions are made which endure eternally.

RECREATION.—Let not your recreations be lavish spenders of your time; but choose such which are healthful, short, transient, recreative, and apt to refresh you; but at no period dwell upon them, or make them your great employment; for he that spends his time in sports, and calls it recreation, is like him whose garment is all made of fringes, and his meat nothing but sauces; they are healthless, chargeable, and useless. And, therefore, avoid such games which require much time or long attendance, or which are apt to steal thy affections from more severe employments. For, to whatsoever thou hast given thy affections, thou wilt not grudge to give thy time. Natural necessity teaches us that it is lawful to relax and unbend our bow, but not to suffer it be unready or unstrung.

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER XIV.

(Continued from page 271.)

HE who has never experienced the grim agony of ardor suppressed by enforced patience, can scarcely comprehend the sensations of Vladimir's mind in the dreadful months of alternating despair and hope which followed Oserov's departure from Berezovsk. The poor fellow became thin and pale and gray streaks came in his bright hair; not more because of his incessant and cruel toil than his feverish anxiety.

Feodor, from long schooling, was more calm; but even he felt at times as if death would be a welcome relief. It was only when he saw Vladimir's hope deserting for a moment, that the old general was able to show his iron front to fate. At such times he was wont to feign an enthusiasm which he did not feel.

But greater than any other sustaining cause for the two exiles, was the true piety of Feodor which Vladimir soon learned to appreciate and to share. Without this, their lot would have been unendurable.

When their hour seemed darkest, Feodor always bowed his head in humility and prayed for courage to abide patiently.

As the days grew into weeks after their parting from Paul, Vladimir would have attempted his escape had he been alone; but he could not leave his father. It would have been folly for both to seek flight; for when they gave sensible consideration to their circumstances they felt sure that a pardon would sometime come for Hulinski, and that, without a confederate, they could never hope to become free.

Vladimir had another cause for anxiety than those which oppressed him equally with his father. Except the brief message of trust and affection conveyed to him at Kostroma, he had heard nothing from Olga since he left St. Petersburg. He did not doubt his love's fidelity; but he felt that if she were active and well she must have made other efforts to communicate with him; and his failure to receive a line or a word from her made him fearful regarding her welfare.

But the fourth month of waiting had passed and with the fifth came the depth of Winter. Snow was everywhere, filling the paths and roads, piled high against the buildings, and drifting down the shaft. The mine took on a new gloom with the cold.

The entrance to the old shaft was covered to a depth of several feet with packed snow. Feodor and Vladimir felt that this must be the case; and they would gladly have made the effort to keep it open in readiness for use, but they could not approach it from the outside—for they were never allowed to wander a step from their daily route—and they dared not lose the time necessary to keep it open from the inside.

Twice or thrice Vladimir had climbed the knotted ropes to the mouth of the shaft, but he had not made the useless attempt to dig through the weight of snow.

One night, while the exiles were taking their coarse supper in the guard house, the trampling of many horses was heard, then a challenge from the sentries who had rushed to the door, and then confused talk followed finally by the announcement:

"A courier of the czar, accompanied by a messenger from the governor of Ekaterinburg and a file of soldiers from Nijni Novgorod!"

All was commotion in an instant. Soldiers and exiles from the guard house were detailed at once to care for the horses of the new-comers, who thronged into the room glad to escape from the freezing air even at the risk of stifling in the close malodor of the interior.

Feodor and his son had not been assigned to this duty; and they sat together with clasped hands in the half gloom. A tremor shook them both; but with a loving pressure they reassured and strengthened each other.

As soon as the messenger and courier had divested themselves of their outer furs, and had warmed themselves sufficiently to be able to talk unaccompanied by the sound of chattering teeth, they addressed themselves to the chief officer of the guard house. The messenger opened his business with the question:

"Have you a convict here called Nicolaus Hulinski?"

"I have," was the response.

"Then I come in the name of the governor of Ekaterinburg to present to you this courier of his great majesty, the czar, bringing the imperial order for the release and full pardon of Nicolaus Hulinski."

The courier presented his dispatches, and the commander after examining them for a few moments called:

"Nicolaus Hulinski! Nicolaus Hulinski!"

Feodor, almost overcome by emotion, tottered forward.

"Nicolaus Hulinski," continued the officer, "our mighty czar has graciously seen fit to pardon you. You are a free man, except that you are here required to make oath of fealty before the governor at Ekaterinburg; and the imperial courier is ordered to convey you at once to Nijni Novgorod and thence to St. Petersburg, if your health and inclination will permit this course."

The general bowed his head and murmured some indistinct words of thankfulness.

"When do you return?" he asked the courier.

"To-morrow," was the brief answer.

Feodor sat down and buried his face in his hands. Calling all his resolution to his aid, he calmly reviewed his situation. For Vladimir's sake, he must accept this chance for escape; then if Oserov should fail, he himself would find means to aid Vladimir. But first the mouth of the shaft must be opened. How could he accomplish this work? He lifted his head and gazed anxiously into the corner where Vladimir sat.

By a happy providence, the commander observed the expression of Feodor's face, without noticing the direction of his glance; and he said in a softened tone of sympathy:

"My man, you are overcome by this good news. This is your last night at the arsenic mines; and if you wish to bid farewell to these surroundings, you may walk out into the air for a little while."

Then with a poor attempt at jocularly, he continued:

"But don't try to escape. Ha, ha! you'll hardly find the effort worth your while now."

Feodor saw his chance, and gratefully accepted the permission.

By this time all the exiles and soldiers had crowded back into the building; and many of the former had sought their sleeping room. Feodor led Vladimir to their bunk and whispered:

"Go to bed and feign sleep, my dear, dear boy. I am going out and before I return, the mouth of the old shaft shall be open, and with it your way of escape."

Vladimir would have remonstrated against his father encountering the dangers of cold and discovery; but with a quick

touch of his lips upon Vladimir's forehead, Feodor was gone; and the young man could do nothing else than obey his father's imperative instruction.

The general snatched up his fur hood and cape and hastily emerged from the building, as soon as the sentry had learned the commander's permission. Outside, silence reigned but the moon shone brightly. The intense cold kept everybody else in the house; and Feodor was alone. He looked carefully around and soon discovered an iron pick and a wooden shovel bound with heavy metal bands. Joyfully seizing these treasures he hastened to the locality described by Oserov as the place where the abandoned shaft opened to the world.

If he could find any outward sign marking the spot, his work would be comparatively easy; but if nothing gave a sign upon the waste of snow he would be obliged to descend into the mine, climb the ropes through the old shaft and attack from the inside the board covering and its load of snow.

Anxiously Feodor scanned the neighborhood. He had already advanced upon the level snow crust, until he was hidden from the guard house, but no sign met his gaze.

He was almost despairing when his eyes caught sight of what appeared to be the snowy outline of a building, standing in a gentle ravine which led upward in the hillside.

He flew toward the spot, and cried aloud in gratitude to heaven when he saw that the object was really a remnant of a building, and fancied that he recognized the structure as the shed which always covered the mouth of a shaft.

In another instant he was within the half-roofed partial enclosure, digging in the hard snow for the sake of a life which was dearer than his own. As he progressed, the massy covering of the earth became softer and his advance more rapid. In little more than half an hour he found to his great joy that the mouth of the shaft was really beneath his feet; and in double that time he succeeded in tearing away the board covering and gazing into the dark cavern. He saw that the cross-beam was immovable and that the ropes were securely attached. Then, after hiding his implements in the loose snow, he hastily returned to the guard house.

He had been in such a fever of anxiety and work that he had not felt the freezing air, but now its chilling force fell upon him with almost deadly fury.

As he entered the guard house the soldiers on duty saluted him courteously. His release was evidently no secret now, for one of the sentries said to his companions, and yet loud enough for the general to hear distinctly:

"If I were going to leave this infernal spot after twenty years of misery. I don't think I'd care to risk freezing for the sake of making my farewells to sticks stones and snow."

This remark re-assured Feodor, making him feel confident that his real work remained unsuspected.

Vladimir was listening intently, and felt greatly relieved at hearing the salutations of the guard; for he had begun to fear that some disaster had befallen Feodor.

As the general bent over the bunk, his son clasped him in a strong embrace and whispered:

"You risked too much for me, my father!"

"No," responded Feodor in the same low tone, "I have risked nothing, and have accomplished much. My promise is fulfilled and your way is clear."

The general lay down upon the couch and then continued:

"Vladimir, I dread to leave you even for a moment, but I see no other plan. To-morrow, in an hour after entering the mine you must clothe yourself in the warmest furs, secrete in your clothing such provision as you can obtain from the dinner

box, and escape from the old shaft. Be brave and strong. You can reach Ekaterinburg before I leave that place. Once away from there we will believe that you cannot fail to find Oserov waiting somewhere within a few miles of the town. When I encounter him, I shall find means to indicate to him that you are on the road."

Little sleep visited the eyes of the two exiles during the remaining hours of the night. When they were not conversing upon their plan they were silently praying for the morning and for the fruition of all their hopes.

Vladimir was mingling gratitude with his supplications, for he rejoiced to feel that whatever might be his own fate his father's liberty was secured; while the general was breathing in his prayers a determination that he would not travel more than one day's journey past Ekaterinburg, until he could know that his son's freedom was assured.

When the morning bell sounded, the father and son embraced long and silently, and then arose strong and hopeful for the events of the day.

In an hour from this time and just as the miners were forming into line to make their way along the snowy path to the mine, Feodor and the courier departed in a covered sledge.

Vladimir indeed felt lonely. He recalled a similar event in the summer time, when Oserov had left them: but then he had his father with him.

Yet he had no time to humor the spirit of despondency. He must keep every vigor of his body and mind for the coming struggle.

After descending into the mine, Vladimir said to the soldier who was on duty in the corridor:

"I have a difficult wall to cut down. I will take my pannikin of bread and meat to my work, and will carry out the ore after the dinner is past."

Meeting no objection Vladimir took from the dinner box a single ration, and hastened away. Watching his opportunity he went into the neglected corridor unobserved.

He reached the foot of the shaft and looking up saw the stars of heaven smiling encouragement. Selecting the most appropriate costume from the heap of clothes, he stripped off the miner's garb and donned the suit of furs. In his pockets he deposited his slender stock of food, and in his bosom he hid a strong knife which the thoughtful Oserov had provided.

He knelt down and asked his Creator's help, and then began mounting upward. He found some difficulty in climbing, for his clothes were heavy and cumbrous; but he was agile and his former practice upon the rope stood him in good stead.

Vladimir reached the cross-piece almost exhausted. Hearing no sound and seeing no danger, he swung himself out of the shaft and sank against the pile of loose snow to obtain a moment's rest.

Cautiously, when he recovered breath, he looked abroad. No living soul was near him; but far away in the clear air, moving on the surface of the snow he saw a dark object. He knew the direction in which Ekaterinburg lay, and he soon decided that he was viewing the courier's sledge.

Without another instant of delay he boldly struck forward, and soon was in the track leading away from Siberia.

(To be Continued.)

A SOUL inspired with the fondest love of truth, and the warmest aspirations after sincere felicity and celestial beatitude, will keep its powers attentive to the incessant pursuit of them: passion is then refined, and consecrated to its divinest purposes.

THE RESURRECTION. SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 269.)

HUMANITY justly prides itself upon the marvelous achievements of the mind, and of the certainties of some of the sciences; but when its best efforts and most splendid success are compared with the exhibitions of protoplasmic wisdom and precision, how must the former dwarf by the comparison! Protoplasm manifests the most striking characteristics of intelligence, and which are found inseparably associated with it; but with nothing else. It possesses qualities that can be predicated of mind only. There is evidence of design in all the movements of protoplasm. It uses material within its reach for the accomplishment of a wise purpose; and it must fully understand the relation of cause and effect.

Those who deny that material substances are, or can be, intelligent, attempt to account for the intelligent phenomena constantly manifested by such matter in this way: They assert the Creator in the beginning endowed the particles of matter with certain fixed properties and powers and impressed them in their origin with the spirit, not the letter of the law, and made all their subsequent combinations and relations the inevitable consequences of this first impression. This is, in substance, the view of the celebrated philosopher, Herschel.

Professor Orson Pratt replies to this opinion as follows:

"It will be perceived that this eminent philosopher supposes that blind, unconscious, unintelligent materials were 'impressed in their origin' with the spirit of the law and endowed with certain fixed powers, and that by virtue of this *impression* and endowment they blindly perform all their subsequent operations. But we ask, what is this spirit of the law? What are these fixed powers? If they are not intelligent powers, why do they cause materials to act intelligently? If these powers belong to material particles, and are the ultimate cause of their acting in conformity with intelligent laws, then these 'powers' must be intelligent powers, and the material particles which possess them must be intelligent particles. We can only judge a thing to be intelligent by its intelligent acts, and wherever we perceive such acts, we ascribe intelligence to the being, or agent that performs them." (*Great First Cause*, pages 10, 11.)

It now remains for objectors to inform us how the protoplasm, endowed from the beginning with the power of self-movement, moves in accordance with its own volition, but yet has no power to will to move—how, if it were originally impressed with the power of calculation, it calculates, but yet has no faculty for making any computation—how, if it were endowed from the beginning with power to perceive an emergency, it becomes conscious of its occurrence, but yet has no faculty for perceiving. But, not to prolong the argument, granting the protoplasm is endowed only, and impressed only, still we find its *endowments* and *impressions* serve it to the full measure that the highest intelligent powers possibly could; and, hence, so far as the discussion of the resurrection doctrine is concerned it is immaterial whether the intelligent acts of the protoplasm are due to impressed powers or to inherent qualities of mind. That it does act intelligently is undeniable.

It is now in order to ascertain whether or not the living, essential particles of one organism is distinguishable from the atoms of another. Scripture informs us there are different kinds of flesh, that is, of men, beasts, birds and fishes, etc. This general proposition must be admitted, since it is very apparent, upon an examination of the various kinds, that they differ in texture, grain, flavor, etc.

But some peculiarities of a more special nature require notice. The fact already cited, in respect to the injection of egg albumen into human blood, and its total rejection, plainly indicates that chicken life and characteristics have been, by intimate association, so entirely and indelibly impressed upon the egg albumen that the blood is perfectly conscious a foreign substance has been offered.

But the albumen of one chicken's egg when offered to the blood of another chicken will not be absorbed, and we rationally infer that every animal impresses the whole substance of its body with all the peculiar and special characteristics which belong to it as an individual.

Many characteristics are common to all animals belonging to any certain species; but as there are no two of these even just exactly alike, the matter composing any particular body must be differently impressed from that which forms some other body.

It seems, however, as if the strength of the argument derived from the rejection of egg albumen by the blood, when offered directly, is negatived by the fact that if the egg albumen be offered to the blood through the regular process of digestion, etc., it will not then be rejected, even though strongly impressed with chicken life peculiarities.

But as the albumen passes through this roundabout course it must take on some new peculiarities, or it does not. If it does not, and is in all essential points just as it was before digestion, etc., why has it been obliged to take this circuitous route to reach a destination that was offered to it directly? Why have the digestive organs been merely required to inspect it? for if no change has occurred their office seems limited to this useless task. What is the scientific reason why, in a choice of two substances which are precisely alike, nature will always make the same insidious distinction, though we persuasively coax her to act otherwise? Her conduct is wholly unaccountable on the supposition that the two substances are precisely alike. *A difference must exist*, and though it may be of a nature impossible to detect by the most perfect chemical appliances known, yet it is vast enough for nature to recognize at sight; and thus she insures the resurrection doctrine.

In what does this difference consist? It certainly cannot effect the real substance of the two articles, or it could be detected. That it consists in the impressed characteristics which association with a different life have communicated to it seems undeniable. If this theory be rejected, what other foundation is left upon which to base the difference that, without doubt, does exist? But if the blood refuses the egg albumen because it savors too much of chicken life, this characteristic ought to be sufficiently powerful to cause the digestive organs to reject it also; but they do not.

This objection has no weight whatever against our position. A rational explanation of this difficulty can be offered. The albumen of the egg is composed of matter in two different states, just as all other animal substances are. The blood will not accept the living portion because that is the part impressed; it cannot use the dead, effete portion because that must be vitalized before it can at all subserve the purpose of blood. The protoplasm rejects the living portion for the same reason that the blood does; that is, there is too much essential chicken life connected with it; but receives the dead portion in order to vitalize it. When science demonstrates that one ounce of egg albumen can be transformed, atom for atom, into human blood, the present theory will be valueless; but until then it seems to rest upon a very probable basis.

(To be Continued.)

JUVENILE POLKA.

By E. F. P.



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HEENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 265.)

SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1847, we lay by to let our animals rest and to feed on pea vines. I took my gun and left camp to hunt a little, but was soon obliged to give it up because of the hard traveling over and among so many rocks.

On the 3rd, we crossed a lofty mountain, camping at 2 p.m. on a creek where we found a grave. On the head-board was the name: "Smith, died October 7th, 1846."

We passed a wagon, in the box of which were tin pans and some clothing. This seemed to show there were no Indians around. Our camp was surrounded by high mountains covered with a heavy forest of pine, balsam and redwood timber so dense and luxuriant as to cause the whole surroundings to have a dark and dismal appearance; and I thought if there was any truth in the existence of hob-goblins they surely lived in these mountains.

On the 4th, we passed several small lakes or ponds near the top of the mountains, with no outlets and said to have plenty of fish in them. At 12 o'clock, we camped by one of the coldest springs I ever saw. There was plenty of green grass, while at no great distance on the sides of the mountains were great banks of snow.

The next day we reached the summit of the main chain of the Sierra Nevadas, where we found a windlass some emigrants had made to haul their wagons up over a very steep ascent from the east side. Passing down to the Truckee River we camped for the night. We passed a cabin, in and about which we found the skeletons of several human beings. Among them was a woman's hand, nearly whole, though partly burned. The little finger was not hurt but the flesh was completely dried. The shanty was partly destroyed by fire. Some thought Indians were the cause of this disaster; but we hardly believed it as we had passed several broken-down wagons containing boxes, trunks and clothing, which would not have been left had the Indians perpetrated this horrible deed.

September 6th, at 7 a.m., we broke camp and had not proceeded far when we met Sam Brannan. He told us that Captain Brown was just behind with his detachment on their way to Monterey, California, to get their discharge, and that the captain had a package of letters and an epistle from President Young and the Twelve to the boys of the battalion. This began to wake us up with anxiety to hear the news, and as there was poor camp ground at hand we at once returned to the place we had left that morning to await the arrival of our company, whom we had left at Sutter's Fort. Captain Brown was also likely to arrive about the same time, when all would be together to share the news from the Church. Brannan halted an hour to let his animal feed and to take a little refreshment himself. He was alone. He and Captain Brown had left Salt Lake together, but on account of some misunderstanding and sharp words between them that morning, Brannan had left and proceeded on his journey homeward alone. He gave a glowing account of the Salt Lake country, but thought it no place to live in, as according to all accounts from the mountaineers it was too cold a country. Nothing would grow, and he believed the Church would have to come to California.

In the afternoon of the 7th the rear of our company came up. Captain Brown had already arrived and nearly every man

received a letter from his family or a friend; and truly we had a time of rejoicing together in the mountains, although a few had news of sadness—they had either lost a dear wife or child or an affectionate parent. Captain Brown then read the epistle, which was to the effect that all who had no families in Salt Lake, and had not plenty of provisions, would do better to return to California and go to work and fit themselves out with plenty and come on in the Spring. Provisions were very scarce both in Salt Lake and Fort Hall, and they had already sent out a hunting party to kill buffalo.

A letter from Brother George A. Smith informed me that my folks were all well. My sister, Emeline, and husband (John W. Hess) were in the valley, having arrived from the Pueblo in Captain Brown's detachment on the 29th of July; and that President Young, with a company of 143 pioneers arrived in the great basin July 24th. Since then they had been busy plowing and planting seeds and potatoes. A number of men were at work making adobies for building houses. The whole face of the country was covered with large, black crickets. Salt Lake Valley was surrounded by high mountains, some of which were capped with snow. There were nice streams of water running from them, the greater number being so situated as to be easily made to irrigate the land. Provisions were scarce and the Saints were living on half rations. The valley would be organized into a Stake of Zion and Father Smith appointed to preside; and that President Young and the Twelve would soon return to Winter Quarters.

While some of the battalion boys were out hunting they reported having found a shanty and several dead bodies. Some of them had been cut up: men and women with their legs cut off, their ribs sawed from their bodies and their skulls sawed open and their brains taken out. From the best information we could procure we learned that they were Missourians emigrating to California, about ninety in number. They disagreed among themselves and split up into different companies. The strongest moved forward, leaving the weak behind with little or no provisions. A bed of snow falling ten feet deep prevented travel; and being out of food the most of them perished. When help from the settlements reached them those who were alive had been living on the dead; and it was said that children ate and lived on the dead bodies of their parents.

On the morning of the 8th, thirty of our number, myself included, gave our brethren the parting hand with blessings on each other's heads, they to continue their journey to Salt Lake, we to return to California. We divided provisions, scarcely reserving enough to last us to the settlements, 150 miles distant. It was hard parting; but all knew it was best to obey the counsel of the servants of God. It was stated in the epistle that the Lord would be with those who went back.

(To be Continued.)

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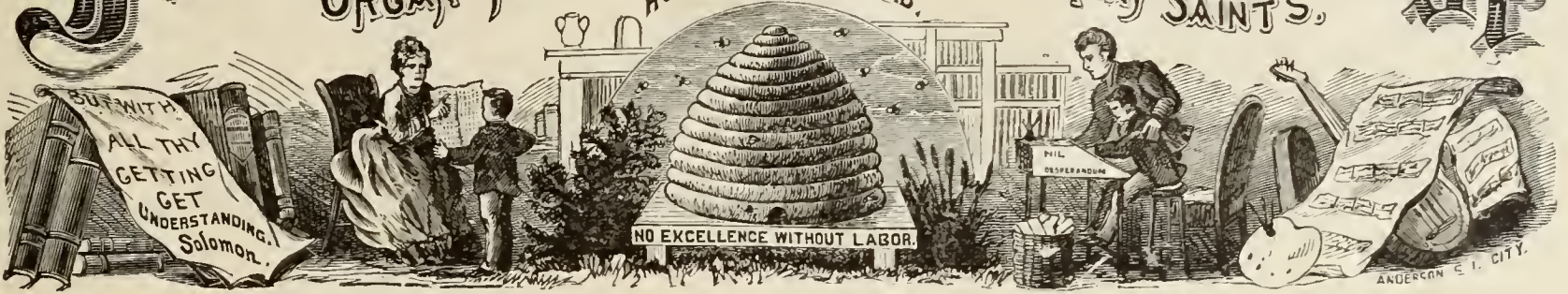
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NO. 19.

AFRICAN RIVER TRAVEL.

THE hostility of natives, who throng the jungles in deadly ambush; the fierceness of wild beasts and reptiles; and the dense and often impassible undergrowth of wood: all combine to drive the heroic explorer of Africa to seek feasible modes

even exchange of one kind of danger for another. For the rivers of Africa are renowned as the most tempestuous of their magnitude upon the face of the globe. Rocks, cataracts, whirlpools and mad, swirling currents present an endless succession



DR. HOLOB ASCENDING THE MANEKANGO RAPIDS.

of travel upon the rivers. For here, when the stream is wide enough, he is at a measurable distance from the cruel barriers presented by a populated jungle.

But his obstacles are not slight; and it is at best but an almost

of impediments to river travel; and it makes little real difference, in point of the difficulties to be encountered, whether a man be ascending or descending the stream—the journey is still laborious beyond description.

Many of the rivers of the Dark Continent are magnificent streams, navigable for hundreds of miles by vessels as large as the steamers of the Thames or the Hudson. Of such a nature is the Congo (Lualaba of Livingstone,) above the Yellala Falls. But the Zambesi and some other rivers of vast volume, in addition to their stupendous cataracts, have reefs, rapids, shoals and morrasses innumerable. Besides, alligators and hippopotami abound in many localities.

Dr. Emil Holub, of whose heroic work the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has heretofore given some brief sketch, explored the regions of the Zambesi, its affluent the Chobe (or Kwonda) and their numerous confluent. That portion of his work which was performed in canoes was most trying. Portages were frequent; and often to avoid them, the serious alternative was adopted of ascending or descending the rocky bed of a foaming river from one shelf to another. The plucky doctor was sick during a portion of the time when most his strength was needed; and his native servants were often obliged to lift him from the canoe and lay him upon a reef in mid-stream while they dragged their frail shell and its precious cargo of provisions from one step to another.

The great falls of the Zambesi, which Holub named Victoria Falls are thus described by Livingstone, and this description will suffice to show the wild grandeur of African river scenery, as well as to illustrate some of the obstacles necessarily encountered:

"The falls are bounded by ridges three or four hundred feet in height, which are covered with forest. When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one, with men well acquainted with the rapids; who, by passing down the center of the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. In coming hither there was danger of being swept down by the streams which rushed along on each side of the island; but the river was now low and we sailed where it was totally impossible to go when the water is high. But, though we had reached the island, and were within a few yards of the spot, a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only eighty feet distant. At least I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard, basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi and then prolonged from the left bank through thirty or forty miles of hills. * * * This was the most wonderful sight I had witnessed in Africa."

Livingstone once had his canoe, carrying himself, a considerable party of natives and heavy stores of food and ammunition, attacked and upset by an enraged hippopotamus. Upon another occasion one of his faithful servants was seized by a watching alligator and carried to the bottom of the river; but the courageous fellow escaped death by dealing the beast a heavy blow in the head with a hatchet which he fortunately carried in his hand. When Livingstone was ill he had often to be carried upon the shoulders of his men through some deep, sedgy stretch impassible for canoes. One of these river marshes was at least two thousand feet broad.

Stanley and others in their travel upon these streams frequently met with troubles besides the natural obstacles—these were the assaults from natives who with a fleet of canoes would draw up in line to prevent progress, or suddenly sally out from some hidden covert to attack the explorers in the rear. While floating down the Lualaba, upon one occasion Stanley's boat was attacked by a fleet of sixty canoes, filled with desperate savages, some of whom were armed with guns. The fierce natives approached at a dreadful speed, shouting a terrifying war-cry of "Yahahaha! Yabangala!" and a sanguinary battle occurred, in which Stanley with his repeating rifles, carrying explosive shells, was completely victorious.

After what little has been related, it is scarcely necessary to state that African River Travel is anything but a pleasure excursion. NEWAYGO.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 281.)

Saturday, April 24, 1847.—This morning is fine but cold. A horse belonging to Phineas Young was killed last night by falling into a ravine and being choked to death by the chain with which it had been staked. This is a grievous loss, for there are scarcely enough horses in camp to make traveling at all comfortable.

By request of Brother Kimball I went up to the old Indian village immediately after breakfast to obtain a description of it. The village is on the north bank of the Loupe Fork of the Nebraska or Platte River. It is four miles south-west of the mission station on Plum Creek and is 138 miles from Winter Quarters. The Pawnee nation is divided into four bands, each having its chief, but all subject to one grand chief. The names of the bands are the Grand Pawnees, the Loupes, the Tappas and the Republicans. When the nation settled in this region the Grand Pawnees and the Tappas located on the west bank of Plum Creek; while the Loupes located on this spot and were soon joined by the Republicans. When the Sioux made war on the Grand Pawnees at the first settlement and destroyed their village, the Grand Chief saw that his people were unable to cope alone with their savage foes; and it was concluded that the four bands should join together on this site. But notwithstanding this measure, the Sioux succeeded in burning this village last Summer while the Pawnees were away on a hunt. Most of the place was rebuilt; but in the Autumn the Sioux made another attack and destroyed the entire village with the exception of a single lodge. The Pawnees then removed to the place where we passed them a few days ago and are dwelling in their lodges made of hides.

The name of the grand chief is Shefmolan, and he is also the superior chief of the Grand Pawnees. All documents or treaties made by the nation are signed by him. The chief of the Loupes is Siscatup. There is a party of Loupes on the main Platte, some distance from here, which has never yielded to the government treaties but lives by plundering other tribes and white travelers, frequently going as far as the Cherokee nation to rob. All the Pawnees are noted for their love of white people's horses and mules.

On the east and west of the village is a fine prairie extending many miles in length. On the bluffs, which bound one side of this prairie, can be seen many Indian graves. North-

west from the village about a mile and at the foot of the bluffs is an extensive corn field, in which the stalks are still standing. The Loupe Fork here is 400 yards wide and is very shoal. The bottom is largely quicksand which makes unsafe fording. About one half the surface from bank to bank is sand-bars, which show above the water.

The village occupies a space of near forty acres, mostly enclosed by a ditch five feet wide and an inner bank four feet high which, when perfect, formed a good fortification. Some lodges, for want of room inside, were built outside of the ditch. There were in the village 200 houses of varying size but similar construction. I am sitting in the one lodge which was spared, and said to have been the habitation of Chief Siscatup. Its form of construction is as follows: First, a circular excavation, forty-four feet in diameter and eighteen inches deep, is made in the earth, the verge of the circle slanting upward and outward. The bottom of the circle is the floor of the lodge. Seventeen crotch posts at equal distances are let into the floor, eighteen or twenty inches within the bank of the circle. The posts slant outward so that the tops are perpendicular with the outer verge of the circle. Poles are laid across from crotch to crotch at a greater height than a tall man's head. Outside and surrounding the circle, at a distance of eighteen or twenty inches from its verge, many smaller posts, only a foot apart, are set in the ground. Their tops lean inward and rest upon the cross pieces. The space between the foot of these smaller posts and the edge of the circle is used as a seat, and this lodge could easily accommodate more than a hundred braves. On the outside of these smaller poles still lighter ones are laid horizontally about a foot apart and lashed in place by bark thongs. Upon this skeleton is twisted a matting of prairie grass. The entire framework, except the place left for the door is banked up with earth, two feet thick at the base and growing thinner to the height of seven feet. Ten posts, each a foot in diameter and crotched at the top, are set firmly upright within the enclosure, forming an inner circle about seven feet from the outer one. These upright pillars stand eleven or twelve feet above the floor. Poles resting in the crotches are laid horizontally around the top of this inner circle. Then long and slender poles are laid from the top of the outside circle across the top of the inner circle, and still extending inward until they almost meet at the center—leaving only a clear space two feet in diameter in the center for a smoke hole. Smaller poles are then lashed across the framework of the roof, and grass and earth are added as at the sides. This completes the sides and roof. The door or entrance is approached by a long, covered alley or porch, built and enclosed much in the manner of the main structure. The floor of the porch is only dug down half as deep as the floor of the lodge, and this leaves one short step at the porch door and one short step at the lodge entrance. The fire is built in the center of the lodge floor, directly under the opening in the roof. At the further side of the circle, exactly opposite the entrance the sod has been left to project inward about a foot—probably for the seat of the chief.

Nearly all the entrances face to the south-east, probably to avoid the north-west storm winds, which are very severe in the Winter.

Adjacent to each lodge is a stable or covered pen in which the horses were kept. These stables are nearly all unharmed. Most of them are square in shape, built of posts and cross poles, lashed firmly together by strips of bark.

Around each lodge there are also several *caches* where corn and other provisions were deposited. These *caches* are large

holes burrowed under the surface of the ground, with an entrance only large enough to admit a man of common size. The *cache* is generally about six feet deep and fifteen feet in diameter. When filled with provisions a thick coat of grass is laid across the mouth and covered with earth so cleverly that a stranger might walk over the *cache* and never know that he was near a storehouse.

I completed my observations of the village about noon and had then intended to go on the bluffs and examine the Indian graves; but perceiving that the teams were crossing the river rapidly, I returned at once and found most of them over. The teams had begun crossing at about 8 o'clock. Some wagons had unloaded their goods on the bank and then went to the ferry to cross, while the goods were carried over in the boat; but after a few teams forded it was found that the trip became easier and soon it was possible to take over the laden wagons with little difficulty. I prepared to wade across, inasmuch as the wagon I am with had gone over; but Jackson Redding brought me Porter Rockwell's horse to ride, and I mounted the animal and proceeded. I found the current very strong, it being all that a single horse could do to ford it; but I got across safe only wetting my feet.

About 4 o'clock the last of the wagons and teams were safely landed on the south side of the Loupe Fork without any loss or accident. This good fortune caused the brethren to feel very thankful indeed. After the crossing was all accomplished the wagons started on to seek a better spot for a camp and to find feed for our teams, where we can remain in some degree of comfort until Monday. It is desirable to give the teams a chance to rest, for they, as well as the men, are much exhausted through wading on the quicksands against the strong current.

The bottom land on this side is more sandy than on the other; the grass is higher but not so thick. From here the bluffs on the other side appear very beautiful and the Indian graves are plainly seen. We went on about three miles and camped beside a small lake near the river. I traveled this distance on foot. As soon as we arrived, Porter Rockwell discovered that many sun fish were in the lake. I secured two hooks and lines, gave him one and used the other myself. We had fine sport. I caught a good mess which Brother Egan cooked for supper; and, although the fish were small, they made a nice dish. Many of the other brethren caught each a good mess. Brother Higbee came down with the seine and made two hauls, but caught no fish because of the grass on the bottom of the lake.

We have strong reason to suspect that we are watched by the Indians, as their fresh footprints have been seen on these south bluffs; but our guards are faithful and we have no fear. Our one piece of artillery was again prepared for use in case of an attack.

This evening I walked over to Orson Pratt's wagon and through his telescope I saw Jupiter's four moons very distinctly. I had never before seen them. Back at our wagon, I got my own glass and was able to distinguish them through it, but not so plainly as I did through Orson's. The evening is very delightful; and at 10 o'clock we retire in good health and spirits, thankful for the mercies of the day that is past.

(To be Continued.)

A YOUNG lad, whose teacher is rather free with the rod, remarked the other day that they had too many hollerdays at their school.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE HEDGEHOG.

THE hedgehog is a queer little animal with short limbs. It feeds mostly on insects. It has its body covered with sharp spines instead of hairs, and can roll itself up in a ball, and thus show an array of prickles pointing in every direction.

Slow of foot, this little creature cannot flee from danger; but in the sharp, hard, and tough prickles of its coat, it has a safeguard better than the teeth and claws of the wild-cat, or the fleetness of the hare.



The hedgehog has powerful muscles beneath the skin of the back; and by the aid of these, on the slightest alarm, it rolls itself up so as to have its head and legs hidden in the middle of the ball it thus makes of itself.

Our dog Snip saw a hedgehog, the other day for the first time. As soon as it saw him, the little creature seemed to change from a live thing into a ball. Snip did not know what to make of it. His curiosity was much excited. He went up, and looked at it.

At last he mustered courage enough to put his nose down to the ball. Rash Snip! Up rose the bristles, and pricked him so that he ran back to the house, howling and yelping as if he had been shot.

Having but Snip to fight, the hedgehog quietly unrolled itself thrust out its queer little head with

the long snout, and crept along on its way rejoicing. As for Snip, I am quite sure he will never put his nose to the back of a hedgehog again, as long as he lives.

C. S.

A BIRD STORY.

A FEW Summers ago in one of the Western States there was a great drought.

Farmers anxiously watched the clouds, saying that unless they had rain very soon there would surely be a famine.

Housewives were filled with sad forebodings as cisterns, springs and wells were gradually being emptied and becoming dry.

But in the midst of this dry season there was one well which was so deep and supplied by such a generous spring that it failed not, although the drought continued until all other cisterns and springs for miles about were emptied, and even the brooks and little creeks became dry.

This well was in front of Mrs. Norton's kitchen-door, and one day after pumping from it a pail of water, she noticed a little bird hopping about her feet, and uttering such little piping notes that she knew he was in distress.

She threw down some crumbs of bread, and although he appeared very tame, he did not pick them up, or seem to notice them in the least.

Mrs. Norton being a kind-hearted woman, felt sorry for the little thing, and tried to think of something to relieve him. He would not eat, perhaps he would drink. So she filled a pan with water and set it on the ground.

Immediately the little thing hopped upon the edge of the pan, and drank eagerly. Then he took, oh, such a glorious bath, ducking his little head under the water, flapping his wings and splashing the water all about. Every now and then he would hop on the edge of the pan and trill forth a merry, joyous song; then back into the water again for another bath.

Soon the little thing flew away, but in less than ten minutes returned, bringing with him several other birds, who all, after first quenching their thirst, plunged into the pan; and such a talking as they kept up, and such a splashing and splattering as there was, it was all too funny for anything.

Then after they had fairly revelled in the water they dressed and plumed their feathers, all washed so clean and bright, and flew up in a tree in front of Mrs. Norton's window, and from their tiny

throats poured forth their gratitude in notes of happy, joyous song.

Every day while the dry weather lasted, there was a pan of clear, sparkling water given them, and all during the drought, they enjoyed their daily bath.

A CURIOUS WILL.

THE following last will and testament was proved on the 5th of July, 1737:—

This fifth day of May,
Being airy and gay,
To hip not inclined,
But of vigorous mind,
And my body in health,
I'll dispose of my wealth;
And all I'm to have
On this side of the grave
To some one or other,
I think to my brother.
But because I foresaw
That my brothers-in-law,
If I did not take care,
Would come in for a share,
Which I noways intended
Till their manners were mended—
And of that there's no sign—
I do therefore enjoin,
And strictly command,
As witness my hand,
That naught I have got
Be brought to hotch-pot;
And I give and devise
Much as in me lies
To the son of my mother,
My own dear brother,
To have and to hold
All my silver and gold,
As the affectionate pledges
Of his brother, JOHN HEDGES.

SQUARE WORD PUZZLE.

BY WM. BREWER.

1. A club, also an animal; 2. A verb signifying that one has eaten, also in mythology the name of the god of mischief; 3. A beverage and a plant.

The following named persons have answered the questions on Church History in No. 17: Heber Scowcroft, Samuel Stark, H. C. Blood, W. J. C. Mortimer, Leone Rogers, Elizabeth Myler.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. In what condition was the Church in Kirtland during the latter part of 1837? 2. When did Brigham Young leave Kirtland for Missouri, and from what cause? 3. Who were next compelled to leave on account of this bitter feeling among the apostates? 4. When did they leave? 5. Why did they exhibit such hatred and animosity against Joseph, Brigham and others of the leaders? 6. When was Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Lyman E. Johnson cut off from the Church? 7. When did Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde arrive from their mission to England? 8. What new Stake was organized in the West during the next Month? 9. When and where was it organized? 10. Why was it called by this name?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 17.

1. WHEN was the Kirtland Temple dedicated? A. March 27, 1836.

2. Who offered the dedicatory prayer? A. Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

3. When Joseph and the quorums met again in the evening what glorious manifestations occurred? A. A sound was heard like the noise of a rushing wind. Many began to speak in tongues and prophesy, others saw glorious visions, and Joseph beheld the Temple filled with angels.

4. What ordinances were attended to during the next few days? A. Partaking of the Sacrament and the washing of feet.

5. What glorious personages appeared unto Joseph and Oliver in the Temple the following Sunday? A. The Savior, Moses, Elias and Elijah.

6. What were the words of the Savior unto them? A. "I am the First and the Last; I am He who was slain; I am your advocate with the Father," and many other words of encouragement.

7. What did Moses commit unto them? A. The keys of the gathering of Israel from the four parts of the earth, and the leading of the Ten Tribes from the North.

8. What did Elias deliver unto them? A. The dispensation of the gospel of Abraham.

9. What was the nature of Elijah's mission unto them? A. He came to deliver the keys of the power to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers, in other words to confer the authority to baptize for the dead.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 286.)

AGAIN, the transfusion of the blood from the veins of one person into those of another, and the known beneficial results that sometimes follow the experiment, apparently throws an insurmountable obstacle in our path. But we must remember the blood is the *newest* portion of our system—some of it *not an hour old*, and necessarily the life characteristics have not been impressed upon the blood or, if at all, in a very imperfect manner.

It is not maintained that the impression of spirit characteristics upon matter can be effected by a first contact alone, and certainly if a beginning is thus made it must be infinitely strengthened by a continuous contact for a period of seven years.

Is it not an acknowledged fact that as individuals—as wholes—we are but little more than a reflection of the different characters with whom we have associated during life? And do we not most reflect the traits of those persons with whom we have been longest and most intimately associated? All of this is accomplished in, or upon us, without actual physical contact. But how much stronger would the impressions of other spirits be upon us if we could become as closely allied to them as our own spirits are to the substance of our bodies? Suppose, too, no extraneous influences were allowed to interfere with the operations of one Master Spirit upon ours, while thus intimately associated for a full period of seven years, what would we become but a copy of the Master Mind to which ours was ever an attendant and willing slave? If we acknowledge that one spirit can thus operate upon a substance distant from it, how can we rationally deny the spirit a greater influence upon matter with which it is in contact? The blood is the originating element of our system, and not until it is fully incorporated into our organism as flesh, bone, etc., can the spirit's impressing operations fully begin.

One more formidable difficulty remains to be removed. Surgery has been successful in its grafting operations. Defects in human bodies are now very frequently remedied by this surgical process, and this fact seems to set at defiance the theory that life characteristics are impressed upon the material substance of our bodies, or that these peculiarities are so strongly marked, that nature can detect any difference in the impressions. A portion of flesh belonging to one individual may be made to grow upon the body of another; and the flesh of animals has been grafted upon human bodies.

If the facts in such cases were just what they *appear*, any attempt to substantiate the theory of impressed particles would be useless since it is necessary, in order to invest the theory with any value to the resurrection doctrine, that the peculiarities of each individual particle be so strongly manifested that there is no real coalescing affinity subsisting between the atoms of different bodies.

The phenomena observable in grafting processes are *apparent* only. This is evident from a critical investigation of facts. Let us suppose, for example, that a child with a hair lip is subjected to the operation of the surgeon. Generally he will admit that a piece of flesh cut from the child's own body will be more

likely to grow than a portion which is taken from the body of some other person. This is the first fact in our favor. It proves an affinity. But the flesh must first be severed from the body of the person or animal from which it is taken before it can be grafted upon the body of another. This severance necessarily involves the death of that particular piece of flesh, for the very moment the surgeon's knife has finished cutting it from the body to which it originally belonged it must die. If bringing it again in contact with vitalized blood restores it to life, we have the great problem solved and are fools to question the resurrection doctrine. If the dead portion be not thus restored to life it can not possibly become an integral part of the living organism of another person.

Should anyone be disposed to adopt the theory of revitalization by contact with living blood, we suggest that when one of such individual's friends die, the old blood be drawn from the corpse body and a fresh supply of the vital fluid be pumped into it from the veins of living relatives and friends of the deceased, and if the patient does as well as could be expected under the circumstances let the facts be made public for the benefit of an interested and dying humanity.

But, since the dead portion of flesh used in grafting operations cannot become an integral part of a living organism, how is the phenomenon of such appearance to be explained? An analogous phenomenon is found in the putrefaction of wood, etc., which is not, as commonly supposed, turned into stone; but as the wood substance decays, little by little, rocky material takes its place, and because cast in the decaying wood mould, assumes an external appearance strikingly like wood.

In the ingrafted piece of flesh the organic structure still remains perfect and will continue in that condition for some time without material change. The veins, etc., are as perfect as they were when the severed flesh formed a part of the person's body from which it was cut; and the blood of the individual upon whose body such piece or portion of foreign flesh was grafted, ramifies to every part of it and supplies new matter as the older substance disappears, which it does in a very short time. Large portions of flesh, etc., can not be grafted—an arm, for instance—for the force of the living body is not sufficient to propel the blood to the extremities of the ingrafted member. Thus, we think, the most important objections are satisfactorily answered.

In the argument just closed we have been obliged to glance at the evidence which proves the theory of impressed particles in all organic structures. This question will now be examined at greater length. Why is it that no human face or form is precisely like any other of the millions that exist? Is it not because no two spirits are exactly alike? Each spirit we know must and does possess inherently certain individualities and affinities peculiar to itself, and which must differentiate it from all other spirits. The growth of our bodies from a mere germ is due to the operations of spirit force; but this power must be in perfect consonance with the agency that produced it. Of necessity, then, there must be as many different spirit forces as there are individuals, and these forces must differ among themselves just in proportion as men are dissimilar in temperament, disposition, habit, etc.

When these different spirit forces operate upon matter they must differently impress it. If the Almighty in the beginning endowed or impressed matter with certain fixed properties, it cannot be denied that such matter is susceptible of endowment and impression. If the *intelligence* manifested by it is inherent—the result of mind—that can also be endowed or impressed.

If our spirits do not impress the material particles of our bodies, how are we going to establish a philosophical foundation for the phenomena associated with *habit*? Why is it that at times the muscles of our bodies will involuntarily perform the very acts to which they have been exercised when under the control of the spirit? How does habit become almost irresistible, and in some cases wholly so? How can these questions be answered rationally but by assuming that the particles of our bodies have been impressed strongly with the spirit of the mind? and in the case of irresistible habit we conclude our bodies have actually absorbed the mind or are so strongly impressed that they hold the latter in abeyance?

(To be Continued).

JUSTICE OF DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

BY S. F. D.

MANY people say that even if the judgments predicted by the Prophet Joseph Smith should descend upon this nation, it would be unjust to visit upon the children the punishment for the martyrdom of the Prophet and of the Saints who perished in the persecutions of Missouri and Illinois, that most of the perpetrators of these cruel outrages are already dead. But God's ways are not as man's ways, and He has nothing to learn, even from the boasted enlightenment of this age, in the proper method of dealing out even-handed justice. Many of the visitations of His wrath are unknown to all but the guilty violator of His laws, until, unable to evade the all-searching eye of His displeasure, he seeks to free his weary soul by unburdening the story of his guilt and the sequel thereof, even his torment, like the pent-up volcano, by the emission of the burning lava, betrays the intensity of internal heat.

So far as is known, not one of those wicked mobocrats whose hands were stained with the blood of the Saints has died a peaceful, natural death. Not that the laws of our country have ever intervened to mete out justice to the red-handed murderers. Oh, no! Every one yet brought to trial, no matter how easy of demonstration his guilt was, has escaped, like the murderers of Joseph Standing, with scarcely a reprimand from the halls of judgment. But a higher Court has taken in hand to measure out to them the sentence of a Judge whose rulings never err, and from whose decision there is no appeal. Several of them have disclosed to those surrounding their deathbeds their belief in the great Latter-day work, and bitterly regretted the part they took in opposing it. Many have acknowledged that they were suffering all the torments of the damned because of their participation in the shedding of innocent blood. Their experience during the closing days of mortality was merely a foretaste of their dreadful impending doom.

The delay of God's judgments upon this nation is indicative of His usual mercy and long-suffering in dealing with His erring children. Besides, it could hardly be called justice to execute the sentence of Divine wrath before opportunity has been given to repent after hearing more fully the warning message. It is truly a great evidence of His mercies in offering even now the conditions of salvation to the nation who have rejected His word, driven out His people, slain His Prophets, and now, through their representatives, are plotting to overthrow His

work by enacting unjust laws, over-riding established usages and sustaining the acts of corrupt, vicious judges and marshals in such acts as in any other country would cost them their official positions and the respect of all honorable men.

Unlike the condition of things in an autocratic government, the law makers and rulers in this country reflect in a great measure the views of the masses of the people. A profligate king may, through the right of succession, govern the fortunes of a comparatively pure people. An established rule, not their choice, had given the reins of power into unworthy hands. They could not justly be held accountable for his wickedness. But in an elective republic the case is different. The terms of office in the executive and legislative departments of our government continues but two to six years. They are then subject to either change or removal by the voice of the people. All their public acts are open to public scrutiny. If, therefore, an unworthy public officer is returned to the position he has once dishonored, a supposed majority of the voters of his district have virtually partaken of his guilt. I say "supposed majority" because in many cases fraud and the corrupt use of money have subverted the popular verdict and given the public trust to representatives of votes vitiated by bribery. But even this corruption emanates from the people and could not long obtain in a community free from social and civil irregularities.

In like manner the jury system established long before the formation of this government by the liberty-loving English and adopted by this country as an essential feature of "government by the people and for the people," gives to persons fresh from the ranks of the populace the opportunity to sustain or repudiate not only the acts of individuals but actually rendering valid or void the letter and spirit of legislative enactments and judicial rulings.

Thus we see that when God's servants, whose only offense has been to warn the world of impending judgments and witness in all solemnity that God has again revealed the plan of salvation and conferred the authority on man necessary to officiate in all the ordinances that are to prepare him for his Maker's presence, are maltreated and murdered by their enemies and the jury empanelled for their trial refuse to inflict upon them the penalty decreed by just laws, they have directly consented to their death. When unprincipled legislators give their votes to the enactment of cruel and oppressive laws for the avowed object of destroying an unpopular faith and bringing distress upon God's people, if they are sustained by re-election of the popular vote, their constituents thereby assent to the persecution which we suffer.

God's ways are just. And if in the exercise of righteous judgment He destroyed the world for the rejection of Noah's testimony; and if he destroyed and scattered the Jewish nation for rejecting and slaying the Redeemer under the forms of law, will His judgments be less severe upon a nation who have rejected the same message and slain His servants in utter violation of every shadow of law and justice? When the vials of His wrath are poured out "until the earth is empty" can the victims of the plague offer any excuse or deny the justice of their sentence when, by their own suffrages, they have upheld and condoned the terrible crimes that have provoked the Divine Judge to come out of His hiding place?

THE following is a true copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster: "Sir, as you are a man of noledge, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE Latter-day Saints are frequently challenged to furnish evidences in proof of the divinity of the Book of Mormon. We notice that a preacher, who is out here as a missionary, is endeavoring to gain some notoriety by attacking the Book of Mormon through the columns of the papers. He seems to place a very low value upon it. His conduct proves the truth of at least one prediction in the book which he derides. The Lord, through Nephi, says, in speaking of the effect this book would have:

"Many of the Gentiles shall say, A Bible! A Bible! We have got a Bible, and there cannot be any more Bible."

This is, in effect, what this false teacher says, and thus he fulfills the prophet's words which were written some 2,400 years ago.

The Book of Mormon does not depend upon external evidence for its proofs of its divine origin.

The father of the Editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, when the Book of Mormon was first handed to him, read it through twice, and after finishing it the second time, laid the book down with the remark that "A bad man could not write such a book and a good man would not write it;" that is, a good man in and of himself would not write it; he would have to be inspired of the Lord to do it.

No one can read that divine record in the proper spirit without receiving a testimony from the Lord that it is divine. Its teachings are pure and of the most elevating character. Its simplicity causes it to be easily understood by children and persons of limited education. They who read it need not be in doubt concerning the principles of salvation. The doctrines of the gospel are set forth with charming and convincing clearness. One is not left to query respecting the steps necessary to be taken to become a member of the Church of Christ.

There is no room for argument concerning how a man shall be baptized, or by whom he shall be baptized, in order to be accepted of the Lord.

The mission of the Savior and the great atonement wrought by him are described so beautifully that to understand it is only necessary to read; while the condition of the spirits of the just and the unjust after death, and the resurrection of the body, are explained in such simple language and detail that every one who desires can comprehend them.

We value the Bible as a wonderful record of God's dealings with the children of men. It is a glorious book and is of immense value to mankind; but it has been sadly mutilated. It has passed through many hands and several versions of it exist. Its translators were not inspired and were unfit for the task which they assumed; and, worse than all, many precious parts of it have been taken from it. One of the prophets of the Book of Mormon, speaking of the Bible, says:

"For behold, they have taken away from the gospel of the Lamb, many parts which are plain and most precious; and also many covenants of the Lord have they taken away.

"And all these have they done, that they might pervert the right ways of the Lord; that they might blind the eyes and harden the hearts of the children of men.

"Wherefore, thou seest that after the book hath gone forth through the hands of the great and abominable church, that there are many plain and precious things taken away from the book, which is the book of the Lamb of God.

"And after these plain and precious things were taken away, it goeth unto all the nations of the Gentiles; and after it goeth forth unto all the nations of the Gentiles, yea, even across the many waters which thou hast seen with the Gentiles which have gone forth out of captivity; thou seest because of the many plain and precious things which have been taken out of the book, which were plain unto the understanding of the children of men, according to the plainness which is in the Lamb of God; because of these things which are taken away out of the gospel of the Lamb, an exceeding great many do stumble, yea, insomuch that Satan hath great power over them."

This accounts for the vagueness with which that record speaks concerning some points of doctrine and ordinances. The need of an inspired translation of the Bible is seen in the hundreds of different sects which exist in Christendom, all claiming to have followed the Bible as their guide in the organization of their churches and in the preaching of their doctrines.

What a glorious work was accomplished by the Lord in the revelation of the Book of Mormon! It came to the world in purity by the gift of inspiration. It dispelled darkness and doubt. It cleared away difficulties and made plain to mankind the path of salvation. Joined with the Bible, they make two powerful witnesses to the truth of heaven. With these two records no man need be in doubt as to the requirements which the Lord makes of His children. Upon points which, with the Bible alone, there might be contending opinions, with the Book of Mormon in addition, they are speedily settled, and mankind are enabled to drink at the pure fountain of truth and find it no longer necessary to squabble concerning ordinances and doctrines.

We wish this book was read more extensively by our people, especially by the young. We long for the time to come when it will be a text book in our schools. The influence which it exerts over the minds of those who read it is soothing and heavenly. It creates impressions upon the young concerning holiness and the manner of life which is most acceptable to our God that can never be effaced. The lessons of faith which it conveys have a most marked effect upon the lives of children who are brought up to carefully read it and to treasure its precepts.

In the early days of our experience as a missionary we were placed in circumstances which were naturally trying and depressing. For the first time in our life we were away from home and far from all our kindred and friends. In a strange land, among a strange people, whose language was strange, we were made to feel our loneliness, especially so when compelled by persecution to take refuge among a poor people who had so little food that for some weeks our principal sustenance was wild berries. It was then that we found the value of the Book of Mormon. It was our solace and joy; and we never read its pages without deriving profit from its lessons and heavenly comfort from the sweet spirit which they contained. It was indeed a comforter to us; it removed depression, inspired hope and faith, and stimulated us to persevere in the labor before us.

If anyone doubts that the prayerful reading of this precious book produces these effects, they can easily prove for themselves the correctness of our testimony. When trouble or affliction comes upon men and women's souls, and they need comfort and peace, let them prayerfully read the Book of Mormon, and we know they will obtain an evidence of its divinity that will satisfy them, though they may have never had it before.

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER XV.

(Continued from page 285.)

PAUL OSEROV warily followed the troop of soldiers. His familiarity with the route enabled him to make accu-



VLADIMIR'S ESCAPE FROM THE BLOOD HOUNDS.

rate judgment of their movements, and to keep ever out of their sight without falling any undue distance to the rear.

It was, however, a journey full of loneliness; the air was chilling and the country was desolated by Winter.

As they approached Ekaterinburg he drew closer upon the courier and soldiers, and when they entered the town he was less than ten *versts* away. He felt a prompting to establish himself in Ekaterinburg; and when night came he ventured into the place, proceeding with boldness to an inn where he gave out that he was a fur trader.

Fortunately many travelers, singly and in company, had recently visited the place; and Oserov carried himself so appropriately that he was never for a moment suspected.

He found no trouble next morning in learning that a courier of the czar had visited the governor of Ekaterinburg the day previous; and later he was informed that the courier, accompanied by a troop of soldiers and a message from the governor, had departed for the mines beyond Berezovsk.

Paul shrewdly concluded that the courier and messenger upon their return would probably bring the ostensible Nicolaus Hulinski, and would certainly visit the official mansion of the governor to accomplish some of the formalities so common in the czar's service. He decided, therefore to watch this place after the courier's party should be gone twenty-four hours and continue his scrutiny until the return.

His thoughtfulness and patience were rewarded. In the afternoon of the day upon which Feodor left the mine the party arrived at the governor's mansion; and as they entered, the general and the ex-soldier recognized each other.

The proceedings inside were short, Feodor subscribing to the requisite oaths without giving note to their tenor, so anxious was he to make arrangements with Paul for Vladimir's safety. Being at liberty he told the courier that he wished to make some necessary purchases and would rejoin that functionary in the evening at the soldiers' barracks.

As soon as Feodor emerged from the gateway he again saw Paul; and as the general walked away in search of a spot where conversation would be safe, Oserov followed.

Convenient dusk covered the lonely street where the two friends met and warmly clasped hands.

"Brave Paul Oserov!" said the general, "we knew you would not fail us in our supreme time of need. To you we will owe our liberty."

Feodor and Paul then conferred fully, learning all that had happened to each other since their parting. But most of all they spoke of Vladimir and the chances and possible mischances of his attempt to escape. They encouraged each other in the hope that all was well with him; and they decided that Paul should withdraw from the city that night and proceed a few *versts* on the westward road, there to await the coming of Vladimir. Simbrisk was fixed as their place of reunion, unless Feodor should receive contrary word at Nijni Novgorod.

Oserov got away from the inn three hours after midnight, with his sledge and horses, without creating any commotion. He moved his horses slowly to keep their strength, only giving them enough exercise to preserve warmth; and he decided to occupy a track of two or three *versts* from the outer line of the city, traveling back and forth until he could find Vladimir or should be compelled to take some other course.

At daylight Feodor and the courier took their departure from the barracks in their comfortable covered sledge. As they passed beyond the gates of the town, Feodor's watching eyes caught sight of a man toiling along the snowy road. His heart bounded with hope and gratitude when he recognized

the figure to be that of his son. Noticing that the courier had not observed Vladimir, Feodor offered to hold the reins for a few moments while the courier should get their pipes and tobacco from the box in the rear part of the sledge. The courier willingly complied, and while he was thus engaged the sledge overtook and passed Vladimir. While it was dashing past Feodor spoke in a loud tone to the courier:

"Thank God, we are on the road to St. Petersburg. We shall soon meet with friends."

In five minutes the courier's sledge met Oserov moving slowly towards Ekaterinburg. Feodor and Paul recognized each other, but only gave the courteous salutation which is common even between strangers in Russia.

A few brief moments elapsed and then Vladimir was located snugly among the furs of Oserov's sledge—free from the mine but still encompassed by danger.

Paul drove his horses now at a good speed, following the courier's sledge which he was desirous to closely approach.

The morning light was full and the sunshine streamed over the snowy landscape, the glister of the reflecting crust making a radiance almost unbearable.

It was a joyous time for Vladimir when he could stretch restfully in the warm robes, and eat of the food which Paul had thoughtfully provided.

Several hours they traveled at a rapid rate, Oserov keeping close behind Feodor and the courier. No disaster was anticipated even if the courier should observe them. Nothing in their appearance gave cause for suspicion.

A little time after noon the courier and Feodor stopped at a rude hostelry; and very soon afterwards Oserov and Vladimir arrived. The appearance of these latter travelers caused no excitement; and Paul was not even recognized by the courier. The courier, being provided with a change of horses at this station, was soon ready to depart. But as Oserov and Vladimir obviously could not be so favored, Feodor made numerous excuses to prolong their stay. He desired to separate himself from his son no farther than necessary; and he knew that Oserov's horses would need a few hours of rest.

It was within two hours of dusk when Feodor and the courier at last departed, closely followed by Paul's sledge. Before they had traveled a *verst* the clear air brought to all of them the sound of baying dogs from the direction of the inn. Feodor, Vladimir and Oserov recognized the dread sound. They knew that messengers with that fiercest of dogs, the Siberian blood-hound, were upon Vladimir's track.

The courier failed to understand the significance of the sound; and when Feodor detected this fact, he persuaded the courier to recline under the cover of the sledge while once more he took the reins in his own hands.

Oserov now drove like mad, and soon overtook the other sledge. Feodor stood up and looked back; Oserov's eyes followed the general's glance. Well might both be terrified by what they saw.

Over the crest of a little hill, coming towards the two sledges at a gallop, were two horsemen holding in leash four hounds which ran as rapidly in advance of their masters as the restraining thongs would permit.

It was a moment of horror; but the general's self-possession did not desert him. Without speaking he waved his hand to Oserov and Vladimir, indicating that they should keep the beaten track, and then he turned from the road and pursued a course at a right angle from that followed by Oserov.

This manœuvre was not observed by the courier, but the horsemen quickly detected it and increased their speed. But

when they reached the point at which the sledges had separated, they stopped in some confusion. Their hounds could not aid them here and they were left to their own judgment.

Concluding that the sledge which had left the road, and which was proceeding as fast as Feodor could urge the fresh animals, must of necessity contain the fugitive, they put spurs to their steeds and raced after it.

Feodor joyfully witnessed the fulfillment of his hope that the messengers would pursue him, while Oserov and Vladimir were gaining time and distance. He continued his rapid pace and had traveled two or three *vershs* before he was overtaken.

When the horsemen with their hounds reached the courier's sledge, one of them called:

"Stop, in the name of the czar!"

Being thus summoned, Feodor drew up his foaming horses, while the courier scrambled out from his snug place among the furs.

The messenger continued:

"We are of the police; and we apprehend one of you as an escaped convict, lately laboring in the arsenic mines; and we take the other for having aided in the escape."

Feodor made no response; fortune seemed to have the project for Vladimir's freedom in her special care. But the courier bristled fiercely because of this detention. He said pompously:

"Do you not see my uniform? I am a courier of the czar and you stop me at your peril."

With this he would have left them, but they interposed; and one of them asked General Pojarsky:

"And who and what are you, my friend?"

"I am Nicolaus Hulinski. Lately I was a convict in the mines beyond Berezovsk; but our gracious emperor was pleased to pardon me and now I am on my way to St. Petersburg."

Feodor spoke purposely in a hesitating voice; and his manner fully confirmed the suspicions entertained by the police. So these functionaries ordered the general and courier to turn about and journey back towards Ekaterinburg.

The courier stormed and threatened, but without avail. He could get no other response from his captors than this:

"If you are what you say, you can easily prove your claim before the inspector at Ekaterinburg. We think you are the persons we are seeking and we are determined to take you back."

Despite all that the courier could say the police put this promise into execution, much to Feodor's delight. That night they stayed at the inn where they had taken dinner; and here the general overheard the police detailing to the landlord how the discovery had been made, late on the previous night, of Vladimir's escape; and how word had been at once sent to Ekaterinburg to have the police search with their blood-hounds for the fugitive.

It was the late afternoon of the next day when they once more reached the mansion of the governor of Ekaterinburg. That distinguished individual, hearing that the exile and his accomplice had been recaptured and brought to him for examination, declined to see them until the following morning and ordered them to be held for the night under guard.

But fortunately for the already-maddened courier, he was recognized by some of the soldiers and word was carried to the governor to the effect that some mistake in the matter had probably occurred. At last the governor deigned to appear, and one glance at Feodor and the courier told him the truth. He ordered their instant release and then sent for the intelligent officers who had made the boasted capture. Upon these

unfortunate fellows he discharged his wrath, calling them "blockheads," "imbeciles," and threatening them with all manner of punishment.

The governor sent for the inspector and in a little time new parties were out scouring the country.

Feodor and the courier could not leave the city until the following morning; and when they departed they carried with them the most profuse apologies for the mistake which had occurred. Their subsequent journey was rapid but uneventful, except that during the first three days from Ekaterinburg they encountered several bodies of police searching vainly in various directions for some trace of Vladimir. The general wished them failure with all his heart, but he dared not express this sentiment; and the ill-tempered courier declared that such useless creatures deserved no success.

In ten days they were at Nijni Novgorod; and here Feodor declared that his strength had utterly failed him and he could go no farther. His company had not been so agreeable that the courier disliked to lose it, so the general had little difficulty in showing that the instruction under which they both traveled contemplated Feodor being left to pursue the journey at his own convenience, in case the pace of the courier should prove too rapid for him. So the courier left, after committing to Feodor the funds which had been sent for his use.

As soon as the coast was clear, without waiting to make any awkward acquaintances in the city of fairs or to extend any familiarity with the soldiers of the fort, Feodor departed from Simbrisk in a sledge which he had purchased for the journey.

Four days sufficed to carry him the distance of nearly 300 *vershs* to the curious town and its even more remarkable rivers. He established himself at an inn, giving out that he was a railway inspector on his way to Samara, but waiting to be joined by a party of engineers; and then he began to take long walks about the place in search of his friends.

Despite his anxiety he could not fail to note the phenomenon presented by the rivers Volga and Soiyaga, one on either side of the town. These two streams flow side by side for a distance of 250 miles *but in opposite directions*; and at Simbrisk the level of the Soiyaga is 140 feet higher than that of the Volga, while the town overlooks both. The general was sauntering along a lonely part of the Volga bank on the third day after his arrival when he saw at a distance his beloved son and the faithful Oserov. They, too, saw Feodor and rushed to meet him.

Words cannot tell the joy of these three friends at the moment when Vladimir was clasped in his father's arms.

They briefly related their experiences since the hour of parting. Oserov telling Feodor of the score of narrow escapes which they had succeeded in making.

As Vladimir and Oserov were still in danger it was decided that the general should claim them as the engineers for whom he had been waiting and that they should all depart at once for Samara, a railway town lower down the Volga, from which point they could easily reach St. Petersburg or even some foreign land.

Their plan was executed and they reached Samara in safety.

(To be Continued.)

SARAH BRIGGS (reading the police report)—Sakes alive! I would no more name a child Alias than nothin' in the world! Here's "Alias Thompson, Alias Williams, Alias the Night-Hawk," all been took up for stealin'!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 288.)

ON the 11th, we passed a little grave which had been opened by wild beasts; the coffin was broken and the feathers out of the pillow or bed were scattered all around. On one side lay the skull of a child. I was moved with pity at the sight. Near the place was another grave and on the head-board the name: "Ann West, aged 62 years."

We passed Brother Henry Hoyt's grave. He was buried so shallow that the air got to his remains. He was in the rear company at the time he died and the pioneers, who were two days in advance, had all the tools for digging, so the men had nothing but a hatchet or two with which to dig his grave. He was buried high up on the side of a mountain, under a low, spreading oak. He was a good man and, I might say, died a martyr.

On the 14th, about 1 p.m., we arrived at our old camp ground near Sutter's Fort. After eating dinner three of our men went to see Captain Sutter. When they returned that evening they reported having seen the captain and had a talk with him and that he was willing to hire the whole of our number either by the month or by the job. He would pay one-half in cash the other in trade; and that he was wanting to build a mill and wanted mill timbers got out and a race dug three miles long. He promised to pay twenty-five dollars per month for working on the race, or twelve and one-half cents per yard.

The next morning we made a bargain with Sutter, he agreeing this time to pay all money. He was to furnish us provisions, but we were to do our own cooking. Our animals could run with his band of horses free of charge and they would be driven up by his *vaquero* (horse-herder) every night and corraled. This we took as being very kind in the captain. In the afternoon we moved on to the ground where the work was to be performed and found a very good adobe house to occupy.

Sutter furnished all the tools and teams to be used on the ditch, and on Friday morning, the 17th of September, all hands except our cooks were on the race with ox teams, plows, scrapers, spades, shovels and picks. We earned one dollar and fifty cents per day all around to the man. Our hands were tender and soon became very sore. Some of our men were taken sick with chills and scurvy.

While at dinner on the 27th, a man entered our quarters dressed in buckskin, and said Captain Sutter wanted four men from our company to go up into the mountains about thirty miles to help build a saw-mill on the south fork of the American River. He said that he and Sutter were partners in building the mill and that he had been up there with a few hands and had done a little work, but some of them were expecting to leave soon, hence they wanted more help. This man was James Wilson Marshall. In the afternoon Israel Evans, Azariah Smith, William Johnston and myself started with Mr. Marshall, accompanied by Charles Bennett, late from Oregon. Marshall took an ox team and wagon loaded with provisions, and a few tools. We arrived at the mill site in the evening of the 29th, where we found several of the battalion boys who, by the advice of Levi W. Hancock, had stopped at Sutter's at the time we passed there in August.

To me the surrounding country looked wild and lonesome.

We were surrounded by high mountains, more or less covered with a heavy growth of pine, balsam, redwood, pinion pine and oak timber. The place was infested with wolves, grizzly bears and Indians. Before our arrival at the mill site, Marshall and the brethren had built a nice double log cabin about one-fourth of a mile from the mill. In one part of the house lived a family. The man's name was Peter L. Wemer, whose wife was to be cook for the mill hands.

On the night of the 3rd of October all hands were aroused from slumber by the cry from our tame Indians: "*Marlohinty! Marlohinty!*" meaning there were bad Indians around; but we could see none and soon retired. The next evening we were awakened again by the same cry from our Indians. This time some of our men said they saw one. We could hear them walking, but they kept themselves in the dark and behind trees. We called to them but they would not speak. Up to this time we had not thought of much danger. There were ten white men and only four guns, as the most of the boys had left their muskets below. We forthwith chose guards and kept watch for some time, but were never disturbed afterwards, the enemy finding out, perhaps, that we had something else to defend ourselves with besides bows and arrows.

Nothing of note took place from this time on until the following 24th of January. We continued to work on the saw-mill. Sometimes it happened that Sutter neglected to send up provisions to the mill, when we would be on short rations. At such times Marshall detailed me to be hunter, as the black-tailed deer was quite plentiful. He owned a good rifle and this I used, taking with me one of the tame Indians to help carry in the venison. This suited me full as well as using an ax or shovel about the mill, for I was paid just as much.

In the afternoon of the 24th of January, 1848, gold was found in California, and it may not be out of place to give a somewhat detailed account of how it was discovered.

The names of the men who were at work at the saw mill at the time of the discovery were Alexander Stevens, James S. Brown, James Barger, William Johnston, Azariah Smith and myself, of the battalion, James W. Marshall, the superintendent, Peter L. Wemer, Charles Bennett and William Scott, who were not members of the battalion nor members of the Church. By New Year's day we had the dam in and the tail race nearly completed. Mr. Wemer had charge of some tame Indians and was at work in the ditch. Marshall had been in the habit of going down every afternoon to see how they were progressing, for they had struck bed-rock, though it was mostly of rotten granite. Yet the work on the ditch was slow; but this time when he went down to the lower end of the race his eye caught the glitter of something that lay in a crevice on the base or bed-rock a few inches under water. He sent a young Indian to Brown, who was at work in the mill yard whip-sawing, to send him a plate. Brown was the top sawyer. He jumped down from the saw-pit, remarking:

"I wonder what Marshall wants with a tin plate!"

He walked to our shanty and gave the Indian a plate. Just before we ceased work for the day Marshall came up from the tail race and said he believed he had found a gold mine. Some one merely remarked:

"I reckon there is no such good luck."

Nothing more was said then, but just before going to bed Marshall came in and said he believed he had found a gold mine near the lower end of the race; and it strikes me strongly that he said he had been trying to melt some of the particles but could not. Before leaving us he said:

"Brown, I want you and Bigler, in the morning, to shut down the head-gate, throw in some saw-dust, rotten leaves and dirt, make it all tight and to-morrow I'll see what there is there."

(To be Continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

TWO days after the Prophet Joseph Smith received the revelation concerning the civil war that should commence at the rebellion of South Carolina, he received another revelation in which the Lord said:

"And after your [the Elders'] testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people;

"For after your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes, that shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall upon the ground, and shall not be able to stand.

"And also cometh the testimony of the voice of thunders, and the voice of lightnings, and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea, heaving themselves beyond their bounds.

"And all things shall be in commotion; and surely men's hearts shall fail them; for fear shall come upon all people."

This prophecy has been most accurately fulfilled within a few days. The earthquakes at Charleston, South Carolina, have destroyed a great portion of that city, and inflicted severe loss upon the surrounding country, and have destroyed many lives. The descriptions of the earthquake state that people were not able to stand, and they fell to the ground, just as the revelation said they would. This is the most severe earthquake that has visited the United States since the colonies were first settled. Scientists say that its shocks were felt over a larger area than ever before known.

It is scarcely probable that the quakes of the earth will have much effect upon the people who were disturbed by them in leading them to receive the message which God sent to this nation through His Prophet Joseph Smith.

To a person who has not had experience it doubtless seems strange that God's judgments, predicted by the prophets, should not have had the effect in former days to make people receive the messages He sent to them. The Savior plainly foretold the destruction of Jerusalem and that the holy temple of the Jews should be leveled to the ground. His words were literally fulfilled; but they made no impression upon the generation who witnessed these direful events. There have been but few generations who have believed the prophets to be inspired of God who uttered the predictions which they saw fulfilled.

This generation has had repeated evidences furnished it that Joseph Smith was a Prophet, divinely inspired; but instead of being accepted as a prophet, the very mention of his name in most places excites ridicule and anger.

He predicted events of startling significance and of national importance.

Concerning the Church, of which in the hands of God he was the founder, he foretold with great precision the obstacles it would have to meet and overcome until it should achieve its glorious triumph.

At a time when religious freedom was the great boast of this republic, he foretold that the Church should be persecuted

by townships, counties, states and by the nation at large at every stage of its growth, and that, finally, before gaining universal dominion, it should be warred against by the whole world.

The gathering of the people from distant nations, and their being united in one body under the name of Zion, he predicted before the Church had scarcely been organized. This is one of the most stupendous events of modern times, and has no parallel that I know of in the history of our race.

The revelation which he received concerning the civil war, in which was pointed out the exact State where the rebellion should occur, was of itself, even if he had never uttered another prediction, sufficient proof that he was a Prophet of God.

Had the nation listened to his wise words and the statesmanlike counsel which he gave, what misery, bloodshed and treasure might have been saved! Under his pilotage, had it been accepted, the ship of State would have been safely steered through the shoals and breakers which threatened it, into a safe harbor of rest. He knew that under the policy which prevailed this nation would be involved in civil war and that slavery and states-rights would be the cause. He urged the purchase and liberation of the slaves. His plan was just, simple and feasible, but it was not received.

Who believes that Joseph Smith was a Prophet?

The Latter-day Saints: and how small are their numbers as compared with this nation!

The people of this nation have the same evidences before them of the prophetic character of his utterances upon these points as the Latter-day Saints have, with this difference, that the Saints have, in addition, the testimony of the Holy Ghost, which confirms them in their faith. But the nation has seen many of his predictions, which were national in their character, fulfilled.

Are the people convinced by those that have been fulfilled?

Will they be convinced by those yet to be fulfilled?

Judging the future by the past there is little ground to hope that they will be.

These earthquakes will give the Elders an opportunity to call the attention of the people to the testimony which God is bearing, through the elements, to the divinity of the message which He has sent to them.

Who that reflects upon this subject can fail to perceive that great changes have occurred within comparatively recent years?

After the testimony of the Elders the voice of tempests was to be heard in testimony from the Almighty to the inhabitants of this land.

In fulfillment of this we have the terrible cyclones, which, within a few years, have been felt with destructive fury over a wide area of the United States.

These are a new feature of elemental disturbances never known or heard of until recently; but who looks upon them as one of the judgments from the Lord?

Scientists investigate them and endeavor to ascertain the laws which govern them and to explain the phenomena connected with them.

So with these earthquakes; they are endeavoring to trace them to what are called natural causes; and because this can be done, God's providence in the matter is ignored, as though He did His work outside and in violation of the laws which He has given to nature!

In this way the force of His judgments is lost upon the people. They explain them as having their origin in purely

natural causes; and thus, instead of being warned and profited by these visitations, the hardness of their hearts is increased; they refuse to hear both the testimony of God's servants and the testimony of His judgments, and are preparing themselves for the overwhelming calamities which will fall upon them.

PROPER SUBJECTS FOR SYMPATHY.

BY A PRISONER FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

A GREAT deal of sympathy is lavished by the Saints generally upon the brethren who are enduring imprisonment in the Utah Penitentiary and other prisons for obedience to a divine requirement in the matter of marrying, acknowledging, and rearing children by a plurality of wives; or, more properly speaking, for refusing to promise to repudiate their wives and be untrue to their covenants.

Next to the consciousness that the course they have chosen is right and approved by the Almighty, nothing perhaps is more consoling to those brethren so imprisoned than the knowledge that they possess the friendship and sympathy of their brethren and sisters. There is little doubt, however, but that they would feel quite as well or even better if a large share of the sympathy bestowed upon them were otherwise directed. Their chief care is not for themselves, but for those who have in the past been dependent upon them for support, protection, advice, encouragement and instruction.

They are themselves mostly strong men, capable of enduring very well the hardships and privations of prison life, especially if their minds be at ease in regard to their loved ones at home. But their wives in many instances are unused to the responsibility of caring for their families or bearing the burden of their husbands' business affairs as they are now required to, in addition to their usual household duties; and the children at home have perhaps never before known what it was to lack the guiding hand and wise counsel of their fathers. In such cases the questions are very apt to arise in the minds of the fathers: "Who will assist our wives in this emergency to bear the burden of care and trouble weighing them down? Who will take a fatherly interest in our boys now? Who will kindly but firmly restrain them should they be disposed to be wayward, and take them confidentially by the arm and inspire them with noble motives and strength of purpose in their hours of weakness? Who will protect our artless, unsuspecting daughters from the influence of those who would delight in their ruin, and whose very presence is contaminating?"

If satisfactory answers came to these mental questions, and those in whose minds they arise also have the assurance that their families are well, and that their temporal wants are provided for, their bonds become tolerable.

If, however, they have reason to fear their families are in want, suffering from illness, or, still worse, forming bad associations, yielding to corrupting influences and falling into practices which are liable to lead to misery or destruction, then indeed is their imprisonment severe, whether they might, if at home, be able to avert these evils or not.

If their solicitous and sympathizing friends would know what to do to afford their imprisoned brethren the utmost possible gratification let them bestow some care and attention upon the wives and children who are for the present deprived of their natural protectors.

It may not be necessary to render them financial assistance, as they may be well provided for in that respect, but the wives overburdened with cares to which they are unaccustomed or with sorrow at being so cruelly deprived of the society of their partners in life require such counsel, encouragement, and consolation as wise and kind friends are capable of affording, and which they should not be backward about imparting.

The children, deprived of a father's attention and society, may not lack food, clothing, shelter or the means of acquiring an education, but these do not comprise the whole of childish wants. Relieved of the paternal guiding rein, and unrestrained by their loving but perhaps over-indulgent mothers, they may be in danger of going in the way of temptation before they are sufficiently fortified by wisdom or experience to resist the same. They may be yielding to the insidious influence of evil companions and adopting pernicious habits, but not so far gone but that a friendly word of advice or an appeal to their reason, honor or love for their absent parent, from a friend, might turn them from their ruinous course. Their spiritual natures may require cultivating, their morals may need strengthening, or they may want such advice as experience would suggest in the labors devolving upon them, and friends to afford the necessary help should not be lacking.

The friend who will seek for these and other means of doing good in such an emergency and avail himself of them without ostentation will not only have the satisfaction that comes from performing an act of charity without looking for reward, but will secure the unbounded gratitude of their imprisoned brethren and the blessing of the Almighty.

And all that has been said about the families of those who are imprisoned for conscience sake will apply with equal propriety to the families of those who, to avoid the cruel and vindictive prosecutions aimed at them because of their devotion to the gospel or the influence they wield in the Church, have been forced into exile and become wanderers on the earth. Indeed, in many instances the families of such persons are in greater need of friendly and sympathetic attention than are those of their brethren who are imprisoned. Many of the latter have opportunities of receiving occasional brief visits from members of their families and of communicating with them by letter, and can thus learn of the condition of their loved ones and offer such advice as may be necessary—privileges which are denied to many of those who are exiles from home because of the cruel and fanatical crusade which is now being waged against the Saints.

Though it may not seem so to the casual observer, women and children are the chief sufferers thus far from the onslaught which is being made upon the Saints in the name of law, and are therefore most deserving of sympathy and that comfort and assistance which true sympathy will suggest. Let the readers of the INSTRUCTOR allow their sympathy to extend to those who have been here pointed out as the proper subjects of it, and in the manner indicated and in addition to benefiting others they themselves will be benefited, for true charity

"Is twice blessed,

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

While it is true that the wives and children of the men against whom the present crusade is aimed are the chief sufferers by it, the severe experience through which they are passing will doubtless, in the providence of the Almighty, be overruled for their good if they are faithful. It is already causing many of them to be more thoughtful and earnest in regard to their religion, to seek the Lord as they never did before, and to be self-reliant and brave, being now required to

do for themselves what they have heretofore depended upon others doing for them.

One brief extract from a letter recently received by one of the brethren in prison from a son just merging into manhood, and who, though a well-disposed boy, has never bestowed much attention upon religion in the past, will serve to show the effect the present crusade is having upon him. Here it is:

"I consider it a great honor to have a father who is true to the principles he has embraced, and to his wives and children, and it is my most earnest desire to live the same as you and all the rest of our good brethren who are cast into prison for the gospel's sake, so that I may gain an exaltation in the presence of our Heavenly Father."

Thus will good come out of evil, and the wrath of man be made to praise God.

KARL AND INA.

BY HOMESPUN.

KARL and Ina live away off by the seashore, in a pretty little place all covered with soft green grass; a place where the sky is dark blue and penciled with fleecy, floating clouds, with grassy meadows and dark wooded hills, and where the fresh salt breeze plays around them all the time, sometimes kissing their cheeks with gentle touch, and again romping with them so roughly that they are almost knocked over by their wild, whistling playfellow, the wind.

My two pets make a pretty picture—Karl with his sturdy form, fine, large head and sweet, winning face, with his sharp, blue eyes and light hair. Then Ina, with her soft, delicate ways, long, dark curls, pretty face lit up by a pair of the loveliest, blackest and most expressive eyes I ever beheld; in truth they make a fitting match. Ina is six months younger than Karl, and he is only just turned three years old.

And now, with this brief introduction, we will follow them up and see what they are doing.

In the sweet, early morning, Ina comes running over to say good-morning to her playmate, and then there's such an outcry from Karl.

"Here's Ina, Ina, Ina! Come on, little Ina!" and away he trots to take her willing hand in his and lead her to his home.

You see, there's the two little brown pullets, which belong to Karl and Ina, but which pullets are so nearly alike that neither can decide as to which is their very own. They have to be looked after and fed. And Ina's dark gray kitty has to be fondled and stroked.

And there are some new pictures to look at.

After a bit, the two saunter over to Ina's mamma, and then such plays! All the playthings are finally discarded, however, in favor of an exceedingly ugly rag dolly, which the tots agree to play is their own baby.

There is much ceremony about the undressing of this doll, and Ina finally concludes to go to bed.

"You take the baby, papa," says Mamma Ina, "and I'll get into bed."

Papa Karl handles the rag baby with all the gentleness he can muster, and the two keep up a constant chatter about the baby, simply calling each other papa and mamma.

Karl is very fond of dried meat, which he calls "fried meat."

One day Karl approached Ina's papa with the sublime assurance of childhood and asked for "fried meat." Ina's papa had been wanting to get some medicine down the little reluctant throats of the children.

Another little playmate named Herma was there that day, so Ina's papa said he would give them some dried meat if they would take some medicine first. They all agreed.

Karl was the first to get the dose. He opened his mouth and in went the golden seal. He gave one expressive look and then clapped his hand over his mouth, and without a word slipped quietly into the entry, evidently wishing the rest to get their share, as misery always loves company.

Ina was used to it and took hers quietly, too.

Herma, unconscious of evil, opened her mouth, too. But, oh! her grit was all gone with the bitter stuff, and away she fled home, piercing the air with her cries.

Ina and Karl sometimes get a banana; but not as often as they would like. For there exists a sort of an apathy among their elders, which it would doubtless be too cruel to call shiftlessness. However, the bananas are appreciated when they do come. Perhaps you will think, when you hear of the delicious oranges, limes and bananas which grow where Ina and Karl live, you will fall to envying them and wishing you were where they are. But you need not; for they never have a taste of the luscious peaches, strawberries, raspberries, plums, apricots, grapes and above all the ever-welcome apple. Indeed, they seldom have a taste of any vegetable but the sweet potato, which gets very poor after you are tired of it. So eat your good Utah fruits and vegetables and rejoice.

Ina and Karl run into the sunlight and romp in the shade. Sometimes they go down to the sea and paddle in the sparkling, restless wavelets that drink up the golden sands. The little feet are undressed and then what fun it is to chase the breakers as they go out and be chased by them as they rush in. The little holes of the funny sand spiders are investigated, and holes dug out in the sand for the sea to fill up with its flying spray.

And if undressed, what delight to be carried in papa's arms out into the cool water and dipped safely down as they cling closely around papa's neck. But the shore, with its framework of moss, seaweed and shells is the greatest attraction, and it is difficult sometimes to get the children away. This would not be a truthful introduction to my favorites if I did not give the sad information that Ina and Karl sometimes quarrel. But I rejoice to add that they soon get over it and kiss and make up in the orthodox fashion of their oldest progenitors.

Ina loves best to play near Karl's sunny home, close by the chickens and children. Sometimes darkness overtakes the little playfellows, and then Karl's manly gallantry is brought out.

The first time we noticed this was some time ago. One evening, just as we were getting the children in bed, as it was after dark, papa calls out:

"Where's Karlie?"

No one knows. But his elder sister, Lucy, remembers seeing him go out the door with Ina.

Papa hurries out and by running gets behind them before they reach Ina's house. Mamma can see the little ones as they pass a lighted doorway, hand-in-hand.

Papa soon brings the little gentleman back and says he followed them, Karlie holding Ina's hand protectively in his, Ina being led along slightly behind him, and on reaching Ina's house they go through the big room and Karlie knocks, then leads Ina in and straight up to her mamma's knee, then only releasing her hand.

That night, as Ina's Mamma was undressing her pet, she commenced kissing and carressing her as fond mothers always will do. "Who is just as sweet as she can be?" she asks her dark-eyed Ina.

The sleepy eyes unclose and Ina unexpectedly replies: "Karl."

BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN HOME.

WORDS BY GEO. MANWARING.

MUSIC BY A. C. SMYTH.

Beautiful mountain home, mountain home, Beautiful mountain home, mountain home, The beacon star For
 Beautiful mountain home. . . . Beautiful mountain home. . . . The beacon star For
 Saints a - far, for Saints, for Saints a - far, From ev - ry land they come, they come To dwell in the
 Saints a - far, for Saints, for Saints a - far, From ev - ry land they come, they come To dwell in the
 vales Where virtue prevails, In our beautiful mountain home. . . . In our beautiful mountain home.
 vales Where virtue prevails, In our beautiful mountain home, mountain home, In our beautiful mountain home.

Beautiful mountain home,
 Where love is found
 And joys abound,
 What Saint from thee would roam!
 The world may despise,
 But dearly we prize
 Our beautiful mountain home,

Beautiful mountain home,
 The seers of old
 Thy growth foretold,

And soon thy light shall come;
 Here dwelling in peace
 God's people increase
 In our beautiful mountain home

Beautiful mountain home,
 Where God is feared,
 And temples reared
 To which the Lord will come;
 And soon to the earth
 The law shall go forth
 From our beautiful mountain home.

YOUNG PEOPLE SOLD IN ENGLAND.—In the Life of Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, who died in the year 1095, it is stated that in a town called Brickston (now known as Bristol) there was a mart for slaves, who were collected from all parts of England—and particularly young women; that it was a most moving sight to see in the public markets rows of young people of both sexes, of great beauty and in the flower of their youth, tied together with ropes, and sold—men unmindful of their obligations, delivering into slavery their relations, and even their own children. Wulfstan, by his exertions, put an end to this barbarous custom.

PERSEVERANCE is worth more than native genius.

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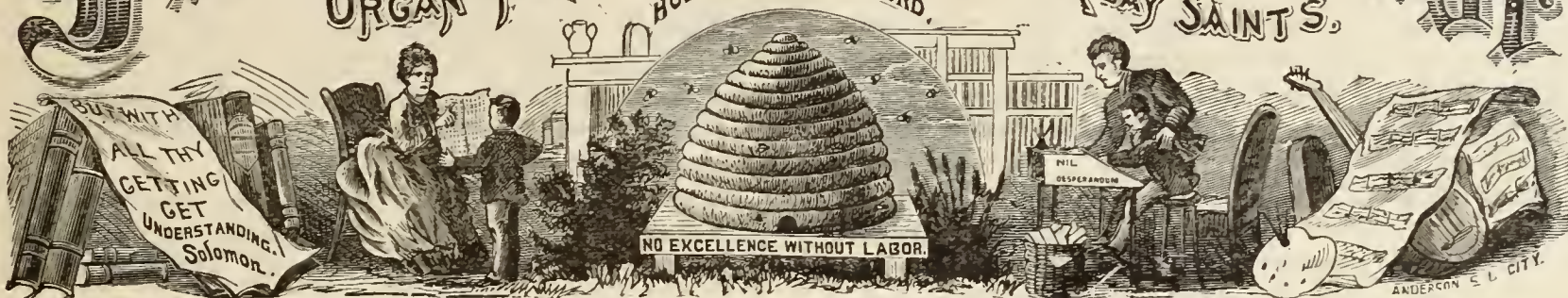
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NO. 20.



BEAVERS AT WORK. (See Page 306.)

BEAVERS AT WORK.

THE small animals seen in the accompanying engraving are, we imagine, very little known to the majority of our young readers, except by name. Some years ago they were quite numerous in parts of this Territory, but because of the value of their fur they were hunted and killed until now they are real curiosities.

The beaver, exclusive of the tail which is about ten inches long, measures usually two feet, and is covered with a fur composed of two kinds of hair, one somewhat coarse and long, the other silky and very close set. Their hind feet are webbed, so as to assist them in their movements in the water which they prefer to inhabit, they never going far on the land unless driven to it by necessity. The tail is broad and flattened horizontally, and is covered with scales; it is used to aid them in their movements in the water. The front teeth of this animal are very sharp and the enamel is remarkable for its hardness. They are able to gnaw with rapidity very hard substances, and before files were introduced among the Indians of this continent the teeth of these animals were used for carving weapons of bone.

Flowing and deep waters are generally selected by the beaver for the formation of its home, though lakes and ponds are sometimes chosen. When the animals build in streams where the water supply is not sure, dams of different shapes are constructed. When the water is slow of motion the dam is made nearly straight, while in a swift-running stream a curve is constructed with the convex side placed to resist the pressure of the water. These dams are made of drift-wood, and various willows that grow on the banks; with stones and mud so intermixed as to make it very strong. An eminent naturalist says: "In places which have been long frequented by beavers undisturbed, their dams, by frequent repairing, become a solid bank, capable of resisting a great force both of ice and water; and as the willow, poplar, and birch generally take root and shoot up, they by degrees form a kind of regular planted hedge, which I have seen in some places so tall that birds have built their nests among the branches."

Their houses, of which quite a number are often built in the same colony, are formed of the same materials as the dams. The beavers as seen in our engraving are in the act of constructing their residences. From four to eight animals occupy each dwelling. Some of the houses even have partitions in them. The wood used in building is carried in the teeth of the little laborers, and the mud in the forepaws. Work is always carried on at night and with great dispatch. In the late Autumn of every year the houses are carefully covered with fresh mud which soon freezes and becomes as hard as stone, thus resisting the efforts of wolves and other animals to disturb the inmates.

When a general thaw sets in during the Spring the beavers leave their homes and wander about till the leaves begin to fall when they return and repair their neglected habitations and lay up their Winter supplies.

NATURE A LESSON TO US.—Nothing surely can be better adapted to turn man's thoughts off his own self-sufficiency than the works of nature. Wherever he rests his attention, whether on matter organized or unorganized, there he will discover convincing evidence of his own ignorance; and at the same time, the omnipotence of a first great cause will be impressed on his mind, and influence his understanding.

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER XVI.

(Continued from page 299.)

WHILE the dread experiences of Siberia—underground toil, poor food, freezing weather and the danger and agonizing suspense of an escape—were Vladimir's portion, Olga was alternating between St. Petersburg and Berovitchi in a state of anxiety bordering on madness.

The poor old Aunt V éranil was dragged about from one place to the other, until she lost all patience; and a thousand times most heartily she wished her brother back at the head of his household.

Michael did much, in the early days after Count Nestor's departure, to soothe and calm the mind of the princess. The faithful fellow, after some months had elapsed, promised that he would even take a journey into Siberia to find Vladimir, if Olga desired. He was about to put this foolhardy plan into execution when he was stricken with a sudden and dangerous illness at St. Petersburg.

As soon as the princess was deprived of this mainstay her courage departed; and filled with grief and despair, she determined to seek an audience with the czar, and plead boldly and in person for the life of her beloved friend.

Not daring to breathe a word of her intention to her aunt, Olga was obliged to plan and execute her hazardous project alone.

After much trouble, she gained an order of admittance; and one day, when the Winter season with its wealth of gayeties had again come to the Russian capital, Olga was ushered into the presence of the emperor.

Alexander heard her piteous supplications through, but he gave no sign of yielding. He who could be merciful just to millions of serfs, could be hard as iron to a woman's tears. When Olga rose to her feet, the czar said:

"My child, you are disloyal to your country when you love a traitor. Vladimir Pojarsky, like his father before him, was a foe to Russia. His sentence was just and cannot be revoked. Go, daughter of Nestor Ivanovitch, and tear such an unworthy affection from your heart."

The princess wept no longer. Her indignation had dried her tears while yet they hung upon her eyelashes. And she dared to say:

"Oh, my great emperor, you wrong yourself when thus you wrong a noble youth. You wrong a defenseless woman, too; for I love not a traitor, but a patriot—one who would die for you or fatherland. Could I but know him to be a foe to you or Russia. I would hate him as much as now I love him."

Olga withdrew, her last hope broken. She went to her father's palace in the Nevski Prospekt, where old Michael was lying in the delirium of his illness. And after a few directions for his welfare, she hastened away to Berovitchi.

The princess, in the cold loneliness of her country home, did not pine away and die. But she grew very sad; and the Aunt V éranil forgot disgust in sympathy.

Nearly a month after Olga left St. Petersburg, old Michael suddenly appeared at Berovitchi. He was thin and pale and had to be supported from his sledge. He tottered as he walked to the apartments of the princess, whither he demanded that he should be instantly conducted. Once there, he begged

his astonished mistress to dismiss her attendants and give him a private audience.

When they were alone he gasped: "Give thanks to the good God, my Lady; and pray for His further blessing! Vladimir Pojarsky is safe and well in St. Petersburg. With him is his own father—not dead, and yet come back almost from the dead!"

Olga stared at him as if she believed this but the wandering of a mind unsettled by long illness. But there was no tinge of madness in his manner; and at length she began to cry softly. Placing her hands with a coaxing gesture upon the old man's shoulders, she sobbed:

"My good, dear Michael, if this be not some sad mistake, to leave me more than ever hopeless, compose your strength, I implore, and tell me all."

"Princess," replied Michael, "this is no dream. Two weeks ago, just as I was regaining my senses, I found Paul Oserov sitting by my bedside. I recognized him in a moment as the soldier who helped me at Kostroma. I spoke to him as well as I was able and begged for news of Lieutenant Pojarsky. He motioned silence until I could send the nurses from the room; and then he told me that he had been obliged to feign himself a messenger in the count's service in order to gain admittance to my room. He whispered that he had brought General Feodor Pojarsky and Lieutenant Vladimir back from Siberia; that they were concealed in St. Petersburg, but were in great danger; and that we must hastily devise some measure for their safety. I roused myself to the utmost, and after much painful consideration, I advised him to bring them to the palace and introduce them as new servants of the Count Ivanovitch, employed in Paris and sent from that city to their new home. Up to the hour of my departure, which I hastened as much as possible, the plan had worked admirably. But I fear the future. They must be removed at any hazard from St. Petersburg; and possibly from Russia. But the lieutenant declares though his life pay the price, he will see you; and that grim old lion, the general, sustains the mad youth in his resolve."

"Michael," cried the princess, "they must come to Berovitchi. Here they will be safe. You can keep up the deception regarding their character. Here I will meet General Pojarsky and his son; and then with my aunt, I will go to St. Petersburg and seek some means to help them."

Impatient as Olga and old Michael were a considerable delay was necessary. The aged servitor was prostrated with fatigue and no one else could be trusted with the mission.

At last he was able to take the journey and was carried to the railroad under care of the princess herself.

Olga bade him adieu with a silent pressure of the hand and a glance from her tear-bedimmed eyes.

Michael had his instructions to spare no pains to make the Pojarskys safe beyond the fatal reach of the police or military authorities; and to take the two proscribed exiles, with faithful Paul Oserov in attendance, to the Ivanovitch country seat near Berovitchi.

With wonderful fidelity and discretion, Michael fulfilled the trust. A few days saw the general, his son and Oserov at Berovitchi. And within an hour of the time of their arrival, Olga had kissed the hand of the old general and had pledged herself in his presence to his son. The meeting was full of mingled joy and pain; but they all bore stoutly up and the old general declared that it was rank ingratitude to repine at their present situation, even though they were surrounded by dan-

ger—for the worst was past, since even death in Russia would be preferable to life in Siberia.

Small time the princess allowed for visiting or love-making. She announced that the next morning she must take train for St. Petersburg.

That night, Vladimir and his father were engaged in writing until a late hour.

When the time came for the departure of Olga, they were permitted to bid her farewell. Michael was to accompany her; and just before the final moment Vladimir took the old man to one side and pressed a letter into his hand, saying:

"Give this to a messenger who will call for it at the count's palace. He will ask for you, and when he meets you, will whisper my name. Do not show the letter to anyone else, as you value our lives."

When they were well on the journey, Michael carefully took the packet from his bosom and looked at the address. It was:

SERGIUS PLUTENOFF.

To be held until called for.

Michael knew enough of Vladimir's affairs, to be aware that Plutenoff was a disaffected and suspicious person, association with whom had been one of the causes leading to the lieutenant's exile; and when the old servant saw this evidence of the renewal of an acquaintance so fatal, he was astounded and shaken.

For a time, his faith in Vladimir failed. He even believed that the lieutenant meditated some plot with the vicious Nihilists. During the remaining hours of the journey, he was plunged in a painful study; from which he roused himself at St. Petersburg to mutter:

"Once at home in the Nevski Prospekt, I will show this letter to the princess and warn her against these disloyal Pojarskys—father and son; and at all events, this letter must never reach the wretch Plutenoff."

(To be Continued.)

HONESTY.—Incidents like the following always remain in schoolmates' memories. There ought to be more of them. "In a country school," says an old school teacher, "a large class was standing to spell. In the lesson was quite a hard word. I put it to the scholar at the head and he missed it.

"I passed it to the next, and the next and so on till it came to the last scholar—the smallest of the class. He spelled it correctly, at least I understood him so, and he went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself.

"I then turned round and wrote the word on the blackboard, so that they all might see how it was spelled. But no sooner had I written it than the boy at the head cried out—

"Oh, I didn't say it so, Miss Wilson! I said *e* instead of *i*."

And he went back to the foot of his own accord, quicker than he left it, worthy of more esteem for his honesty than he would ever have for being the best scholar.

A MAGPIE'S AMUSEMENT.—There is a story told of a tame magpie which was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles, and, with much solemnity and a studied air, dropping them into a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a post. After dropping each stone, it cried "Currack!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

MANNERS AT HOME.

If you would like to become mannerly and polite, as every boy and girl should, the best way to do so is to practice good behavior at home. Politeness is not to be learned from books alone; it must be learned by practice as well.

Now if a person wished to sing a song before a company he would take care to practice it over and over many times at home before he would dare to sing before a lot of strangers. So with good manners: if we wish to act politely before company we must learn to do so by being polite at home, then it will be very easy for us to appear so when out on a visit.

But if a person is rude in his behavior towards his brothers and sisters or parents at home he will appear very awkward in trying to act politely when in the midst of strangers. It will be so unnatural to him that he will be almost sure to make some mistakes and become confused. Then how bad he will feel if he finds that the company he is with notice his awkwardness!

Good manners should be observed at home not only to make us appear polite in society, but because it is our duty to treat our parents, brothers and sisters with respect and kindness. We should treat such dear relatives better, if anything, than we would strangers or mere acquaintances. They have more regard for our welfare than others can have, and will try more to do good to us and make us happy. Again, we will feel happier and make others so by being kind and polite at home.

Home is the place for all, and we should make it as pleasant as possible by acting kindly towards those who are found there. X.

NOT BY HALVES.

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

Do not make a pure excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

BIJOU'S CHICKEN BONE.

BIJOU was a Spitz dog, with long, white, wavy hair, drooping ears, and beautiful brown eyes.

He was a great pet and favorite; was kept very clean, and allowed to stay indoors or out, as he pleased.

His name is the French word that means jewel, and, no doubt, was given him because he was so much valued.

The house which was Bijou's home was joined to another by a broad veranda, which ran between the two.

This veranda was Bijou's favorite place. He usually carried his beef and chicken bones there, and would lie on a mat, comfortably watching his neighbors.

One day a hungry dog saw a bone that Bijou had left, took it to the mat at the door of the next house, and began to champ it.

Bijou was at the window. He sprang out with a fierce growl, seized the bone, and carried it back to his own mat.

"O, you greedy dog!" said his mistress, "you could not eat any more yourself, and that poor dog is half-starved."

Bijou must have understood her tone, if not her words, for he instantly picked up the bone, returned it to the hungry dog, and quietly watched him from his own window, with a good-natured, satisfied face.

COLOR PUZZLE.

BY WM. F. NELSON.

I went to Mrs. —ing's store to buy some —ing to clean my mother's spoons, and some —ing for the clothes; and on my way home I called on Mrs. —ing to ask what kind of —ing she used, and she gave me some nice —ing apples.

Fill the blanks with names of colors, so that the whole will form a properly-constructed sentence.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 18 is SNOW. Correct solutions have been received from Wm. Brewer, Hennefer; J. W. Booth, Alpine; Eunice C. Wood, Rockland; Ezra Christianson, Manti; Octave F. Ursenbach, Morgan City; C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 18.

1. Who were the missionaries set apart for the first foreign mission of the Church? A. Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, Willard Richards, Joseph Fielding, Jno. Goodson, Isaac Russel and John Snider.

2. Who was set apart to preside over this mission? A. Heber C. Kimball.

3. When did the missionaries sail from New York, and when did they arrive in England? A. July 1st 1837, and landed in Liverpool on the 20th of the same month.

4. When and where did the first preaching by Latter-day Saint Elders occur in England? A. On the 23rd of July, 1837, in the church of Rev. James Fielding, in the town of Preston, Lancashire.

5. When did Joseph leave Kirtland again for Missouri, and for what purpose? A. On the 27th of September, 1837, to visit the Saints and establish other places of gathering.

6. What new publication was issued in Kirtland about the 1st of the next month, and what paper did it succeed? A. The *Elder's Journal*, which succeeded the *Messenger and Advocate*.

7. When was it discontinued, and for what cause? A. Sometime in December, the printing office in Kirtland being destroyed by fire.

8. When was the first general conference of the Church held in England and how long was this after the arrival of the missionaries there? A. On the 25th of December, 1837, three month's after their first meeting was held there.

9. How many did the Church in England now number? A. About one thousand members.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. Who were the first Apostles cut off from the Church for their transgression? 2. When were they excommunicated? 3. When were the corner stones for the Lord's House in Far West laid? 4. Owing to the unpleasantness occasioned by so much apostasy in Kirtland, what did many of the Saints residing there conclude to do? 5. When did the first company leave Kirtland, and what did it number? 6. When was the revelation on tithing given? 7. In answer to Joseph's inquiry, what important command did he receive from the Lord on the same day? 8. Name the men who were thus called by revelation to the Apostleship?

A WONDERFUL COCKATOO.

THERE is a great cockatoo in one of the islands of the Indian Ocean, near New Guinea; it is as large as a full-grown pheasant, and it is of a jet-black color. The bird is remarkable for its immensely strong bill, and the clever manner in which it is used. The bill is as hard as steel, and the upper part has a deep notch in it. Now the favorite food of this cockatoo is the kernel of the Canary nut; but there is wonderful ingenuity required to get at it; for the nut is something like a Brazil nut, but it is ten times as hard. In fact, it requires the blow of a heavy hammer to crack it; it is quite smooth, and somewhat triangular in shape. The cockatoo might throw the nut down, but it would not break, or it might hold it in its claws like parrots usually do with their food, and attempt to crush it; but the smoothness of the nut would cause it to fly out. Nature appears to have given the possessor of the wonderful bill some intelligence to direct its powers; for the cockatoo takes one of the nuts edgewise in its bill, and by a sawing motion of its sharp lower beak makes a small notch on it. This done, the bird takes hold of the nut with its claws, and biting off a piece of leaf, retains it in the deep notch of the upper part of the bill. Then the nut is seized between the upper and lower parts of the bill and is prevented slipping by the peculiar texture of the leaf. A sharp nip or two in the notch breaks off a tiny piece of the shell of the nut. The bird then seizes the nut in its claws and pokes the long, sharp point of its bill into the hole, and picks out the kernel bit by bit. The cockatoo has a very long tongue, which collects each morsel as it is broken off by the bill. This is a wonderful process, for it is quite clear that without the leaf nothing could be done, and it proves how certain structures in birds are made to destroy certain parts of plants.

The following named persons have answered the questions in No. 18: Heber Scowcroft, W. J. C. Mortimer, Samuel Stark, H. H. Blood, Avildia L. Page, Leone Rogers.

"WHAT did you get?" she asked, as he returned from a two-day's deer-hunt. "Got back!" was his cool reply.

A MAN advertises for "competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds that "it will be profitable for the undertaker."

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 291.)

Sunday, April 25, 1847.—We are about fourteen miles from the main branch of the Platte River; and it is said that if we travel one hundred miles further upon this fork we shall still be but thirty miles from the main branch. Brother Elijah Newman was baptized in the lake to-day for the benefit of his health, by Elder Tarlton Lewis. Brother Newman had been afflicted with the black scurvy in his legs to such an extent that he could not walk, except with sticks or crutches. But after the baptism and confirmation, he returned to camp without any help. Soon after 5 o'clock, p.m., a meeting was held at President Young's wagon and much instruction imparted. Later, another assemblage convened and it was decided that eight men should be selected to ride the eight horses of the company, not used in teams, and hunt for buffalo and other game upon our journey. Eleven hunters, to proceed on foot, were also chosen. Caution was given in relation to chasing the buffalo unnecessarily.

Monday, April 26.—This morning, about half-past 3, an alarm was sounded. Three guards stationed to the north-east of the camp had discovered a body of Indians crawling toward the wagons. Alarm had been first manifested by one of the horses. Noticing this, the guards had proceeded towards the spot; and, listening intently, had heard something rustling in the grass. It was at first believed that the noise was made by wolves; and a gun was discharged in the direction whence came the sound. Instantly six Indians sprang up and ran from the place. Another gun was then discharged at their retreating figures and the camp was alarmed. A stronger guard was placed around the camp and a charge of canister was placed in the cannon. The day was breaking when this took place, the moon having just gone down. After daylight the footprints of the Indians could be plainly seen, where they had come down under the bank and sometimes stepped into the water. No doubt their object was to steal horses; and they would have succeeded in their plan if the guard had been found asleep, for the camp was only formed in a half-circle and some horses were tied outside. However, the prompt attention which they received from our sentries will have a tendency to show them that we are constantly on the watch and may deter them from making another attempt. Orders were given for the tents to assemble for prayers this morning, instead of prayers being held at each wagon. President Young has notified me that, as soon as my health will permit, he desires me to assist Brother Bullock in keeping the minutes of our journey.

The company started out at 8 o'clock this morning. As there was no road, Presidents Young and Kimball, with George A. Smith, Amasa Lyman and others, traveled ahead on horseback to point out a way for the train, the horse teams traveled first in the train to break down the strong grass so that it may not hurt the feet of the oxen. The hunters started out in different directions, keeping only a few miles from the wagons. We journeyed about seven miles before noon and then stopped beside a few little holes of water to rest and feed teams. From this spot, which is slightly elevated, can be seen the remains of an old village or Indian fort, across the river. The land here looks poor and

sandy. The sun beats down with great force and makes us parched and feverish.

We traveled slowly this afternoon, making only about seven miles in four and a half hours. We crossed two sloughs, the first encountered since leaving Winter Quarters. The land is more uneven than on the other side of the river, and we were obliged to make new road all the way. We camped at night in a deep hollow where the wagons are almost out of sight from the surrounding country. About a mile back from this spot are the remains of an Indian village; all the lodges are thrown down. Around the village the Indians appear to have had an extensive field or garden, as a wide stretch of ground is broken and bears marks of having been cultivated.

About 8 o'clock at night Joseph Mathews came into camp after a search for his horses. He reported that an Indian had just ridden away on a horse which Mathews believed to be one of Brother Little's animals, which was found to be missing. A mare belonging to Dr. Richards was also gone. As soon as the alarm was given, five or six of the brethren mounted their steeds and gave pursuit, but without avail for they could find neither horse nor Indian. When this party returned, Presidents Young and Kimball, with a number of others, went out on horseback to continue the search. They hunted until 11 o'clock, but failed to find the missing animals. These horses were among the most valuable we had.

Tuesday, April 27.—During the last night, the guards fired twice at objects moving outside our lines—probably wolves. O. P. Rockwell and myself started back before breakfast to look for tracks of the lost horses. We followed one trail some distance into the brush, but at length returned as we had no arms. At 8, a.m., O. P. Rockwell and several companions took the back trail to search for the missing horses. The train started about the same time, with President Young and others in advance to point out the road; and we proceeded twelve miles before camping—the design being to reach the main branch of the Platte.

When we stopped at noon, the brethren dug several holes and obtained enough water for our own use, though not for our teams. There is no stream hereabouts. Brother Woodruff and others killed an antelope. We again took up our journey shortly after 3 o'clock; but after traveling two miles some of the ox teams gave out and were obliged to stop for rest and feed. The rest moved on two miles further to a place where water and grass were good, and here we located for the night. President Young and others went back with mules and horses to assist those persons whose teams are exhausted. Rattlesnakes are numerous; and Luke Johnson has killed a very large one. Near 7 o'clock O. P. Rockwell and companions came into camp, after their search for the stolen horses. They report that they went back to a spot within two miles of our last Sunday's encampment. From this place, looking off towards the river, they saw some object moving in the grass at the foot of a high knoll. They proceeded towards it, thinking that it was a wolf; and when they were within twelve or fourteen rods, Porter leveled his gun with the intention of shooting. At that instant more than a dozen Indians sprang from the grass. They were all naked, except for breech-cloths, and were armed with rifles, and bows and arrows. They advanced towards the brethren; but the latter got their weapons in readiness and told the Indians to stop. When the Indians observed this, they began to make peaceable demonstrations and to cry, "Bacco! Bacco!" The brethren said they had no tobacco; and then one of the savages approached Brother Mathews, apparently to shake hands with him,

but all the time keeping his eye on the bridle of Mathews' horse. He was just getting within reach of the bridle, when Brother Brown pointed a cocked pistol at him and shouted to him to go. The sight of the pistol ready to be discharged caused the Indian to retreat precipitately. The Indians then made signs to the brethren to go with them lower down the river; but Porter and his companions, believing that a larger party of Indians were in ambush, turned back for camp. They had no sooner done this than the savages fired several shots at them. The brethren turned to face their foe; and the Indians fled towards the timber below, where probably their companions lay in ambush. Porter and his men did not fire a shot at the Indians, neither before nor after the treacherous attack of the savages. Tracks of the missing horses were found, and the brethren returned fully satisfied that the Pawnees have secured these valuable horses. Doubtless the Indians intended also to secure by some means the animals ridden by Porter and his companions; but were foiled in the attempt.

(Concluded.)

ORIGIN OF NATIONS.

BY DANIEL TYLER.

CHRISTIANS generally content themselves with the understanding that we all sprang from Adam and Eve or that we are Americans, English, Welsh, Danes, etc. It is not strange then that the youth of Zion are not as a whole well posted on the subject of the best organized nations.

From Adam to Noah we have two distinct races both of whom sprang from the sons of Adam—Cain and Seth. Prior to the flood, however, we have no record of the inhabitants of the earth being distinguished by separate nationalities.

The nation known as the Hebrew sprang from Eber, a grandson of Noah.

Of this nationality were Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, the twelve tribes of Israel and the Arabs. The last named sprang from Ishmael, the son of Abraham by his wife Hagar. The Persians, Assyrians and several other nationalities also sprang from Shem.

From Ham came the Canaanites, Ethiopians, Philistines, Babylonians, Ninevites, and Egyptians.

From Japheth we have all of the Gentile nations, including Germans, Scandinavians, French, (or Gauls) Armenians in Asia, Caucasians, Ionian Greeks and several other ancient nations. The foregoing facts are contained partly in the tenth chapter of Genesis and partly in profane history.

If my young readers will take the trouble to follow up this subject they will find a broad field of useful information.

What I have written may suffice for the beginning or origin of nations, but I should, perhaps, answer a natural query as to how so many from the Gentile nations gather with the Saints and are informed by the patriarchs that they are of the seed of Abraham who descended from the Hebrews or Shem and not of Japheth who was the father of all the Gentile nations except those who assimilated with them. This is easily explained. The facts are that when the Israelites were led away by the Assyrians they intermarried and many left the camps of Israel as they now do; hence the saying:

"Ephraim hath mixed himself among the people."

Other tribes did the same, but not to so great an extent.

EXPERIENCE WITH AN EVIL SPIRIT.

BY R. B. Y.

WHEN in England a few years since, laboring as a missionary, I happened to have the opportunity of holding meeting in South Church of the county of Durham. Quite a number of people had assembled, and I experienced considerable freedom of spirit in delivering my message. I had been addressing the congregation a short time when my attention was attracted by one of the local Elders touching me and pointing to a young man sitting near the end of the table which I was using as a stand. On looking in the direction indicated, I beheld a person apparently in the greatest distress. His face was distorted in a frightful manner, as though he were undergoing the most intense bodily suffering, and his head was turned around much further than it can be naturally, as though being twisted by some unseen but strong personage.

I motioned to a local Elder to come and assist me in administering to the afflicted youth. Without drawing any particular attention to the incident, we then stepped forward and placed our hands upon his head. In the administration I rebuked the evil spirit, and immediately, even before our hands were removed from his head, he straightened up and again became natural. I then continued my discourse and very few of the audience knew anything about the occurrence which had just taken place.

After the close of the services the young man, who, by the way, had been investigating and was then very much interested in our doctrines, remained and I questioned him in regard to his sensations while in meeting. He replied that he had become very much interested in the sermon, and was just congratulating himself on the good influence which filled him, when he felt a heavy pressure upon his head. This increased until it seemed to push his head right down inside of his body, and a feeling of heaviness came over his whole person which was only relieved by the administration when all oppressive feelings were instantly removed.

When I first saw the contortions of the face and body of the young man I supposed he was in a fit, but he informed me that never during his whole life had he been subject to fits, nor had he ever before experienced such an influence as that which he then felt.

I was then convinced that an evil spirit had taken possession of his body, and through the promptings of the Holy Spirit I was led to administer to the afflicted and rebuke the power of Satan, with the result that it fled from before the power of the Almighty.

DOING GOOD.—It was remarked by Crabbe, "How oft do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness!" Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

A PROPOS to the subject of the Book of Mormon, concerning which we wrote in our "Editorial Thoughts" in our last number, we were much amused by reading some remarks made by a scientific gentleman in the East, respecting the visit which he had had from a Mr. Lamb, who professed to be a minister of the gospel in this city. This gentleman had never heard of Mr. Lamb, but he, (Mr. Lamb,) had heard of this gentleman's researches in ancient American history and civilization, and he sought him out to obtain information with which to combat the Book of Mormon. But we do not think that the Rev. Mr. Lamb will be in a hurry to quote his conversation as argument against the Book of Mormon.

He introduced himself by stating that he was heading a crusade against the "Mormon" Church. The effect of this announcement produced the very opposite effect to that he anticipated.

In this gentleman's opinion, crusades and crusaders are entirely out of place in the nineteenth century; but he did not interrupt his diatribe against the Book of Mormon whilst he only apposed the Bible to it. In fact, he was rather amused, for it was to him quite an interesting psychological study. But when he condemned the book in a very contemptuous manner for asserting *the absurdity* that anciently, in America, cattle, horses, sheep and the pig flourished, then he thought it was time for him to point out to Mr. Lamb in a polite manner, that he was not quite up to the altitude of his subject, and to his own ignorance of the zoological discoveries made on this continent. The gentleman informed him that Professor C. L. Marsh of Yale College, had discovered the fossil bones of seventeen different specimens of horses in the region of the Rocky Mountains, alone. Then he pointed to him that the buffalo (a kind of cattle), the Rocky Mountain sheep, that the peccary, (the wild American pig) still exists; and he concluded by advising him to consult Professor Marsh on the subject, before condemning, on that score, the Book of Mormon.

The gentleman thought that Mr. Lamb's confidence in his ability to attack the zoology of the Book of Mormon was not so great when he left him as when he entered his house. Upon retiring Mr. Lamb left for the gentleman's edification a copy of his book, containing four lectures against the Book of Mormon. He perused this book of Mr. Lamb's out of curiosity. He was surprised, he said, that such trash could be listened to and approved by men who call themselves intelligent. He did not consider it worth the paper on which it was printed.

In conclusion he remarked:

"That people should flock to hear such rhapsodies only shows to what extent prejudice and bigotry may pervert human reason."

WE would like to impress upon our young readers the importance of cultivating a love for the truth. It is a rare quality in this age for men and women to be so truthful and reliable that when they make a promise or a statement it can be trusted to the very uttermost. We know people who have been so loose all their lives in their statements, that when they relate anything, one must receive it cautiously and make some allowance for exaggeration. They will, and seemingly without designing to do so, deviate from the truth and tell the occurrence in a way that conveys a wrong impression. The persons who are in this condition are greatly to be pitied, and it doubtless arises from a careless habit of talking.

Parents should insist upon their children telling everything exactly as it happened, and not allowing them to fall into a loose and careless habit of talking.

Sometimes there are those who are fond of making fun, and they will color anything comical that has happened so as to raise a laugh. This is a foolish habit and should not be indulged in.

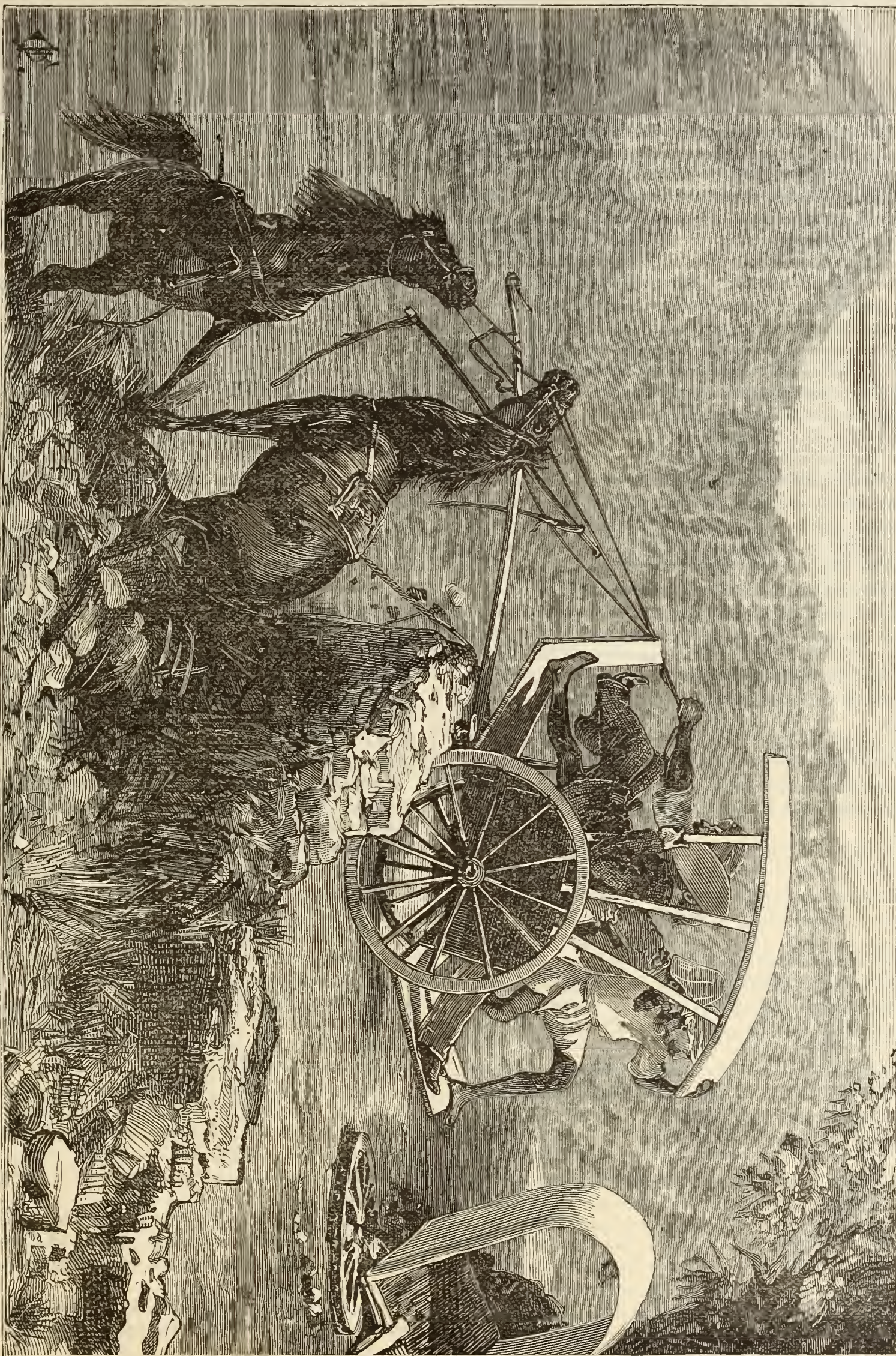
Every child should take the greatest pains to avoid giving wrong impressions. The value of this in future life cannot be over-estimated. It is a splendid character for men or women to have among their acquaintances that whatever they say can be thoroughly relied upon.

Another point that should be carefully observed by young people is, to never tell a story about a person, or about an occurrence, unless they know it to be true, especially if by so doing they should injure the reputation of anyone. This is an evil in our society; it may not be so great as among some people, but entirely too much so for Latter-day Saints.

If a person has heard a story about another, before giving it further circulation he should satisfy himself that it is true. Unfortunately, however, this is seldom done. Either through deafness or carelessness, or through a disregard for the truth, a man or woman starts a statement concerning another person; the one who hears it tells it to his friend; and in a very short time it passes to the community; and though it may be entirely false, it is believed because so many people have told it, and people, too, whose word generally can be relied upon.

Now it is very wrong to circulate a false statement, and the person who does so brings himself or herself under condemnation; and if this be persisted in, the Spirit of God will be withdrawn. The injury that has been done among our people by carelessness—to call it by no worse name—in this direction cannot be measured, and it is time we should reform in this as in every other practice that leads to evil.

PATIENCE is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptations, endures persecutions, consummates martyrdom. Patience produces unity in the church, loyalty in the state, harmony in families and societies; she comforts the poor and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured; she delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman, and improves the man; is loved in a child, praised in a young man; admired in an old man; she is beautiful in either sex and every age.



A SHORT CUT DOWN THE COONOR GHAT. (See Page 314.)

A SHORT CUT DOWN THE COONOR GHAUT.

BY NEJNE.

AN Englishman, long a resident of India, once wrote home: "I can get accustomed to most things in this curious land, and I have learned to bear most of my daily annoyances with the fortitude becoming a man and a Briton. But one experience of frequent recurrence in my somewhat unsettled life here, I never can and never will endure with patience. The travel is simply beastly."

Years have elapsed since that letter was written and now the luxurious railroad winds its sinuous way through much of India; and wherever the steam cars of civilization roll, that rude but expressive adjective, "beastly," is no longer apposite. But there are many places where the old modes of travel still hold sway; and people, Europeans and natives, are subjected to delay, accident and scores of other annoyances.

Coonor is one of the sanitary stations in the Neilgherry or Nilghiri Hills (Blue Mountains) in the Madras Presidency. It stands at an elevation of 6,000 feet above the sea level—that is, the higher portion of the town is at this altitude and occupies the crest of a range of hills which rise precipitously from a mountain called Coonor Betta. This is the part of the town occupied by Europeans. At some distance below, in a hollow, lies the portion of the Coonor which gives room to the Bazaar and the residences of natives.

The two divisions of the town are poorly connected by a winding mountain road, which is traveled in rude and unwieldy vehicles, often drawn by ill-trained and spiteful little beasts, which put the necks of their drivers into constant danger. The road is very steep and filled with sharp and awkward corners.

One moonlight night, some of the English officers in the upper town were about to visit a native residence, the luxurious bungalow of Zafir Balin, in the valley below, to which they had been invited to join in the festivities of dance and music.

In the dullness of their barracks life, trivial events assumed abnormal importance; and the officers determined to derive a month's stock of enjoyment from their trip. A horse race down the Coonor Ghaut was recklessly suggested and just as recklessly accepted. Major Graham and Lieutenant Porter matched an unknown team against the unknown team to be selected by Captain Shaw and Lieutenant Evans; each cart to carry four persons—two officers and their two servants—and the course to be from the gate of the barracks to the bungalow of the wealthy upstart, Zafir Balin.

As the early moon appeared a fair start was effected. Under the whips and shouts of the native drivers the frightened horses dashed madly away; and when they entered the narrow pass or *ghaut* the horses were even more excited than the men.

Either from superior mettle or greater fright, the horses of Shaw and Evans were several rods in advance when the mountain road was fairly entered upon; and, incited by yells and goads, they seemed to be putting still greater distance between themselves and their rivals. They rounded corner after corner of the dizzy road successfully, and at last were out of sight and hearing of the others. Emboldened by their good fortune, the captain and lieutenant would not permit the horses to be checked in their fool-hardy, headlong flight; and they were repaid for their temerity.

As they swung around a sharp curve, the driver's anxiety to save them from toppling over the hanging precipice led him to pull the horses sharply into the hillside. There was a sudden crash against an abutting rock; and then four physically demoralized persons crawled out from the wreck of their cart and viewed their disaster for an instant with rueful visages.

But no bones were broken and the horses, though broken loose from the cart, were still held by the native driver. So Evans laughingly proposed that they should mount the beasts and gallop on.

The project was accepted, each officer taking his servant behind him; and the vicious little brutes jumped and tore onward more madly than ever.

But before they could get away Shaw declared that he could hear the noise made by their approaching rivals.

He was not mistaken. In less than a minute after the first party left, Graham and Porter came rattling along. Their driver was carefully holding the centre of the road and bade fair to accomplish the turn of this hazardous corner in safety, when his unruly cattle caught sight of the wrecked cart.

With a vicious plunge to the right they went over the edge of the escarpment. Men and cart would have been dragged down in a fatal crush, but for the low stone wall which blocked the wheels of the vehicle.

The traces were broken but the reins held firmly; and in an instant Graham and Porter were out and trying to calm the affrighted and struggling horses.

The men disentangled the brutes; but no sooner was this act accomplished than the horses again began plunging downward. Graham and Porter followed as quickly as they dared, and after them came their jabbering servants.

It was a perilous descent—down a precipice more than a thousand feet—but by a marvel of good luck they all reached the bottom with only a few bruises. Here a hedge intercepted them and they were obliged to tear an opening for they could not retrace their steps.

Entering the plantation, their way was easy and they crowded forward. In five minutes they saw lights and heard strains of music. One of the servants declared that he recognized the gardens and the bungalow of Zafir Balin; and thus it proved.

Graham and Porter had taken the shortest cut down the Coonor Ghaut and soon were seated composedly in the bungalow's palatial apartments. Their clothing was somewhat disarranged, but they disguised this fact as well as possible.

Some minutes later Shaw and Evans entered the outer rooms, laughing and boasting. Their host met them, and as he understood English perfectly, they detailed the race and their own supposed victory with much enthusiasm.

"And you say," he asked, "that you left the Major Graham and Lieutenant Porter behind you?"

"Yes," replied Shaw, "and with the best of luck they'll scarcely get here this half hour; while if they should happen to meet with a smash-up like ours, we will probably meet them on our way back. Eh, Evans?"

The lieutenant laughingly coincided with his captain.

But Zafir returned:

"My respected friends, beware of hasty conclusions. Say no more if you wish to be spared chagrin; for your friends have been here many minutes in serene enjoyment of pipes and music."

Shaw and Evans refused to believe without ocular demonstration; and even when they stood face to face with their fellow-officers, they declared that some jugglery was being practiced.

Convinced at last—as they were obliged to be by the breathing, speaking presence of their friends—they paid the stakes but with many grumblings.

It was only when they all went home together in the morning light that the mystery was dissipated and Shaw and Evans saw how they had lost their “certain victory.”

When Graham and Porter came to look in the daylight at the place of their descent they were appalled by the danger which they had passed and they vowed that never again would they take the shortest cut down the Coonoor Ghaut.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 300.)

ACCORDINGLY, the next morning we did as directed, after which we went into breakfast. We saw Marshall going down the race after breakfast and before we had scarcely commenced work in the mill yard. I was busy preparing to put a blast of powder into a boulder that lay in the tail race near where the flutter wheel was when Marshall came, carrying in his arms an old white hat, looking very good-natured and pleasant, and said: “Boys, I believe I have found a gold mine,” at the same time putting his hat on the work bench that stood in the mill yard. In an instant all hands gathered around and sure enough in the top of his hat crown (the crown being knocked in a little) lay the pure metal. How much I know not, perhaps an ounce. The pieces varied in size from small particles up to the size of a grain of wheat; the most, however, being in thin scales. The coarse pieces were in little cubes and other shapes.

Azariah Smith took from his pocket a five-dollar gold piece and we compared the two metals. We could plainly see a difference in the looks which was due to the alloy in the coin.

All were satisfied it was the pure virgin gold, although not one in the crowd had ever seen gold before in its natural state. We were invited by Marshall to accompany him back to the spot where he had found it, where we saw other particles in the seams and crevices of the base rock. The gold fever at once set in. Marshall enjoined it on the mill hands not to say much about the discovery until we ascertained how extensive the mine was. We only spent a short time prospecting, when every man returned to his usual labor; but gold was the chief topic of our conversation.

Three or four days afterwards we began to be in want of provisions, for Sutter had neglected to send up supplies. Marshall said he would go down to the fort and see what was the matter and take our gold and have it tested. If I remember right, he was gone four days, and when he returned and was asked what it was, he said:

“O, boys; it is the pure stuff!” giving emphasis to his remark by an oath. Continuing, he said:

“I and the old Cap. [meaning Sutter] locked ourselves up in a room and were half the day trying it; and the regulars down there wondered what in h—ll was up, and surmised I had found a quicksilver mine; for, you see, there is a quicksilver mine found by a woman down towards Monterey. But we let them sweat. We found it agreed with the encyclopædia and we applied *aqua fortis* and it had nothing to do with it. We then weighed it in water by balancing the dust

against silver on a pair of scales held in the air. We let the scales down and when it came in contact with the water the gold went down and the silver up; and that told the story that it was the pure stuff.”

He said Sutter would be up in a few days and see for himself and to learn how the work on the mill was progressing, etc. A few evenings after this Marshall came into our shanty and said Sutter had arrived and that he was up at the other house.

“And now, boys,” said he, we have all got a little gold. I motion we give Henry [myself] some gold, and in the morning when you shut off the water, let him go down and sprinkle it all over the base rock; but not let on to the old gentleman and it will so excite him that he will set out his bottle and treat, for he always carries his bottle with him.”

This caused a hearty laugh; so early next morning we did as Marshall proposed. Just as we finished breakfast we saw the old gentleman coming hobbling along with his cane, Mr. Marshall on one side and Mr. Wemer on the other. As they neared our shanty we went out and met them. After shaking hands and passing the common salutations we were all invited to go along and have a general time prospecting for gold; but at this juncture one of Wemer’s little boys ran past us down into the tail race, where he picked up nearly every particle and came running back almost out of breath to meet us. He reached out his hand and exclaimed:

“See what I have got!” having in his hand, for aught I know, to the value of fifty dollars or more. We did not dare to say a word lest the joke be turned and we lose our expected treat. As soon as the captain saw what the boy had he thrust his cane into the ground, saying:

“By Joe! it is rich!”

All hands went into the race and spent an hour, where the captain had the pleasure of picking up a few particles the boy had overlooked and from that day forward gold was found in the tail race. I advised Marshall to marry the woman who found the quicksilver mine if she was like himself, not married, saying to him:

“If this is what the tail turns out, I wonder what the head will do?”

(To be Continued.)

TRIALS OF LIFE—Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials in the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers; to endure neglect when we deserved attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom He has perhaps provided or purposed for the trial of our virtue; these are best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the *essence* of self-denial than any little rigors or inflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superceded pilgrimage and penance.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 286.)

A GAIN, what is the foundation of the sciences of phrenology, and also of physiognomy? Every advocate of these sciences must admit they are based upon the very fact which we are proving. Why can a phrenologist, by examining the texture of the skin, hair, flesh, etc., determine whether the spirit back of all is coarse or fine? Why can a scientist delineate spirit character by a mere examination of the building which the spirit has reared and inhabits?

How is it that the lineaments of the face take on themselves in living light the feelings of the soul, whether such feelings be of horror, fright, contempt, hope, joy, love, etc., and plainly exhibit the soul's condition? If the mind, or spirit characteristics, are not and can not be impressed upon the lineamental atoms of our features, how is the beastly sot known by his appearance; the libertine by his look; the philosopher by the light of his eye; and the saint by his face, in which his faith, hope and charity are manifested? How does the murderous gleam of the assassin's eye betray his purpose? Why does the child, unskilled in art, upon a single glance at our features instinctively approach us, or fly away as from the presence of some dreaded danger?

How is it that a separated portion of the human body, so small indeed that the naked eye cannot discern it—the spermatozoon of the male and the ovum of the female—contain in themselves the essential characteristics of the individuals from whom they have proceeded, if the theory of impressed particles be not true? But facts prove it true in this one respect, and in others to which attention has been called.

How is a predisposition to be prematurely bald, to inherit consumptive diseases, or any other peculiar diseases, or physical characteristics of any nature—in fact, how is anything of a physical or spiritual character transmitted from sire to son, from one generation to another—but by impressing the germs of the new generation with the characteristics of the old ones? St. Paul, the scientific saint of apostolic days, had this truth in full view when he wrote:

“If one member of the body suffers, all suffer with it.”

His opponents will be entitled to greater respect when they demonstrate that the germs of the new generation, located in one part of the body, do not become affected by consumptive diseases, for example, which exert their power on the lungs, located in another part of the organism. Heredity is an incontestible fact and science must subscribe to Paul's doctrine *volens volens*.

Many more proofs might be furnished to prove the theory of impressed particles, but those already cited demonstrate that each atom of material substance in our bodies, when under the influence of the spirit, or soul force, is metamorphosed into a condition of mind, or feeling, or intelligence, exactly corresponding in quality, if not in quantity, to the characteristics of the spirit. This is the formation of an indestructible bond of union between the two. Thus they become united by an indissoluble affinity.

As spirits differ, so all the particles of every individual's body affinitize differently. The particles of different cor-

porities are not, as it were, cast in the same mould, in the same affinity, and there is but one place which can be their home—one niche which they can fill.

Now, let us imagine some of the particles of one dead body coming in contact with the primary assimilating organs of another living organism. The protoplasm and the dead atom are both intelligent particles, but strangers and hostile. The two positive poles of electricised substance have come in contact and both fly from the embrace.

As ants recognize an intruder from a neighboring nest and eject or kill him (and they possess the keenest powers of perception, since man can detect no difference whatever between those of both colonies), so would the protoplasm, or other organs of food assimilation, recognize and expel without mercy those particles that form the fundamental principles of some other individual's body. These atoms can not be absorbed since there is no basis of union, but they are repelled according to natural law.

We know that affinities in many instances are most powerful, and immense force is required to separate atoms properly and mutually affinitized or, when separated, to cause them to unite with others. This power of affinity may be indestructible and finally indissoluble.

But, does not the theory of impressed particles once established prove too much? If the law of affinity or of impression can interpose a positive barrier to the incorporation of the particles of one body into a different corporiety, this same law ought also to affect all atoms that have ever formed integral portions of animal bodies. But by our own admission the dead or effete atoms of all animal bodies may be assimilated by the organs of other animals.

This difficulty can be removed. It is not necessary to suppose that all particles which have become effete, and are thrown off during life, should always retain the impressions received while in the body; because when the definite end for which each particle was selected and incorporated is accomplished, and the relation of the atom to the living corporiety is severed, the particle may transfer all of its impressed properties to its immediate successor in the body; and when the new atom's turn comes to pass away the operation may be repeated until finally the corpse body is reached, when, from necessity, the particles must remain in a static condition because there are no succeeding particles to which the impressed characteristics may be communicated.

This all occurs under the law of continuity; and the important doctrine has been accepted by many of the most distinguished physiologists as a necessary foundation for a rational theory of the law of heredity.

Physiological science teaches that every particle of our bodies in process of time becomes excrementitious, and if the dying particles do not transmit their properties, that is, those of them which they have acquired while in the body by contact with life, to the newly assimilated atoms that take their place, but retain all such characteristics, then heredity is impossible.

The proposition is logical that all physical characteristics, taints of disease and all other peculiarities that are locked up in the blood and in tumors of the body, must pass away with the substance which is affected by them, if there be no transmission of properties from one particle to another, and all diseases must be eliminated from our bodies every seven years. But heredity is a hard, stubborn fact. It is a fact in brute creation and in human nature. It is true of everything possessed of life. We recognize the law by selecting strong,

healthy shoots for grafting, and by our care not to use smutted wheat for sowing.

(To be Continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN the Priesthood is on the earth there is always an opposing power which manifests itself in various ways to deceive the people.

When Moses performed his miracles before the king of Egypt, the king's magicians were able to perform many similar miracles, and the king hardened his heart because of this.

There are allusions in the Old and New Testament to men who performed great works through magic and their knowledge of hidden forces.

When King Nebuchadnezzar had his great dream he demanded that his wise men should not only give him the interpretation of the dream, but relate to him the dream itself, which he had forgotten. But the magicians and astrologers said that he asked more of them than any king ever asked of their class, and they replied:

"There is none other that can show it before the king, except the gods, whose dwelling is not in flesh."

They could doubtless have answered him many knotty questions; but God designed to show King Nebuchadnezzar that his magicians and astrologers could not find out everything.

In our day there has been a wonderful increase of this occult power. It is called by some spiritualism, and it bears a variety of names, and most wonderful things are performed through it to the amazement of the world. There are people who profess to read the thoughts of others, and tell the contents of letters which are sealed, and display other manifestations of power that are mysterious to the people.

We have been sorry to hear that there are those among us who have recourse to people of this description in order to have their fortunes told. There are parties who go into our settlements—probably gypsies—who for a small amount tell to young men and women what their future will be and what kind of persons their future partners will be, and I have been told that some of these fortune-tellers are able to foretell the future with considerable accuracy.

There is a secret hankering on the part of young people, in many instances, to know concerning their future, and they yield to the persuasions of their friends who may be acquainted with these fortune-tellers, or to the persuasions of the fortune-tellers themselves, and pay them their fees and obtain from them intelligence concerning their future.

A case came to my knowledge a short time ago that conveyed to me, with peculiar force, the ill effect of this method of obtaining knowledge. Several young ladies went to one of these fortune-tellers, whom they paid, and who told them many details concerning what their future lives would be. They were all unmarried at the time. One of them was told that she would marry before the others, and a description of her future husband was given her, which agreed exactly with his appearance. At the time of this occurrence she had no idea of marrying any such person. Not only did the fortune-teller relate to her concerning her marriage, but she gave many details that, my informant says, were exactly fulfilled. The

husband she was to marry first was a man of dark complexion, and she was informed by the witch that he would not live long and that she would then marry a man of light complexion.

Now, her present husband is a healthy man, and has had promises made to him concerning his life which are likely to be fulfilled, and there is no probability of his death. But everything that has been told her concerning her life up to the present time has been so literally fulfilled that she is in constant dread lest the remainder of the prediction should be. Her life is in this way robbed of much of its happiness by the apprehension that she will lose her husband. They live very happily together, and the mere thought of losing him is a deep affliction to her.

Now, I don't believe, myself, a word in the prediction about the other husband. The devil is quite willing to tell a great many truths for the sake of having one untruth believed; and it appears to me that in this instance he saw that this would inflict unhappiness on this lady, if it were believed, and he caused his instrument to throw it out.

A short time ago I happened to converse with one of our Elders who had lost a wife. She was from Sweden, though he was a New Englander. A fortune-teller had told her a great many particulars concerning her future life—that she should cross the ocean and should marry, and that in reaching a certain age, in giving birth to her second child, she should die. That part of the prediction concerning her death weighed so heavily upon her mind, because of other things that had literally come to pass, that she made no effort to live, but resigned herself as if it was fated that she should die, and she did die. The circumstances, as related to me, were such that I felt satisfied that had she resisted that feeling and made up her mind to contend for her life, she might have lived and that it was the belief in this prediction and the feeling that it was fate, and therefore useless to contend against it, which caused her to give up the ghost.

I am told that some of our people have recourse to persons who have peep-stones, to get information from them concerning many things. This cannot be done without injury to the person who takes this method of obtaining information. Satan is sure to take advantage of those who thus go on to his ground, and sooner or later, if they continue, he will overthrow them.

I would, therefore, warn all our young people and, of course, those who are older as well, to have nothing to do, in any form, with witches, or wizards, or those who resort to magic or spiritualism, or any of these methods of obtaining knowledge concerning hidden things. They will, most assuredly, be deceived if they do so. And when once they are caught in the toils of Satan he will not release them very readily but will lead them down to destruction.

The age in which we live has produced large numbers of those who profess to wield these mysterious powers, and they are constantly increasing. The words of the Lord, through the Apostle Paul, are being literally fulfilled:

"And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

NARROWNESS of mind is often the cause of obstinacy: we do not very easily believe beyond what we are able to see.

GOD'S RIGHT TO RULE.

BY W. J.

THERE is a God. He has a Son Jesus Christ, the great Redeemer of mankind. By and through Him the worlds were created. Our earth was created by Him, and made habitable for the children of men. Then they were placed upon it, with a measure of liberty and authority, and subject to the restrictions of law. But did Jehovah ever deed it to them? Did He ever deed it to the devil and his hosts? Did He ever deed it to any other person or power? Has He ever surrendered any right or title to it? Never! The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof. Admitting this to be the case—and if it be not, let the objector please to prove it—has not the Lord the right to dictate and direct the general affairs of this earth? Certainly He has. Weak, erring man will accord to his fellow-man, who may have invented or manufactured a useful article, the right to control it, till he disposes of that right. And certainly the Lord's right to manage the affairs of this earth should be acknowledged till He surrenders that right to some other person or power.

"But," says one, "He does manage the affairs of this earth now, what more do you want?" True, He causes it to travel faithfully in its orbit. He gives it light and air. He keeps the seas and ocean within proper bounds. He gives to it seasons and makes it fruitful. He does these and many other things, and a very good thing for poor humanity that He does, or some other planet may knock our earth to atoms; or it may be deprived of light and a pure atmosphere; or the waters of the earth may engulf us; or we should be liable to starve to death, for puny man cannot control these things—he cannot even make a kernel of wheat to sprout and grow after he puts it into the earth, independent of his Father and God. And these things he is willing, that the Lord shall superintend and control; but how is it with men when He attempts to direct them in their individual or governmental affairs?

Where can the government be found on the earth to-day that makes war, or concludes peace, or does any other important act, by the direction of the Almighty, through a living prophet, who says: "Thus saith the Lord?" And where is the national head, be he emperor, king, or president, who is willing to be dictated by the Lord through His Prophet? Who is willing to seek for the word of the Lord to guide him in all national movements? And who is willing to say all the time: "Lord, thy will be done!"

Unfortunately, and as a rule, rulers and law-makers either ignore or dishonor God, or merely accord Him a little formal, frigid lip-service. Their hearts are far from Him. The spirit of many of them is too truly illustrated in the following telegram, which was published last February.

"Paris, 27.—The municipal authorities have ordered that the name of the Deity be expunged from children's books issued by the metropolitan school committee."

After the Lord had revealed a law in this generation, and some of His children had rendered obedience to it, an earthly government passed a law making it a crime to obey that law of God, and when men obeyed this law of God, in violation of an unconstitutional law of man, they were arrested, tried, and punished by a man-made court for obeying the behests of Jehovah. This shows their disposition to dishonor the Lord and oppose His purposes. Furthermore, if, in the progress of the trial, the prosecuted person gave the law of God the pre-eminence, the court was surprised at his presumption, and

emphatically declared that the laws of the United States were pre-eminent, and *they* must be obeyed; which is another proof of the unwillingness of those in authority to allow the Lord to regulate or control governmental affairs on this earth. Have mankind the right to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences? Freedom of worship is a constitutionally guaranteed right—*on paper*. But is this all that was designed by the thirty-nine deputies who signed the great American palladium of rights? We think not; and here is the declaration, as touching this point, of one of the deputies from Virginia, and the honored President of the convention that framed and adopted that God-inspired Constitution. His name is George Washington. Read his testimony soon after the constitution was framed and adopted:

"If I could have entertained the slightest apprehension that the constitution framed by the convention where I had the honor to preside, might possibly endanger the religious rights of any ecclesiastical society, certainly I would have never placed my signature to it; and if I could conceive that the general government might *ever* be so administered as to render the liberty of conscience unsecure, I beg that you will be persuaded, that no one would be more zealous than myself to establish effective barriers against the horrors of spiritual tyranny, and *every species of religious persecution*. For you doubtless remember I have often expressed my sentiments, that any man conducting himself as a good citizen, and being responsible to God alone for religious opinions, ought to be protected in worshiping the Deity according to the dictates of his own conscience."

These are noble and God-like sentiments. They were inspired by the spirit of truth and liberty. What pleasure it must have given him to accord to his fellow-men this glorious right! And how must any honest man's heart throb with inexpressible joy when he accords this heaven-chartered right to his fellows! And what mortal tongue or pen can describe the rapturous feelings of honest, appreciative men when they know that this God-given right is free to all! But what must be the feelings of those who would deny this right to their brother-men, and rob them of it?

God has the right to dictate His children. It is His prerogative to tell them what He wishes them to do and what to avoid. Acting upon this agency, they can obey or disobey and take the consequences. But it is *their duty*, and they have the *right* to obey. No man has the right to prescribe laws by which God shall save him or his brother-man. Only think for a moment of the glaring absurdity of a foreigner, who would have the audacity to prescribe the condition upon which he and his countrymen should obtain the privileges and rights of American citizenship! And this is not a far-fetched illustration of what men are doing in matters of salvation. Without revelation or instructions from God, men say to their fellows: "Do thus and so, and you shall be saved—God will receive you in His kingdom, and bestow upon you all the blessings of heaven." What fearful presumption! Man has no right to say how the children of men shall be saved in the kingdom of God. Governments have no such right. And neither has the right to oppose the Almighty when He says how salvation is to be obtained. God our Father has the right to point out the plan of salvation. He will do so. Man has no such right; but he *has* the right to listen to the voice of Jehovah, to do His will in all things, and to worship his Maker according to the dictates of his own conscience; and none should dare to punish him, to molest him, or to make him afraid, for he is accountable to none but God in this matter.

THE LORD IS GOD.

By E. F. PARRY.

Moderato. p

Hear O ye heavens, and give ear O earth, hear O ye heavens, and give ear O earth, and re -

joice ye in-hab-it - ants thereof, for the Lord is God, for the Lord is God. *f* for the

Lord is God, the Lord is God, for the Lord is

for the Lord is God, for the Lord is

God, for the Lord is God, and be-side Him there is no Sav - ior: *mp* Great is His wis - dom.

God,

marvelous are His ways, and the ex - tent of His doings none can find out; His pur - pos - es fail not,

p neither are there an - y who can stay His hand; From e - ter - ni - ty to e - ter - ni - ty He

from e - ter - ni - ty to e - ter - ni - ty

Vigorouso. f

is the same, and His years never fail. Hear O ye heavens and give ear O earth, hear O ye

heavens, and give ear, O earth, hear O ye heavens, and give ear O earth, hear O ye heavens, and give

ear O earth, the Lord . . . is God, the Lord is God. A - - - men.

Rit. *Dim.* *pp*

THE DAYS OF 1856.

BY VIDL.

BROTHER JAMES M— is a very much respected man of our community, and has proved his integrity to the truth in more ways than one. Although not rich he is blessed with sufficient means to comfortably provide for himself and family. He arrived here in early years and had to share in the hardships incident to the building up of a new country. It was during such times that the temptation was very great to wander away from the body of the Church in search of more remunerative and easier employment than could here be obtained.

Brother M— says:

In April, 1856, I succeeded in obtaining employment at digging in a garden for the sum of \$10.00 per month and board, a figure at which many young men now would turn up their noses and prefer being idle to accepting such small pay. The work continued from early morning until late at night, and was so hard that at night I could scarcely sleep because of the pains in my back.

The place where I worked was about ten miles north of Salt Lake City and after being there a week I went on Saturday evening to my home, and there received a letter from a fellow-tradesman who had gone to California and was over-crowded with work at very high wages. He said if I would come where he was he would guarantee me sufficient work at five or six dollars per day. Just after receiving this word a man came and offered me thirty dollars per month if I would help him drive cattle to California.

I told him he should have my answer the next day. These propositions were a great temptation to me, for while at my heavy work of the past week I had often questioned why I should be thus drudging for a mere pittance when elsewhere I could be earning so much more at my trade. Still I knew the counsel of the authorities was for men not to leave the valley unless called to do so by those who presided. The matter troubled me, and as on many other occasions when undecided as to what I should do, I asked the Lord to direct me aright.

The next morning I arose between two and three o'clock and started for the place where I had been employed. On coming to the top of a hill about half way to my destination, I sat down to rest, and then the tempter whispered in my ear: "You are very foolish to go and dig again and almost break your back

for ten dollars a month, when you can go to California and do so much better."

While I sat debating in my mind what to do, and half resolved to go west, I noticed a flat stone lying on the ground in front of me. I picked it up and spat upon one side. "Now," said I to myself, "when I throw this in the air if it falls with the dry side up, I will remain, otherwise I will go."

The result was that it was decided I should remain, which at the time was somewhat of a disappointment to me. I went, however, to my work, banishing all thoughts of leaving the home of the Saints, and was astonished at the change this decision wrought in me; the spade seemed lighter, the work much easier, and my spirit seemed as buoyant as a feather.

That same day my employer took me to the city, where he had some more agreeable work for me to do. From that time I was prospered and blessed in all my labors.

If I did not fully realize it at that time, I have since, what I might have lost by going away with that spirit. Many of those who did leave were financially prospered in the west and there remained, either becoming apostates or losing interest in the work. Others who returned were worse off than they were when they started. And all who thus left contrary to counsel were losers either spiritually or temporally, while I, for one, who though reluctantly obeying counsel, was blessed in both of the above-named directions.

CLAIM OF REVELATION.—Whatsoever is divine revelation ought to over-rule all our opinions, prejudices, and interests, and hath a right to be received with full assent. Such a submission as this of our reason to faith takes not away the landmarks of knowledge: this shakes not the foundations of reason, but leaves us that use of our faculties for which they were given us.

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NO. 21.

THE CAT'S COUSIN.

WHEN a man "has the eyes of a lynx" and "the ears of a blind mole," his sight and hearing are considered superlatively acute. However complimentary a comparison of this kind might be, concerning a man's eye-sight, he would scarcely

Our mountain wild cat is sometimes, but erroneously, called a lynx. The mistake is unfavorable to the wild cat, which is a creature of some courage.

The lynx is most common in Canada, the northern forests of



DR. HOLUB'S PURSUIT OF A "THARI."

like to have the similitude extended to all the other striking characteristics of this "cousin of the cats." For the lynx is cruel, cowardly, sullen, suspicious, treacherous and not easily tamed.

Asia, and in that district of Continental Europe ranging from the Pyrenees to Scandinavia; and it is also found in some parts of Africa. All the species of these several regions closely resemble each other, though the European lynx is probably less

ugly in appearance than any other. The mature animal, wherever found, is usually about three feet in length, with fur of a dark gray hue, occasionally tinged with red or yellow, and bearing dark spots, large and somewhat few, upon the body, but small and numerous on the legs. The limbs of the lynx are powerful, while its comparatively massive feet are furnished with strong, white claws, which are unseen except when the heavy covering of fur is pushed aside. Running and swimming are favorite exercises with the lynx. It swims well, being able to traverse two or three miles of water without rest. In running, it presents a grotesque appearance; as it proceeds by successive bounds, with its back arched and all its feet striking the ground simultaneously. It is easily killed by a blow on the back from a stick, though it seems to withstand all other assaults with remarkable power and tenacity. Its fur is much sought after and is readily marketed at a fair price.

While Dr. Emil Holub was traveling in South Africa, he gave impromptu pursuit to a lynx, as shown in the accompanying illustration, and described by the doctor as follows:

"In a moment our attention was fixed upon the direction whence came the sound of an angry barking; another instant and a creature, yellow in color, with dark spots, bounded in front of the wagon; a moment more, and it had dashed down the slope. It was a southern lynx, known to the natives as a 'thari.' It looked so small, and the dogs, with Onkel at their head, were so close upon its track, that we did not wait to fetch our guns, but joined helter-skelter in the chase, rushing headlong over bushes, rocks, and every obstacle. We had not, however, a very long run; the dogs suddenly came to a halt at a mass of stone deeply embedded in the ground, where a rift about sixteen inches wide formed the entrance to a hole; the dogs stood before the gap and barked vehemently; the thari could be heard spitting savagely out of reach."

Dr. Holub's "thari" escaped; but not so fortunate was a lynx pursued by a small bull-dog belonging to a friend of the writer, in the wilds of Northern New York. The "peesahoo," as the Canadians call this species of lynx, was discovered crouched on the branch of a large tree, whither it had gone in chase of a meal of birds. As soon as the dog saw the ugly creature, he began circling round the tree and barking madly in a vain endeavor to draw it down to do battle. My friend was unarmed, being only out for a stroll; but he knew that his plucky little "Clip" was a match for any lynx in the woods. So he gathered some rocks and cast them one after another at the peeshoo, which soon began to snarl viciously and to skurry from branch to branch. It hated to desert the tree; but at last the fusilade became unbearably hot and it suddenly dropped from the extremity of a limb to the ground and darted into the woods.

Clip was after it in an instant, and my friend followed a short distance, but as both pursuer and pursued were lost to his sight at once, he concluded to wend his way back to the tree where the siege had occurred, and there await the return of his dog.

Fifteen minutes had not elapsed, when back came Clip, dragging the dead lynx which appeared larger considerably than its conqueror. Dropping the prey at his master's feet, Clip again took to the woods, and in a few moments once more returned, this time bringing two baby peeshoos, too young to have had their eyes fairly open, but both dead at the teeth of their parent's slayer.

My friend, with the assistance of Clip, carried the carcasses to camp and presented them to his Canadian boatman, who seemed delighted, declaring that the flesh was a rare treat to

him. He prepared several dishes of peeshoo for the next meal, including a pot-pie of the tender flesh of the young ones.

He invited my friend to partake, but the latter declined saying:

"I'm not particularly dainty about my food, especially when I'm camping out. But I've got to draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at blind kittens which have been smothered and mouthed by a bull-dog."

NEWAYGO.

THE KORAN.

BY A. M. BUCHANAN.

FEW indeed are they who have been born and brought up within the confines of Christendom who understand anything of the contents of this peculiar book; yet it is the guide in life and the support in death of one hundred and fifty millions of our fellow-creatures. But a limited number of those who profess to be the exponents of the Christian religion abstain from misrepresenting and denouncing it in unmeasured terms; but probably these manifestations of bitter feeling are due to the fact that professors of this kind, previous to the rise of Mohammed and the introduction of the Koran, made an effort to bring the Arabs over to their religious views but were unsuccessful, while Mohammed and his book accomplished what they had failed in. He redeemed the tribes of Arabia from idolatry and established the doctrine of montheism, which did away with that of polytheism. It taught and founded the worship of *one* God.

The Koran is to the Mohammedan what the Bible is to the Christian and the Talmud to the Jew—the word of God.

It consists, in bulk, of alleged "revelations" given through Mohammed, whom its devotees regard as a prophet.

It contains one hundred and fourteen chapters, each of which consists of one "revelation." They are arranged in order, not, seemingly, with respect to the time of delivery nor the subject matter they contain; but the more lengthy ones are to be found in the first part of the volume, each coming in order in proportion to its length.

The second chapter, or "revelation" contains two hundred and eighty-six verses, while the one hundred and tenth has three verses only, which latter will be reproduced before closing this article.

To each chapter there is a title which is frequently meaningless, doing but little if anything to assist the reader in obtaining a clue to what it contains. To impress on the minds of our readers the unmeaning character of the titles we here give a few of them: "The Cow," "Thunder," "The Fig," "The Elephant," "K," "S," and such like.

Twenty-nine of its chapters have the peculiarity of commencing with certain letters of the alphabet, some with one, others with more; thus, for example, five chapters, one of which is the second, begin with these letters: "A. L. M.;" but, like the titles, they are unmeaning, even the Mohammedans being left to conjecture as to their signification.

Mohammed claimed that some of these "revelations" were given him at Mecca, others at Medina, while some were "revealed" partly at Mecca and partly at Medina; however, this information is given at the beginning of each one of them.

It is said: "The Moslems, like the Jews, have superstitiously numbered the very words and letters of their law;" and that

the Koran contains 77,636 words, consisting of 323,015 letters.

As observed at the beginning of the present writing, "the Koran is the guide in life" of a large number of people, and the correctness of this statement is apparent to the mind when it is understood that it contains the entire code of Mohammedanism: that is, it is not a book of religious precepts merely, but it governs all a Moslem does.

We will not waste space in narrating the extremely marvelous and incredible story which the Moslems tell about their book but briefly speak of its contents.

Those who are of opinion that the Koran contains nothing worthy the acceptance of a Christian are either bigoted or grossly ignorant of its whole character; while in it can be found many outrageously absurd statements in regard to religious matters, as also to nature and some of her demonstrable laws, yet it sets forth an equal amount of excellent precepts which would not be injurious but beneficial to thousands who assume to be Christians.

When first Mohammed introduced his religion among the Arabs, and for several years after, the mode of disseminating its tenets was not unlike the methods adopted by men generally who have new views to establish; but in course of a few years, and after the adherents to the new faith numbered a great many, the following directions were given in the Koran respecting the treatment of those who would not embrace his doctrines and certainly they must have carried with them terror to the souls of those to whom they applied:

"They desire that ye should become infidels as they are infidels. * * * Therefore take no friends from among them, till they fly their country for the religion of God; and if they turn back from the faith, take them and kill them wherever ye find them."

The law of the Koran respecting those who stole, and the penalty for theft, was:

"Cut off their hands in retribution for that which they have committed; this is an exemplary punishment appointed by God."

It also inculcates and, in fact, makes it imperative to pray to God frequently, to give alms to the poor, to deal honestly with orphans, "by giving them, when they come to age, their substance," and to render not in exchange bad for good; and when testifying before God truthfulness was to be paramount, no matter if such testimony be to the injury of the father, mother or any other relative of the one giving it. And by way of variety it informs us "God hath thrown on the earth mountains, firmly rooted, least it should move with you."

To more fully show the peculiar character of this volume we here insert one of its chapters, entitled the "Folding up," which thus describes the last day:

"When the sun shall be folded up; and when the stars shall fall; and when the mountains shall be made to pass away; * * * and when the wild beasts shall be gathered together; and when the seas shall boil; and when the souls shall be joined again to their bodies; and when the girl who hath been buried alive shall be asked for what crime she was put to death; and when the books shall be laid open; and when the heavens shall be removed; and when hell shall burn fiercely; and when paradise shall be brought near; every soul shall know he hath wrought."

Again, the revelation entitled the "Unbelievers" reads:

"Say, O, unbelievers. I will not worship that which ye worship; nor will ye worship that which I worship. Neither do I worship that which ye worship; neither do ye worship that

which I worship. Ye have your religion, and I my religion."

As a last quotation, for the present, from Mohammed or his Koran we here give one of his sermons on charity:

"When God made the earth it shook to and fro till He put mountains on it to keep it firm. Then the angels asked, 'O, God, is there anything in Thy creation stronger than these mountains?' and God replied, 'Iron is stronger than the mountains, for it breaks them.' 'And is there anything in Thy creation stronger than iron?' 'Yes, fire is stronger than iron, for it melts it.' 'Is there anything stronger than fire?' 'Yes, water, for it quenches fire.' 'Is there anything stronger than water?' 'Yes, wind, for it puts water in motion.' 'O, our Sustainer, is there anything in thy creation stronger than wind?' 'Yes, a good man giving alms; if he give it with his right hand and conceal it from his left, he overcomes all things. Every good act is charity: your smiling in your brother's face: your putting a wanderer in the right road; your giving water to the thirsty is charity; exhortation to another to do right is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies, people will ask, What property has he left behind him? But the angels will ask, What good deeds has he sent before him?'"

Along the northern coasts of Africa and nearly to the equator, from Turkey to within the borders of China, and among the larger islands of the East, we are informed the faith of Islam spreads, divided into sects, and numbers millions who offer to Allah their five-fold daily prayer.

From every mosque the blind mueddin or crier proclaims at day-break:

"There is no god but God; Mohammed is his prophet. Prayer is better than sleep: come to prayer." And then each pious Moslem falls face-ward to the holy city, Mecca.

A CURIOUS FISH.

SEVERAL years ago, there was exhibited in Piccadilly a "talking fish," as it was called, but it was, in reality, a seal. It measured twelve feet in length, and weighed eight hundred pounds. It could stand on its tail, and overtopped its keeper. It was amphibious, and was a female seal. It was stated to have been captured on the coast of Africa, on May 5, 1854, by Signor Cavana. It had a fine, dog-like head, and beautiful eyes sparkling with intelligence, showing that what you said to it was understood, and seeking to communicate its reply. It was very docile, and would dance when bidden, rolling itself with great vehemence in its bath. It could say "Mamma" and "Papa," and could call its keeper by his name—"John." It could use its fins as hands and arms, and clasp them together in the attitude of supplication. At command, it presented either the right or left hand to the keeper. Its brain cavity was large, and the brain highly convoluted, being ranked by Professor Owen in the highest of the animal brain types. It was an Antarctic species, and rare in museums. It had two rows of teeth, and was covered with fine hair. It ate nearly forty-five pounds daily. At night it reposed on damp boards, and the species can exist for days out of water; yet this specimen did not live long.

A FREQUENT, rapid and emphatic recital of the following is said to be a cure for lisping: Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobbs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs' fobs. Nobbs' heart throbs, and Snobbs sobs.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A GENTLEMAN kept a colt, with its mother, in a pasture near his house. The mother was quite wild and would not let anyone come near her.

One night after the family were in bed, she came to a window, and woke her owner by pawing and neighing.

He waited awhile, thinking she would leave off, but she did not, and he went out, and drove her away.

By the time he had laid down again, she came back, and made, if possible, more noise.

He went out, and, shy as she had always been, she came up to him and rubbed her nose on his shoulder, ran a little way, still neighing; then, as he did not follow, she returned, and pawed and whinnied with all her might.

Still he did not understand, and tried to drive her away. He even struck her once, and then followed her a few yards, meaning to frighten her!

But as soon as he turned toward the house, she came up again, and tried to keep between him and the door.

He then noticed, for the first time, as the night was dark, that her colt was not with her.

Thinking the colt might be hurt, he concluded to follow her.

As soon as she saw this, she ran on before him, stopping often and looking round; then, as she was sure he was coming, ran on again, still calling, till she came to a distant part of the field, where was an old "prospect-hole."

There she stopped, and waited till he came up to her. She rubbed her head on his shoulder, and drew his attention to the hole.

There was the colt.

As he could not get him out alone, he went for some of his neighbors, and soon returned with them.

When they were lifting the little animal out, the mother showed intense delight; and afterwards came to her owner, rubbed her face on his shoulder, and gave every sign of gratitude in her power.

THE following named persons have answered the questions in No. 19: Heber Scowcroft, Samuel Stark, Leone Rogers, W. J. C. Mortimer, Avildia L. Page, Henry H. Blood, Elizabeth Myler.

NEDDIE.

HIDING behind the sofa,
Playing bo-peep through the chairs,
Racing from attic to cellar,
Sliding down the stairs.
Turning the house topsey-turvey
(Grandmamma says, every day),
Brimful of his roguish frolic
And his merry, childish play.

Running for lunch to the pantry,
And leaving the door ajar,
Where pussy may slyly enter,
And make havoc near and far;
Sailing his shoes in the duck-pond,
Scattering the new-mown hay,
Chasing the chickens and turkeys,
Frightening them all away.

Trying on grandpa's glasses,
That hide his merry black eyes,
And with newspaper open before him,
Looking so wondrous wise.
The paper is wrong side upward,
But 'tis all the same to him;
His eyes *from study*, at present,
I assure you have never grown dim.

Yet dearly we love our Neddie,
In spite of his mischief and play;
And lonely and dull seems the household,
When his smiling face is away.
And we ask that our Father in heaven
Would guide and keep him each day,
And watch over our darling's footsteps,
That he never may go astray.

THE WISE INDIAN.

Mo-wa was an Indian chief who lived a few years ago in the great western country. He said "he didn't like whisky, because it made the men look so *foolish*, and he wouldn't have it for his braves. The red man was wiser than many of our white men, I think.

He went on a journey, and was quite amazed at the "railway horse." He said, "it gave a snort, and away it went with all the little houses after." He liked the white men and wanted to learn and do all they could do, "except telling lies and drinking whisky."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 19.

1. In what condition was the Church in Kirtland during the latter part of 1837? A. Many of the leading members left their callings and engaged in dishonest speculations, and others transgressed the commandments of God, which caused much apostasy.

2. When did Brigham Young leave Kirtland for Missouri, and from what cause? A. Dec. 22, 1837, to escape the fury of the apostates who threatened to destroy him for the bold stand he took in defense of the Prophet.

3. Who were next compelled to leave on account of this bitter feeling among the apostates? A. Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon.

4. When did they leave? A. On the 12th of January, 1838.

5. Why did they exhibit such hatred and animosity against Joseph, Brigham and others of the leaders? A. Because Joseph had pointed out this iniquity and had those who did not repent severed from the Church.

6. When was Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Lyman E. Johnson cut off from the Church? A. On the 12th and 13th of April, 1838.

7. When did Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde arrive from their missions to England? A. May 22, 1838.

8. What new Stake was organized in the West during the next Month? A. Adam-ondi-Ahman.

9. When and where was it organized? A. June 28th, 1838, in Daviess Co., Missouri.

10. Why was it called by this name? A. Because it is the place where Adam shall come to visit his people and the Ancient of Days shall sit.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. What man caused trouble in the principal town of Daviess Co., Missouri, during the Summer of 1838? 2. What boasts did he make in his speech? 3. For what purpose had the Saints gathered there on that day? 4. What resulted at the close of this exciting speech? 5. Who were the victors? 6. What did the brethren number compared with the mob? 7. Not being able to accomplish their object in this riot to what did the mob resort? 8. What did the brethren do to save their families from this merciless and cruel mob? 9. What were they called upon to suffer during the night?

AN ANT'S FUNERAL.

OTHER people besides "sluggards" may profitably "go to the ant" and "consider her ways." Probably we have not yet learned nearly all that can be learned of the curious ways of this interesting race of creeping things.

There are ants which bury their dead—a fact which was discovered by accident.

A lady had been obliged to kill some ants, the bodies of which lay about on the ground. Presently a single ant found its dead companions, and examined them, and then went off. Directly it returned with a number of others, and proceeded to the dead bodies. Four ants went to each corpse, two lifting it, and the other two following, the main body, some two hundred in number, following behind. The four bearers took their office in turns, one pair relieving the other when they were tired. They went straight to a sandy hillock, and there the bearers put down their burdens, and the others immediately began to dig holes. A dead ant was then placed in each grave, and the soil filled in.

HIDDEN NAME PUZZLE.

CLOSE by the clover field, in green arrayed,
That skirts the moor, edged in with pleasant shade,
Of orchard, where, awake at Spring's behest
The gay birds' sweet new tones; the trees fair dressed
In blossoms pink, and white; or later still,
When one sees lambs disporting on the hill,
Or when, sweet as sugar, ricks of hay
The cow perceives, and tempted is to stray;
The donkey burns to catch a mouthful sweet,
And Dick ensures to Tom a jolly treat
In tumbling 'mongst the grass till their rude foe,
The farmer, comes, who, odd enough, won't know
Why boys, with leap-frog art, his ricks should spoil,
Alas! he'll eye them soon, and then they'll cease
to smile.

In each line of the foregoing verse will be found the name of an author.

THE Answer to the Square Word Puzzle published in No. 19 is as follows:

B A T
A T E
T E A

Solutions have been received from Rachel Fowler, Odgen, Marinda Monson, Richmond; C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City.

WHAT IS THAT BOY FIT FOR?

BY W. J.

THIS is an important question. It is very important to the boy; but its importance affects him the least. His parents are very much interested in his welfare and will be very much affected by the course he may take in this life—they are honored or dishonored, to some extent, in their posterity. The community in which he moves, the nation in which he lives, and the world at large, may be considerably affected by the influence he wields for good or evil. He may be an honored philanthropist, a wise statesman, a powerful warrior, or a mighty prophet of God; or he may be a humbug, a scoundrel, or the foulest criminal that ever spilled the blood of man; and his influence may help to save or damn thousands and even millions of our race. Hence, what he is to become is an important question, affecting himself and future generations.

What he is to become may be partially ascertained by learning what he is fit for. Boys show their aptness and inclinations at an early age, some being more precocious than others. When Sir Isaac Newton was a boy it would not have been very difficult for a man of judgment, experience and discernment, who watched his youthful tendencies, to tell to a considerable extent what he was likely to become, providing his mind was allowed to operate in its natural course. When quite a boy he was noted for the use of mechanical tools. He loved to make models of windmills, carriages and machines; and as he grew older he made useful articles, such as little tables and cupboards, for his friends. Later, and when manhood's powers were attained, his love of science led him to the study of the mechanism of the universe, by which he gained honor and fame, and an undying name.

Smeaton, Watt and Stephenson were equally handy with tools when they were mere boys, and they showed unmistakably what they were fit for.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, when a boy at school, forgot his lessons and took pleasure only in drawing, for which his father often rebuked him. He was destined for a doctor of medicine, but his strong instinct for art could not be suppressed and he became a painter.

Edward Bird, when a child only three or four years old, would mount a chair and draw figures on the walls, which he called French and English soldiers. By study and labor he raised himself to the rank of a Royal Academecian.

Of David Wilkie, the painter, the following is recorded:

"He was always on the look-out for an opportunity to draw—and the walls of the house or the smooth sand by the river side, were alike convenient for his purpose. Any sort of a tool would serve him. Like Giotto, he found a pencil in a burnt stick, a prepared canvas in any smooth stone and the subject for a picture in any ragged mendicant he met. When he visited a house he generally left his mark on the walls as an indication of his presence and sometimes to the disgust of cleanly housewives."

These instances exhibit good inclinations, and one showing bad ones is here introduced by way of contrast. An elderly lady walked into a lawyer's office lately and the following conversation took place:

Lady.—Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him.

Lawyer.—The boy appears rather young, madam; how old is he?

Lady.—Seven years, sir.

Lawyer.—He is too young, decidedly too young. Have you no boys older?

Lady.—O, yes; several. But we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told the old man I thought this little fellow would make a first-rate lawyer, so I called to see if you would take him.

Lawyer.—No, madam, he is too young yet to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy any better calculated for a lawyer than your older sons?

Lady.—Why, you see, sir, he is just seven years old to-day. When he was only five he'd lie like all natur'; when he got to be six he was as sassy and impudent as any critter could be; and now he'll steal everything he can lay his hands on."

This item is taken from a recent publication, the object being to show the evil inclinations of some boys as compared with the good and useful inclinations of others, and not with the least intention to cast any reflection upon lawyers; for, although there may be some who are dishonorable and unreliable, yet that profession has many members who are fine, able, honorable and reliable gentlemen—brilliant, learned and useful.

Other boys may be less precocious, but they manifest their inclinations sooner or later.

Dr. Adam Clarke, when a boy, was pronounced by his father "a grievous dunce."

The well-known Dr. Chalmers, when a boy, was dismissed from the parish school of St. Andrews as "an incorrigible dunce."

The brilliant Sheridan was presented to a tutor by his mother as a "hopeless dunce."

When Sir Walter Scott was a boy, Professor Dalzel, at the Edinburg University, passed the sentence upon him: "Dunce he is and dunce he will remain."

But whether the development be early or late, in it will be generally shown the bent of the mind and the desire of the heart.

If the inclinations be good they should receive much attention. The adversary is ever on the alert to wreck the pure motives, the good desires and the righteous purposes of the young; hence the necessity of constant watchfulness, continual guarding and persistent labor, under the influence of the Divine Spirit, on the part of those whose duty it is to train the youth of Zion, so that they may perform their sacred duty in laboring to prevent their being led into the paths of vice and infidelity.

But if the inclinations be evil, then comes the task of parents, guardians and teachers—and it is a laborious and a continuous task.

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

And if the power of evil should get the first chance to bend and mis-shape the tender shoot, it may become a gnarled, a crooked and an unsightly tree. Moreover, if the power of evil does not get the first opportunity to mar the tiny plant, it will constantly watch for opportunities to spoil the beautiful training of the interested cultivator. Therefore, whether the inclinations be good or evil, whether they be strong or weak, the constant and faithful labors of the trainers of youth are required to show "what that boy is fit for"—to suppress the wrong and develop the best that is in him—and God will bless those labors and make them fruitful in the prevention of much misery, and in salvation in His celestial kingdom.

A PEEP INTO A COAL MINE.

BY VETERAN.

I HAD often read of coal mines, yet had ever had the opportunity of seeing one until my kind friend, Brother Mitchell, invited me to go into the Home Company's mine, at Coalville, of which he is the manager.

Myself, Brother Goddard, and Bishop McRae clothed in rough coat and cap, each with a lantern in hand were let down the shaft (a deep, square hole in the ground) standing upon the floor of an elevator hanging from wire ropes, and lowered and raised by a small steam engine.

When we reached the bottom we found ourselves in a long, narrow, low passage with floor, walls and ceiling of coal, with here and there large, white rocks intermixed. On the iron rails, there were several small, empty wagons coupled together and a mule hitched to the end one, to pull us through the passage of nearly a mile in length. We had to sit down on the floor of the wagon to save our heads from being bumped. At the crack of the boy-driver's whip, away we went, keeping our eye on the driver's light, and expecting every moment to get our heads knocked, but by keeping low we escaped. We had to stop twice at switches, to let trains of loaded cars pass us; we then went to the end of the workings and saw where the miners had been taking out the coal from side openings in the wall, called chambers.

Every now and then we saw a large hole above, where the fresh air came rushing in, thus securing ventilation, and keeping the mine free from foul gas which has in different mines suffocated thousands of men, but which cannot happen here because of the great care taken to keep the air holes clear.

In the places where large quantities of coal have been taken out the men place strong timber props to prevent the ceiling from falling in, for the weight above is so great, that, if they did not do this it would cave in and stop up the passage ways, as the earth above is often more than one hundred feet in thickness.

Much of the coal is loosened with picks, but sometimes it is necessary to bore holes into the large masses of coal where gunpowder is placed which is fired, thus breaking in small pieces large patches of coal.

The miners and drivers have small lamps and candles in the fronts of their hats, as they could not work in the dark; and when several of them meet together it has quite a pleasing effect as contrasted with the jetty masses of coal.

At short distances apart the coal is left untouched, thus forming what they call pillars which are needed to support the roof, but, when these are removed they place in timber props, and in other instances they take all away, and let the roof sink gradually to the floor, leaving above on the top of the mine outside quite a large, deep hole.

Boys and girls, when you go to the coal shed and get a skuttle full of coal, just think of the trouble and danger attending the process of drawing it out of the depths of the earth, and pray for the miner, who spends so many long hours by the dim light of his lamp, that you may enjoy the comfort of a nice, warm fire, and above all, thank our Heavenly Father for all His blessings and mercies.

A YOUNG man, searching for a pig, accosted an Irishman as follows: "Have you seen a stray pig about here?" to which Pat responded, "Faix, and how could I tell a stray pig from a y other!"

A WORD OF COUNSEL.

To the youth of Zion who attend our Sabbath Schools, and read the Juvenile Instructor.

HAVING been connected with the Deseret Sunday School Union since its organization on the 9th of August, 1872, as First Assistant to our General Superintendent George Q. Cannon, and presided at most of the monthly meetings of the Deseret Sunday School Union, held of late years in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, it will doubtless be remembered by many who attended those meetings, that I frequently urged upon them the observance of the "Word of Wisdom," as a safeguard against many of the evils that beset the youth of this generation, and also to secure the blessings of the Lord that are promised in that revelation.

I have also expressed unshaken confidence and faith, that the great majority of the youth of Zion who attend our Sabbath Schools will grow up to man and womanhood, as mighty men and women of God. With strong and vigorous tabernacles, and a faith in God that will be marvelous in their own eyes, and whose daily example of purity and devotion will be worthy of imitation by all people.

Most of my Sabbath School labors since 1867, have been confined to the Salt Lake Stake of Zion. And, with peculiar pleasure I can refer to our "Union meetings," where many hundreds of our youth were always present, to enjoy the spirit of the Lord, and listen quietly to the good instructions imparted there.

I can assure my young friends, that since wisdom dictated the abandonment of those meetings, my anxiety for your welfare has not in the least abated.

I long, hope, and pray, that you may all grow up to become ladies and gentlemen in the gospel, carrying with you the spirit of your Master, in the ball-room, in the school-room, parlor, kitchen, workshop, counting room, store or wherever else you may chance to be. We should never forget that our names alone being in the Church books as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, will avail us nothing.

For several years I had the pleasure of two traveling companions in our visits to the schools, viz. William Willis, and Sammel L. Evans, whose genial spirits and wise counsels have been listened to by many thousands of children. Since the death of the latter, myself and Bro. Willis have continued our labors together. Although we are both past seventy years of age, I know of no labor that would be equally gratifying to each, than a visit to all the Stakes of Zion, and enjoy a meeting of the Sunday School children, teachers, and superintendents to bless and encourage them in their labors.

This blessing must be left to the everlasting providence of our Heavenly Father.

As a stepping stone to our further progress in the Kingdom of God, I indulge in the fervent hope, that the time is not far distant, when every man holding the Priesthood of the Son of God, and every superintendent, officer, teacher and scholar in our Sabbath Schools will be strict observers of the "Word of Wisdom."

GEORGE GODDARD.

ANTIQUITY OF BEE KEEPING.—The earliest Semitic records, the book of Job, the Vedas, Egyptian sculptures and papyri, as well as the poems of Homer, confirm the early cultivation of bees by man for domestic uses. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, moreover, makes mention of a representation of a hive figured upon a very ancient tomb at Thebes, which is evidence of their domestication there at an early period of history.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 1, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

ORDEALS through which the Latter-day Saints are now passing have their good and bad effect upon the human character. They develop courage, fortitude, endurance and faith; they produce a higher standard of manhood and womanhood and bring out the strongest and best qualities of a people. These are some of the good effects which attend persecution like this to which we are now subjected. But oppression, tyranny, the abuse of law, the denial of justice, the packing of juries and the certain conviction of accused persons, without regard to evidence, have the effect to destroy all confidence in courts and the administration of law.

Under these circumstances the temptation is a very strong one to resort to every kind of stratagem to defeat those engaged in the work of persecution. When force cannot be met by force, and tyranny rides rough-shod over all the rights of men, it is characteristic of human nature to have recourse to other means of defense.

History abounds with instances where the oppressed, unable to defend themselves against the oppressor by legitimate means, have resorted to various devices and deceit to save themselves from the perils with which they were environed.

We see the same principle illustrated in every-day life. A severe, tyrannical parent, who punishes his children for the slightest offense and makes himself a terror to them, forces his children to defend themselves by concealment, by evasion and by downright falsehood. These are the only weapons or means of defense within their reach, and children thus situated are apt to use them freely to protect themselves against the punishment which they know they are sure to get if their misdeeds become known.

To the honor of the Latter-day Saints it can truthfully be said that, notwithstanding the many temptations they have had to resort to deceit and falsehood, there has been very little of it amongst us. If one will read the history of the cases which have been tried in our courts, he must be struck with the ingenious candor which has been shown in the most of cases. The accused have willingly gone on the stand and testified against themselves or acknowledged their relations with their families so freely as to make the work of conviction a very easy one.

There is danger, however, under the pressure which is now being brought to bear upon us, of our young people falling into a habit of careless talking, and at least concealing the truth, if not denying it. If one should visit one of our settlements as a stranger and make inquiries concerning any of our leading citizens, he will soon find how difficult it is to obtain information. Circumstances make this necessary. We have spotters and spies and all sorts of characters who are traveling around the country and endeavoring to pry into affairs which do not concern them. Young people have learned this and they have been cautioned by their parents and friends to be

guarded in their conversation with strangers, and not to give them information concerning matters about which they may question them.

Some very laughable incidents might be related in illustration of this habit which has grown up among our people within the last two years. It is often surprising to witness how little people know about their own parents or about their nearest neighbors. Some young people, when interrogated, have not been able to tell where their best friends lived, and there have been instances where they have even been unable to point out the house of their own parents, though when they were asked it was not known they belonged to that family.

There is justification for all this. The necessities of the position seem to demand that just such a course should be taken. It has frequently happened, since this crusade began, that freedom in talking and in answering inquiries has led to the betrayal of relatives, friends and neighbors. Under these circumstances no one can be blamed for adopting this rule to deny all information to strangers who may be asking questions about the people of the neighborhood.

Our object in writing upon this point now is to call the attention of parents to the effect that such a course as this is likely to have upon the minds of the children. If deceit is justifiable in one case when a good end is to be accomplished, the question might be asked, why not in all cases?

The child who is told to be very careful in not giving information to strangers, and is told to conceal the truth concerning its parents, if not carefully watched, may fall into the habit in other affairs and justify itself in so doing, because it was permitted in the cases we mention.

The acuteness and smartness which we have heard of children displaying in parrying questions and throwing inquirers off the track might be used hereafter by the child to conceal some of its own acts and to cover up its own misdeeds.

There is danger in this direction; and parents and teachers ought to take into consideration this condition of affairs and endeavor, to the extent of their ability, to impress upon their children's minds the value and importance of truthfulness, and that, though there may be a necessity, under certain circumstances, for them to conceal the truth, and perhaps even resort to evasion, this course can not be justified under different circumstances and would, if pursued, bring down condemnation upon them.

One most important lesson to be taught at all times to Latter-day Saints and their children is the value of truthfulness. Its importance cannot be over-estimated. It is an attribute of Deity and no man, or woman, or boy, or girl is acceptable unto God who violates the truth. Every pains should be taken to develop a sincere love for the truth. There is something terribly mean and cowardly about falsehood. Every person of right principle feels a contempt and loathing for a liar, and what must be the feeling of pure beings concerning this detestable habit? We are informed that liars are not to be permitted to enter the holy city or to partake of the tree of life, but are to be thrown into the company of sorcerers, murderers, idolaters and other wicked characters.

There are some children who are more inclined to tell falsehood and deceive than others. In some children the fear to offend or to create a bad impression prompts them to resort to deceit to make themselves appear better in the eyes of their parents and companions than they really are. The fear of punishment, the dread of censure, a dislike of losing the favorable opinion of their friends frequently lead children to tell untruths. The greatest care should be taken with such characters in early

life, to impress upon them the many advantages which those who tell the truth have over those who tell falsehoods.

A conscientious child is made very unhappy when it has yielded to the temptation of telling a lie. There is a condemnation which weighs upon it, and it feels ashamed and humiliated in its own eyes. Children should be shown that they would have more of the respect and good feeling of their friends by confessing their faults and acknowledging any wrong they may have done than by concealing it or using deceit to cover it up. By telling the truth they not only maintain their own self-respect, but they call out the regard and good feeling of their associates.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 315.)

THE next move of Sutter and Marshall was to call in the owners of the land—the Indians—and lease a large tract, ten or twelve miles square, for three years, for which they paid some shirts and handkerchiefs, a few knives, some meat, unbolted flour and peas, giving a promise to pay so much every year until the lease expired. Afterwards they sent Charles Bennett to Monterey to see Governor Mason to have the land secured on mill, pasturage and mineral privileges, as it bore strong indications of containing silver and lead. They said nothing about gold. But his excellency told Mr. Bennett that as California affairs were still unsettled between Mexico and our government, he could do nothing for them.

On Sunday, February 6th, Barger and I went over the river opposite the saw-mill to look for gold. I found six dollars' worth and Barger about two-thirds as much.

Six days later I borrowed Brown's gun and went down the river to hunt ducks, as was supposed, but in reality to prospect for gold. When about half a mile below the mill I saw on the opposite side of the river bare rocks of the same kind as were in the tail race, looking as though there had been a land slide, leaving the base rock to view. It struck me so forcibly that there might be gold, I pulled off my clothing and waded over, and sure enough I found it, and picked up to the amount of one dollar and fifty cents.

Saying nothing to the boys of my discovery, I returned the next day and found eight dollars' worth, or half an ounce. We had already made a light pair of wooden scales to weigh our gold, using a silver dollar for an ounce, worth sixteen dollars, and a half dollar was equal in value to eight dollars, and so on down in proportion.

On Monday, February 14th, it rained so that we did not work and I spent the forenoon in mending my pants. In the afternoon I went to my gold mine and picked up seven dollars' worth, and on visiting it six days later I got seventeen dollars' worth, or thereabouts.

On February 22nd the ground was white with snow, which prevented our working at the mill. I therefore set out to hunt for deer, but soon changed my mind and went to my mine. I waded the river as usual, after removing every stitch of my clothing. The river was rising and the water almost as cold as ice itself. It was also deep and swift, and I was scarcely able to walk. When I got over my feet were very cold. I tried to strike fire, but my hands were so benumbed with cold I could not hold my flint and steel. I tried to catch fire from my gun

but being wet I could not fire it and at last I was forced to dance, jump and run over the rocks until I got warmed up and went to work, having nothing but my pocket knife to work with. Since the morning the weather had moderated and a heavy, misty rain had set in, causing the snow to soon disappear. I searched closely every crevice and finally went down near the water's edge in the sand, where I began to find it more plentifully though in very fine particles, except one piece of pure gold nearly round like a bullet, worth between five and six dollars. I almost felt I had found a fortune on picking it out of the sand.

At this spot I sat in one position all bent over for hours, picking up the valuable particles. All at once I could not see, and as I arose to my feet I yelled with pain; I reeled and staggered and it seemed as though my back was broken, but after a few severe groans I was at ease. Night had set in so I made my way up the river over rocks and through brush until arriving at our mill dam, I called for Brown, who brought over the raft (three dry pine logs pinned together) and took me across.

On reaching the shanty the boys began to quiz me and wanted to know what luck, where my game was, why out so late, and why I did not cross at the dam that morning, etc. They had suspected at last. I called for the scales and found twenty-two and half a dollars' worth of clean gold as the result of my day's hunt. The secret now being out I told them, of course, all about my discovery.

The mill hands came very near deserting their employer and turning their attention to hunting gold, but on a second consideration thought it a pity to leave before the mill was finished. Another thing they took into consideration was the uncertainty of doing any better than they were. Fair wages were given them for their labor and their pay was sure, while by leaving they might lose in the long run more than they would make.

About this time I wrote a few lines in a confidential way to the boys who were my messmates in the battalion, then at work below on Sutter's flouring mill, that we had found gold up at the saw-mill.

On the 27th of February I piloted the boys to my gold mine but the river had risen so high that the spot where I had found it so plentifully on the 22nd was under water and the river still on the rise. However, among the five of us we found about thirty-three dollars, of which I was the finder of eleven dollars. Barger declared I could see gold and pick it up where there was none, or in other words, they were not permitted to find it so readily.

That evening three of the battalion boys arrived at our shanty, they having learned through my letter to my messmates that we had found gold, and they had come up to learn the truth for themselves. It happened that Marshall was in and sat till a late hour talking. Being in a fine humor, as he most always was, just before he left for his own quarters on the hill. Hudson asked for the privilege of prospecting in the tail race, which request was readily granted. Accordingly the next morning the three men, Sidney Willis, Wilford Hudson and Fifield, went into the tail race when Hudson with his butcher knife picked out a nugget worth nearly six dollars. They tarried with us until the morning of the second of March, when they left to return below. They followed the river and prospected. At a certain place, afterwards known as "Mormon" Island, they found a few particles, but not enough to induce them to remain and hunt for more.

(To be Continued.)

A NARROW ESCAPE.

IN the early years of travel between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean the utmost caution was necessary on the part of emigrants to avoid surprises and consequent massacre from the Indians. The spirit of the latter was at that

quarters, and people traversing and taking possession of that which was theirs by right of occupation, was more than their already-oppressed natures could endure. As a result, the savages began to look upon all men as their enemies and felt justified in robbing, plundering and murdering all whom they could take unawares.



"WHITE ROVER'S" FAITHFUL EFFORT.

time very hostile towards the "pale-face," because they had gradually been driven from their eastern lands and homes to the great West; and now entertaining the hope of having acquired a permanent residence and lands which the white man would not covet, to see civilization crowding them into still closer

One of the wagon trains which was on its way to the Golden State in the West had among its teamsters a few rough, thoughtless and cruel men, who looked upon the Indians as but little, if any, better than wild animals. These feelings were manifested in the abuse of some of the red men who

happened in their way in the early part of the journey. The revengeful feelings thus aroused in the breasts of the savages was a constant source of trouble and annoyance to the travelers, and came near costing many lives. It was only by being always on their guard that they escaped at all; for the Indians, whose feelings of revenge are generally only satisfied at the death of their adversary, were a constant menace while journeying across the plains.

Among these emigrants were two little boys, Willie and George Gray, who, at every resting-place, were anxious, as boys generally are, to ride the horses to water. One old horse called White Rover was the favorite among all the children of the train, because of his gentleness, fleetness and easy gait, and whoever was permitted to mount him felt favored beyond the others.

One afternoon a halt was made quite early to enable the animals to recruit after several days of hard travel with but scanty feed. Here the grass was abundant and the water good, and but little fear of an attack was felt by the travelers, for no Indians had been seen for several days and it was hoped that danger from this source was now past. The animals were unhitched and Willie and George Gray came joyfully forward to take White Rover to water, they having reckoned it out as their turn to be thus gratified.

Giving no thought to the accustomed warning from their father to go no further than the creek, and after watering the animal to return immediately to camp, off they went. The horse had only finished drinking when the temptation seized them to follow an animal which they saw at some distance passing along the side of a hill. Heedless of consequences they started out and in a few moments found themselves in the hills and out of sight of the camp. No telling how far they would have gone had they not suddenly come upon a band of ponies which were grazing quietly under the watch-care of one Indian. They approached to within speaking distance of the savage before seeing him or being seen themselves, but as the herdsman suddenly looked up he gave a loud shout and ran to mount his horse.

The boys saw their error and quickly turned Rover's head in the direction whence they had come and urged him forward. Their movements were none too quick, because the alarm given by the one savage had aroused his companions, who were not far away, and they were now all rushing to secure and mount their horses and pursue the boys.

White Rover seemed to fully appreciate the situation, for he went at full speed towards camp and baffled the efforts of his pursuers to head him off. But on the Indians came, and their horses being fresh were able to steadily gain on the faithful old work horse. Now they are within shooting distance and are sending their arrows after the fleeing boys. They are nearly up with them when the crack of a rifle and the fall of a redskin announces that the boys are among their friends. The pursuers turn and flee, and the children, half dead with fright, are clasped in the arms of a fond father, who with a few friends had become frightened at the long absence of the boys, and in his search had just arrived in time to prevent their capture.

An arrow was found to have pierced George's clothing and grazed the skin, making a painful though not serious wound. Fear had overcome his sense of pain and he only knew of the injury inflicted after the danger of capture was past.

This nearly fatal result of their disobedience to their parent was a lesson which the events of subsequent years could not erase from the memories of Willie and George.

FAR AWAY HOME.

BY H. W. NAISBITT.

In the west the sun is setting:
Mark its fires of glory fade,
As the wings of eve are spreading
O'er its shadows softly laid.
While the darkness gathers round us,
Thoughts will wander—far they roam
Back to loved ones, quiet saying,
"Papa's one day more from home!"

CHORUS.

Far away home, oh happy home,
Yearning, turns our hearts to you:
To the loved wives, and the children,
Parted, tried, yet ever true!

In the prison cell at evening—
Hours of night roll slowly by—
Prayer seeks ever to the Father,
Far beyond the star-lit sky:
"Bless our wives and children, weeping.
Hear their prayers, as winged they come,
To thy throne, oh God of Israel,
From each humble cottage home!"

As we here, in patience suffer,
Trial makes our sufferings one;
And, as time flits by, we whisper,
"Brother, one day more is gone!"
Gone in protest 'gainst oppression,
Surging, as the wild waves foam:
"Hither shalt thou come—no further!"
God, who gives, will guard each home!

Harsh may be our sentence, dear ones;
Ruthless, from you we've been torn;
Yet each morn and silent even,
Makes it "one day" nearer home!
When shall come the welcome greeting—
Children's kisses as before—
Present sorrows will, forgotten,
Vanish by our opened door!

With the martyred ones of ages,
Names which ring like freedom's bells,
Link the Saints who faithful cherish,
Truth, which e'en though smitten, swells:
God hath spoken, and that music
Echoes round the sun-lit dome:
Though its chimes are sweetest ever,
By the hearth love keeps at home!

Let the drooping heart be lifted—
Never let the tear drops fall:
God is nigh, His Spirit lingers
E'en within the prison wall!
Like the dew, all trials vanish:
Silent, soon, each sigh and moan;
Every setting sun and day-dawn
Brings us "one day" nearer home!

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of the great causes of the fear which is entertained concerning us, is our rapid increase. We are an increasing people. Our system of marriage favors our growth. If we were not assailed as we are, there would be very few unmarried women among us. If there were any men who did not desire marriage, the women, under our system, would not, as a consequence, be compelled to remain single. Every woman that wished to marry could obtain a partner with but little difficulty. Of course under such a system the growth of the people, through births, would be very rapid. While our enemies do not bring this forward as an objection against us, they are aware of it.

Thinking people are fully conscious of the difference there is between a people who believe in having children and think them a blessing and do all in their power to promote their growth, and a people who look upon them as a burden and who use means to prevent large families of children.

Pharaoh, king of Egypt, perceived the danger his people were in from the rapid growth of the Hebrews. They were an alien race, and he viewed their increase as a menace to his throne and people, and adopted the plan of destroying the male children. If the Latter-day Saints did not have numerous children as the result of their marriages, it is not probable their marriages would call forth the hatred they now do. In the very nature of things, under the blessing of the Lord, we are bound to be a powerful people. Cut off all outside immigration and leave us to our natural increase, and we would still grow very rapidly in numbers; but with our natural increase, and the accession to our numbers through converts, our growth in the eyes of many, becomes formidable and threatening.

There are many places in the United States where the fashion prevails of confining the number of children in a family to one or two. In such sections the population would soon die out if it were not for the influx of immigrants. This barbarous custom of preventing the birth of offspring prevails to a dreadful extent. It is gradually spreading, and it threatens the nation with destruction. In former times, as the records show, the people of New England had large families of children; but now this is the exception. Generally it is the fashion to have but one or two children in a family. This is a custom imported from Europe. In France it appears to be especially prevalent. It prevails there to such an extent that the excess of births over deaths for 1885 was scarcely two for every thousand of the population.

If all the inhabitants of the earth were like the French, there would be no danger of our globe being overcrowded with people. They seem to have the idea in that country, that by having small families, they are insuring the comfort and ease of their children. This is the view also that prevails in many of our own eastern States. Parents accumulate wealth, and think if they have but one or two children to leave it to, they can leave them comfortable and in a position to maintain their rank in society; but if they have to divide it among a large number of children, they leave them in comparative poverty, and they drop down among the poor classes. This is thought, by many people, to be very objectionable, especially as society is now organized in the older and wealthier parts of the country. The aim among such people now is, to make fortunes and have their one or two children enjoy them and keep up

their name and position in society. But it is not unfrequently the case that the few children they have selected for life do not live, and the name perishes.

It is no wonder that Germany is a more powerful nation than France, when we understand, that where there are one hundred children born in France there are to the same number of parents, one hundred and eighty-four born in Germany.

The Germans increase nearly twice as fast as the French.

It is easy to foretell the future of two such races if they are left alone. The French would soon be absorbed, and the Germans would overrun their country. Not only would Alsace and Lorraine remain provinces of Germany, but in the course of time, if the two nations were left to themselves, the whole of France would become an appendage to Germany. The Germans, through their rapid increase would possess the gates of their enemies.

The French talk about taking revenge upon Germany for the late Franco-German war; but they are not taking the course to make the attempt at revenge successful. Their population is almost stationary, and the result is there is not only a stagnation in the population but in business, while on the other hand, Germany is full of life and has superabundant population and makes itself felt abroad through the channels of emigration.

France has no population to spare; in fact, people of other nationalities, to the extent of from forty to fifty thousand per annum, settle in France. Up to 1860 France possessed a larger population than that of the territory composing the German Empire. At the present time the German Empire counts nearly nine millions more than France, and this too, despite the fact, that large numbers of her population have emigrated. At this rate of increase it is reckoned that in the year 1900, (fourteen years from now) Germany will possess fifty-three millions and France less than forty millions.

Let the causes continue which now operate in France to prevent the increase of her population, and it will not be long until France will lose her position as a first-class power.

The plain lessons of history are that the nations which are the most fruitful and increase the most rapidly are the nations which make themselves felt and have influence and power in the earth.

The English have been a prolific race; they have been noted for their large families, and this has made England's influence felt all over the earth. England has sent out crowds of emigrants to every quarter of the globe, and as a result, the English-speaking population of the earth outnumbers all the nations of Christendom.

It was this same feature in the Scandinavian nations which made them so formidable in olden times. They filled their own hives and then broke out in swarms which overran many of the countries of Europe.

The shocking practice which has been introduced into the United States and which prevents the birth of children, will assuredly bring down the anger of the Almighty and result in the destruction of the people. Already, where this practice has prevailed, foreigners are crowding in and taking the places of the old families.

One of the promises to Zion is that her children shall be numerous: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch thy cords and strengthen thy stakes;

"For thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left, and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited."

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 316.)

ON this same line of thought Dr. Lionel S. Beale, the most eminent English authority in the special department of histology, says:

"Whatever may be the nature of the supposed force or power which influences the particles of matter during life, it is certain that the matter is somehow directed, controlled, and arranged, while no material forces or properties are known to be capable of making ready for the advent of new power. Such capacities are utterly foreign to ordinary matter of every kind. We must therefore, as it seems to me, conclude that it is *by the transference of power to matter*, rather than by the bodily transference of millions of particles of matter having peculiar properties, and detached from matter having similar properties, that inheritable peculiarities are handed down from parent to offspring. Matter with its forces continually comes and goes, while power only remains unimpaired and preserves its identity. Power has been handed down, *has been transferred from old particles to new particles of matter.*"

Again, concerning the theory of latent power residing in final particles, he says:

"It is said that at the time the center [of a bioplasmic cell] acquires new powers, it retains by inheritance some of those possessed by the bioplasm that preceded it, and transmits those to the new centers which originated in it and are to succeed it. It would appear more in accordance with the facts to conclude that the powers exhibited by the last of a series of masses of bioplasm had been retained in a dormant state, as it were, in relation with the matter of every one of its predecessors, and thus that power-producing power was handed down from one generation of material particles to another, than to assume that the new powers were acquired as the process of evolution of centers took place."

Thus the transmission theory appears rational and is supported by the best authority. So also the storage of transmitted forces or powers in the particles of the final body is a rational theory, since analogical facts are in perfect harmony with it.

Latent force resides in all matter. It may lie dormant for ages but necessity arouses it into action. Heat, light and electricity are thus treasured up in large quantities.

Again, the sensations that we experience by sense perception are transmitted by the nerves to the interrupting ganglia every particle of whose substance must be impressed by the nerve sensation, or how is it possible for the ganglia to despatch the message received by a new nerve conductor, and then if the brain is not impressed by these sensations, how can the mind take cognizance of them; and how is it possible for it to acquire any knowledge excepting what is known intuitively?

Finally, if these sensations and impressions are not transmitted to the new material which supplies the place of the brain substance that is constantly becoming effete, how do we remember anything which has transpired prior to such time only as may be necessary to allow of a complete resubstitution of brain material?

This part of our task is finished. Those of our readers who have attentively perused the foregoing arguments will find in them some rays of light, as we fondly trust, and also experience increased faith in the sublime doctrine of the resurrection.

Before laying down our pen permit the remark, however, that those scientists whose opinions are at all valuable admit that the "Science of Life" is the most subtle, abstruse and mysterious of all sciences, and the least understood—the real problem of *life* baffling all human solution. Those professed Christians, then, who listen to street-corner discussions of the resurrection doctrine, and accept infidel assertion for logic and assumption for fact, ought to be looked after by their mothers.

MINOR OBJECTIONS.

It is sometimes asserted that if the whole human family is to be resurrected, there is not sufficient material in the earth to supply every one of the billions who have lived upon it with a resurrection body.

No objections which infidels can urge against the resurrection verity are more fatal to their cause than those whose truth or falsity can be demonstrated mathematically.

The earth weighs 6,069,000,000,000,000,000 tons, or 12,138,000,000,000,000,000,000 pounds. If we allow an average weight of 75 pounds to every man, woman and child who lives upon it, there is enough substance in the earth to make 161,840,000,000,000,000,000 such bodies. Hence, with a continuous population of 1,500,000,000 and an average length of 30 years to each human life, 500,000,000 bodies are required annually.

But at this prodigious rate of exhaustion the supply of earth material would last for 323,680,000,000,000 years; and the infidel scare is decidedly premature.

In Dr. W. Smith's "Bible Dictionary," Vol. IV., we find a further computation as follows:

"There is more than weight and mass enough of matter in the atmosphere which presses upon the surface of the British Islands or of the New England States and the States of New York and New Jersey (as will be found upon a rigid mathematical computation, allowing the pressure on each square foot to be two thousand pounds, and the average weight of bodies to be seventy-five pounds each) than would be necessary to reconstruct all the bodies of mankind which have existed upon the earth more than 2,000,000 years from this time; and that supposing three generations in a century all the way from Adam onward, and a continuous population of 1,400,000,000."

If death be destroyed, the organizing power of spirit or life substance will also necessitate the resurrection of all the lower orders of animated being; and if all animals and insects, etc., are resurrected, the world will be uncomfortably populous. We certainly think the lower orders of life will be resurrected; but after that event they, for the greater part, will be needed elsewhere.

Go out beneath the heavens on some dark, unclouded night and look at the stars. All those we clearly discern, excepting a few planets like our earth, are suns. Then look at the *Via Lactea* or Milky Way. Those light, cloudy patches that form it are banks of glittering suns. In some portions of this great luminous band the telescope reveals as many suns within the space of a single square degree as the naked eye can detect in the whole heavens. Beyond all this the best of telescopes disclose other fleecy clouds of suns; and the total number in the universe of God must be altogether marvelous and inconceivable.

Multiply this astonishing number by 20, 12, 10 or 8 as the probable number of habitable planets that accompany each of these suns in his life career. Yet this is but the beginning.

Science tells us that by the aid of the telescope she can look through the creation of God; and that the space occupied by worlds and suns bears no more proportion to the whole than the sparks which fly from a chimney do to the vast heavens against which they are projected. What lies beyond? Unorganized matter awaiting the creative touch of the Almighty to spring into being as planets, and suns, and systems.

But their creation without life is useless, and where is it to come from? Doubtless our earth will supply a portion of what is necessary; but if the whole dependence be this little world many another world will wait weary years and centuries after the resurrection of all life which has ever existed here for even a small quota of ants, and wasps, and flies; sponges and monkeys, too, with which to start new human races!

(To be Continued.)

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILL.

CHAPTER XVII.

(Concluded from page 307.)

MICHAEL, in pursuance of his resolution formed during the journey from Berovitchi, anxiously sought the earliest opportunity to hold a conference with the princess.

When the Aunt Veranil had retired to recuperate from the fatigues of travel and Olga was alone in her apartments, the old man slowly entered and besought permission to speak upon a matter most startling. The grave nature of the proposed communication was evidenced by Michael's appearance and manner. He was pale and nervous, and his eyes constantly avoided the glance of his lady.

Dreading some new disaster Olga commanded him to speak quickly. For a reply, he laid the suspicious missive in her hands; and while she scanned its superscription, he remarked:

"Duke Vladimir Pojarsky entrusted this letter to my secret care. My gracious princess doubtless remembers that Sergius Plutenoff is more than suspected of disloyalty; and that association with him and his vicious comrades once before drove the young Lieutenant Pojarsky into exile."

As these words were pronounced, Olga was seized with a fright which seemed like to suffocate her. Her face was blanched with emotion, and she trembled violently.

At length forcing an appearance of composure which she was far from feeling in reality, she asked:

"If this letter was placed in your confidential care, as you claim, how dare you betray your trust? Is the Duke Pojarsky, who is my betrothed husband, amenable to my servants? You presume too much upon the familiarity which I have permitted because of your age and past services."

The princess vainly sought to lend to her words a tone of asperity. The language was severe enough, but the voice with which she uttered the reprimand was not firm.

Michael had expected a more tempestuous rebuke; so he was not disconcerted. He even gathered confidence from his lady's manner, and he gave expression to all his doubts and fears. While he was detailing his suspicions of the loyalty of

the Pojarskys, Olga's mind naturally reverted to the hour when the emperor himself had given her a similar warning and had commanded her to exterminate the affection for Vladimir which was in possession of her bosom; she thought too of her own proud answer to the czar, "Could I but know him to be a foe to you or Russia, I would hate him as much as now I love him."

As she reviewed these words, she came, with her natural impulsiveness, to a bold determination.

"You have done right, Michael," she said, "to give me this letter. I know that Vladimir is too noble to be a traitor to Russia; too brave to be a midnight plotter. I will prove him all that my pride and love can hope him to be, or I will never see his face again. Before I sleep, this letter, unopened by me, shall be in the hands of the mighty Alexander. By its contents I dare to abide. The man who would wed Olga Ivanovitch must not write words to traitors which would condemn him if read by his czar."

Olga was superb as she arose from her couch and followed this fiery declaration by ordering Michael to have her sleigh at the door in five minutes and to be, himself, in readiness to accompany her at the expiration of that time.

In less than an hour, the princess was seeking admission at the Winter Palace. Her high rank and famous beauty commanded the instant attendance of the officers of the household, to whom she imperiously gave her demand for an audience with the emperor, "upon a matter involving possibly his personal safety."

Awed by her impetuous manner into a repression of all astonishment at the unusual character of her request, the gentlemen in waiting ushered her into an ante-room, adjoining one of the several audience chambers of the palace; while they bustled about in an effort to secure the fulfillment of her wish.

Soon word was brought that the emperor had but a few hours before withdrawn to the imperial palace of Peterhof, distant about thirty *versets* and that she must await his return, which might not take place until the following day. To this plan, Olga's impatience would not permit her submission.

A drive of less than two hours would bring her to Peterhof, and thither she determined to proceed with all possible expedition.

Seeing the fixed will of the princess, the chief officer of the household dispatched a swift courier to Peterhof to announce her coming, and he offered her the protecting company of a detachment of the imperial guard.

Olga did not wait to refuse this royal honor, but departed at once, still accompanied by Michael.

On that journey the Princess Ivanovitch had plenty of time to review her project and to consider its possible consequences. At first she was fully sustained by her belief that Vladimir was about to be vindicated—much as appearances seemed against him. But at last the horrible idea was suggested to her: "What if the Pojarskys, maddened by the injustice heaped upon them both, have joined in some dread plot against the empire or its ruler! Must my hand be the one to sign their cruel death warrant?"

The thought almost drove her frantic. But she had gone too far to retreat. For a moment she entertained a plan to destroy the letter; but once more the recollection of her proud words to the czar came to her aid and made her resolution irrevocable.

No supplication was needed to gain her audience at Peterhof. The courier had magnified his message until the whole palace was filled with rumors of bloody conspiracies and Nihilist

attacks. And one of the most famous beauties of the empire, coming with a warning to the czar, was not to be kept in waiting.

When Olga was ushered into the imperial presence, Alexander was surrounded by his numerous retinue. The nobles wore an anxious air, and even the czar's face, for all the iron of his nature, was not quite untroubled.

At a signal from the sovereign the courtiers fell back, and Olga went straight to the feet of the czar before whom she fell on her knees. Alexander, with much kindness in his manner, stretched forth his hand and lifted her to a seat near him. He begged her to compose herself quickly and speak.

Obeying the mandate of the somewhat agitated monarch, Olga proceeded, but chose a tone so low that the emperor was her only auditor.

"Honored Sire, you warned me once against Vladimir Pojarsky as a traitor. I affirmed his courage and fidelity. Now I am here to decide which one of us best knew his heart. This letter was written by him to a suspected Nihilist, but I intercepted it and have brought it unopened to you. Upon its contents I stake my hope of happiness. If he be a traitor, I shall scorn him. But if he be proven loyal, I shall still love him and pray for his freedom and happiness at your gracious hands."

Alexander did not restrain a murmur of admiration at the undaunted courage of this girl, while he glanced frowningly at the letter and tore it open.

While he was scanning the fateful lines, a great revulsion came to Olga. Her patriotism oozed out at her finger tips; and she began to plan for the escape of her lover in case the letter should reveal his guilt.

"Girl, listen to these words of your lover," suddenly said the czar:

"Plutenoff, I solemnly demand your desertion of the plot against the emperor. When you last gave my proscribed father and myself refuge in St. Petersburg, we did not know your wicked plans. Later when I learned them I was about to warn you to desist, but we were called suddenly away. Now hear this, my irrevocable resolution—in which my father joins: If you do not at once send token, through the channel by which you receive this, that you will forthwith leave Russia without attempting to execute your murderous conspiracy; and if you do not use your instant endeavor to dissuade your fellows and carry them with you—we will throw aside all considerations of personal safety and openly make ourselves known to the minister of justice at St. Petersburg, to whom we will reveal everything that we know of your plot. Gratitude for your kindness in befriending two escaped exiles at the risk of your own life, impels us to ignore our sworn duty and to give you this opportunity to escape.

"Do not doubt, Sergius Plutenoff, that we will execute this threat. Though our own lives pay the penalty, yet we will fulfill our promise to the letter."

The princess almost fainted with joy when she heard these words and read in the eyes of the emperor more of kindling admiration at the nobleness of the Pojarskys than anger at Plutenoff and his unknown associates.

The czar said:

"Tell me, Princess, how you came by this letter. Reveal all, and fear nothing; for Alexander knows how to reward as well as punish. But first let me give an order."

The emperor had not lost sight of the plot against his person, and his order was to the minister of police to have Plutenoff seized on the instant.

Olga, without hesitation, told her story, covering all the experiences in exile of Feodor and Vladimir Pojarsky, and ending with the confession that they were now dwelling at her country seat.

When she had concluded the recital, which was filled with the impassioned eloquence born of her love and hope, Alexander smiled upon her and said in a tone of mock severity:

"My little arch-traitor, I find that I gave my warning to the wrong person. You are commanded to escort General Feodor Pojarsky and Colonel Vladimir Pojarsky to the Hermitage at your earliest convenience. I want to admonish them that, since they shall henceforth be among my nearest and most trusted servants, it behooves them to forsake the society of a Russian princess who harbors escaped exiles and carries letters addressed to Nihilist assassins!"

* * * * *

Little more is to be told. The Pojarskys, father and son, were freely pardoned and restored to their own, with much of wealth, honor and trust added from the bounty of the czar.

Oserov and Michael received the reward of their fidelity.

When Count Nestor returned at the czar's command a wedding took place at the palace in the Nevski Prospekt, which was honored for a few moments by the imperial presence. Vladimir found "After Exile" the joy of which he had not dared to dream in the days of his earlier prosperity.

Much to Vladimir's peace of mind, and scarcely less to Olga's, Plutenoff was not found. The commotion created by the visit of the princess to the palace must have reached the conspirator's ears, and he fled the country never more to return.

THE END.

THE CAMPHOR TREE.

ONE of the most useful of the vegetable productions of China is the camphor tree. Europeans have found it growing to the height of fifty feet, but the Chinese assert that it sometimes attains the height of three hundred feet. The process of camphor-making is thus described:

Camphor is obtained from the branches by steeping them, while fresh cut, in water for two or three days, and then boiling them till the gum, in the form of a white jelly, adheres to a stick which is used in constantly stirring the branches. The fluid is then poured into a glazed vessel, where it concretes, or hardens into a solid mass, in a few hours. To purify it the Chinese take a quantity of finely-powdered earth, which they lay at the bottom of a copper basin; over this they place a layer of camphor, and then another layer of earth, and so on until the vessel is nearly filled, the last or topmost layer being of earth. They cover this last layer with the leaves of a plant called *po-ho*, which seems to be a species of *mentha* (mint).

They now invert a second basin over the first, and make it air-tight by luting. The whole is then submitted to the action of a regulated fire for a certain length of time, and then left to cool gradually. On separating the vessels the camphor is found to have sublimed, that is, changed to vapor by the action of the heat, and then become solid again, and to have adhered to the upper basin. Repetitions of the same process complete its refinement. Besides yielding this valuable ingredient, the camphor tree is one of the principal timber trees of China, and is used not only in building but in most articles of furniture. The wood is dry and of a light color, and although light and easy to work, is durable.

BURY ME QUIETLY WHEN I DIE.

WORDS BY E. R. S. S.

MUSIC BY E. S.

Tenderly and with expression. mf*pp**Cres.*

I am aiming to earn a celestial crown—
To merit a heavenly, pure renown;
And, whether in grave or in tomb I'm laid,
Beneath the tall oak, or the cypress shade:
Whether at home with dear friends around,
Or in distant lands, upon stranger ground,
Under wintry clouds, or a summer sky:
Bury me quietly when I die.

What avails the parade and the splendor here,
To a legal heir to a heavenly sphere?
To heirs of salvation what is the worth,
In their perishing state, the frail things of earth?
What is death to the good, but an entrance gate
That is placed on the verge of a rich estate,
Where commissioned escorts are waiting by?
Bury me quietly when I die.

On the "iron rod" I have laid my hold:
If I keep the faith, and like Paul of old
Shall "have fought the good fight," and Christ the Lord
Has a crown in store with a full reward

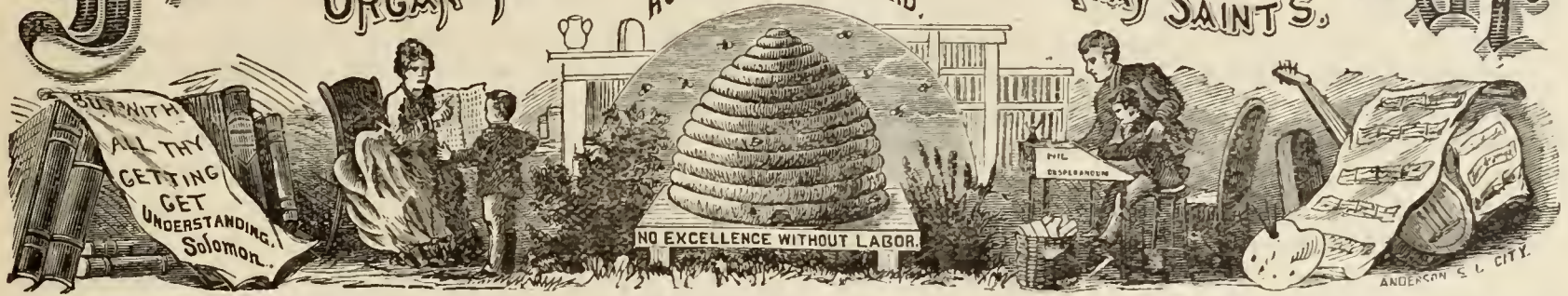
Of the Holy Priesthood in fullness rife,
With the gifts and the powers of an endless life,
And a glorious mansion for me on high:
Bury me quietly when I die.

When the orb of day sinks down in the west,
When its light reclines on the evening's crest;
When the lamp in the socket is low and dim;
When the cup of life is filled up to the brim;
When the golden autumn's brief glass has run,
And gray winter with whit'ning tread moves on;
When the arrow of death from its bow shall fly:
Bury me quietly when I die.

Like a beacon that rises o'er ocean's wave,
There's a light—there's a life beyond the grave;
The future is bright, and it beckons me on
Where the noble and pure and the brave have gone,
Those who battled for truth with their mind and might,
With their garments clean and their armor bright:
They are dwelling with God in a world on high:
Bury me quietly when I die.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



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NO. 22.

MOOR HENS AND NEST.

NO doubt the birds represented in our engraving are familiar to many of the boys who engage in the hunting sport. The species are numerous and found in nearly all parts of the world. Besides the name given at the head of the article, these birds are also known as waterhens and gallinules. They generally inhabit shallow ponds, and prefer those containing a growth of rushes and reeds, among which they build their nests and obtain the most of their food.

The gallinule is about one foot long, and has a short tail. Its general color is deep olive brown on the upper parts blackish gray beneath with the ridges of the wing white. It has a peculiar nodding



motion of the head while swimming, and when walking frequently jerks the tail in a strange manner. The flesh of this bird is well flavored, and in many places is considered a great delicacy.

The moor-hen builds its nest in a very ingenious manner among the stumps and reeds of the pond it inhabits. It selects the rushes that are most firmly rooted and then interweaves these with other green or even dry reeds until a very compact and comparatively strong nest is built sufficiently elevated to prevent the water from reaching the eggs.

When pursued this bird sometimes seeks safety in flight, but more frequently by hiding among the grasses near where it lives.

AN OPEN LETTER.

THERE is a youth in whose welfare I take great interest, who has written to me lately respecting his position and his feelings. He is an apprentice and is learning a trade, and, by an arrangement with his employer, he is permitted each day to attend school for a short time to study certain branches which he wishes to master. For the time thus spent a portion of his wages is deducted.

As I desire to give him some counsel upon the subject of his letter, it has struck me that it might not be improper to send it through the columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and perhaps it might be of interest to others also.

He writes:

"I think the best training I could receive, in regard to keeping myself, I am having now. In the summer I started in with wages at the rate of three dollars per week. I had plenty to get along with then, and I never thought of saving any portion of it to pay my school bill with. Not until school started did I think to save for this purpose; and, after reckoning it up, I discovered that I must save a dollar in cash each week. This I resolved to do, and arranged with my employer to keep back a dollar in cash each week and to let me have the ten dollars for schooling at one time. This left me a dollar in orders and fifteen cents in cash (minus the time I am docked) and I have done a great deal better than I expected. At first it seemed rather hard, for I had some extra expenses to meet; but after saving I was able to pay up and yet keep out of debt. I am very glad that I am in my present position, and would not have it otherwise if I could. A while ago fifteen cents would slip through my fingers, and I would not know where it went to; but now it is quite different. I look at it in this light: if I learn to take care of a little, I will learn to take care of more."

One of the best lessons, in temporal matters, which boys and girls, and men and women can learn, is to know the value of money—that is, to know the labor it costs to earn it, and to know how to spend it so as to bring the best results. Men and women who grow up without this knowledge are to be pitied.

I say, therefore, to my young correspondent, that I agree with you in thinking you are in a good position now to gain experience which will be of value to you. You are learning economy, and such training is worth more to you than big wages would be.

You appear to be pleased that you are able to meet your extra expenses and yet keep out of debt.

This is the right feeling.

Make it a rule of your life to never run in debt. Always keep your wants within the bounds of your means.

There may be many times in your life when you will see something that would be very desirable and useful to you if you owned it, but you cannot purchase it without borrowing or getting credit for the amount.

Resist the temptation to borrow or buy on credit; but go without it until you can pay for it. No one should contract a debt unless he has means to pay it when called upon. The neglect of this rule has brought serious trouble and unhappiness on many a soul.

No matter how small your wages or income may be never spend it all. Save some portion of it. But you may think your wages so small that you need them all, and you may conclude to put off saving until you can earn more.

This would be a mistake. You will find your wants increase as your wages increase. Let the habit of economizing be formed to begin with.

Make it an inflexible rule, that you will not spend all you earn; and if you are firm and determined in this, you will find it an easy matter.

In adopting this rule you need not be stingy or selfish. If you are careful with your means you will always be able to pay your tithing, and to respond to calls for help which are frequently made, and if called to go on a mission you will have something with which to help yourself. To a person of the right spirit, it is very humiliating not to be able to do these things.

Our Redeemer, in speaking upon earthly substance, said:

"If therefore ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches?"

Yet no one should set his heart upon wealth, or make that the object of his life. He should hold all that he has subject to the dictation of the Lord for the doing of His will upon the earth.

The Lord says:

"And if ye seek the riches which it is the will of the Father to give unto you, ye shall be the richest of all people, for ye shall have the riches of eternity; and it must needs be that the riches of the earth are mine to give; but beware of pride, lest ye become as the Nephites of old."

I heard the Prophet Joseph say that he knew where there was any quantity of gold, and the Latter-day Saints would have all they could desire whenever the time should come that they would not covet it, but use it as the Lord should direct.

Some young men, in their desire to make a good appearance, spend much of their earnings in dress. This would not be a wise course for you to take. Be cleanly and neat in your person and dress; but suppose your clothes are plain or somewhat worn, who will think any worse of you for that?

Sensible people will form their estimate of you from your moral qualities and your conduct as a Latter-day Saint, and not from the clothes you wear. If you live so as to have the Spirit of the Lord and His blessing upon you, then you will have true friends, though in your desire to live within your means, your dress may be a little shabby.

To show you how little impression dress makes upon people, let me ask you if you can remember the kind of clothes any friend of yours wore last year or the year before?

Do you think about that? Certainly not. You remember his good qualities, but you do not think about the kind of coat, or boots or neck-tie he wore.

You will find it a greater satisfaction to have a little means saved that you can control and have increase in your hands, than to spend all your earnings in dress or in any gratification of personal vanity. I have known young men who had a great desire to have a character for generosity, and they were called generous, good fellows; but too frequently their generosity was at other people's expense. They were careless as to where the money came from if they could only get it, and this they would do by borrowing. Such a course always results in unhappiness, and I hope you will avoid it.

I hope you will remember what I say, for I know, if you carry out this counsel, it will be profitable to you.

THE EDITOR.

ALL men that have rambled after happiness have failed; neither learning, nor fame, nor wealth, nor pleasure, taken separately or jointly, could ever give it, without acting up to the high and dignity of human nature, and getting a right set of principles for thought and practice; amongst which may be reckoned the love of justice, temperance, fortitude and benevolence.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 334.)

THREE different infidel theories of the resurrection of Jesus are affirmed, and severally maintained by authors of considerable repute. It would be more consistent with truth, however, to style these "theories" simply objections to His resurrection in any sense.

Their substance is embodied in the following propositions:

1.—Jesus was not really dead when taken from the cross and entombed; His subsequent recovery from the "swoon" into which He had fallen was adroitly seized upon as the foundation for His alleged resurrection.

2.—His post-resurrectional appearances to His disciples were wholly spiritual or apparitional.

3.—The matter may be explained by supposing a case of mistaken identity.

These three objections constitute the main strength of the infidel position. In considering them no attempt will be made to enter into an exhaustive investigation of their merits. The purpose is simply to give some reason for the faith which we profess in Christ's literal bodily resurrection; and to show how irrational and absurd are the infidel allegations and assumptions which negative the doctrine. The accomplishment of this task requires the production of the scriptural evidences of Christ's death and resurrection; and also an examination of the foundation of the infidel objections. The objections will be considered first. At the outset we are confronted with the question of the death of Jesus, which infidelity denies.

What, then, are the rational evidences in proof of Christ's death?

If Jesus died not as scripture represents, then, with the assistance of a few uninfluential fisherman, he has succeeded in foisting upon the whole of Christendom the most glaring and impious imposture that was ever conceived or perpetrated on earth. But to effect this there must have been collusion or connivance at the fraud, also, on the part of many if not all of the parties who were in any manner directly connected with the transaction. Not only, then, were Jesus and the disciples guilty, but the angel who announced Christ's resurrection to his sorrowing friends must have falsified facts knowingly by converting the simple occurrence of a recovery from a swoon, or something of the like nature, into a veritable revivification of a dead body.

The Holy Spirit, too, which inspired the apostles with courage to brave every danger, and with power to preach Jesus and Him crucified and risen again, was an active participator in the fraud. Then, the Almighty and all the other heavenly personages who in any manner assisted in establishing or in maintaining Christ's character as an exalted example of truth, purity and holiness, aided in the consummation of the sinful plot.

Were these facts true, and they must be if Jesus died not, they would argue illy for the alleged intelligence, sagacity and morality of mankind in general, and for the supposed high character of celestial beings in particular.

Still further, we think it would be difficult to rescue the name of Pilate and of the Roman soldiery, together with the Pharisees, from a more loathsome infamy than now attaches

to them if it could be made manifest that they allowed the terrible drama which they inaugurated with such fiendish malignity to terminate in a *finale* more despicable than the beginning was atrocious.

But the death of Jesus is a stern, undeniable fact. The Pharisees, whom He so often reproved, and whose evil deeds He so faithfully exposed, became His unrelenting enemies. They planned with unremitting zeal, and labored with ceaseless assiduity, to destroy Him. They dragged Him before the governor on false charges. They suborned witnesses, who testified falsely against Him. They forced an unwilling judge, by their clamorous importunity, to issue an infamous decree of death. The deed was executed while their hate and infernal malignity were at the highest pitch, and, under all of these circumstances, to assume that they were inattentive to the full satisfaction of the death warrant is absurd.

The execution, too, was performed in the most public manner, and in the place usually selected for inflicting the extreme penalty of the law upon common malefactors. Nothing was done in a corner, and if the Pharisees and soldiery were duped as to the reality of Christ's death, the fact is far more astonishing than that the disciples could be deceived as to the genuineness of His resurrection; since the death scene was enacted under the Pharisees' direct personal notice. They also had every facility for assuring themselves that Jesus was dead. His person was in their possession until they chose to surrender it only upon the strongest evidence of death.

The crucifixion was wholly supervised by the Savior's enemies, who constituted a blood-thirsty horde of fanatical zealots. The lynch law of the present is just as apt to fail of accomplishing its purpose, allowing no official interference, as the Pharisaical mob was likely to stop short of the death of its hated victim, for whose blood it clamored, and for the shedding of which it was organized. But, further, mobocratic law is now generally dealt out hastily, often with great precipitation, in order that its executors may better secure their own safety; hence, the intended victim has some chance of escaping death, and often does. In the case of Jesus, however, these conditions were exactly reversed. The mob had the sanction and support of the government; and there was leisure to attend to the bloody deed. In the whole narrative of Christ's death there is not a single indication of botched work on account of haste or fear.

The Roman power supplied every means which the vengeful Pharisees desired or demanded. Her soldiers accompanied the Savior to the scene of His death, and "sitting down they watched Him there" in His agony; thus encouraging foes and intimidating friends.

(To be Continued.)

PLEASURE OF IMPARTING HAPPINESS.—It is this desire of the happiness of those whom we love which gives to the emotion of love itself its principal delight, by affording to us constant means of gratification. He who truly wishes the happiness of any one, cannot be long without discovering some mode of contributing to it. Reason itself, with all its light, is not so rapid in discoveries of this sort as simple affection, which sees means of happiness, and of important happiness, where reason scarcely could think that any happiness was to be found, and has already by many kind offices, produced the happiness of hours before reason could have suspected that means so slight could have given even a moment's pleasure.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

QUARRELING.

THE practice of contending with each other in a disagreeable manner has become a habit with many people.

They even seem to take a delight in so doing. But it is a very unpleasant habit to fall into. A quarrelsome person cannot enjoy a great amount of happiness. Much of our pleasure we get by associating with each other, and if those associations are not agreeable there is not so much enjoyment to be gained from them.

It is most useless to engage in quarreling. No good comes from such conduct. Those who quarrel generally lose their temper, and they always feel the worse for it. Most quarrels too, are brought about by very simple and trifling matters, showing that people are very foolish to get angry and contend with one another about such things.

When one is asked the reason for quarreling with another he will very often make the reply that it was the other one's fault, or that the other one began the quarrel. But the fault is with both parties, for unless both are so disposed no quarrel would occur. It always takes at least two persons to cause a quarrel. Because some one else began is no good reason why we should engage in a quarrel. If we take part in a quarrel we are just as bad as the one who commenced it.

When you are tempted to quarrel with anyone just take a little time to think how foolish it is to do so, and what evil results it may lead to. X.

THE TALKING FACE.

"I DIDN'T say a single word," said Annie Barton to her mother, who was reproving her for her unamiable temper.

"I know you didn't, Annie; but your face talked."

What volumes our faces say. Some speak of love and kindness, some of anger and hatred, others of pride and rebellion, and others still of selfishness.

We can't help our faces talking, but we can make them say pleasant things and all should try to have them do so.

ORDER RULE.

ORDER is something so refined,
So beautiful and good,
By every one, both old and young,
It should be understood.

So happy its results, so great
The lessons which it teaches,
It saves time, temper, strength and thought,
And often hasty speeches.

We little folks, when we go home,
From meeting, school or play,
Must always put hats, mittens, coats
And over-shoes away.

Our papers, pencils, books and slates,
Must not be lying loose,
But always neatly kept in place
When they are not in use.

If for our own we have no drawer,
No shelf, or box, or sack,
We'll ask our parents kind and dear,
To get us what we lack.

Then have "a place for everything,
And everything kept in it,"
So anything we want to use,
We'll find in half a minute.

If while we're young attention to
This order rule is given,
'Twill help us all our lives on earth,
And afterwards in heaven.

LULA.

RULES FOR EMERGENCIES.

PROF. WILDER, of Cornell University, gives these short directions, which may be found useful in sudden emergencies:

For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing; dash cold water in them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil.

Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear.

If an artery is cut, compress it above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress it below.

If choked, go on all fours and cough.

For slight burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish.

For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 20.

1. Who were the first Apostles cut off from the Church for their transgression? A. Wm. E. McLellin, Luke Johnson, John F. Boynton and Lyman E. Johnson.

2. When were they excommunicated? A. April, 1838.

3. When were the corner stones for the Lord's House in Far West laid? A. On the 4th of July, 1838.

4. Owing to the unpleasantness occasioned by so much apostasy in Kirtland, what did many of the Saints residing there conclude to do? A. To gather up to Zion.

5. When did the first company leave Kirtland, and what did it number? A. July 6th, 1838, and numbered five hundred and fifteen Saints.

9. When was the revelation on tithing given? A. On the 8th of July, 1838.

7. In answer to Joseph's inquiry, what important command did he receive from the Lord on the same day? A. That a Conference should be held immediately, the Twelve organized, and men whom He named be appointed in place of those who had fallen; also that the Twelve prepare to go upon missions the next Spring.

8. Name the men who were thus called by revelation to the Apostleship? A. John Taylor, John E. Page, Wilford Woodruff, and Willard Richards.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. AFTER the trouble at Gallatin, Daviess Co., what report reached the brethren at Far West? 2. On hearing this report, who hastened to Gallatin to see what could be done to prevent the brethren from such harsh treatment? 3. In what condition did they find them? 4. Upon whom did Joseph and the brethren call the next day? 5. What fraud and acts of lawlessness was this man guilty of? 6. Had others of the mod been guilty of similar conduct? 7. After Joseph and the brethren had accused him of his base conduct what did he do to satisfy them of his future conduct?

THE following named persons have answered the questions in No. 20: Henry H. Blood, W. J. C. Mortimer, Samuel Stark, Leone Rogers, Heber Scowcroft.

A SENSIBLE DOG.

HERE is an anecdote with a sharp moral, that comes to us all the way from Australia:

"Sixty years ago, when I was a teacher in Kilmalcum parish," says John Fraser, "I was using whisky bitters for my stomach's sake. One day I dipped a piece of cake in it, and gave it to the dog. He grudgingly ate it, curling up his lip to avoid the taste. Ere long he became tipsy—he howled most piteously, and unnaturally looked up in my face as if for help. He began to stagger and fall like a drunken man. The appearance of his face and eyes was extraordinary. He lay on the floor and howled until the effects of the drink wore off. This was supreme folly—it was wicked. The dog never forgot the trick. Whenever afterward I went to the press for the bottle, he hastened to the outside of the house. One day, the door being shut, he sprang at one bolt through a pane of glass to get outside. So much for the wisdom of the dog—ininitely surpassing foolish drinking men."

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY are bakers very self-denying people? Because they sell what they knead themselves.

WHAT tree is of the greatest importance in history? The date.

WHAT tune makes everybody glad? Fortune.

WHEN is the French nation like a baby? When it is in arms.

WHAT is the difference between a belle and a burglar? The Belle carries false locks, and the burglar false keys.

WHY is your shadow like a false friend? It follows you only in sunshine.

WHAT is the difference between the cook, and the young man who calls to see her? The one cooks the meat, and the other meets the cook.

THE Color Puzzle published in No. 20 is solved by filling the blanks with the following names of colors: Brown, White, Blue, Red, Black, Green. Solutions have been received from William Brewer, Hennefer; C. L. Berry, D. H. Cannon, Lizzie McGee, Salt Lake City.

LEAVING HOME.

BY W. J.

A RAMBLING disposition may do very well for certain classes of persons whose vocations require them to travel the most of their time, but it must be a source of dissatisfaction to those who possess it to any great extent, if their labors confine them to home or to one locality. The old adage says: "A rolling stone gathers no moss." True, if the object be to gather moss, the stone must be still to allow the moss to adhere to it and grow on it, and this implies inaction or dormancy on the part of the stone. Some would argue against this; others would urge the benefits of travel; but it is not designed in this article to enter into a severe criticism of the oft-quoted and well-meant adage, but merely to apply it to a roving, unsettled disposition existing in the human family.

This wandering disposition is found to some extent among the sons of the elders of Israel, and in some instances they obtained it honestly, no doubt. They are not responsible for its existence in them. But there are others who do not inherit it. They seem to be satisfied with home, and all its associations and surroundings and labors, till some roving blade comes around and represents in glowing and sometimes fictitious colors, the wonders of other peoples, places and circumstances. Then dissatisfaction is born, its growth is rapid, and unless checked by reason, it soon attains such enormous proportions that, in the light of it, home and its endearments and surroundings are as nothing compared with what exists elsewhere. When the young man has reached this point, he is *almost* in the condition of the man referred to by Josh Billings, when he says: "When a man has reached that point that he thinks nobody can teach him anything new, he is a fool without remedy"—he is not easily persuaded; he thinks he knows best; but the "remedy" is frequently found when he leaves home and experiences the discomforts, the deprivations, the hardships and the general rough-and-tumble of this working, money-hunting, selfish and wicked world. *Then* perhaps, he will return to home and appreciate it.

In connection with other inducements to leave home, these are held out: "good society, seeing the world, and *learning* something," but another influential one is: "big wages!—you can make lots of money if you go to such a place!" In some instances the particular places recommended are mining camps. And what are the wondrous advantages of a mining camp? Is "good society" one? There *may* be some good society even in a mining camp, but the history of mining camps does not point them out as the proper places for modest, virtuous youths to go in search of good society.

Is seeing the world one of the advantages of a mining camp? A small portion of the world can be seen, of course, when one views a mining camp, but this is not what is generally understood as "seeing the world."

Are the "big wages" an advantage? Higher wages might be paid by some mine-owners than are paid by the proprietors of some other industries; and they *should* pay more; for miners expose themselves to a disease-producing agent—they become leaded. They may work a month and be sick a month; and what physical or financial advantage is that to them? They may work one-third or one-half the year, and have nothing to do during the other half or two-thirds; and, in consequence, be poorer than the low-waged men who stay at home.

"But they learn something!" Yes, they do. They often learn to be chewers, smokers, drunkards, gamblers, blasphemers

and whoremongers; and, in some instances, this list of crimes might be extended. They disregard mother's advice and father's counsel. They treat with indifference the pleadings of brothers, sisters and friends. They become infidel to the faith of their fathers, and then they become atheists. They often dwindle into reckless, moneyless, homeless wanderers upon the face of the earth, and their lives are often cut short by disease, accident, or the fatal bullet, and strange hands put them under the sod, unhonored, and sometimes unknown. Of course we do not mean that all men who devote their time to mining are bad, for among these are, as among all other classes of workmen, many noble and good men.

And this is not the only avocation which subjects young men to temptation and many of the evils of this world. There are many more. Therefore, boys, let your rule be, to stay at home—to live in the influence of father and mother, brothers, sisters and friends; to be industrious at the anvil, or the bench, or on the farm; and to be satisfied with what may be termed moderate or even small wages, so long as you are preserved from the follies, the vices, and the terrible corruptions which disgrace and condemn so many of our race.

This is merely a brief allusion to such an important subject, but space precludes more, excepting the introduction of the following, which is not inappropriate:

"Come, boys, I have something to tell you;
Come near, I would whisper it low—
You are thinking of leaving the homestead:
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions!
But think of the vices and sins;
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins!
You talk of the mines of Australia,
They're wealthy in gold, without doubt,
But, ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,
If you'll only shovel it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high, and then low,
Better risk the old farm awhile longer—
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The great stirring world has inducements,
There is many a busy mart,
But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start.
The bankers and brothers are wealthy,
They take in their thousands or so;
Ah! think of the frauds and deceptions,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The farm is the safest and surest,
The orchards are loaded to-day,
You're free as the air of the mountains,
And monarchs of all you survey;
Better stay on the farm awhile longer,
Though profits should come rather slow;
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go."

Whosoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can; will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know till the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 329.)

ON the 11th of March we started the saw. It was a curiosity to the natives. They had never seen the like before and, for aught I know, this was the first saw-mill erected in California. The very Indian who told Brown he lied when told we were making something that would saw of itself laid on his stomach for two hours watching the saw run and at last got up and said it was good, and forthwith wanted to learn to be a sawyer.

The next day (Sunday) we ran the saw all day. The tail race was found to be not quite deep enough, and had to be dug deeper to give plenty of fall. On the following Sunday we hunted gold and found several ounces, I finding nearly two ounces myself that week.

I had charge of some Indians, teaching them how to use an ax in chopping down trees for saw logs. They seemed anxious to learn how to chop, but were very awkward. Frequently they would cut an awful gash into a leg or foot. I often felt sorry for them, for they would look at me as though they believed I could help them or ease their pains, or in some way or other prevent such accidents.

On the 7th of April, Stevens, Brown and myself saddled our horses and set out to go below to have a settlement with Sutter, as the time was now drawing near when we would want to leave for the valleys of the mountains. We also wanted to meet with our brethren at the mill below, so as to be posted concerning the arrangements to be made for the journey up to Salt Lake. We got a late start and traveled only a few miles and camped in the mountains.

The next day we arrived at the mill below, where the boys were at work. Here we learned that Willis and Hudson had gone up the river with some of the boys to examine closely the spot where they had found the few particles of gold at the time they were returning from the saw-mill on the 2nd of March.

The next day, April 9th, all the brethren present met together to talk over matters and to make preparations for going home. It was decided that all be ready to leave for Salt Lake by the first day of June, except eight persons who were expecting to leave the next Saturday with the express for the valley. It was also decided that we send out a few pioneers before that time to hunt a new route across the mountains and not go the Truckee route, but a much nearer way if a pass could be found, and thus save the crossing of the Truckee twenty-seven times, which, at that season of the year, would be high, and very rough and deep.

Brother Hawks, who was present and had been to San Francisco, stated that while there he heard read an epistle sent to the Saints in California. The counsel from the authorities at Salt Lake was for the boys to get horses, mules, cattle and seeds of all kinds and come to Salt Lake as soon as they could.

On Tuesday the 11th, Stevens, Brown and I set out after dinner to return to the saw-mill, with the view to turn our attention to mining, as Marshall had promised if we would return he would furnish us as well as he could with provisions and tools, and even a few Indians to help us if we wished, provided we would share with him part of what we found. That night we camped in the foot-hills and baked our bread on thin, flat rocks.

Next morning, while our horses were filling up on the young grass we prospected for gold in a creek near by. We soon found it and spent about two-thirds of the day gathering it up, having nothing but two small tin basins, from which we drank our coffee, and our jack-knives to work with. Between us we found about ten dollars' worth. We then mounted our steeds and set out to find Willis, Hudson and party, whom we knew were not far off mining. We struck in towards the river and following up its bank we soon found them. The company consisted of six or seven men. They had taken out that day about two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of the precious metal.

For cleaning the gold the boys used Indian baskets, as tin pans were not to be had, and they considered the baskets were about as good for the purpose. We camped that night with the boys and the next day arrived at our shanty near the saw-mill.

On the 14th we commenced "washing out the platter," as the Spaniards called it, and got on an average about half an ounce each per day. We had to carry the auriferous sand and dirt five or six hundred yards to the river to wash, as it was found in a dry gulch.

Our gold was mainly found in little ravines among some flats a mile or more below the saw-mill, on the north side of the river.

We continued our mining until the second week in June. Our pioneers did not go out as soon as expected, owing to the snows not having melted in the mountains.

On the 23rd of April our little camp was visited for the first time by some prospectors. One expressed himself as being among the unfortunates who had found nothing. By the 10th of May so many people had come in that the bank of the river and many of the little gulches and ravines were lined with mining camps. The miners paid no attention to Sutter's and Marshall's claim to ten square miles of the land, but dug for gold wherever they pleased. The word had got out that gold was found at the saw-mill, and Sam Brannan had published in his paper, the *California Star*, that gold was found in rich abundance by the "Mormon" boys on the south fork of the American River, and soon all California, and I might say all the world, was on the move for the gold of this world. All kinds of merchandise went up to high prices. An Indian basket was worth an ounce of gold dust, and a spade or shovel would bring the same price.

As I have alluded to high prices it may be interesting to give the cost of a few articles during these times: One pair of white shirts, \$40; one hickory shirt, \$5; one hat, \$10; one pair of shoes, \$14; one pair of socks, \$3; one fine-toothed comb, \$6; one tin pan, \$9; one pound of butter, \$2; one pound of onions, \$1.50; one barrel of mess pork, \$210; two hundred pounds of flour, \$150; one pair of blankets, \$24. The foregoing are taken from books said to be kept at Sutter's Fort. Labor was worth \$16 a day. The rush for gold was so great and the cost of labor so high Sutter and Marshall were obliged to shut down their mills; and the very men who jumped their claims tore down the mills, appropriated the timbers to line shafts and tunnels with and destroyed their dam. And for all the injury done them they never received compensation to the value of one cent. So I was informed by Marshall himself.

(To be Continued.)

A MAN should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE history of Lot illustrates a great many principles that we have tried to impress upon the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

As you all know, Lot was Abraham's brother's son, and was brought up by Terah, Abraham's father and by Abraham. When Abraham left his native land he took Lot with him. They dwelt together in Canaan, and they both became rich. Abraham, it is said was very rich in cattle, and silver, and gold. Lot also had flocks, and herds, and tents. Their substance was so great that their herdsmen quarreled, and it appeared difficult for them to live together. Abraham did not wish to have strife neither between himself and Lot, nor between their herdsmen, so he proposed a separation, which is always better than to have quarreling and strife. He proposed to Lot that if he would take his choice of the land in any direction, he, Abraham, would go in the other direction. He said to him "If thou wilt take the left-hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right-hand, then I will go to the left."

Lot accepted the proposition, and he took his choice. He chose the plain of the Jordan, where the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were situated. It was so rich and well watered that it was compared to the garden of the Lord. Of course, when Lot had made his choice, Abraham was left to take such a part of the land as suited him.

If the transaction is recorded correctly, Lot did not show that respect and deference to his uncle, which, considering all the circumstances, he should have done. The history makes it appear that he was selfish. Instead of saying to Abraham: "No, I will not take my choice; you are older than I; if we must separate, I desire you to take the first choice;" he selected the part of the country which he thought was the richest and best and took up his abode there.

But Abraham was comforted by the Lord. After Lot had gone, the Lord told Abraham to light up his eyes and look in every direction, "for all the land which thou seest to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever." He also told him that He would make his posterity so numerous that it would be like the dust of the earth, which could not be counted.

If Abraham was grieved at Lot's selfishness these promises must have given him great comfort.

But selfishness always defeats itself. A selfish person is frequently blind to his own interest, and in his eagerness to gain his own end, is apt to do the very thing which is worst for him. A liberal, unselfish person has great enjoyment in his feelings and is always favored.

If Lot thought he was making a good choice when he went down towards Sodom and Gomorrah, he made a great mistake. It was a bad place for his family to live; for the people of those cities were great sinners and exceedingly wicked.

After Lot went there some neighboring kings made war on Sodom and Gomorrah; and, among others, they captured Lot and carried him and his property away. Abraham heard of

this, and mustered his forces and whipped those kings in battle, and freed Lot, and his women and property, and carried them back to their home.

But this was not the worst that Lot had to contend with.

The Lord was determined to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah, and two angels were sent for this purpose. They told Lot of their mission, and said he must tell all his family to get out of the city, for it was about to be destroyed.

It seems that Lot's daughters had married in Sodom and his sons also had perhaps taken wives there. When Lot told his sons-in-law that disaster and destruction were about to come upon the city he seemed to them as one that mocked; they paid no attention to him; not a son or a son-in-law, or any of his married children paid any attention to his words. They had no faith in him nor in his religion; they believed that which the people of Sodom believed and had become part of them.

This was a bad position for Lot to be in. It would have been better for him to have lived in a poorer country, even if he had not been so rich. He was in the position of many, who call themselves Latter-day Saints, who have gone among the Gentiles to live and whose sons and daughters have married Gentiles. He had brought up his children to manhood and to womanhood; but now he was about to lose them, for they would not listen to him, and he actually did lose them and all his property, and barely escaped with his own life and two unmarried daughters.

He was very reluctant to leave them, and the angels had to take him and his wife and two daughters by the hands and almost drag them out of the city. They told them that they must not look behind them. His wife, poor woman, probably thinking of her children she had left, looked behind, and she was destroyed—she became a pillar of salt—and Lot and his two daughters were the only ones of the family who escaped.

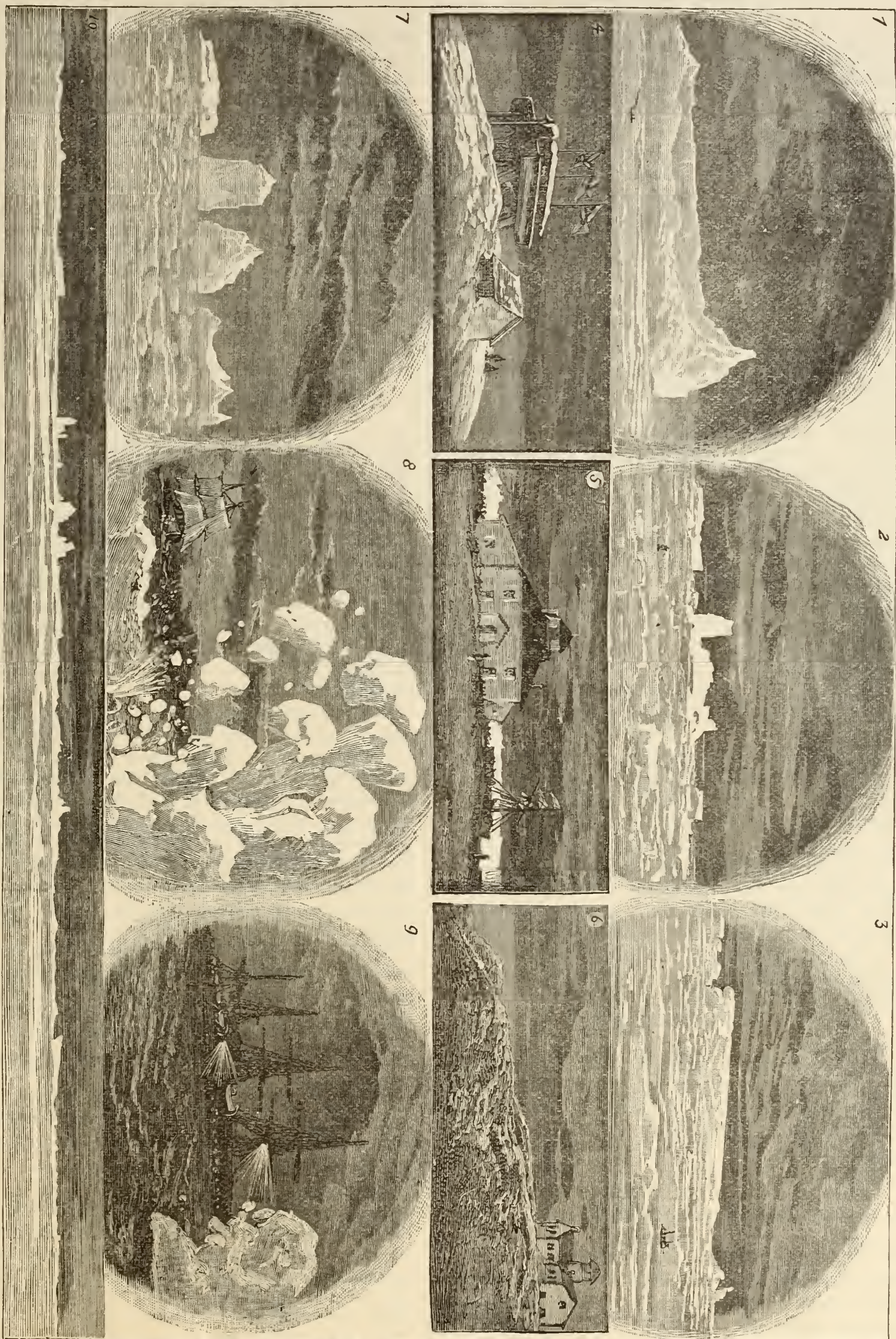
From his experience we learn that selfishness does not pay. It led him into a snare. We learn also the dreadful consequences of living among a wicked people and of marrying among those who are outside of the covenant.

WE desire to call the attention of our readers to the "Recollections of the past," written by Elder H. W. Bigler (whose Sandwich Island name is Henele Pikale) which are now being published in our columns. He was one of the men who worked at Sutter's mill-race, where gold was first discovered in California. His account of its discovery is most interesting, and will, no doubt, be read with great interest by all.

The discovery of the gold in that mill-race was apparently a trivial thing, but what a wonderful revolution that discovery has effected! It shows very plainly what great results can be wrought out, in the providence of God, by apparently small means.

California was then a new and wild country; but the news that gold had been found and could be had for digging, startled the world, and a flood of emigration set in for the Pacific coast, which laid the foundation of a grand empire.

We, who dwelt in these valleys were greatly benefited by the passing of the emigration across the plains and through Salt Lake Valley. The hand of the Lord was in this movement. Supplies were brought to our doors as though they had rained down from heaven, and the numerous wants of the people were abundantly supplied, and in a way that was not dreamed of.



ICE FLOES IN THE ATLANTIC. (See page 346.)

ICE IN THE ATLANTIC.

IN every Summer season, vast sections of the Arctic ice fields break loose from their frigid moorings and course their way southward into the Atlantic. Occasionally, when a favorable year comes for this migration, the drift is so great across the track of steamships flying between the northern ports of this land and Europe, that travel is seriously impeded. In the north-western region of the Atlantic the bergs and fields are most numerous; and here the flotilla sometimes encompasses a ship and holds her fast for several days. Some of the bergs are said to be of fresh water ice, probably of thousands of years' formation; their age being computable by the number of stripes or belts of different colors, blue, green, and brown. Others present the appearance of dazzling white chalk-cliffs. All are of most fantastic shape; and present a weird and beautiful spectacle as they float majestically through the blue-green water. In 1882, many of the passenger steamships encountered a vast berg which bore such a marvelous resemblance to an elephant, with uplifted trunk, that it was unanimously christened the "Jumbo Iceberg." It passed directly south across the track of the principal steamship lines, gradually fading away as it encountered the warm sun-lit waves of the Middle Atlantic, until at last it vanished from sight and mingled with its mother water.

The interesting series of illustrations upon the preceding page portrays various features of the drifting pack, as observed off the coast of Newfoundland.

Engraving No. 1 shows a single berg, hundreds of feet high and one mile and three quarters long, pursuing its way with such resistless force that woe betide any ill-fated vessel which may be in its road.

No. 2 represents a berg, four hundred and fifty feet in height, leading the van of an immense flotilla, in which is entangled a whaler.

No. 3 gives another view of one single mountain of ice, more than two miles in length and higher than many of the forest-crowned hills of New Brunswick. A steamship is lying by, to allow the monster to take its own course. No captain desires to contest the right of way with one of these giants.

No. 4 represents the block house on Signal Hill, six hundred and eighty feet above the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, which looks out upon the ocean and from which vessels can be observed and signals given or answered.

No. 5 shows a lighthouse on the coast at Cape Spear, and the remains of an unfortunate vessel stranded there after a fatal collision with the ice floes just off the coast.

No. 6 is a picture of the staunch old South Head Lighthouse at St. John's.

No. 7 portrays several mammoth bergs sailing in company, and viewed with a telescope from a point of observation on the coast fifty miles distant. The highest of these moving peaks is not less than five hundred or six hundred feet tall, and measures almost three times as much in circumference.

No. 8 illustrates the dissolution of one of these monarch bergs. As the huge masses float southward, the water constantly trickles down them forming little rifts and channels and honey combing them through and through. Sometimes they dissolve insensibly into the warm sea; at other times they founder with a crash and a tumult grand and beyond description terrifying to the mariner who may be within reach of the sound or the watery commotion.

No. 9 conveys a vivid idea of a collision—one of the huge passenger steamships running full upon a berg. Fortunately

the prow of the vessel is well armored for just such encounters; the berg is not of the largest and it has been much weakened by basking for weeks in the enervating sunshine; so, this time, the steamer is victorious. But not always is the triumph to the ship in these encounters. Many and many a sad tale is told of noble vessels which have been crushed and sunk, with all on board, by the moving ice mountains.

No. 10 gives a panoramic representation of one stupendous drift which floated past Cape Spear on its way to the Middle Atlantic. This field was more than thirty miles in length and was out at sea some fifty miles. Viewed through the telescope, it presented the appearance of a varied landscape—peak and valley, rolling hills and ravines; while it glistened with prismatic tints. To get a proper idea of the magnitude of this floe, the reader must remember that only one eighth of an iceberg's volume shows above the water line.

NEWAYGO.

A NOBLE TRIUMPH.

MINNIE was not the real name of my little heroine, but it is what I have chosen to call her. And as most people have two names, if we borrow one, we may as well borrow another; so we will call her Minnie King, though her name was not King either. But all the rest I tell you about her is real and true.

Minnie was not beautiful in appearance, as many children are. But she was blessed with a cheerful spirit and a warm, loving heart, which were shown in her words and actions, and even in her countenance, and these caused her friends to forget all about her plain looks, and to think her one of the best little girls in the world.

Being the youngest daughter in a large family of boys and girls, Minnie was much petted but not spoiled. There are such differences in the dispositions of children that some are easily spoiled by a little petting, and will become cross and disagreeable if not allowed to have their own way in everything, while others seem to live on love, and grow better, and brighter the more they receive of it. Minnie was one of the latter kind. The more love and even indulgence shown her by her parents, brothers and sisters, and all who knew her, the more generous, grateful and happy she became, until her life seemed to be made up of joy and pleasure.

Her parents were faithful Latter-day Saints, and Minnie was taught by them to be truthful and honest, to remember her prayers, keep the Sabbath day holy, and be kind and obliging to all. So early and carefully was she trained in the principles of the gospel, that it seemed natural for her to observe them. She had no desire but to follow the teachings and examples of her beloved father and mother.

In all her childish imaginations, and ambitious thoughts about sometime becoming great, (I wonder if all little girls have such thoughts at times,) her mind would follow no course, that did not lead to something which might enable her to perform a good and great work in the Kingdom of God. Sometimes she would almost wish she had been born a boy, then she should grow to be a man and might go and preach the gospel as her father had done. But she loved babies and little children too well to be anything but happy in the thought that her mission in life would likely be largely filled up with taking care of them.

One lovely afternoon in Autumn, Minnie was gratified by being sent with a delicate meal to her mother, who was

now recovering from a severe illness, and was just able to sit up a little while at a time, but could not yet leave her room. Minnie placed the supper upon a small table and then drew an easy chair close up to it, and helped her mother move from the bed to the chair.

When Mrs. King was seated comfortably, her little daughter sat down on the carpet at her feet. How good it seemed to sit there and watch her pale, patient mother, and think how much better she was than she had been a few days before. But Minnie was so tired from the work she had done during the day, that, although she felt very grateful and happy, she also felt like crying, she did not know why.

After a little time, her mother asked her something about one of her elder sisters, who was then feeling hurt and tried over some affair, such as young ladies often become entangled in.

Minnie's reply with regard to her sister's course was very favorable and pleasing to the mother, who presently responded.

"She is a noble girl!"

It would be hard to explain how great the word "noble," sounded to Minnie in that little sentence. It seemed to her to express nearly or quite all that would be necessary to make up a perfect character. And for the time, it seemed that her sister was all that the word conveyed to her childish understanding. She measured herself by the perfect character thus formed in her mind, and remembering her little follies and weaknesses, the comparison was very disheartening to her. After a few moments' pause, she said.

"I shall never be anything noble."

"Why not?" her mother asked.

"Because," Minnie replied. "There is nothing about me to make me very—anything!"

"What does it require to make a person noble?" Mrs. King questioned; and Minnie answered simply, "I don't know."

"Virtue and truth form true nobility," was the mother's quiet explanation.

The words sank deep into Minnie's heart, and were never forgotten. They made her feel more hopeful for herself; but she still held the opinion that to be noble was a very great and grand thing; something she longed to become; something she wanted her mother to discover in her as she had done in her sister. These were thoughts and feelings which came to her for months and even years afterwards.

She was not a child that sought or expected praise. Still, the appreciation of her friends was very dear to her, especially that of her own parents, and brothers and sisters. To know that her father and mother were well pleased with her, was of greater worth than to gain the acknowledged approval and admiration of all her other friends. That they were sparing in offering compliments, was doubtless one reason why their youngest daughter so highly valued their expressed regards, as she was sure of its sincerity and genuineness. For the same reason, most likely, she waited and wished in vain, to hear her mother say of her as she had said of her sister that she was "noble."

Thinking and longing for it, did her a great deal of good, however, for it became a settled determination in her mind, that she *would be noble* even though her mother should never see or acknowledge it was so.

Years passed. Minnie grew to be a woman, and became herself a wife and mother. Joys she had not hoped to realize came to her now, and also trials she had not anticipated. Now it was that she might prove to herself whether she could and would be truly noble or not. The Lord was very merci-

ful to her, and gave her faith and strength to endure with great composure and but little pain, some things over which many true women have felt the keenest sorrow, and in passing through which, some have faltered, and lost their faith in God.

Her power of self-control was such that even the mother, whom she so loved and honored, watching her day by day, was at a loss to know whether the trial so great to some, was to Minnie a trial or not. The two were engaged in private conversation one day, when Mrs. King said, "I want to ask you one thing, Minnie; do you, or do you not feel it when a circumstance like that which has just happened takes place?"

Minnie looked up, and frankly acknowledged, "Yes, mother, I *do feel it!*"

And her mother warmly exclaimed, "Then you are *noble*, my daughter!"

Instantly Minnie's thoughts flew back over the past seventeen years to that bright, Autumn afternoon, when her mother had explained to her what it is to be truly noble. But she only smiled pleasantly, kissed her mother, and turned to attend to some household duty. With all the changes which had come to her, she had never forgotten the great longing which had once filled her heart.

Doubtless, to you, my young readers, seventeen years seem a very long time to wait and wish for anything, either great or small. And you may think that in all that time Minnie must have outgrown her youthful anxiety to become noble. But let me assure you that a prize worth striving for, loses nothing in value because of the length of time spent or the sacrifices made in obtaining it. On the contrary, the longer and harder we have to work for anything, the more precious it naturally becomes to us, and anything that is really sweet and good to the heart of an innocent child, will be sweeter and better to the same heart grown wiser and more appreciative through long experience, if that heart has carefully kept its innocence and purity.

If Minnie's heart had been in the least heavy before, it was light and joyous now. She had listened at last to the very words of all others she had most desired to hear from mortal tongue; and from the very lips she would have chosen to speak them, the lips of her dear mother.

Full of gratitude to God, for the encouragement her mother's words had given, she also thanked Him that they had been withheld until now. For this sentiment she found two reasons. The first was, that until now, she had never so much needed the help which the words gave her. The second, and by far the greatest reason for her thankfulness was, that while waiting and longing for those words, she had striven hard to become worthy of them, and had actually accomplished a great deal towards it.

Realizing without the least degree of selfish pride, but with great satisfaction, that she really was doing well, that in her humble sphere she was acting a brave and good part, she said to herself: "I will give the glory to God; for only through His loving aid have I achieved this Noble Triumph."

ALVA.

VALUE OF PRUDENCE.—Those who, in the confidence of superior capacities or attainments, neglect the common maxims of life, should be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; but that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN reading the report of Governor West to the Secretary of the Interior, I am struck with the confirmation which his words furnish of the statements which I made in the last number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR under this head. He declares plainly that he wants our increase stopped. He considers it dangerous.

He says:

'It will surely be well to lessen the power and not permit an increase of the strength of this people, so long as they remain as they are now, hostile to the laws.'

He would have Congress stop our emigration from Europe. He would have the same done, as far as possible, with our emigration from the States. If there could be a plan devised to put an end to our preaching and proselyting, he would consider it right to be adopted.

As for marriages, he would have them cease; and to effect this he proposes to use his power, as Governor, to transfer the courts, from where they are now held, to Logan, Manti and St. George, where the temples are. His hope is that the presence of the courts and officers will prevent the celebrating of plural marriages.

He is scarcely prepared to go as far as Pharoah did, and advocate the killing of all the male children born, but for a new beginner he has made a very good start in that direction.

A man in the Governor's position is greatly to be pitied. He is credited with being a man of good feelings; but he is compelled, because he is Governor, to join in the general outcry against the Latter-day Saints. He is only performing the part assigned him; for he is very well aware that if he did not speak and act in this manner a howl would be raised against him and he would very likely be removed.

If the Governor and others who act with him could be made to believe the truth concerning their situation, they would open their eyes with wonder. The officials have no idea that they are proving by their words and acts Joseph Smith to be a true prophet of God; yet this is what they are doing.

He foretold the opposition which would be brought to bear by the Government and its officials against the Latter-day Saints. In the Book of Mormon also, which he was inspired to translate, the position of affairs which we now behold was exactly described. The "great whore of all the earth," it was predicted, would make war against the Saints.

This is the reason the line is so sharply and distinctly drawn between us and the world.

There are but two churches on the earth, according to the words of the prophet. One is the Church of the Lamb of God, and the other is the great and abominable church, which is called the whore of all the earth, whose foundation is the devil.

There can be no agreement between the two, and this explains the attitude which every official, with scarcely an exception, assumes toward the Church of the Lamb.

These people are only fulfilling their mission and performing the work assigned them, without which the words of the holy prophet could not be fulfilled.

A change of officials brings but little change in treatment; in fact, in some instances, the new ones are worse than the old ones. Everyone thought McKean was as bad as anyone could be, and his removal was a relief; but Zane is as much worse than McKean as can well be imagined. He has gone to

greater lengths than McKean, with all his hatred towards us and his willingness to trample upon the law to punish us, ever dare go.

When Van Zile was prosecuting attorney, he was thought to be very bitter and dangerous; but his speeches and acts seem friendly when compared with those of the one who now fills that office. These comparisons might be carried still further, but it is not necessary.

It is gratifying to see officials checked in their career of tyranny and removed from office; but changes of this kind rarely bring relief from the wrongs which the people complain of.

It is astonishing how much a people can endure, when sustained by the blessing and strength of the Lord. We have been taught very valuable lessons by the present persecution; and though the process is exceedingly painful to many, still the time is coming when we will look back upon this experience and count it among the most valuable we have ever received.

There is one result of all this persecution against us, which is growing more apparent every day: our enemies begin to realize, and occasionally acknowledge, that the present plan to destroy our faith is a failure. They become more desperate because of this, and suggest all kinds of new devices to accomplish what they have in view; but every one of these will fail. It is this wonderful strength and elasticity on the part of our organization which fills them with fear, and as time rolls by, with increased terror.

THERE seems to be among many of the officers of the Church a want of understanding respecting justice and mercy. A good many seem to have the idea that they are prompted by feelings of mercy for the sinner when they tolerate him and do not deal strictly with him.

The most merciful Bishop is the one who requires the sinners to comply with the law of God. If a member of his ward commits a wrong, he instructs his teachers to visit him and lay before him the law and its penalty. If the sinner repents, he ought to be and will be willing to comply with every requirement of the law. He will satisfy the full demands of justice and say: "I have sinned; I have broken the law of God; I am sorry therefor and repent thereof, and am willing to endure the full penalty of the law."

This is the feeling which every true penitent has when he sees his sin in the true light.

Every officer of the Church, who loves justice, feels the same. He may pity the sinner; he may have deep regret, because he yielded to temptation and transgressed the law of God; but he will feel that mercy cannot rob justice. Desiring the salvation of the sinner, he knows that the best service he can render him is to have him comply strictly with the full demands of justice. When this is done, mercy can interpose, and claim its rights on behalf of the sinner, but not until then.

Here it is where many well-meaning officers and members err. They assert the claims of mercy on behalf of the sinner before justice is satisfied; and the result is, if their views prevail—a patched-up, miserable affair, that leaves the sinner in a bad plight, dissatisfied with himself and self-condemned, because he feels in his secret heart that he has not made the proper atonement for his sin.

Who is the best friend to the sinner: the officer who calls him to a strict account for his transgression, or the officer who, through a feeling of mistaken clemency, permits him to pass along without making the necessary reparation?

The latter is not a true friend to the man who sins; he is really his enemy.

A Bishop who permits a man to go on in the transgression of the law of God, may think himself a kind and benevolent man; but so far as that transgressor is concerned, he is doing him a great injury; for if he truly loved the sinner's soul and had his salvation at heart, he would take every means in his power to check him in his wickedness and to bring him to a realizing sense of his true condition. By promptly attending to this, a person who has taken the first step in sin may be checked in his downward course. His conscience may be pricked and he may be aroused to his danger. Whereas, if he be allowed to proceed and take one step after another without receiving remonstrance or warning, the difficulty of repenting is greatly increased. Who can tell how many men and women might have been saved from falling into grave transgressions, or in some cases, into apostasy, if some kind friend or friends had visited and plead with and warned them in time?

From many wards reports come which show there is a great lack of vigilance and care on the part of the officers in dealing with transgressors. Men and women are permitted to hold a membership in the Church, some of whom say they have no faith in this principle or the other principle of the gospel, and others of whom are guilty of sins, such as drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, blasphemy, back-biting, not to mention sins of a grosser character. Yet they are tolerated as members; their names are permitted to remain upon the books of the Church; and notwithstanding the bad character of their lives, if they choose to come to meeting, they are permitted to partake of the sacrament without a question or remonstrance!

The President or Bishop who will permit such characters to remain connected with the Church, or to share in its ordinances, will have a great sin to answer for, and condemnation will rest upon him.

THE question has been asked: "Can men who have been cut off from the Church for transgressions have any hope?"

Certainly they can, if they have not shed innocent blood.

For all others who truly and heartily repent there is hope. The gospel of Jesus Christ is a gospel of repentance and hope.

There is no sinner, however degraded, (always excepting those who commit the unpardonable sin) who—if he will not harden his heart, but will descend into the depths of humility and repent truly and sincerely—may not cling to and entertain hope.

Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; as the Apostle Paul says:

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am the chief."

The prophet Isaiah speaking to Israel says:

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword."

Hope always waits upon repentance. Not repentance in words alone; but that which prompts men to thoroughly and sincerely forsake all their sins.

For all such penitents Jesus stands as a Mediator, pleading the merits of His shed blood.

ECCENTRICITIES OF DE QUINCEY.

DE QUINCEY, the author of "The Confessions of an Opium Eater," was a man whose eccentricities were almost as wonderful as his genius was brilliant. He had no idea of the proper value of money, though he wrote a book on political economy. He borrowed books from public and private libraries, and never thought of returning them. A book creditor once forced his way into the "den," where the genius wrote and read his borrowed books. The creditor saw a sort of ruffle-work inner wall of volumes, with their edges outward, while others, bound and unbound, the plebeian sheepskin and the aristocratic Russian, were squeezed into certain tubs, drawn from the washing establishment of a confiding landlady. Mrs. Gordon, the daughter of Prof. Wilson, tells how he became an inmate in their house, and of the eccentricities that astonished the family.

I remember his coming to Gloucester Place one stormy night. He remained hour after hour, in vain expectation that the waters would assuage and the hurly-burly cease. There was nothing for it but that our visitor should remain all night. The professor ordered a room to be prepared for him, and they found each other such good company that this accidental detention was prolonged, without further difficulty, for the greater part of a year.

During this visit some of his eccentricities did not escape observation. For example, he rarely appeared at the family meals, preferring to dine in his own room at his own hour, not unfrequently turning night into day.

His tastes were very simple, though a little troublesome, at least to the servant who prepared his repast. Coffee, boiled rice and milk, and a piece of mutton from the loin, were the materials that invariably formed his diet.

The cook, who had an audience with him daily, received her instructions in silent awe, quite overpowered by his manner; for had he been addressing a duchess, he could scarcely have spoken with more deference.

He would couch his request in such terms as these: "Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional disarrangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise, so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than in a longitudinal form."

The cook, a Scotchwoman, had great reverence for Mr. De Quincey, as a man of genius; but after one of these interviews, her patience was pretty well exhausted, and she would say, "Weel, I never heard the like o' that in a' my days; the bodie has an awfu' sicht o' words. If it had been my ain maister that was wanting his dinner, he would ha' ordered a hale tablefu' wi' little mair than a waff o' his haun, and here's all this claver about a bit o' mutton nae bigger than a prin. Mr. De Quincey would mak' a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a haule o' the folk wouldna ken what he was driving at."

It is expedient to have an acquaintance with those who have looked into the world; who know men, understand business, and can give you good intelligence and good advice when they are wanted.

NOT ALL ALIKE.

BY NEJNE.

TWO young men, Elders R. and C., were talking recently about the management of their children, discussing among other things the question whether whipping was advisable as a means of punishment.

In the course of the conversation, Elder C. remarked:

"I long since decided that it was an act of brutality for a man to strike his little child—helpless and tender. This conclusion was reached after I had administered the first whipping to my Dottie. During the punishment, she looked at me so helplessly out of her streaming eyes, and her sensitive mouth quivered so pitifully, that I had to bring the whipping to an abrupt close and retire to shed a few tears of pain and remorse. I vowed never to inflict physical chastisement upon her again. After a few months had elapsed she once more deserved some serious correction; and I carried her to my room, placed my cane in her hands, took off my coat and vest, knelt before her and said:

"Now Dottie, to whip you makes me sick; so you must whip me."

She was appalled. She begged for mercy; but I was inexorable. At last, under my solemn command, she struck three blows across my shoulders—very lightly the dear, weeping baby touched. Then she threw the cane from her and sank by my side sobbing: "Oh, papa, you've broken my heart!" One lesson was sufficient. Dottie has never since had to give or take a whipping; and I believe that for the rest of her life, one word of caution will be enough."

This plan of correction struck Elder R. as being wonderfully fine. He said:

"My two boys have to be thrashed so often that the punishment no longer seems of any avail. The mischievous young rogues bear the pain with Indian stoicism; and when the affair is over they go out chuckling, and plan new projects, the fulfillment of which almost invariably includes some act of disobedience. But with all their mischief, they are still very tender-hearted; and I'll try your scheme. It's certain to be successful."

That night, after family prayers were over, Elder R. said to his boys:

"Roy and Lonie; Brother C. has been telling me to-day how he punishes his little girl, and I think the plan a good one. The next time you are very naughty and deserve a whipping, I guess I'll get a willow and let *you* lay it across *my* shoulders. When *you* have to chastise *me* you'll realize from your own feelings how much it pains *me* to whip *you*."

The youngsters stared for a moment with amazement, and then trotted off for bed. Elder R. immediately afterward retired to his own room which adjoined that of the two little boys; and, without intending to be an eaves-dropper, he overheard this dialogue:

"Roy, did you hear what pa said, that we will have to thrash him the next time we're naughty? Do you think he was in earnest?"

"You bet he was in earnest, Lonie. I can tell when pa means anything, he looks so awful solemn. I say, Lonie, my cracky! won't we lay it on though, when he gives us a chance!"

"That's what we will. He's licked us lots of times, and now we'll pay him back. Come on, Roy, and let's say our prayers."

The two hopeful innocents offered up their devotions in all sincerity, as if they contemplated the most virtuous act imaginable; while Elder R. stood aghast in the next room, fairly gasping at this new development.

Either the boys were on the especial lookout for a chance to perpetrate forbidden mischief, or fate swung irresistible temptation in their way at an early moment; for the next afternoon, they reported to their father for punishment.

When they came into his presence and heard their mother detail their wrong-doing, their faces wore a self-satisfied air which broadened into a grin of keen enjoyment as they saw their father take off his coat and vest and lift from its usual corner a long, supple willow.

Elder R. then took the boys in order of age and administered to each such a thrashing as never before was known in the family.

While the affair progressed, Roy and Lonie were too much engrossed with astonishment and other appropriate but less pleasant sensations, to be able to argue the case. But when the whipping was ended, their countenances betrayed great disgust at the astounding turn which affairs had taken; and they held a whispered consultation, after which Roy, as spokesman, said very reproachfully:

"Now see here, pa, this isn't fair. You told us we might lick you the next time we were naughty; and instead of keeping your promise good, you go in and lick us harder than ever."

"No, no my son," answered Elder R., "you're mistaken. I only said I *guessed* I would adopt that plan. I hope you can see now what a poor *guesser* your father is."

Elder R. says that so long as his good right arm retains its vigor, he will not permit the introduction into his family of any new-fangled modes of punishment.

EXPERIENCE WITH THE CHOLERA.

BY J. M.

IT was in the Summer of 1854, that I arrived at the city of New Orleans in a company of emigrating Saints from England. After remaining there several days we boarded the Mississippi steamer, *Uncle Sam*, and started for St. Louis. The number of passengers on board was about seven hundred, which so over-crowded the vessel that I, with fifteen other young men had to sleep on a platform between the engines. The heat from these together with the excessive hot weather then prevailing made us very uncomfortable, but the fact that we were on the way to the home of the Saints made us willing to endure almost anything without murmuring in order to accomplish our object.

One day the vessel stopped near a large plantation for repairs. As it would be necessary to remain there several hours, I went on shore to converse with the negroes about their labors, habits, etc. I had not been thus engaged very long when the proprietor, a very large, fine-looking man approached. I was soon engaged in conversation with him about my mother country and the customs of its inhabitants. I also told him my destination. He appeared to be very much interested, and insisted upon my going with him to dinner. I very reluctantly acquiesced, but felt entirely out of place on arriving at his fine house and sitting down to a meal much superior to anything I had ever seen before.

The lady of the house was very kind and tried to make me feel at home, but I was glad when the meal was past. After this I felt more free when the conversation turned upon the "Mormons," and I explained my belief as well as I could. Finally as I was about to leave, the gentleman offered me good work and wages if I would remain with him, but his kindness I declined with thanks.

We had not proceeded very far up the river from this point when the cholera made its appearance among the passengers, and it created such havoc that for the next three weeks scarcely a day passed without our having to bury one or more of our number.

When we were within about five miles of St. Louis the vessel was stopped, and as there were more passengers on board than the law allowed, one hundred of the men disembarked for the purpose of making their way into the city on foot. I desired to go with them, but the president of the company had chosen myself and eleven others to care for the sick, who were to be placed in quarantine. This was a great disappointment to me, but I determined before leaving home to follow the advice of my father, which was for me to always obey the counsel of those who were placed to preside over me, and for this reason I sacrificed my own desires and remained with the company. The quarantine island was situated about four miles below the city where the hulk of an old steam-boat called the *Hannibal* afforded us all the shelter we had. Here the disease raged worse than ever. Those afflicted would be seized first with severe cramps in the stomach followed by vomiting; then their faces would turn black, cramps would be felt all over the body, and soon they would be dead. I have seen people eating breakfast apparently quite healthy, and they would be in their graves before night.

Our duties were when any were taken sick to give them some medicine which had been sent from St. Louis, and to rub their bodies vigorously. We became so accustomed to the sufferings and deaths occurring around us that we scarcely noticed the passing away of our acquaintances.

We were detained here one month, during which time we buried about one-third of our company. Out of the twelve who had been selected to wait on the sick all but one remained healthy and strong, notwithstanding the great hardships we had to endure. And that one was only taken at the last when we were ordered to prepare to move up to the city. He afterwards died and was buried on the island, where were the graves of many, many other acquaintances and friends.

All my readers can readily imagine my joy when I with the company was permitted to again start Zionward, and my heart was full of thankfulness to my Maker for permitting me to retain my health even in the midst of death.

HOW BLIND TOM EATS.

THIS strange being, so long known to the world as a rare musical wonder, may almost be described as a wild animal born piano-crazy. He even seems to devour his meals to the sound of imaginary music. A reporter at Virginia City expressed a desire to see Tom at his meals, and was accordingly taken to his room.

"Sit down here," said the agent, "and keep perfectly still. Tom detects the slightest sound, and often puts people out of the room under the impression that they mean to injure him."

The reporter seated himself in one corner of the room, and in a few moments a waiter brought in Tom's meal and placed it upon a stand. Shortly afterward Tom was led in from an adjoining room and seated alongside the stand. The agent then withdrew, leaving Tom and the reporter alone!

When the blind musician took his seat, his features could be studied at leisure. His head seemed to be a literal copy from the pictures of idiots one sees in the phrenological works. There was scarcely any forehead, his nose was large and flat, the mouth and jaws simply brutal. His yellow, sightless eyes rolled continually in their sockets, and the whole aspect of his face was ferocious and animal.

Immediately on seating himself he began to drum with his hands upon the table, as if fingering the keys of a piano, at the same time humming an air in a low tone. Next, he ran the tips of his fingers over the stand, and touched in succession a beefsteak, a dish of asparagus, a cup of tea and some bread and potatoes.

Satisfying himself that a grace was warrantable, he calmly spread his hands over it, and repeated a short grace in a reverential tone, and very slowly. The instant the grace was said, he clutched the beefsteak in both hands, and, lifting it to his mouth, tore it in fragments between his teeth, seeming to swallow the pieces without mastication.

As soon as the steak was disposed of, he began sweetening his tea with little cubes of sugar. He evidently likes his tea sweet, for he put sixteen ordinary cubes of sugar into his cup, and then, stirring the mixture, drank it down with a smack of satisfaction.

When this was done, he uttered a cry of delight, and, turning from the table, rubbed his hands together in a sort of childish glee, and danced about the room. Going up to the mantelpiece, he went through the motions of playing, taking no notice whatever of the articles which he knocked off. Suddenly he rushed back to the table and made a raid on the dish of asparagus, eating the stems entire, the white, stringy part, as well as the tender extremity.

He next clutched a large potato in his hand and placed it between his teeth, but suddenly changed his mind, and casting it down, lifted his eyes towards the ceiling, and again placed his hands in a position to play.

He held his head motionless for some minutes, as if endeavoring to catch some stray musical fancy which was drifting through his mind.

Occasionally he made a movement with his hands as if he were about to strike a chord, but checked himself and bit his lips as if impatient. Then his face would lose its brutal expression, and, as his eyes turned upward, seemed inspired. Finally he began beating time with his foot, a smile broke over his features, and he went through the movement of playing.

LYING—Lying supplies those who are addicted to it with a plausible apology for every crime, and with a supposed shelter from every punishment. It tempts them to rush into danger, from the mere expectation of impunity, and when practised with frequent success, it teaches them to confound the gradations of guilt, from the effects of which there is, in their imaginations at least, one sure and common protection. It corrupts the early simplicity of youth; it blasts the fairest blossoms of genius; and will most assuredly counteract every effort by which we may hope to improve the talents, and mature the virtues, of those whom it infects.

COME, THOU GLORIOUS DAY OF PROMISE.

WORDS FROM L. D. S. HYMN BOOK.

MUSIC BY H. H. PETERSEN.

Come, thou glori - ous day of promise, Come and spread thy cheer - ful ray,
 When the seat - tered sheep of Is - rael Shall no long - er go a - stray;
 When ho - san - nas, When ho - san - nas, With u - nit - ed voice they'll cry.

Lord, how long wilt Thou be angry?
 Shall Thy wrath forever burn?
 Rise, redeem Thine ancient people;
 Their transgressions from them turn.
 King of Israel,
 Come and set Thy people free.

O, that soon Thou wouldst to Jacob
 Thy enlivening Spirit send!
 Of their unbelief and mis'ry
 Make, O Lord, a speedy end.
 Lord, Messiah!
 Prince of peace o'er Israel reign.

TRIAL AND HOPE.

As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
 Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
 Think not the hopes of harvest are destroyed,
 On the flat field, and on the naked void;
 The light unloaded stem, from tempests freed
 Will raise the youthful honors of its head;
 And soon, restored by native vigor, bear
 The timely product of the bounteous year.
 Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past;
 For heaven will exercise us to the last;
 Sometimes will check us in our mad career,
 With doubtful blessings and with mingled fear,
 That, still depending on his daily grace,
 His every mercy for an alms may pass;
 With sparing hands will diet us to good,
 Preventing surfeits of our pampered blood.
 So feeds the mother-bird her craving young,
 With little morsels, and delays them long.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead,
 either write things worth reading or do things worth writ-
 ing.

FAILURE A PRACTICAL LESSON—It is far from being true,
 in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must
 recommence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to
 success: every detection of what is false directs us towards
 what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error.
 Not only so: but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure;
 scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether
 false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm
 derived from truth.

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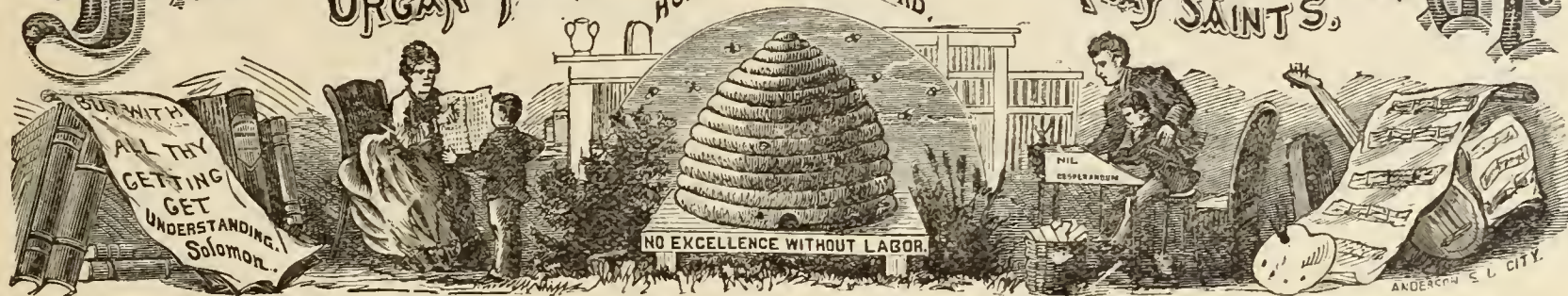
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NO. 23.

KARL AND INA AT WAIKIKI.

WOULD you like to pay a visit, my dear little friends, with Karl and Ina away out to Waikiki? Very well, you shall if you will consent to look only with my eyes, hear only with my ears, and jump behind me on this steed which men call fancy or imagination.

You remember that my pets live at Laie, which plantation is on the island of Oahu; and on the same island away on the south end, lies the city of Honolulu.

delight and cosy quarters make him forget his manners and dignified age.

Ina nestles close to Karlie, and lifts her dark eyes to Karl, while she chatters of the joyous time they anticipate.

Away we go, down through the narrow, winding, irregular streets, not at all like those at home. The streets are barely wide enough to let two buggies pass, and I would hardly make a respectable lane in Salt Lake City.



I shall tell you some day about the journey between here and there, and the beautiful town of Honolulu. Perhaps, too, we will take you along with Karl and Ina down to the docks and see all the beautiful ships, and the fish market, and the boats, and lots of curious and interesting things.

Waikiki is a little town, or cluster of houses, three or four miles from Honolulu, the road running right along the sea-beach.

We call a hack, which here is a very comfortable, low, two-seated carriage drawn by one horse, and in we jump. Karl's blue eyes sparkled with delight, and I regretfully add that his

"What a lovely house," cries mamma, "all surrounded with tropical trees, and bright, ever blooming flowers!"

"And here's another," says papa. "with handsome, bay windows, and wide cool piazzas." A fountain cools the air, and a parrot swings under the balcony. In short nearly half the way there elegant homes, cosy cottages, and sometimes untidy houses line the road.

But Ina is constantly calling to Karlie to see that "dread big b'u flower," and Karlie replies by showing Ina that "big tree" on the side. Every house, little and big, old and new, has its yard of blazing bloom, and perhaps its porch smothered in vines.

After a bit they come to fields and into the suburbs of Honolulu. The road is hard and smooth and the horse trots along with no difficulty.

There are green rice fields, whose cluster of tiny kernels, when the husk is rubbed off, looks so white and pure.

And Karl's sister Lucy says the rice looks a great deal like rye at home.

Then great patches of squash, melons, radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes, cabbages and lettuce are set in earth which has been trenched out to make use of it. For this was all swampy land years ago.

Here and there are pretty little lakes of clean silent water, overhung by dark, green, never-fading trees. Groves of trees are abundant, and everywhere creeps the soft, short, velvety Bermuda grass.

"Oh," says Ina, "look at the cocoanut trees!"

"I like cocoanuts," answers Karl, "and here are groves of them. Tall, taller than a liberty pole without even a leaf on them only just at the top!"

And then strange trees which look as if they were huge churns planted and sprouting.

Across a long bridge which spans the river Waikiki, and runs out over the sea a short distance, and then we turn into Kapiolani Park.

The children see the many bath-houses along the beach, and they hear papa tell mamma that this is the fashionable watering place of Honolulu. And Karl looks at Ina, and Ina looks at Karl, while neither can imagine what sort of thing a watering-place can be, unless perhaps it is where the clothes are washed. Do you know what it means little readers?

But one thing they do know, and that is that the little, tiny waves as they ripple up along this golden beach past which we are driving, makes them feel as though they wanted to take off their shoes and stockings and run after them out into the arms of their big mother, the sparkling blue sea.

The drive around the park is a very pretty one, in and out of green trees and low shrubbery.

But now we must turn around, and out of the park we go, to the big bridge.

As we turn around, a something white is turning around Diamond Head (a hill projecting out into the water just the other side of Waikiki) and the children beg us to drive slowly.

It turns out to be a large ship with great white sails bellying to the breeze. And we go on slowly, the ship coming on very swiftly passing us and going into Honolulu Bay.

But see, Karl! look Ina! they are taking in all their sails, there's one, now another—and oh yonder from the Honolulu wharf steams out a bustling little boat called a tug-boat, which hurries out to pull the monster into the harbor, past the cruel, dangerous coral reef which stretches clear across the bay leaving only one small channel, deep enough for vessels to go through.

Chew! chew! puff! puff! see the white-robed stranger take off all her out-flying white garments, and prepare herself for the on-coming little tug. You see the tiny steam-boat bustle hastily up to the large, dignified ship, grasp her with a heavy chain, and sail back with her in his wake, reminding mamma of some huge, fat, fine woman being led out to dance by a wee bustling, fussy, little man; and when the children hear this, they all fall to laughing at the idea.

We ride past the pretty, vine-wreathed cottage and stately, rose-embowered homes, the sun just sinking down into the dazzling, blue sea, his beams gilding the ship just coming in, and glorifying the forest of masts at the docks, brightening the dense

mass of foliage in the city and its background, giving the softened faces of the little ones a caressing glow as it slowly falls to sleep in its jeweled, ocean bed.

HOMESPUN.

A ROMANCE OF ROYALTY.

BY KENNON.

LOOK at some large map of the Denmark of 1860; or, better still, examine a map devoted particularly to Schleswig-Holstein. Follow carefully with your finger the indentations of the east coast of Schleswig, northward from Lubeck Bay at the western extremity of the Baltic Sea. Pass the names of Oldenburg, Kiel Bay, Schwansen; and, when you come to Flensburg Fjord, trace its deep inland sweep. Then lift your finger and scrutinize the little peninsula jutting northward into the Fjord. You will probably find in the smallest of small type, accompanied by a modest little dot to represent the smallest of small towns—the German name, Glucksburg, or its Danish equivalent, Lyksborg.

Geographically, politically and financially, Glucksburg is a humble village. But it has a castle; not much of a castle, it is true, so far as stone and mortar are concerned—and yet destined to be known in history.

A generation since, the lord of this castle was a prince, who dwelt there with his wife and babies in obscurity and poverty. He is still the lord of the castle; but—

So poor was this personage that his life and habits were more like those of a simple country gentleman than like the career of dazzling power and luxury which is popularly supposed to be the inevitable lot of a prince. Of course, his was not the obscurity which makes a man unknown to his next-door neighbor; nor was his the poverty which leaves a man in a painful state of uncertainty as to whether he will fast or dine on any particular afternoon. He had acres after acres of wooded lands; and he was remembered at long intervals by persons outside of Schleswig-Holstein. But for a prince, a being whom all the world should know, and to whom millions should be the simple units of money counting, he was indeed an unfamed empty-purse.

He was a subject of the king of Denmark. He had no vested powers of authority or government; and his political control was less than that of a squire or wealthy commoner in England. Sometimes he was able to influence the local election to the lower house of the *Rigsdag*, or congress; but this was not because of his rank as prince, but because merely of his personal weight as a citizen.

The princess, his wife, was a good and modest woman; she gave sympathy and help to the peasantry and made herself and children loved; and she helped even her stern husband, the prince, to be patiently respected if not affectionately regarded by the common people.

Several children came to bless the prince and princess in their retirement, to fill the gardens and woods with brave shouts and the castle with tuneful laughter. If these young dukes and duchesses had been like some of their rank in other lands, unable to wait upon themselves and each one requiring an interminable train of attendants, the little castle would have overflowed. But happily for these youngsters in their early life, and providentially for them and for millions of other

human beings in later years, the daughters were taught to be kind, modest and attentive to home duty, and the sons were taught truth, manliness and self-help. So the castle was large enough for all.

The mother gave the daughters their book and domestic lessons at home. But the sons were sent to school in the neighboring town of Flensburg. So obscure and poor was the village of Glucksburg that it could have no place fit for the tuition of these boys and they either rode or walked their eight miles daily to attend the unassuming little academy in Flensburg, the maritime place of the region. No affectation of superiority interposed to exalt these princes beyond the companionship of their fellows. In their studies, in their play and in their work they were among the heartiest, simplest and best.

Among the writer's acquaintances are two gentlemen—one a German and the other a Dane—who were once companions of these royal children. The German attended day school at Flensburg with the youngest of the princes, Waldemar by name; and the Dane worked at the same ship-carpenter's bench with Frederick, the eldest of the princes.

While this poor prince was living simply and sturdily at Glucksburg, the attention of the Great Powers of Europe was being drawn to Denmark. King Frederick VII. was childless; and in default of issue, with his death the male line of Oldenburg would become extinct. As there would be no lineal heir to the crown, it was determined to select a successor who would be agreeable to all the Great Powers, as well as to Frederick and the Danish people.

At this hour, there were many famous princes in Europe who could have no hope of ascending the thrones of their own countries, and who doubtless cast longing looks towards sturdy and prosperous little Denmark. But their very eminence and apparent fitness destroyed their chances. No one of the Great Powers would consent that the succession should be devolved upon a representative of a rival power; and therefore search was instituted for a person whose obscurity and lack of affiliation with any of the Great Powers would make him unobjectionable.

The search extended to Glucksburg and stopped there. By a treaty signed at London by the representatives of England, France, Austria, Russia, Prussia and Sweden, it was declared that Prince Christian, the poor and almost unknown lord of Glucksburg's unpretentious castle, should succeed Frederick as king of Denmark in case that monarch should die without leaving issue.

In 1863, Frederick was called from earth. He left no children; and the prince of Glucksburg ascended the throne as Christian IX. A war ensued which lost all of Laurenberg, Schleswig and Holstein; but in October, 1864, peace was restored and from that time the good fortune of Christian has seemed constant. As a king, he is arbitrary, uncompanionable and disliked by his subjects. Although he has little cause to esteem Prussia, he is still intensely German in his personal manners. German is the language of his court and home; and his acquaintance with the Scandinavian form of speech is so imperfect that when he does condescend to address his people in their own tongue his words fall harshly on Danish ears. It was the usage of his predecessor to deliver an address to the populace on June 5th, *Grundlovs Dag*—Constitution Day—in congratulation and encouragement. This practice is formally continued by Christian; but he has few listeners. His unfamiliarity with the popular tongue irritates the Danes

and they prefer to spend the holiday in their own fashion away from the sound of his voice.

On the other hand, the Queen Louise is beloved by all. The sway which her kindness enabled her to exercise at Glucksburg, is still held by her in her larger sphere at Copenhagen.

The children, too, are revered affectionately by the Danish people. The simple but noble and lovable habits formed in their early youth, remain with the offspring of Christian and Louise.

Frederick, the heir apparent, is the idol of the soldiery. While taking little or no part in politics, his complaisance and fellowship with the people constitute him in their eyes the leader of the opposition against the autocratic assumptions of his sire. On the march, this prince fares like the private of the ranks, and with as much discretion as sincere show of simplicity, he holds the admiration of his future subjects. His wife is Louise, Princess Royal of Sweden and Norway.

George, the second son of Christian, is king of Greece. He was called to that station in much the manner and largely for the reasons governing in his father's case. His wife is Olga, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine, of Russia.

Waldemar, the other son, was recently offered the throne of Bulgaria, left vacant by the abdication of Alexander. But old Christian was too wise to permit Waldemar's acceptance of a rank which might jeopardize the welfare of George of Greece and strain Denmark's now happy relations with Russia. Waldemar's wife is Princess Marie of Orleans, daughter of the Due de Chartres.

Christian's eldest daughter is Alexandra, the lovely and gracious Princess of Wales; and another daughter, Dagmar, is Empress of Russia.

Is there in fiction a more wonderful romance than the rise of this family from the obscurity of Glucksburg to some of the great thrones of Europe?

REBUKING A KING.—The timidity which hesitates to rebuke profanity was once shamed by a king who had been himself rebuked for profanity. Riding along the highway in disguise, and seeing a soldier at an inn, he stopped and asked him to drink ale with him. On an oath which the king uttered while they were drinking, the soldier remarked, "I am sorry to hear young gentlemen swear."

His Majesty took no notice of it, but swore again. The soldier immediately said, "I'll pay part of the ale, if you please, and go; for I so hate swearing that, if you were the king himself, I should tell you of it."

"Should you indeed?" asked the king.

"I should," was the emphatic reply of his subject.

Not long after, the king gave him an opportunity to be "as good as his word." Having invited some lords to dine with him, he sent for the soldier, and bade him to stand near him, in order to serve him if he was needed. Presently the king, not now in disguise, uttered an oath. And deferentially the soldier immediately said, "Should not my lord and king fear an oath?"

Looking at the heroic soldier and then at his company of obsequious noblemen, the king severely remarked: "There, my lords, is an honest man. He can respectfully remind me of the great sin of swearing; but you can sit here and let me stain my soul by swearing, and not so much as tell me of it."

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

JIMMY BORDEN.

UNFORTUNATE circumstances need not force a boy to become a bad man. To a large degree the lonely and friendless lad, sadly situated as he is, has his destiny in his own hands. If his tastes and desires are all *downwards* he will grow low and brutal; if *upwards* he will grow refined and noble.

Jimmy Borden was left fatherless in the city of New York at the age of thirteen—orphaned, possibly I should say, or even worse than orphaned, for his poor mother was made insane by her grief at the death of her husband, and was carried away and shut up in an asylum.

For a year and a half the homeless boy, thrown on the "cruel mercy" of the world, procured an uncertain living in such ways as are open to the wandering poor in a great city who are willing to work and need little to eat and wear.

Then he obtained a place in a printing-office. But his wages were only about two dollars and a half a week, and that, with the utmost economy, would not buy him necessary food and a comfortable place to sleep. He applied for lodgings at the Newsboy's Home, and was admitted. Thus provided for he was able to support himself.

The change from precarious to regular employment was the first improvement in Jimmy's condition. The change from wretched to decent lodgings was the second. Step by step the boy was rising.

But his good character was an assurance that he would continue to rise. Not only was he steady and faithful at his work, but at the Home his modesty and intelligence won him friends. The superintendent soon discovered that he loved books, and procured him all possible opportunities to read and study.

Jimmy found no time to go to the theaters, and had no inclination to go. He went to the library and reading-room of the Cooper Institute to improve his mind, and to religious meetings to improve his heart.

He not only read and studied, but he began to write his thoughts, and one day he sent a little article to a juvenile magazine, which was thought good enough to be published. It appeared, signed James D. Borden, and singularly enough one of the many who read it was a wealthy gentleman whose name was also James D. Borden.

Curiosity impelled the gentleman to make inquiries respecting his young namesake, and he found that the boy was really one of his own kin. This interesting discovery, with the knowledge he soon obtained of Jimmy's excellence, was enough to decide Mr. Borden to assume a father's duty to the lonely lad. He gave him a home, and the rich advantages which love and a wisely-used abundance always bestow.

This story sounds like a romance, but it is literally true. Jimmy Borden the printer boy is now studying at an institution in the State of Connecticut. His course is still onward and upward—and would have been had he never met his wealthy benefactor—for a high aim and a pure life are a pledge of future success, to which money can add only an accidental value.

VULGARITY.

A MINISTER says, "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his promise. He is a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman to-day.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions which are never heard in respectable circles. It becomes a habit. It leads to profanity. It fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul. It prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Dear young reader, set a watch upon the door of your lips; keep your mouth from all impurity.

THE authors' names in the Hidden Name Puzzle, published in No. 21, are as follows: Fielding, Moore, Keats, Newton, White, Lamb, Garrick, Cowper; Burns, Dickens, De Foe, Hood, Garth, Shelley. Solutions have been received from Wm. Brewer, Hennefer; Henry Coulam, Lorenzo Engberg, C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City.

A PET BAT.

PROBABLY no common creature has been more rarely domesticated than the funny little bird-beast that hangs itself on a hook to sleep. A writer in the New York *Observer* sends to print this interesting bat story, told by the lady herself, who tamed the pet.

One cold morning I saw a boy tossing into the air and catching again what I fancied to be a large

mouse; of course my sympathy awoke at once, and I rushed to the rescue. It proved to be a half-dead bat, very large and fat. Its beautiful, broad ears were still erect, and when I took it in my hand, I felt its heart beat. I placed it in a basket, covered it with cotton, and put it inside the fender. I peeped frequently under the lid, and at last had the pleasure of seeing it hanging, bat-fashion, on the side of the basket, its keen, bright eyes watching every movement.

When it was fully restored, I endeavored to take it out, and then discovered that one of its hind feet had been crushed and was hanging by a bit of skin. With trembling hands I removed the little foot, and applied some salve to the extremity. All this time the poor thing continued hooked to the basket, and during the first day would take no food, would not be tempted by meat or milk, by a fly or a spider.

The next morning I saw her cowering in the cotton, and when I attempted to touch her, she endeavored to bite my finger, and made the least possible noise you can imagine. I offered her a fly, and in a moment it was swallowed; a bit of meat shared the same fate, and then she folded her wings around her, intimating that she had had enough. The bat became quite tame at last; would hang itself to my dress, and devour whatever I gave it of animal food, and lick milk off my finger.

It knew me well, would fly round my room in the evenings, and go out at the window, hawking for insects, and return in a couple of hours, and hang to the window until admitted. At night it would sometimes fasten to my hair, but never went near my mother or the servants. It continued a great favorite for more than two years, and at last fell a prey to some white owls that held possession of an old belfry.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 21.

1. WHAT man caused trouble in the principal town of Daviess Co., Missouri, during the Summer of 1838? A. A man named Wm. P. Peniston a candidate for Representative from Daviess Co. to the State Legislature, in his speech on election day accused Joseph and the leading Elders of being thieves, liars and everything that was vile, and urged the people not to let them vote or settle in the County.

2. What boasts did he make in his speech? A. That he had headed a mob for the purpose of driving the Saints from Clay County.

3. For what purpose had the Saints gathered there on that day? A. To cast their votes, being their privilege as American citizens.

4. What resulted at the close of this exciting speech? A. The mob began to assail the brethren and for ten minutes there was quite a skirmish in which many persons were considerably hurt.

5. Who were the victors? A. The brethren, who fought for their rights like lions.

6. What did the brethren number compared with the mob? A. There were about ten of the mob to every one of the brethren.

7. Not being able to accomplish their object in this riot what did the mob resort to? A. They armed themselves with dirks, clubs, guns and pistols and came upon the Saints in great numbers.

8. What did the brethren do to save their families from this merciless and cruel mob? A. They gathered them together and laid them in a thicket of hazel brush.

9. What were they called upon to suffer during the night? A. It rained heavily, and women and children were compelled to lie on the ground without shelter while the men guarded them.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. How long after he certified to Joseph and others that he would not molest the Saints did Adam Black begin again to harass and persecute them? 2. How did he proceed? 3. What action did Wm. P. Peniston, who was candidate at the election, take? 4. Whom did he say were the leaders of this body of men? 5. What was the result of these base and infamous lies sworn to by these mobocrats? 6. Why did the sheriff decline to serve this writ upon Joseph? 7. What base report was circulated, after Joseph's conversation with the sheriff, to create an excitement and prejudice the people? 8. What action did the enemies of the Saints take on hearing these lying statements? 9. When was Joseph and Lyman Wight put on trial before Judge King? 10. What was the result of the trial?

THE following named persons have answered the questions in No. 21: Avildia L. Page, Samuel Stark, H. H. Blood, W. J. C. Mortimer, Leone Rogers.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 339.)

IT is asserted, however, that Christ's death was a hasty one, and the scripture itself abundantly supports this view. We grant all this, but contend for a paramount distinction as to what really was done in haste. The arguments of our opponents are so worded generally as to imply haste both in the event of Christ's death and also in the preparations or means by which it was effected. Such, however, are not the facts. Death certainly did come speedily to the Savior's relief; but there was plan, method and deliberation manifested in every act of the execution.

The plan of the Pharisees was well matured. They had determined for a long time that Jesus must die. A pretext for his accusation was all they lacked, and when it came all was ready. The cross, apparently, was prepared. They omitted not to secure the soldiers' aid. It was a day and time set for executions; for the common prison-house was visited and two malefactors were also led out to die. Christ's name simply added one more to the list of unfortunates who were to suffer.

It is absurd to talk of haste and precipitation in the manner of the crucifixion, when the reed, sponge and thirst-quenching draught were all prepared for instant use—of the flurry of excitement which infidels assert rendered Christ's executioners incapable of properly discerning, or of appreciating certain facts, of deciding rationally whether Jesus were dead or not—while at the same time they quickly observed Pilate's inadvertent omission in the superscription which he wrote and placed above the cross. Doubtless it is a bootless task to argue the question with those who maintain that such supercilious care can be manifested by men who act with frenzied haste.

Infidelity may place what value it pleases upon the fact of Christ's speedy death. It is of far greater worth to the cause of truth and must lose some of its attractiveness even to infidels when its bearings on the case are properly understood.

Let it be remembered that the crucifixion occurred just before the time of preparation for the Jewish Sabbath (see *John xix.*, 31-33); and according to the Jewish idea that the holy day would be profaned were the bodies allowed to remain on the cross; hence the Pharisees besought Pilate to order his soldiers to dispatch, without further delay, the suffering Savior. This command was given, but "they brake not his legs," for he was already dead. There was just enough of the remarkable in the speedy demise of Jesus to awaken apprehension and to arouse suspicion.

Infidelity boasts of its rationality in the investigation of religious subjects, which is all proper enough, and we now insist upon the impartial exercise of the reasoning powers while we look further at the point under immediate consideration. We desire a candid answer to the question: What did the Pharisees naturally do under this suspicious circumstance?

It is rational to assert that they acted just as a set of men determined not to be cheated of their prey would act in this day.

If the suspicion once entered their minds that their intended victim was simulating death, or had fallen into a swoon, extra precautions would be taken at once to ascertain the real facts

in the case. If a lurking suspicion still remained, in order to make assurance doubly sure, someone would send a bullet crashing through the victim's brain. This is the rational answer to our question, nor can it be denied, for such events are now of too frequent occurrence.

The murderous Pharisees acted with as much reason and precaution, doubtless, as murderous mobs do now. After an examination of Christ's condition, and to allay the least lingering trace of doubt, unquestionably at the Pharisees' instigation, a soldier took a spear and with it pierced the Savior's side; and "forthwith there came out blood and water." This last act of brutality satisfied them, if it does not remove every suspicion of fraud in Christ's death from the minds of modern infidels.

The real extent of this last wound can not, without revelation, be determined; but there is little doubt that the spear penetrated the pericardium and entered the heart, the blood coming from the latter and the water from the former. This wound of itself, barring all other penalties, was sufficient to cause death. Its infliction was the climax of precaution.

Thus, the precipitate death of Jesus was the means of weaving around that event a chain of evidence—a web of proof which infidelity cannot rationally gainsay.

But another special fact must be noticed. Joseph of Arimathea craved the body from Pilate, who refused to deliver it into his custody until he also was fully satisfied that life was extinct. The governor "marveled" that Jesus should be dead so soon, and sent for the officer of the guard. This official had to satisfy not only the imperious will of his master, but also the promptings of curiosity and suspicion. The demand of Pilate for information and his satisfaction is the Roman affirmation of the Savior's death.

Joseph also must have satisfied himself that Jesus was dead, otherwise he knew the futility of seeking the custody of the body. Then, too, the disciples of the Lord all counted their friend as hopelessly dead.

Thus have the foes of Jesus, from the humblest soldier up to the highest rulers in the land, including both the secular and religious authorities, affixed their irrevocable seal of affirmation on the death of Jesus. All His friends have also done the same; and we think reason can ask no further testimony. Yet, should such be the case, it can be furnished.

A memorial of the Savior's death was instituted as nearly as possible at the time of its occurrence, and has been maintained in the Christian Church ever since. Now, why was not the whole power and influence of the Roman and Jewish nations exerted to bring that commemorative service into such disrepute and odium that it could not be perpetuated? Is it not remarkable that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was never assailed by any of his enemies on the ground that there was fraud in the event which it was designed to celebrate?

If, now, we apply Leslie's justly-celebrated four rules for determining the truth of matter of fact in general, to the event we are considering, we will find that they demonstrate its verity. These rules are:

1. That the matter of fact be such as that men's senses, their eyes and their ears, may be judges of it.
2. That it be done publicly in the face of the world.
3. That not only public monuments be kept up in memory of it, but some outward actions be performed.
4. That such monuments and such actions and observances be instituted and do commence from the time that the matter of fact was done.

If our readers will examine and apply these rules as desired they will be prepared to affirm the following propositions:

1. That the event or circumstances of Christ's death, etc., satisfy their every exacting requirement.

2. That it is a useless waste of time to argue the question with those who deny their sufficiency to demonstrate the reality of any historical event.

"Josephus' Antiquities," page 548, says Pilate condemned Jesus to the cross, that is, to death, and affirms that He died by asserting that He appeared alive again to His friends on the third day, according to scripture.

Tacitus, the Roman historian, mentions the death of Jesus in these words:

"Nero put those who went by the name of Christians to the most exquisite torture. The author of this name was Christ, who was capitally punished in the reign of Tiberius, by Pontius Pilate the Procurator."

The writings of other ancient authors might be produced, but these must suffice. They incontestibly prove that in the earliest ages there was no question of the Savior's death. Its denial is of later times and more obdurate hearts. These arguments demonstrate beyond the hope of successful cavil that such an event as that alleged actually occurred; and the pure and holy character of many of the parties who affirm it, prove that it was just as Christians believe it to have been; otherwise the charge of complicity in the fraud may be sustained against the Holy Spirit, and God Himself.

(To be Continued.)

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE IN DROWNING.

RECENTLY I was much interested in listening to a relation by Brother Charles John Lambert of a peculiar experience he passed through. I will give the facts as if described by himself, although not in his own language. They are as follows:

"When I was about thirteen years old I was on the point of leaving my home to go to the vicinity of the Jordan River to bring the family cow from the pasture. As I was departing my mother said:

"Charles John, you must not go into the water."

"I fully intended to comply with this wish, but when I reached the pasture I set aside my scruples regarding disobedience to my parent and, in company with Harrison Shurtliff, entered a tributary of the Jordan, near to where it emptied into that stream, to bathe.

"We amused ourselves tumbling over a log that lay in the water. In going down I caught under this log, was there held fast, and found it impossible to reach the surface. I knew I was drowning, and as the water gurgled down my throat a sleepy, painless sensation pervaded me, then all was blank.

"When I recovered consciousness I was no longer in the body, but my spirit was out of the water.

"No human power could describe my condition. Every action, and even every thought of my life, good, bad and indifferent, was clearly before my comprehension. I could not tell by what process this effect was produced, but I knew that my whole life in detail was before my view with terrible clearness.

"One idea seemed more vivid than the rest—the fact that I had lost my life by my own sinful act—disobedience to my mother.

"There were spiritual persons with me, and I understood that they also knew all about the nature of the deeds I had done in the body. They appeared to have taken charge of me in the spirit, and I seemed to be on the most familiar terms with them.

"I saw Harrison Shurtliff looking for my body in great excitement, but I had no power to communicate with him. I looked into the water and beheld my body, and wondered why he did not see it: then I observed that I saw clear through the log, under which the body was lying. I saw young Shurtliff, after looking for it in vain, run along the bank a distance of about two blocks, and tell John Harker what had taken place. The two then came rapidly to the spot where the drowning occurred.

"I discovered that I could move about without the slightest effort and with great rapidity. My spirit friends took me away from the scene of the incident and in a twinkling, as it were, I was in the city. They told me that my death was caused by disobedience to my parent. I felt keenly on this point, and informed them that if I were allowed to re-enter my body I should never be guilty of the same sin again. I was then informed that I might return to it.

"In an instant—almost as quick as thought—I was at the spot where the drowning occurred and saw my body lying on the bank. Young Shurtliff and John Harker had placed it in such a position that the head was downhill and they were working hard to get the water to flow from the mouth. It looked loathsome to me, notwithstanding I had expressed a desire to return to it.

"Suddenly I became insensible to what transpired. I began to recover sensibility in my body, to which I had returned in the interval that appeared blank. My agony while recovering was fearful. It seemed as if the suffering of an ordinary life-time had been concentrated into a few minutes' duration. It appeared as if every sinew of my physical system was being violently torn out.

"This gradually subsided, I was raised to my feet, some boys took charge of my cow, and others helped me to go to the city.

"On arriving in town I had so far recovered as to be able to walk alone, and wended my way home. I was so thoroughly ashamed of my conduct that I carefully concealed what had happened from the knowledge of my mother. She did not learn of it for several weeks, and would not then had not John Harker visited the house.

"On seeing me he remarked: 'Is not this the boy who was drowned while down at the pasture after the cow?' Then turning to me he said: 'You are the boy, are you not?'

"I was in the act of slinking out of the house when this question was put, but I, of course, answered that I was the boy in question. This was news to mother, who felt quite exercised about it.

"The incident narrated above made an indelible impression upon my mind, and doubtless has more or less influenced my life since it occurred. Some people may think that the statements regarding my leaving the body are based upon imagination. What I have described, however, was as real as anything could be, and was not imaginary. While my spirit was separate from its earthly tenement I saw and understood all that took place, as afterwards verified by the parties whom I have named in connection with the drowning. The effect produced upon me has been to cause me to avoid ever disobeying my parents. I have never, from that time to the present, so far as I know, acted contrary to their expressed wishes, and I trust I never shall. I have therefore kept the condition upon which I appeared to be allowed to again take possession of my body.

"Thus ends the story of my experience in being drowned and coming to life again. The incident may serve to point a moral by which some young people may profit." J. N.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 1, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

WE alluded in our last number to the wonderful manner in which the Lord supplied the wants of the Latter-day Saints in Salt Lake Valley through the immigrants who were going after gold to California.

In 1847 the Saints who entered this valley had but little to bring with them. Even with the exercise of the strictest economy they had barely food enough to last till they could raise vegetables and grain the next year. Their clothes were of the most scanty description. As for groceries, there were but few who had any. Tools of every kind were very scarce, and iron was exceedingly valuable.

The people had been trained to trust in God and had faith to believe that He who had brought and preserved them on so long a journey could still care for them.

But looking from a natural standpoint, or as ordinary men look at such things, where were their supplies to come from?

There were numerous articles which they needed that could not be manufactured. Sheep were not plentiful; and if the people should have to wait for sufficient wool to grow to make them clothes, it seemed as though they would have to go naked a long time. Many had to wear moccasins the first Winter, there being no leather that could be obtained and there was none that could be manufactured for some time. To a man who had a family and did not have faith, the outlook must have been very gloomy.

But there were few of that class among the Saints at that time. The unbelieving and the doubtful-minded had remained behind, so that those who came here the first year or two were generally what might be called selected Saints; they were faithful, zealous, patient people. Of course, all were not of this character; but the exceptions were comparatively few.

After Presidents Young and Kimball reached the Valley with their companies in 1848, the prospects for obtaining supplies had not improved. The people were still 1,200 miles from settlements on the east and 800 miles from settlements in California. What had they to offer in payment for goods of any kind, even if they were brought here? A merchant who would have undertaken to send goods to Salt Lake at that time would have been thought crazy.

While this was the condition of affairs, President Heber C. Kimball arose one Sunday to address the Saints in a rude structure, which had been erected on the temple-block, and which was called the bowery. He was filled with the spirit of prophesy, and he predicted many things concerning the abundance of goods, wagons and supplies of various kinds that would be brought to Salt Lake City. Among other things, he said that wagons, and clothing, and articles of merchandise would be sold in the streets of Salt Lake City cheaper than in the places where they were manufactured.

He has told the writer since that he was frightened at his own prediction; for it seemed so impossible that he could not

tell how it could be fulfilled. Doubtless many who heard him felt the same, for nothing could appear more unlikely to happen.

But not many months had passed away until the words of the Lord, which he, President Kimball, was inspired to speak, were literally fulfilled.

Wagons, clothing of various kinds, groceries and provisions, and great quantities of merchandise, also horses and cattle, whose only defect was that they were thin in flesh, were sold and exchanged on the streets of Salt Lake City at the lowest of prices. So eager were many of the emigrants to part with their property, and to lighten their loads that they might speedily reach the gold fields for which they had started, that they were ready to almost give their property away. The most extraordinary bargains were made by exchanging the fat horses and cattle of the valley for the worn-out ones and the goods with which the gold-seekers' wagons were loaded.

To the faithful Saints this relief appeared miraculous, and they thanked and praised God for His goodness with all their hearts.

The children who read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR should ponder upon these wonderful events. They plainly show the watchcare which the Lord has over His Saints. They had come out here in this wilderness in obedience to His command and He did not leave them to perish. He brought needed supplies to their very doors. Suffering was averted and the Saints had another proof of the Lord's kindness to them. Thus it has always been with the Latter-day Saints from the very beginning, and thus it will be, if they continue faithful, to the very end.

We are passing through the deep waters now. Dark clouds overshadow us, and the faithless ask, "Where is their God?"

They see no hope for us; but God still lives; He is still all powerful. He has not forgotten His people. He will fulfill His promises, and to the joy and delight of those who put their trust in Him, He will come to their deliverance; but to the shame and confusion of those who array themselves against Him.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR ROOM.—A look into the chamber of a boy or girl will give you an idea of what kind of a man or woman he or she will probably become. A boy who keeps his clothes hung up neatly, or a girl whose room is always neat, will be apt to make a successful man or woman. Order and neatness are essential to our comfort as well as that of others about us. A boy who throws down his cap or book anywhere will never keep his accounts in shape; will do things in a slovenly, careless way, and will not be long wanted in that position. A girl who does not make her bed until after dinner—and she should always do it herself rather than have a servant do it—and throws her dress or bonnet down on a chair, will make a poor wife in nine cases out of ten. If the world could see how a girl keeps her dressing room many unhappy marriages would be saved.

CHARACTER.—The crown and glory of life is character. It is the noblest possession of a man, constituting a rank in itself, and an estate in the general good-will; dignifying every station, and exalting every position in society. It exercises a greater power than wealth, and secures all the honor without the jealousies of fame. It carries with it an influence which always tells—for it is the result of proud honor, rectitude, and consistency—qualities which, perhaps, more than any other, command the general confidence and respect of mankind.

CATCHING MONKEYS.

THE accompanying picture illustrates a very novel method of capturing monkeys. The trappers, or men engaged in the business, procure their game in a manner something like the following:

monkeys are sure to find them. In his anxiety to procure the seeds the monkey will thrust his hand into the hole and grasp a quantity of them in his fist. But when he attempts to withdraw his hand he finds that the opening is not large enough. It seems that a monkey, although very imitative, dexterous, and even cunning in many ways, does not know enough to let



A circular hole, barely large enough to admit the hand of the monkey they wish to catch, is cut into a gourd. Through this opening the seeds can be seen, and are within easy reach. A number of traps formed in this way are placed where the

go his hold on the seeds and draw his empty hand out of the gourd, or else he is so exceedingly fond of the seeds that he does not want to lose them, and so he allows himself to be caught. The weight of the gourd and his inability to use the

hand to which it is attached makes it awkward for the monkey to get about, and he is easily taken by the trapper.

As the flesh of the monkey is used for food by many of the natives who inhabit the climates in which it abounds, various means of capturing it are resorted to, some of which are quite ingenious and amusing. Many of the African tribes dig so many pit-falls and spread their monkey traps so extensively in the jungle that it would be dangerous for persons unacquainted with the places to traverse them.

A peculiar way of catching monkeys is practiced in Darfour and Iena, Africa. A kind of intoxicating drink is manufactured by the negroes which the monkeys are very fond of. When the natives wish to capture these nimble creatures they place calabashes of this fermented liquor upon the ground in the forest and then go off to await the result. When a monkey discovers and tastes this beverage he is delighted. Instead of being greedy and selfish over his good fortune, he calls, in his way, for his companions to come and share with him. Soon a crowd of them are gathered around and they drink to each other's health quite freely, and it is not long before they are all pretty well intoxicated. In this condition the natives have but little trouble in getting them to their village. Drunken monkeys, like drunken men, are easily taken in. When the negro appears to carry them off they are not in the least alarmed; thinking, perhaps, that he is only a large specimen of their own family, they willingly follow him as best they can in their reeling condition. The man takes one of them by the hand and immediately one of the others clings to it, another follows in like manner, holding to the second one, and so on until a chain numbering ten or twelve monkeys is formed and marched into the town. When they become sober they find they are prisoners; and no doubt, like foolish, drinking men, when in the same fix, they then begin to realize the folly of intemperance.

The gorilla, the most powerful and savage of the ape family, is sometimes attacked by the natives of Africa where it is found. The skull of this animal is used as an ornament for their idol temples. Since they have been made acquainted with the use of guns, which have been introduced among them by Europeans, they do not fear the gorilla so much as they did formerly. But they are very poor marksmen and they do not shoot at the gorilla from a greater distance than three or four yards. Sometimes they approach still nearer, keeping the gun pointed towards the dreaded ape all the time. The mode of attack with the gorilla is to seize its antagonist with its hands and draw it into reach of its huge jaws, with which it tears it to pieces. When the native attacks him with a gun he grasps the muzzle and places it in his mouth, at which moment it is fired, and the result is fatal to the gorilla. There is considerable danger in this manner of hunting the gorilla. The animal is so powerful that it will wrench the gun out of the hunter's hands and bend or break the barrel, if he is not shot at the moment his jaws close upon it.

Besides being used for food monkeys are sometimes caught alive and trained to climb trees, such as the cocoa-nut palm, which grows so high, and gather the fruit. Their agility in climbing enables them to perform such feats with the greatest ease.

E. F. P.

COURAGE in suffering for a good cause is well; but if courage be not tempered with meekness, if our resentments burn in our breasts, and boil over in projects of revenge, opprobrious language, or any sort of indecent bitterness, neither we nor our cause are likely to gain by it.

ANCIENT LAWS AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

THE ancients tried many ways of dealing with drunkenness, often adopting severe treatment. A writer thus narrates their different methods:

The Locrians, under Zalencus, made it a capital offense to drink wine if it was not mixed with water; even an invalid was not exempted from punishment unless by order of a physician. Pittacus, of Mitylene, made a law that he who, when drunk, committed an offense, should suffer double the punishment which he would do if sober; and Plato, Aristotle and Plutarch applauded this as the height of wisdom.

The Roman censors could expel a Senator for being drunk, and take away his horse. Mahomet ordered drunkards to be bastinadoed with eighty blows. Other nations thought of limiting the quantity to be drunk at one time, or at one sitting.

The Egyptians put some limit, though what it was is not stated. The Spartans also had some limit. Arabians fixed the quantity at twelve glasses a man; not clearly defined by the historians.

The Anglo-Saxons went no further than to order silver nails to be fixed on the side of drinking-cups, so that each might know his proper measure. And it is said that this was done by King Edgar after noticing the drunken habits of the Danes.

Lycurgus, of Thrace, went to the root of the matter by ordering the vine to be cut down. And his conduct was imitated in 704 by Terplus, of Bulgaria. The Suevi prohibited wine to be imported.

And the Spartans tried to turn the vice into contempt by systematically making their slaves drunk once a year, to show children how foolish and contemptible men looked in that state. Drunkenness was deemed much more vicious in some classes of persons than in others.

The ancient Indians held it lawful to kill a king when he was drunk. The Athenians made it a capital offense for a magistrate to be drunk, and Charlemagne imitated this by a law that judges on the bench and pleaders should do their business fasting.

The Carthaginians prohibited magistrates, governors, soldiers and servants from any drinking. The Scots, in the second century, made it a capital offense for magistrates to be drunk; and Constantine II, of Scotland, 861, extended a like punishment to young people. Again, some laws have absolutely prohibited wine from being drunk by women.

The Massilians so decreed. The Romans did the same, and extended the prohibition to young men under thirty or thirty-five. And the husband and wife's relations could scourge the wife for offending, and the husband himself might scourge her to death.

THE privilege of reason, which renders man far more excellent than the inferior ranks of creatures, does also render him capable of giving an account of his actions; and as it is natural to conclude that he is the work of an All-wise Being, so it is reasonable to expect that he will be called to answer for the discharge or abuse of his great trust.

TRUE politeness is true kindness, kindly expressed. It is not sufficient that we feel kindly, we should kindly express our feelings.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

BY F. M. LYMAN.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is such a welcome and entertaining friend at so many firesides in Zion, making its way so promptly and easily through the United States mails, that I conclude to take passage with it occasionally.

Being ordained of God as a teacher of the principles of life among men, and feeling the spirit of that calling which makes me anxious to fulfill its obligations on all occasions, I undertake these visits, in company with the Editor, with his "Thoughts" and "Topics of the Times;" "Little Folks" department, "W. J.," "Pikale," "Kennon" Brookbank, "Homespun" and several others with whom you have all become familiar. Being the last to undertake this kind of a visit I will of course claim your attention after they have all been heard, and then if you are not too tired you will be willing to hear from me.

The name of this magazine—JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR—might lead one to think it is exclusively for the benefit of the young; but I find it is just as suitable, and as replete with good, wholesome instructions for every other class as it is for the JUVENILES. In fact, it appears to me to be an INSTRUCTOR for all; and it should be in every Latter-day Saint home and its good things feasted upon by all.

I would hardly be satisfied to go into a family and talk to only one portion of the family; and we are left by the Lord to teach as the Holy Spirit directs, and without it to teach not at all. In some families we visit the parents may need instructions first, and then the younger ones. We visit the families of the presiding Priesthood in Wards and Stakes, and those brethren need instruction in relation to their duties as God's ministers in the midst of the people. Presidents and members of quorums in the Priesthood sometimes need counsel. We can hardly single out any one class of the Saints and give them all they should know without touching in connection upon points and duties that interest others. For instance, if we talk of the duties of parents to children, we can hardly miss speaking of the duties of children to parents.

All are aware that this is the time in the year when schools are in operation all over our country and the JUVENILES in Zion ought to avail themselves of these opportunities and make the very best use of their time, which is more precious than gold. While you JUVENILES have youth and health on your side, the springtime of life, don't fail to prepare yourselves for the important labors that must soon pass from the shoulders of your parents to your own. When the time comes for you to take up the burden that has been borne by your seniors, if you are not inured to service you will feel very awkward and uncomfortable, and may perhaps prove a failure. You cannot afford to fail; it is humiliating, and but few recover from a failure in the labors of life. Avoid making mistakes, and one of the greatest mistakes a young person can make is to neglect opportunities for gaining education. There is but one springtime in life, as there is but one Spring in the year, and if that season be permitted to pass without improvement, the effect upon all the rest is likely to be disastrous.

I would impress this lesson upon you at this my first visit, and though I may have another valuable lesson at some other time, I am not likely to have a more important one.

Your close application to books and the rigor of school discipline may be tedious and tiresome, and you may not be fully able to understand what the advantages will be to compensate

you for your exertions and submission. You need to exercise faith in the counsels and promises of parents and teachers who, you must begin to understand, are engaged for your welfare; and if you have faith it will produce works, and your faith, and works will develop knowledge in you. It is not expected that you will appreciate all at once, but you will do this by degrees. It is not a very pleasant and inviting labor for a man to engage in cultivating the earth, by making ditches and dams, plowing and planting, irrigating and harvesting; but the vegetables, fruit and grain are the fruits of his toil, and they amply reward him for his exertions; then he has grass for the stock that supply him with butter, meat and clothing, and for the horses which he rides and drives upon his journeys. So it will be with you if you diligently apply yourselves in early life, you will have something to gather into your storehouse in the Summer and Fall.

Men toil excessively to gather worldly capital, which gives them power in the financial world, and so men must toil excessively to get intellectual and spiritual capital, which gives corresponding power in the intellectual and spiritual world. If you would be wealthy, you must be industrious, wise and economical. Poverty is inconvenient and is a cause of much suffering; hence, I would exhort you to rise above it as early as you can; and the sooner you begin to properly put to a right use the elements of prosperity about you, the better your chances for reaching a competence. Most of you have been poor. The Latter-day Saints have never yet been a rich people in the things of this life. Yet they are the richest people on earth because of the principles of eternal life God has revealed unto them. What I say of poverty, you know, is true. But there is another poverty which is much more biting, blighting and cruel than that I have been speaking of: it is moral, spiritual and intellectual poverty; the person who is barren of these eternal riches is *poor indeed*. It is no disgrace for one to be poor in worldly riches; for with his poverty he can be rich in faith, good works and the love and favor of God. But it is disgraceful for Latter-day Saints to be poor in faith, in morality or in the Spirit of God. If you are unfruitful in your mind and spirit you should bow the knee before God and ask Him to supply just what you lack, and then in faith put forth your efforts in the proper direction and persevere, and the Lord will constantly give you the success you require. The Lord helps those who help themselves.

WORDSWORTH'S IMPATIENCE.—The poet Wordsworth had, along with much nobility of character, several traits which made him indifferent to the feelings and habits of those with whom he associated. Among these were an impetuous impatience, which once exhibited itself in a way to annoy Southey, a fellow poet. He was taking tea at the latter's house. Happening then and there to want a volume of "Burke's Works," he went to the library, took down the book and laid it on the tea-table. The pages were uncut. A knife was at Wordsworth's plate, which he had just used to butter the dry toast. With it he cut his way into the volume, and left on every page the greasy proof of a selfish, discourteous impatience that could brook no delay. Of course Southey, who was very neat and orderly in his person and house, was annoyed; but Wordsworth was as unruffled as though he had used the cleanest of paper-cutters. He forgot that the little courtesies of life are justly classed among the minor morals, and that the gift of genius does not exempt its possessor from the observance of all the moralities, whether they be great or small.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT requires the utmost care upon the part of the people who have received the Spirit of the Lord by the laying on of hands, to distinguish between the voice of that Spirit and the voice of their own hearts, or of other spirits which may take possession of them. Experience and watchfulness will enable the Saint to recognize the voice of the Holy Spirit.

It is a still, small voice in the hearts of the children of men. It is not boisterous, loud or aggressive, and if those who receive it carefully watch its suggestions, it will develop more and more within them, and it will become an unfailing source of revelation. But the necessity always remains of exercising care in distinguishing its voice from the voice of other influences in the heart.

Many Elders in the Church have uttered predictions which they thought proceeded from the Holy Ghost, but which were prompted by enthusiasm and the ardor of their own feelings. They were filled with good desires; but good desires alone do not make predictions true. They must be given by the Spirit of the Lord or they will not come to pass; for the Lord is not bound, by any promise He has ever made, to fulfill everybody's predictions when He has not inspired them. When He prompts men to speak by His Spirit and make promises and utter predictions they will undoubtedly be fulfilled. It is a solemn thing to speak in the name of the Lord, and the man who does so ought to be sure, if he makes a prophecy, that it is from the Lord; then it will be fulfilled, but not otherwise.

It has not unfrequently happened that Elders, in reading the prophecies and revelations which have been given concerning the last days, have become very sanguine in their expectations concerning the nearness of certain events spoken of, and have ventured themselves to prophesy concerning them, and to foretell at what time and in what manner they would be fulfilled. Now, to do this in safety, a man ought to be sure that he has the same spirit of prophecy and revelation as the prophet had whose words he attempts to supplement or interpret. If he does not have that, he is liable to fall into error and to mislead others. Private interpretations of the word of God are always dangerous, and the illustrations of this, even in our Church, are quite numerous.

One or two instances of this kind occur to me.

A prominent Apostle, and one well versed in the prophecies, had a discussion in New York with a somewhat noted preacher upon what is called "Mormonism." The discussion took place, I think, in 1840. The Apostle, in speaking about events that should take place, made the declaration that certainly these would occur within ten years from that period, or the Book of Mormon would prove itself false! This statement was actually published in the proceedings of the discussion. Now the failure of an event to take place according to any man's theory could not by any possibility, affect the validity of the Book of Mormon. That Book is the truth of heaven and it cannot be made false. The Apostle of whom I speak understood this perfectly; but he felt so sure these events would take place within the period mentioned by him that he felt safe in making this statement. But alas, for human fallibility! The events of which he spoke are still unfulfilled, though forty-six years have passed away instead of ten.

Another circumstance of this character occurs to me:

Shortly after hostilities began in the late civil war, a prominent Elder who occupied a leading position in the British

Mission at that time, caused to be recorded in the office journal at Liverpool a prediction of his, concerning the results that would follow the breaking out of the civil war between the States. He wrote that within six months after the commencement of the war, State would be arrayed against State, and the inhabitants in each State would be arrayed against each other, and thus war would be carried almost to the doors of all the people of the land. He was so confident his views were sound and from the Lord that he was quite willing they should be recorded and stand as his prediction. It is not necessary to say how much he was mistaken. This Elder was a faithful, good man, and a man who possessed a goodly degree of the Spirit of the Lord; but, in this instance, his zeal carried him away, and he mistook his own desires and views for the voice of the Spirit of the Lord.

Many more illustrations of this kind might be given; but they are familiar to every Elder of experience. Too much care cannot be exercised in putting constructions upon revelations and prophecies, and especially by Elders who speak in public.

At the present time I understand there is much of an inclination on the part of certain Elders to dwell upon the revelations given after the Saints were driven out of Jackson County, in which allusion is made to the Saints being led out of bondage. They appear to hold out the idea that the present trials through which the Saints are passing are the beginning of the bondage which is there referred to.

Such teachings, I think, unsuitable and not likely to be attended with good effects.

It is well to warn the Latter-day Saints and to stir them up to repentance, that they may humble themselves and seek the favor of God; but it is not well to discourage them or to weaken their faith.

"But," it may be asked, "is it hurtful to foretell to the people that which is coming upon them?"

Certainly not, if the Spirit of the Lord dictates the message.

But let every man who speaks in the name of the Lord be sure that what he says is from the Lord; for if it is not, he incurs a fearful responsibility.

Many perhaps take the view that we are already in bondage and that it is greater than any we have ever had before. I do not share in that opinion. There has scarcely been a year since the Church was organized until the Saints left Nauvoo that they were not in bondage to a greater or less degree.

Let me here remark, there is more than one kind of bondage.

In one revelation, the Lord speaks to the Prophet Joseph about the brethren being in bondage for debt, and he gives them a promise "that you shall be delivered this once out of your bondage." This was a kind of bondage which often galled and bore heavily upon the Prophet and leading Elders in the early days.

In another revelation the Lord says that it is not right that men shall be in bondage one to another, and that to avoid this He had redeemed the land by the shedding of blood and caused a constitution to be established through wise men whom He had raised up for that very purpose.

There are two kinds of bondage mentioned: one the bondage of debt and the other political bondage.

The Latter-day Saints were in bondage in Ohio; they went to Missouri. They were put in bondage there, and they fled to Illinois to escape from it.

Finally to have that larger freedom and greater rights which were denied them in Illinois, they forsook the confines of civilization and launched forth into the wilderness.

This was a mighty deliverance; and though, after we came here, we were refused a State government and had to be content with a Territory, we were comparatively free from political bondage and enjoyed a large degree of liberty.

Our deliverance from the bondage under which we suffered in the States will yet be recorded as one of the grandest achievements of which history gives an account. Our people had controlled the city of Nauvoo, but jealous of our having that much power, the legislature robbed us of its charter and aimed to reduce us to intolerable bondage. But from that condition we were delivered, and we took a great stride ahead. From being denied the right to control a city—and a city, too which we had built and peopled, and made famous, we blossomed into sufficient liberty to have the government of a Territory. This liberty has been encroached upon: but we still enjoy it, notwithstanding the many efforts which have been made to deprive us of it.

I know we are passing through scenes which are very trying to the patience of a free people, a tyranny being exercised in our midst that is most odious to every principle of constitutional government; but, withal, the Latter-day Saints have been in worse circumstances than these and have had much less liberty than they now have.

What the future may have in store for us, time will develop; but for the present let us be thankful that we have as much freedom and so many comforts and causes of enjoyment as those we now possess. Instead of indulging in gloomy anticipations and this sort of talk about bondage and deprivation of all our rights, let us as Latter-day Saints exercise all our faith in petitioning the heavens for relief from our present troubles and look forward with hopeful expectation to the fulfillment of the many promises which God has given, concerning the future glory of Zion.

As it has been in the past, so it will be in the future. we shall emerge from this condition of affairs into the enjoyment of greater influence and power in our own nation and in the earth. This has invariably followed every attempt of our enemies of the character which we now witness here.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 343.)

ABOUT the 10th of June we left off mining and went below to prepare for going home, as it was believed that most of the snow was gone from off the mountains.

Arriving at the mill below it was thought by the brethren there that it would be a good idea for some of the boys to go ahead and select a place of gathering for all who were intending to go to Salt Lake. Accordingly, on the morning of the 17th of June, John White, Jacob M. Truman and myself set out on horseback for that purpose, taking our axes, blankets and provisions. We found a nice little valley forty or fifty miles east of Sutter's Fort. Here we cut down timber and built a large corral. On the 21st, parties began to arrive with loose stock. The next day wagons began to roll in and continued to arrive more or less every day. On Sunday morning,

the 25th, Brothers Browett, Allen and Cox, being desirous to push forward, said that they would leave camp and go ahead with pack mules and explore and hunt out a route over the mountains while the company was gathering, and return and meet the camp. They were advised not to go, owing to the wild tribes in the mountains, but they thought there was no danger and so left camp.

On the 28th, James Brown and I prospected for gold, when we found a nice little field about two miles north of camp. The next day I returned and washed out twenty-six dollars' worth; and on the 30th, I washed out forty dollars. I let one of the brethren have this for a new Spanish saddle.

On Saturday, July 1st, I turned *vaquero*, as it was my day to herd horses.

On the 3rd, camp broke and moved forward, all except myself and Brother Hatch. Our oxen were missing and it was late before we found them.

The next morning we rolled out, following the trail of the camp, keeping up the divide between the American and Macozamy rivers. Just as we stopped to make camp for the night we were suddenly startled for a moment at the roar of cannon ahead of us. We were soon reminded this was the Fourth of July, the birthday of American Independence. The next morning we overtook the company in camp. They had found a nice little valley down on the Macozamy side, which they called Sly's Park. Here we made corrals, the camp concluding to remain a few days to await the return of the three brethren who had gone ahead and to have a report from them before moving any further. Fears were entertained that mischief had befallen them. A meeting of the camp was called and it was decided to send out ten men to pioneer the way over the Sierra Nevada, and to see if anything could be learned of the whereabouts of the missing men. Accordingly, the next morning our pioneers set out and late in the evening of the 14th they returned. The camp was immediately called together and a report made. They had learned nothing of the three men, neither trail nor sign of them could be found after passing a certain point. They had found a pass but the road would have to be worked. It was decided to send four men ahead on the morrow to cut away the brush and roll rocks out of the way, and the camp was to follow after. That day we traveled about eight miles, and on the 16th we continued our journey. At night we camped on the waters of the Macozamy.

On the 17th, we camped by some springs. The next day camp lay by while a few men went ahead, myself included, to work and make the road. As we were returning we found where we supposed our three missing men had camped near a spring. Not far away was what we thought to be an Indian grave, as near by was an Indian wickiup. Brother Miller, one of our party, said he was of the belief that our brethren were in it. After returning to camp and making our report we organized (for we had not yet done so). Jonathan Holmes was appointed president, with Samuel H. Rogers and Addison Pratt as his counselors. Lieutenant Samuel Thompson was appointed captain in case there was any fighting to do with redskins.

Our number and outfit consisted of forty-five men and one woman, the wife of Sergeant William Cory; two small brass cannon—one a four the other a six pounder—besides our muskets; seventeen wagons and about four hundred head of stock, including horses, mules, oxen, cows and calves.

On Wednesday the 19th, the camp reached the spring near which was the supposed Indian grave. The tools from the

wagon were soon brought and the grave was at once opened. We were shocked at the sight! There lay our brethren naked, one with his face upwards the others face downwards. To all appearance an ax or a hatchet had been sunk in Brother Browett's face, and a shot had penetrated his eye. A withe was around Allen's neck. They were in a shallow grave. In looking around we found bloody arrows laying about on the ground. Allen's purse of gold dust was found; it was readily known, as many of the boys had seen him make it.

That night while at prayers something gave our stock a dreadful fright, causing at once a stampede. It was thought to be either grizzly bears or Indians. At once Captain Thompson gave orders to "limber up a cannon and let her speak." This was promptly done. The report and the noise of our running stock was like an earthquake, fairly shaking the mountains. Men were busy all the next day gathering up stock, a few of which were never found. In the afternoon of the following day we enclosed the grave of our brethren with rocks so as to prevent wild beasts from disturbing them, as well as to mark their last resting place.

On Friday the 21st, having found all the stock except one or two mules, we moved four miles and camped in what we called Rock Valley. Clover and wild flax were found growing in this valley.

The next day a number of us worked and made a road six miles and the camp moved three miles. There were ponds near the tops of the mountains with no outlets, said by the boys who visited them to be filled with trout. In places we could gather flowers with one hand and snow with the other at the same time. I had never witnessed such a thing done before. In the pine timber were plenty of mountain chickens.

On Sunday the 23rd camp lay by and, like good boys, we kept the Sabbath day.

(To be Continued.)

ALCOHOL.

BY W. J.

ALTHOUGH very much has been said, and a great deal has been written, in regard to the intemperate use of intoxicating drinks, yet that monster evil still boldly rears its ugly head, and is one of the growing and damning curses of our fallen and falling race. It is a parent evil, prolific in progeny, and fearfully destructive in results; yet many encourage it—they make it attractive, they increase it, they make much money out of it, and they do this, apparently, without caring even in the least degree how many physical, mental, moral and financial wrecks they produce with their dishonorable business. And many of the human family seem determined to sustain this misery-producing traffic to the detriment of themselves and their posterity, instead of frowning it down by a strong public sentiment, and stopping it by withholding their patronage now and forever, and thus blessing themselves, the world at large and the countless millions of unborn generations.

Some hundreds of years ago a number of persons were trying to discover something that would preserve their youth and strength, and prevent them from dying; and it is said that a man named Paracelsus, in making experiments, discovered alcohol. He called it "the water of life," and boasted that "he would never be weak and never die; so he went on drinking alcoholic liquors until at last he died in a drunken fit."

Alcohol looks like water, it has a somewhat pleasant odor, it has a pungent taste, and it is inflammable as well as intoxicating. It is made of rotten fruit, grain, or vegetables. It does not exist only as the result of decay. The juice of good apples is sweet and pleasant, but let it stand a few days and it will ferment; that is, the sugary part of the juice will be separated into a kind of a gas and a liquid. The gas is called carbonic acid gas; the liquid is alcohol; and both are poisonous. It does not appear to be a natural drink provided by our Heavenly Father for His children, or He would have placed it in some ripe, delicious fruit, and not have made it impossible to obtain only from a state of decay; but it appears to be one of the many inventions of man.

Its general definition is: "The spirituous or intoxicating element of fermented liquors;" and this is the element which many of the children of men so strongly desire, and *will* have, in liquor, or wine, or beer. The craving is so strong that many will *have* it irrespective of cost or consequences. Hundreds of thousands are wrecked and ruined in mind and body, in reputation and influence, in finances and family relations, by its influence and use. They are crime-stained, hopeless and faithless. They have misused their agency, wasted their probation, corrupted their souls, blasted their hopes and prospects, and oftentimes the suicide's hand ends their mortal career. And if they contemplate the future beyond the grave, nothing but gloom, and darkness, and condemnation, and misery, await them there.

In view of the above incontrovertible facts, the young men of Israel should take warning. The object of this article is to warn them. The tendencies of the age are wrong. This is a tippling, wine-bibbing age. Glittering and seductive inducements are held out to the young. They must do right and secure the aid of the Holy Spirit, or they will be overcome by the wily tempter. They must stand firmly on the platform of sobriety, as given in the laws of God, or they will not be safe for one moment. It will not do to manufacture apparently plausible excuses for drinking, and thus violating the law of God; neither will it do to cite the example of men who are their seniors as justification; and, especially, it will not answer to go to the scriptures and quote Paul's advice to Timothy, or Christ's turning water into wine, in justification of the habit of using intoxicants temperately, in violation of the command of God as given in our day. And this reminds me of an incident in the life of John B. Gough, the great apostle of temperance, and I give it here because it is illustrative and instructive:

"John B. Gough, in the course of his lecturing life, found himself in some tight places; but his wit never failed to bring him out safely.

"An amusing story is told of him when he went to Oxford, England, to address the students on temperance. The students sent word to Mr. Gough that they would not have temperance, and advised him not to persist in lecturing, but he went to the hall. For twenty minutes he spoke in pantomime amid the deafening cat-calls of the boys.

"Finally, he stepped forward, demanded British fair play, and offered to whip every one of the five hundred students singly. This offer was loudly cheered and promptly accepted, and a big six-foot athlete was sent upon the stage. Gough, who was a little man, backed off as the big fellow approached him, and explained:

"My friends, you evidently misunderstand me. This is to be an intellectual contest, not a prize-fight."

"The students cheered again at this evidence of American shrewdness, and ordered the debate to proceed. The college

lad was therefore obliged to discuss with the temperance champion. He was at a disadvantage, but he quoted scripture, and reminded the plucky lecturer that it was one of the Apostles who wrote to Timothy—a young man, too, like themselves—to take a little wine for his stomach's sake, and for his other infirmities. The lads shouted vociferously at this.

"Gough slowly examined the six-footer from top to toe, and then said:

"My friends, look at this athlete: this fellow with muscles like steel, who can wield the club of Hercules, who can bend an English yeoman's bow, who could knock down an ox with the blow of a hammer. He is the personification of health and strength, but he thinks he needs a little wine for his stomach's sake!"

"Gough's inimitable manner of saying this had a tremendous effect. The students fairly yelled with delight, and their defeated champion retreated.

"Another was sent up. He was the intellectual giant of his class, in contradistinction to the six-footer. He, with much self-confidence, made a finished argument for liquor-drinking, based on Christ's changing water into wine at the wedding feast. His comrades cheered him to the echo, and thought his argument unanswerable, and Gough was chaffed for his defeat.

"Young men," said he solemnly, "I admit that your champion has forestalled me. He has said to me just what I came here to charge you to do—drink all the wine you can find that is made entirely of water."

And I will add, young men, please oblige your friend, and benefit yourselves forever, by seriously reflecting upon the foregoing, and then, with a firm reliance upon the Almighty, by coming to the following conclusion:

"No brandy, whiskey, gin, nor rum,
Into my mouth shall ever come;
And here I pledge eternal hate
To all that can intoxicate;
Cigars, tobacco, I abhor,
And 'gainst them wage eternal war.
No vicious deeds, nor words profane,
My lips or life shall ever stain;
All vile and wicked things I'll shun,
And in the way of virtue run;
I'll strive to be both wise and good,
That I may live at last with God.

TWO POWERS CONTRASTED.

BY VIDL.

THE remarkable cases of healing the sick which have occurred in the experience of the Elders of this Church both at home and abroad, are so very numerous that but a very small part of them will ever be related. An incident has come to our notice, however, wherein the difference between the genuine power of the Almighty and the spurious article which is now so prevalent in the earth, and sent out for the purpose of misleading the people is plainly visible.

Bother Y—, while traveling in one of the conferences of the British Mission in the year 1878, preaching the gospel, met a family who had experienced quite a number of astonishing cures through the influence of the spirit which existed in the organization of which they were members—Spiritualism. One of the children at one time was taken very ill, and, notwithstanding all efforts, gradually grew worse. The best medical skill was called into requisition, but all to no avail. Finally the physicians informed the parents that the death of the

child was only a question of a short time, as nothing could possibly save its life.

As a last resort an appeal was made to the unseen spirit which had frequently answered their questions by rapping on the table. Now, an exhortation was made for a remedy which would effect a cure on the person of the dying child. A reply was given and upon the application of what was suggested, the child immediately began to recover and was soon entirely well.

Other cures of a more or less interesting nature were effected from time to time which served to strengthen their faith in the doctrines which they had embraced.

Finally, however, a child was born to the worthy couple which from the day of its birth was very puny and sickly. It vomited almost continually, and it was in vain that things were sought which the little thing could retain on its stomach. Human skill was entirely unavailing. Appeals were continually made to the spirit which had effected so much before in the restoration of different members of the family, but in this instance even this spirit was powerless, or at least did not give the desired relief.

Thus matters continued for a year, at the end of which time the child was smaller than it was on the day of its birth. Its arms were no larger than a man's finger and its whole body was correspondingly small. The sufferings of the puny creature seemed to be so intense that the father, as he afterwards said, prayed with all earnestness that death might relieve it from pain. Still the spirit clung tenaciously to the frail body.

About this time Brother Y—visited these good people. He had preached to them on previous occasions and they seemed inclined to accept the gospel. One evening while he and a companion Elder were conversing with them, the mother timidly approached, and said that though the family had not as yet joined the Church they would very much like to have them administer to the puny little infant, if it were not inconsistent with their religion for them to do so. They said it was not, and the hopeful mother therefore brought the child to them. It was administered to according to the order of the Church, and from that day all vomiting ceased, and the child gradually gained in strength and flesh, until it became one of the most healthy of all the family.

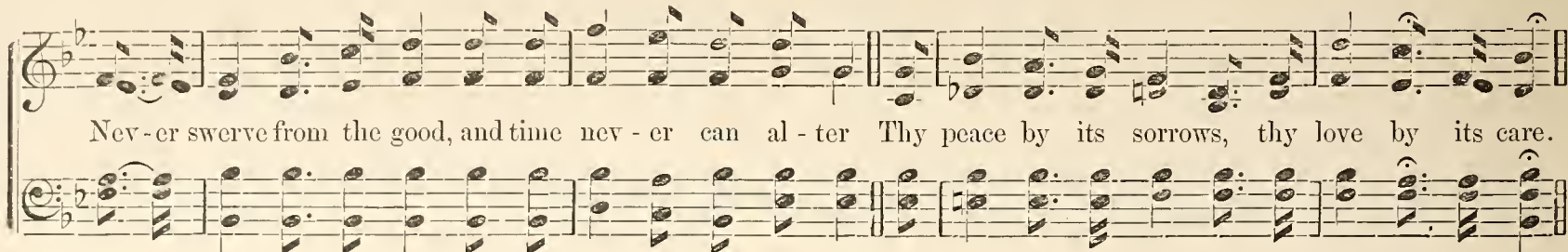
Now, here was a manifestation of the superior power of the true Church. All efforts to invigorate the child had hitherto proved fruitless, and even the spirit which existed in their church and which had previously relieved from disease other members of the family was apparently powerless. But the power of God was sufficient to almost instantaneously restore to perfect health and vigor the infant.

There are and will be many spirits abroad in the world in these last days, and the evil one will perform many miracles in order to mislead the people. Our readers are all familiar with the wonders performed by the magicians of Egypt, who were empowered by Satan, in the days of Moses; and even greater than those will be manifested in these latter times. Yet it is the privilege of every Latter-day Saint to test the various spirits which they may from time to time encounter, and if one is living up to the line of his duty, he will be able to distinguish between good and evil spirits, between angels of light and those of darkness. The Holy Ghost with its peaceful influence can never be counterfeited, and its power is so great that it can easily expose to its possessor all the influences by which he is surrounded. Each one should therefore cultivate and obey the promptings of a spirit which is so all powerful, that he may not fall, but continue in the path which leads to eternal life.

BE TRUE TO THYSELF.

WORDS BY J. H. WARD.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.



Be true to thyself, cherish every affection,
That's gentle, and noble, and truthful and pure;
And the strength of the Highest shall be thy protection
So long as thy love for thy God shall endure.

Be true to thyself, though the past with its sorrow,
And all its lost hopes are remembered by thee,

Though the present be lonely, a brighter to-morrow
May herald a future from sorrow set free.

Be true to thyself, and thy heart will forever
Be true to all others: all truth is sublime.
Be true to thy God, and His goodness shall never
Desert thee, through all the mutations of time.

YOU CAN.

DO not say you cannot withstand the temptation, for you can, and you know it. It is nothing but the good will that you lack. You can do everything that needs to be done if you have a will to do it.

"But," you will say, "I have listened so often and so long to temptation that I have lost all power to resist."

I tell you that is nonsense. You can withstand all temptation as well now as ever, if you only have the desire to do so; and it is only the cunning of Satan to make you believe to the contrary.

What an idea! You can serve the devil to your own detriment and to your present and everlasting ruin, and cannot serve God, when it is to your eternal salvation to do so! Has anyone ever heard of such folly? Satan laughs that you are such a fool. God has never required anything that you cannot do. Perhaps you have committed many errors and done many foolish things, but that does not matter. The fact that you have tried once, twice or a dozen times to do right, proves that you can do it again; and every time you try to do good, that desire will increase in you and the inclination and weakness which lead you to do evil will decrease.

"But I have failed so often."

You have done nothing of the kind so long as you have tried to do right; it is only when you did wrong. But supposing you did fail. How often did the child fail before it learned to walk?

"But that is a different thing altogether; a child tries to walk and involuntarily falls, but I have fallen when I knew better."

All the more foolish for you, if you remain down. If you have fallen with your eyes open, you can get up with them

open as well. Now, do not believe that I am hard on you. I wish to lend you a helping hand to get you from your fallen position and to try again to do right. I know that it is folly of the worst kind to remain in the slough of sin. A dry, clear, beautiful path leads from it into green fields and splendid surroundings, where virtue in all her splendor and clothed with peace awaits you to fold you in her open arms. If you will only try, you will find that you can walk in that path and will be enabled to endure humbly and steadfastly and obtain all the honors of a noble and virtuous manhood.

C. H. W.

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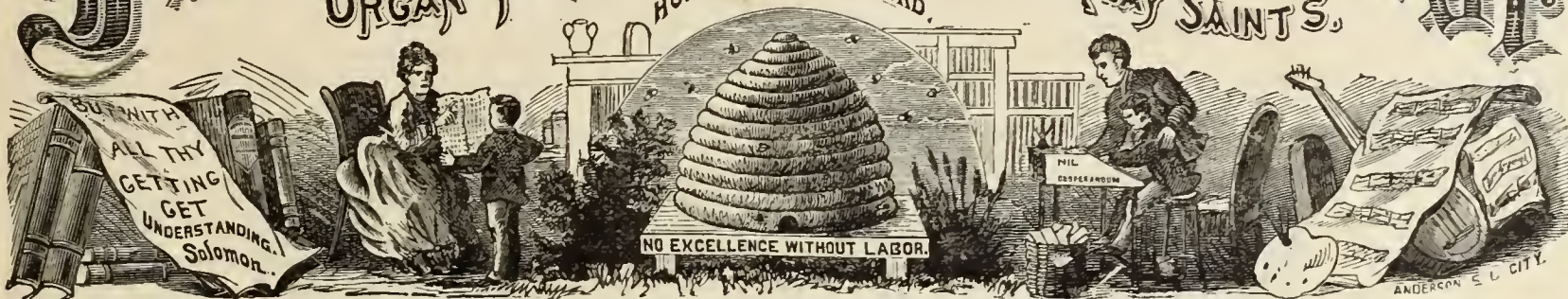
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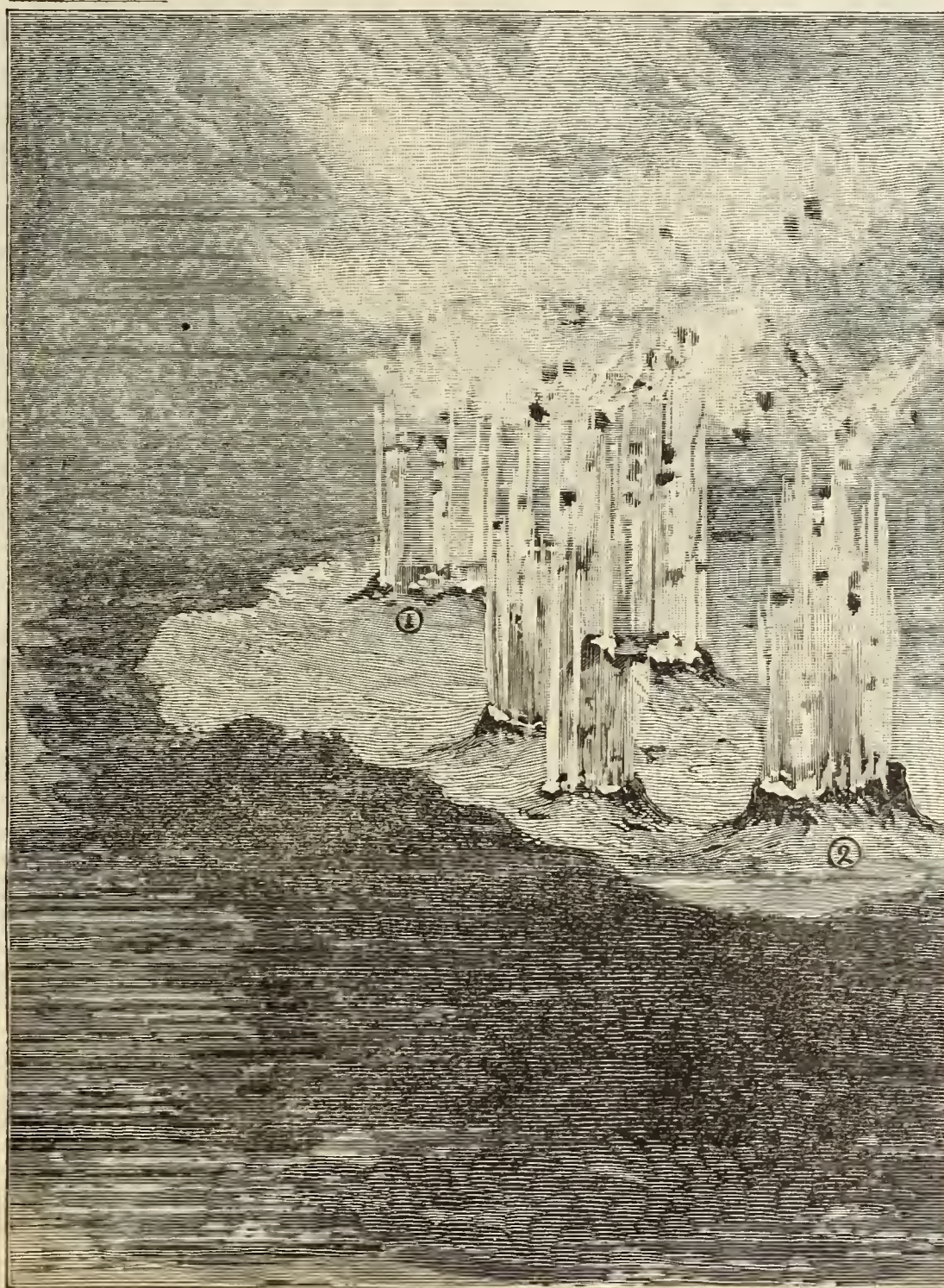
SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1886.

NO. 24.

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS IN NEW ZEALAND.

ALL our readers are more or less familiar with the terrible eruptions which occurred in New Zealand during this present year—a tremendous outbreak which is without a parallel in the previous annals of that country, and from which the loss of life would have been far greater had it happened at any other season of the year. The Hot Lake District, the name by which this part of the island is known, was described by those who had visited it as one of the most lovely spots on the globe, and during certain seasons of the year was visited by pleasure seekers from all parts of the world.

The most noted sights of this region were the Pink and White Terraces of Rotomahana. The first-named is marked



CORNER OF LAKE ROTOMAHANA AND SITES OF THE PINK AND WHITE TERRACES.

in the engraving by the figure 1, and the second by 2. The White Terrace is described by an eminent traveler as "a crystal stair-case, glittering and stainless as ice." It had twenty stairs, and the floors dividing them were as horizontal as if laid with a spirit-level. "The Pink Terrace," says the same writer, "was formed on the same lines as the other, save that it was narrower, and was flushed with pale rose-color. The crystals were most beautiful, falling like clusters of rosy icicles, and, at the foot of each cascade, the water lay in pools of ultramarine."

These marvelous terraces are now totally destroyed, and the whole district is one mass of craters which are continually belching forth stones.

Our second engraving represents the Black Crater, a new volcano which made its appearance during the eruptions near Rotomahana Lake, and almost directly back of the place formerly occupied by the Pink Terrace. This crater throws, every two or three minutes, huge stones, cinders and clouds of dust high into the air, but these apparently all fall back again into the opening.

This appalling catastrophe is described by an eye witness as follows:

"The earth rumblings began at midnight on Wednesday, June 9th, and gradually increased in severity as the morning advanced. Mount Tarawera, which has been quiescent, so far as is known, ever since the settlement of the island by the Maoris, suddenly burst into flame, and belched forth lava, ashes and foul-smelling mud which covered the whole surrounding district. Meanwhile, not only were the existing geysers in an abnormal state of activity, but on all sides new hot-water springs and mud volcanoes had broken out. The residents of the Rotorua district ran about terror-stricken, many of them being boiled alive. At Ohinemutu and Te Wairoa the people rushed into the open air without pausing to dress, and carrying their children in their arms.

"The scene was appallingly magnificent. Towards Rotomahana a lurid glare overspread the sky, and an immense column of mingled flame and smoke arose from Mount Tarawera. On all sides sulphurous flames and suffocating vapors arose from the earth, and, long after the sun had risen, an impenetrable pall of darkness covered the whole district. As the morning wore on the vibrations became less violent, although a new horror had been introduced through the water in Lake Rotorua suddenly rising and inundating the native settlement.

"By this disaster about a hundred Maoris and eight Europe-

ans perished. Five of the latter were members of a family named Haszard. Mr. Haszard was the local schoolmaster at Te Wairoa. Alarmed by the earthquakes and noises the family arose from their beds. They perceived the imminence of their danger, but were at the same time so calm and collected that one of the daughters sat down at the organ and sang hymns. Eventually the house was overwhelmed by the shower of burning lava and scalding mud. Two of the elder girls were rescued through the untiring exertions of some Maori women, who cleared away enough of the mud to let the girls breathe. Mrs. Haszard also was rescued, though terribly scalded; but the child in her arms was dead. Her husband and three other children perished. The other Europeans killed were the post-master at Te Wairoa, a man named Brown, living with the Maoris at Ariki, and a young Englishman, named Bainbridge, from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who was on a pleasure tour. He was staying at the Rotomahana Hotel, and when the eruption began asked the other inmates to join him in a religious service. He was calm and collected, but seemed to have a presentiment of his coming fate. He was last seen alive standing on a cliff overlooking the lake, placidly admiring the tremendous display. He must then have returned to the hotel, as his mangled remains were afterwards



BLACK CRATER NEAR THE SITE OF THE PINK TERRACE.

discovered beneath its ruins.

"Mount Tarawera, regarded as a sacred spot by the Maoris was described (before the eruption) as a colossal, truncated cone, with steep, sloping sides, tinted with red oxide of iron and shining obsidian. The shores of Tarawera Lake were rugged, rocky and steep; its waters deeply and darkly blue."

THERE is no virtue, the practice of which does not rejoice, and give pleasure to a well-constituted nature.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 366.)

ON the 24th of July we moved a few miles and camped just over the summit of a high mountain. Two wagons upset and two broke down, losing all the spokes in one wheel. The next day we remained in camp to repair the wheel, which we filled with spokes made from a dry pine.

On the 26th, we moved to the foot of the mountain and camped by a small lake, giving our camp-ground the name of Lake Valley. Ten men went to hunt out, if possible, a feasible route over the Sierra Nevadas, which were now near by. We had no guide and, for aught we knew, a white man had never been here before since the days of the Nephites.

The next day our men returned, but reported no further discoveries than they had made on a previous tour. We were visited by twenty Indians, all armed with bows and arrows. They laid down their arms, manifesting friendship, and we gave them some food, whereupon they soon left.

On the 28th, we made some road and moved three miles, then felled timber and built a corral. We were now near the summit of the great Sierra Nevada Mountains. One of our men caught a fawn, but simply marked its ears and gave it its liberty.

On the 29th, we moved across the mountain and camped at the head of Hope Valley, as we called it, for we now began to have hope. In descending a very steep place one wagon broke down.

On Sunday, the 30th, as our camp-ground was so brushy and offered a good place for Indians to skulk and shoot our stock, we moved, making the road as we went, and camped at the head of a canyon on Pass Creek, so named by our camp. Here we were obliged to remain until we could make a road down the canyon into Carson Valley, about five or six miles distant.

On the 3rd of August we were overtaken by thirteen brethren on packs. They had left the mines five days before. On the 4th we moved through the canyon and the next day made twelve miles and camped on what we called Pilot River. We afterwards found it was the Carson River, and ran through a beautiful valley several miles wide. The mountains seemed to be all on fire and the valley was full of smoke.

On Thursday, the 10th, at 2 o'clock in the morning, the camp was aroused by the guard, who reported that the horses were crossing the river. All hands rallied out but could not discover anything wrong. However, when daylight came we found two horses and one mule were missing. Their trail was found and ten of the boys set out after them, believing they were taken by Indians. They were overtaken and two of the animals recovered and brought back. In the encounter, Mr. Dimond was shot in the breast with an arrow, but received only a flesh wound. This man was an outsider on his way to the States. I have since learned that he stopped in our Territory and finally joined the Church.

On the 11th, some of the boys went ahead and returning at night reported there was no sign of water as far as they had been, except possibly at a grove of cottonwood trees which they had noticed several miles to the northward. The next morning we left the Carson River, traveling in a north direction some twenty-five miles, and on reaching the cottonwood

grove we struck the old emigrant road at the lower crossing of the Truckee River. Every heart was filled with thanks to God for His goodness in thus guiding us. The next day being Sunday we had a prayer meeting.

Monday, the 14th, we continued our journey, arriving at the hot springs below the sink of the Humboldt, and halted for refreshments, making tea and coffee from the boiling waters. A little dog belonging to the camp fell into one of the holes and in less than two minutes was boiled to pieces. On reaching the sink we met a company of emigrants with eighteen wagons. Among them were Hazen Kimball and family, who had wintered at Salt Lake, but having become dissatisfied had left in March for Fort Hall. He said the people at Salt Lake were plowing and sowing wheat all last Winter and had put in eight thousand acres of grain.

On the 17th, just as we reached camp and before we had unhitched from our wagons, we saw one of our horses with an arrow sticking in him. In a few minutes, three Indians armed with bows and arrows came up to our tent. We took their bows, and bringing up the horse pointed out the wound, upon which they set up a dreadful howling, especially the elder one. The old man actually wept, the tears running down his dark face like rain. Then suddenly resting his hands on the horse he placed his mouth to the wound and sucked several times and drew out all the poison into which the arrow had been dipped. The sight moved me with pity for the old Indian. However, we confined them under guard all night, gave them supper and breakfast, also a little provision, returned them their bows and arrows and told them they were at liberty to leave. They seemed to be much pleased and happily disappointed and left with glad and joyful hearts.

We met several emigrant trains but none had come by way of Salt Lake, consequently we got no news from our people. All had come by way of Fort Hall. We bought from one company some bacon and buffalo meat, at what is known to emigrants as the City of Rocks, near the Goose Creek Mountains. Here we left the Fort Hall road, making our way over rocks and through heavy sage brush, down Cassia Creek eight or ten miles, thence to Deep Creek and arrived at the Malad, where we broke a wagon, the crossing being miry and difficult to ford. After crossing Bear River we made an early camp, and every man brought his portion of wood with a view of having a good time around one common fire to pass away the evening and to hear a song composed for the occasion by Brother Daniel Dennett. We had a splendid time, singing, speaking and rehearsing stories; and everybody felt well, knowing we were at least near home. It was not until a late hour that we retired. This was on the evening of the 22nd of September, and three days later we reached the place where Ogden City now stands. Here lived Captain James Brown and a few families of the Saints, who bid us welcome and gave us plenty of melons and roasting ears of corn, which to us was a treat.

The next day we lay by to repair wagons which had broken down the day before. Everybody was busy; those not repairing wagons were washing up, shaving, cutting hair, changing clothes, etc. Some of our company remained, as they had either families or friends, while the rest of us proceeded on to Salt Lake City, where we arrived on Thursday, the 28th of September, and were received with open arms, both by friends and dear relatives bidding us welcome, welcome, thrice welcome!

(Concluded.)

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE stockings were hung in the corner,
 Three of them, all in a row;
 Tall Fred's and dear little Mabel's
 And Will's, with its scarlet toe.
 The good-night kisses were given,
 The evening prayers were said;
 And the quiet that reigned in the parlor, told
 That the children had gone to bed.
 Up stairs, from the quiet nursery,
 Where the lamp burned soft and low,
 I could hear the prattle of voices
 Come floating down below.

Then up rose Will, indignant
 At such a suggestion as this,
 Such a sudden dispelling of fancies
 And visions of Christmas bliss:
 Of a rocking-horse saddled and bridled,
 Of stockings stuffed full to the toe;
 Of pictures and games without number,
 And a wonderful trumpet to blow.

And with eyes all aglow with excitement,
 (As I took through the doorway a peep,)
 Said, "she don't know anything 'bout it;
 I'm tired and going to sleep.
 I wish you would stop your talking,
 For our stockings are hung below;
 And I know they'll be full in the morning,
 'Cause *my father told me so.*"



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

And I knew bright eyes were trying
 A lengthened watch to keep;
 Lest Santa Claus pass by them,
 And they be fast asleep.

"But," said the voice of Mabel,
 "Perhaps he won't come, because
 Lucy Gray says there's no such person
 As good old Santa Claus.
 And if there isn't,—truly,
 Why then he won't come, you know:
 And our stockings will all be empty,
 From the top, clear down to the toe."

And I thought, O trustful childhood,
 How you shame our riper years!
 And so easily learn faith's lesson,
 That we learn so slowly, with tears;
 And I thanked the little teacher,
 And silently asked I might know
 That the way God leads us, is always right,
 For "Our Father tells us so."

A LITTLE girl asked her sister what was chaos,
 that her papa read about. The elder replied, "It
 is a great pile of nothing, and no place to put it
 in."

WASHINGTON IN THE NURSERY.

THE figure of Washington, as it stands in history, is so august that we are indisposed to think that the real Washington was a man, with all the sympathies and passions that pertain to a man. There are, however, a few anecdotes which make him real to us by bringing him nearer to the level of ordinary humanity. Such a one is told in the *Springfield Republican*, by a descendant of Chief Justice Ellsworth, of Connecticut, one of Washington's intimate friends.

Washington once dined with the Chief Justice, at his residence in Windsor. The correspondent writes:

During that visit, Gen. Washington appeared in a novel and interesting scene. Entering the nursery, where were two twin boys, two years old (afterward the late Gov. Ellsworth and the Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth), he took one on each knee, and sang to them this song, often repeated in after years by the Governor with much zest:

THE DERBY (DARBY) RAM.

As I was going to Derby,
Upon a market day,
I spied the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was fed upon hay.
Tow de row de dow,
Tow de row de da.

He had four feet to walk, sir,
He had four feet to stand,
And every foot he had, sir,
Covered an acre of land.
Tow, etc.

The wool upon his back, sir,
It reached to the sky,
And eagles built their nests there,
For I heard their young ones cry.
Tow, etc.

The wool upon his tail, sir,
I heard the weaver say,
Made three thousand yards of cloth,
For he wove it all in a day.
Tow, etc.

What is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child? One pours with rain and the other roars with pain.

Why is one who falsifies like a person deeply in debt? He has great liabilities.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 22.

1. AFTER the trouble at Gallatin, Daviess Co., what report reached the brethren at Far West? A. That two or three of the Saints had been killed there, and that a majority of the people of Daviess Co. were determined to drive the "Mormons" from there.

2. On hearing this report, who hastened to Gallatin to see what could be done to preserve the brethren from such harsh treatment? A. Joseph and Hyrum, Sidney Rigdon and several others.

3. In what condition did they find them? A. They discovered that none were killed, but several were badly wounded.

4. Upon whom did Joseph and the brethren call the next day? A. A man named Black, a justice of the peace.

5. What fraud and acts of lawlessness was this man guilty of? A. He sold a farm to Bro. Knight, for which he received part of the pay, and afterwards he united with a band of mobbers to drive the Saints from Daviess Co.

6. Had others of the mob been guilty of similar conduct? A. Yes.

7. After Joseph and the brethren had accused him of his base conduct what did he do to satisfy them of his future conduct? A. He prepared a document which he signed, certifying that he would not attach himself to any mob to molest the Saints, etc.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. Where did the mob remove to from Daviess County? 2. Where did they commence their cowardly assaults by firing upon the Saints, and committing other acts of violence? 3. What was the result of these attacks? 4. Where did they go for shelter? 5. After the mob had succeeded in driving the people from De Witt, who called the mob together and urged them to assist their friends in Daviess County? 6. Who went from Far West to Daviess County to assist in defending the Saints? 7. What had the mob been doing before the arrival of this company? 8. When Lyman Wight with his command and others arrived to assist in their defense, did the mob continue in their acts of lawlessness?

THE following named persons have answered the questions in No. 22: Saml. Stark, Leone Rogers, W. J. C. Mortimer, H. H. Blood, Avildia L. Page.

THE POET'S LAST CHRISTMAS.

BY JAQUECEE.

THE bell in the ancient church of St. Thomas in Leipsic was striking the hour of three in the afternoon as there emerged from the portals of the famous university, an old gentleman of mild but solemn countenance. His dress was according to the style of that day, but was not costly, though apparently comfortable. A long fur mantle enveloped his spare form, and his thin hands were thrust deeply into a capacious muff. He wended his way slowly, as if in deep meditation, among the bustling hundreds whom he met, and took little note of the restless hurrying to and fro which, in the furious storm, had become the order of the day. He greeted in a friendly way the many students who respectfully saluted him, and the estimation of such of the citizens as knew him was shown by their raised hats. A cordial acknowledgement of these tokens was about the only indication that the meditative pedestrian was at all conscious of his surroundings. So oblivious was he that the inviting hostelry, the "Black Board," which counted him as one of its guests, was passed by unnoticed, and he wandered on far beyond the gates of the city.

Let us try to read the wanderer's thoughts. That which makes him unconscious of such busy surroundings will be likely to interest us. His was one of the purest, brightest minds of his day; his name was CHRISTIAN FURCHTEGOTT GELLERT—even at that time a household word among his countrymen. His rich mental gifts he had freely used in such a way as to make himself universally beloved, and yet he was at times the unhappiest of men. He was not only a lifelong sufferer physically, but was also strangely lacking in the moral force to enable him to withstand the sufferings in the spirit, to which his susceptible organization subjected him. He was the helpless prey of influences which brought him into the depths of melancholy, and there were occasions when he was almost at the verge of despair. He would then imagine himself the most useless being on the earth, and, assaulted by what he could not otherwise regard than as the minions of the adversary, would almost wish that a life so barren of good results to his race, might come to a speedy end. A stronger nature would have resolutely cast such influences out and, happy in the performance of whatever duty presented itself from day to day, would have bidden them once for all to be gone. But in this respect Gellert lacked not only combativeness but even courage, and he had remained all these years the slave of an ill-balanced imagination.

He was a poet and philosopher as well as professor at the university; and was just leaving his lecture room after the usual labors. His subject to-day had been modesty and humility—moral precepts whose beauties appealed to no soul more successfully than to his. Nor would it be easy to find one capable of dwelling and dilating upon them with greater feeling. During his lecture he had been as it were transported with ecstasy, and more than once his eyes had filled with tears of joy. Yet no sooner had the great door swung behind him than he found himself beset, as he so often was, with self-condemning influences which would not be quieted, and we hear him murmur:

"What am I that my fellow-men should uncover their heads as I pass by! I speak, indeed, of humility! Who needs that virtue more than I? There go the students who were my listeners! Has one word sunk into their minds? Can their

professor's thoughts ever find a place among theirs? Oh, how vain is life, how useless this existence! How blissful were man's being if his own emotions could but awaken an echo or touch an answering chord in the soul of his brother! To be able to feel another's joys or sorrows as he does, and to have so sympathetic a friend that he can also have a part in thine—that indeed would be heaven on earth—then would life be worth the living. But now man is born, lives and moves a little while, and dies. He leaves no other self to pine un comforted at his grave. Another fills his place in the busy world and all goes on as merrily as before. Oh, thrice happy is he who leaves the world better than he finds it! Blessed is he at whose final departure the hot tears of the survivors tell that a strong arm has palsied, an encouraging tongue become dumb, a brave teacher and friend passed over to the other side!"

The shades of evening had closed in and the storm had somewhat abated when the mournful Gellert reached the "Black Board" and wearily ascended the stairs. The attendants, that is, the friendly servant and the bustling landlord, were soon dismissed, and then he turned to his letters, which he hastily read. With tear-filled eyes he muses awhile, then sets to work industriously and answers such as seem most pressing. After this an hour is devoted to his dearest friends, his books, and then again he falls into his reverie. The storm has meanwhile cleared away, the moon and stars shine brightly, and—the hour of twelve rings out upon the frosty air.

At the same hour a few miles out there in a neighboring village the sturdy little peasant Christopher turns uneasily on his bed and grumbles at what he is sure is a bitter storm outside. A few minutes later, with the help of flint and steel, he gets his lantern lighted. Donning his clothes to the music of his own complainings, he is about to go to the stable, when a gentler voice, that of his patient wife, asks:

"What art thou muttering so early?"

"Oh, I am well nigh tired of life. The good things are not well divided. Here must I push forth in such miserable weather; that, too, long before daylight, travel miles with my load, and even if fortunate return not till late at night, while in half the time, with less than half the labor, the poorest scribbler in the village earns twice as much money. Who can be happy if he is nothing more than a common laborer, working hard and many long hours every day! Little wonder that one gets tired of life when one day is just like another, all full of work, work, work, and no happiness thrown in!"

Thus moralized hard-fisted and hard-headed Christopher, a thrifty little laborer, who was the picture of health, and had more strength in his little finger than his lean-visaged brother, the priest, had in his whole arm. Gretchen was more reasonable.

"Go, feed thy horses and I will make a nice hot bowl of soup. Don't complain—we have enough to make us happy. Besides, I dreamed that thou hadst made a fine, new friend, and that all went still better with us."

"What you women cannot think of when awake, you contrive to dream of when asleep," growled Christopher, ungraciously; immediately after which, as if ashamed of himself, he betook himself to the stable and did not return until called. His soliloquy we need not quote—it was growling and grumbling from beginning to end; he envied his neighbor, sneered at and belittled his own blessings, magnified and multiplied his wants and even declared that the horses who were sure to receive their food regularly without any care on their part, had it better than he. — If that soup is to be relished at all, Gretchen, it cannot be ready too quickly, for your Christopher is fast

getting into such a passion that no food, however inviting, will be able to soften him.

But there is the cheery voice—"Come, come, thy soup is ready." In no pleasant humor, the little fellow walked in, lustily stamping the snow off his great boots at the doorstep, and still grumbling over that which had been overheard by his horses out there in the stable.

An open book lay upon the table. He glanced carelessly at it, then more closely. He read over again and again something which he saw there. He got up, rubbed his eyes vigorously and read it still again. The steaming soup was brought on, and the humble pair folded their hands while he should utter the customary grace. But what a strange expression his thanks find this morning! Surely he never repeated such a grace before! Gretchen cannot believe her ears, so she peeps in wonder out of the corners of her eyes. Yes, there is no mistaking the words now, and he says them over so glibly, too:

"Enjoy thy lot as God ordains
And seek no other's share;
The humblest life some joy contains
The highest has its care."

"Thou hast never offered such a prayer before," said the housewife.

"But it is the true word of God for all that," he replied; "and surely thou hast never made such a good soup before. Thou hast certainly put in something extra."

Puzzled, Gretchen looks at him. Her face indicates her surprise and delight. At last her eyes fall on the book. "Oh, I know now. That is a verse from Gellert in Leipsic. The children were reading the book last night."

"No," returned he, "no such men live now-a-days. That sounds more like the words of the holy saints who lived hundreds of years ago."

"Nevertheless he does live now, and thy brother, the parish priest, has told me that both of you first learned your letters from him. He is now professor, lives all alone in Leipsic, sometimes in such need that he nearly freezes and starves."

Oh, Gellert, your heart's desire is fulfilled. Your words have awakened the echo, the sleeping chord at last resounds in the breast of a fellow-being!

"I would like to give such a man something for the holidays. I would like to know him, to shake his hand. If he had a field I would go this very day and offer to plow and sow and reap it for him all for nothing, except the love I feel for him. But he hasn't, and I have nothing I can give."

"But you can see him and speak your love and good wishes. I have heard he is friendly with all men, and likes to shake hands even with the humblest."

"If I could take something in the hand! I might get a letter from my brother—no, I won't ask for that. Give me my Sunday coat, perhaps I will see him. My heavy mantle will keep it clean, even though I ride on a load of firewood. So now good-by."

It had been a long time since Christopher left home with such a happy heart and with so affectionate a farewell. In his emotion he even kissed Gretchen, a thing he had not done for years.

He hitched up the horses and started off, the musical creaking of the heavy laden wagon over the crisp snow gave a modest accompaniment to the words of the poet as sung by the joyful peasant. — And the sleeping poet at the time heard the sound of his own verse in his dreams.

Passing through the village Christopher stopped in front of his brother's house and thought at first to awaken him and ask for a letter to their old teacher. He had in his mind—and it was a secret as yet—to give his load of wood to the good man

who might, for all he knew, be even then suffering from the cold. But, still fearing he might fail in his determination, he started up the horses again, and went on singing as before an old melody of his younger days. It was just breaking day as he reached the city gate, and here he met companions going, as he was, to the market place with their loads. There were Gustave, and Johannes, and Fritz, all with wood, and he silently joined them in their early march through the streets. To their pleased remark that there would be good sale for wood to-day, Christopher made no answer—his thoughts were still on the professor, and whether he should present him with his load—the largest and best in the whole market.

He settled the matter at last in this way: "If the clock strikes ten before I get an offer from a buyer, I will drive to the professor's and unload there. It is now nine. An hour will tell what I shall do—yet, in truth, does not the wood already belong to him? Have I not in my heart already promised it?"

Purchasers passed and repassed, and, seeing the peasant occupied with far-away thoughts and with self-communings, unconscious of their presence, and acting withal so strangely, made bargains elsewhere. Meanwhile the quarter hour struck from the church steeple, then the half hour, then the three-quarters. The clock-finger had nearly reached the hour when he jumped up on the wagon, prepared to move off at the first stroke. One, two, three, and so on till ten, and yet vacillating little Christopher made no start.

"After all, I have made a mistake of an hour. It has only just struck nine." And he turned his back on the clock, so that he could not see.

He waited awhile longer—at last a buyer approached.

"How much for your wood?"

Christopher's senses returned. Facing about, he inquires, "What time is it?"

"Half-past ten."

"The wood is already sold." And he jumps up once more, and stops not again till he reaches the "Black Board." To the house servant who stands there he says, "A cord of wood for Dr. Gellert," and proceeds to unload. The servant demurs: "The professor sends me to buy his wood, and I have not bought any this morning."

"That may be so, and yet this is the professor's wood," laughs Christopher.

The clock strikes eleven, and the professor himself approaches, returning from the first lessons of the day. There is no retreat now, so Christopher removes his hat and reverently takes the white, thin hand in his. "I am glad to see you, Professor Gellert; may I go with you to your room."

Permission was given, and the strange pair mount the stairs. There Christopher relates what I have tried to tell. Tears flow from two pair of eyes—two hearts warm towards each other and exchange confidences. Both are for the first time filled with the heavenly joy, of which it is the privilege of each one of us to taste. And now let us leave them together.

Christopher takes neither money nor wood home, but something far better. The poet wakes up to a new world, and labors with nobler purpose than ever before.

Before another Christmas the beloved Gellert had passed away. Hundreds followed him to the tomb, among them our two peasants with their children. Soon after, Christopher was able to build a new house. Over the door may still be read:

"Enjoy thy lot as God ordains
And seek no other's share;
The humblest life some joy contains
The highest has its care."

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

IT is common in the world for religious people to have what is called a creed. There is the Catholic creed, the Episcopalian creed, the Presbyterian creed, the Methodist creed, the Baptist creed, and so on in the hundreds of sects which exist.

Our elders are frequently asked for our creed, and people wonder when they are told we have no creed, or, at least, that the only creed we have is: "Mind your own business."

Our religion cannot be described by a creed. It embraces all truth, and swallows up everything that is true in religion, in science and in morality.

Perhaps many little readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR do not know that our creed is "Mind your own business." It is a short creed, but wonderfully comprehensive. It covers the whole life of man and contains a great amount of gospel.

Try and think, if you can, what a world this would be, if everybody would observe this simple creed of four words, "*Mind your own business.*"

Look around you and see how many evils would be avoided by keeping it in mind and acting upon it!

The trouble with many people is, they mind everybody's business but their own. They are continually meddling with other people's affairs, and occupy their time in gossiping about concerns which do not belong to them.

It has been frequently said, that people get rich by minding their own business. There is no doubt that this is true. Men and women who diligently attend to their own affairs are likely to prosper, while those who neglect them are almost sure to fail.

CHILDREN, do not forget the creed: MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS. By making it the rule of your lives, it will save you much trouble and vexation; your happiness will be increased and you will move along pleasantly where others, who neglect it, will have annoyance and grief.

You may be tempted to say or do something that will affect others. Before doing it, or speaking about it, stop and ask yourself the question: "Is this any business of mine?"

If it should not be, refrain from doing or speaking. Much of the heart-burning, and ill-feeling, and quarreling there is in society is due to the neglect of this short creed of ours.

A HORRIBLE fashion has prevailed for some time back, of adorning girls' and women's bonnets with beautiful birds and feathers. Where the feathers are those of the ostrich or of fowls killed for the table, the fashion is not so injurious or barbarous; but when innocent song-birds or the beautiful birds of bright plumage are killed for the purpose of procuring their skins, it is a fashion most cruel, and one which no tender-hearted woman will countenance. A woman who has her bonnet adorned in this way is either ignorant or silly, and no man of sense or feeling can have any admiration for such a head dress or its wearer.

There is a society in New York called the "Audubon Society for the protection of American birds." This society is exposing everything connected with the destruction of birds for the purposes of fashion. Through its efforts it has learned that, "one New York firm alone made last winter a contract to supply 49,000 skins of American birds to one firm in Paris;" and that in "New York, one firm had on hand last February 200,000 skins;" that "in London there were sold from one auction room 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins; that from a small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months' time; while one man in New York, whose business it is to preserve skins of birds, alone handles 20,000 bird skins in one year."

What a frightful destruction of birds to gratify the senseless vanity of silly women! Yet this is done at the demand of fashion. We are glad to see, however, that there are humane people who cry out against this destruction of innocent birds, and we understand that many of the truly fashionable will not wear such trimmings, their reason being, that they are "too common." They prefer to decorate their bonnets with ribbon, with bows and loops, and ostrich tips and plumes.

We hope the young ladies who read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will never decorate themselves with the skins of pretty, harmless and innocent birds that are killed to gratify a cruel vanity and senseless fashion.

LITTLE children should be taught to pray. No one can be a true Latter-day Saint who neglects this duty. It is the life of the children of God. If people go without food, their bodies starve, and if they continue long enough in this condition, they die. A child or a man who does not get food enough is stunted, puny and weak.

Our spirits also can be starved. Men and women who neglect to pray, starve their spirits, and they die spiritually for the want of proper nourishment. Hence it is, that those who neglect their prayers gradually go into darkness, and if the neglect is continued long enough, they apostatize or become spiritually dead.

When men, women or children become careless in attending to this duty they go backwards. The history of the people of God proves this.

The Lord Jesus, "the God of Israel and the God of the whole earth," who, before He came here, was enthroned in the heavens in majesty and power, set His people an example in praying. For forty days and nights He fasted and prayed; and frequently afterwards He spent nights in mountain solitudes communing with His Father through the medium of prayer. If it was necessary for Him to pray to His Father in heaven—for Him, who was Himself a God though clothed with mortality, how much more necessary for the rest of us!

But it was not alone while in the flesh that He prayed unto the Father. After His resurrection He visited the Nephites, and He prayed in their presence a number of times unto His Father in heaven. He told them they must watch and pray always; they were to pray unto the Father in His name. He said to them:

"Therefore hold up your light that it may shine unto the world. Behold I am the light which ye shall hold up—that which ye have seen me do, behold ye see that I prayed unto the Father, and ye all have witnessed."

What an example is here given to us! The Lord Jesus, the Redeemer of the world, the well-beloved Son, the personage who is one with the Father, and the God of the whole

earth, considered it His duty to pray unto His Father! He did this time and time again in the presence of the multitude.

It might be thought that this would not be necessary for Him. But He considered it necessary.

This teaches us that praying to our Father in heaven is essential to us in the flesh, if we would grow in godliness; and that it is a duty we still will have to observe in our immortal condition.

If this duty is neglected, a stop is put to all spiritual growth and advancement.

A BOY'S LOVE: A MAN'S DEVOTION.

WILLIAM ANDERSON'S HEART AND HAND. A STORY OF A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE AND OF A BATTLE AT NAUVOO.

TWO little shreds of yellow paper which would not pass current for the value of an ordinary letter stamp! And yet they are to be cherished in the family Bible as a treasure worthy of loving gaze and reverent touch.

Look at them closer. One resembles a hand and the other a heart. Even in their freshest and brightest days they would have been condemned by the artist whose standard is the ideal, and by the anatomist whose sole appreciation is for the real; for their departure from anatomical truth is not in the line of artistic license. Still they are sacred to us.

Why are the papers so yellow? you ask. Because more than half a century has elapsed since they were cut into these shapes. Why so frayed and worn? Because for years they were carried in a woman's bosom. Why so stained? Because they have been wept over; and doubtless some of the bitterest of all tears—the tears which fall from the widowed and the fatherless, have moistened them. But here is a deeper stain than any which can be made by any human tears—what is it? The blood of an honest man, a patriot; the blood which flowed from the real heart of the man whose real hand clipped these little uneouth models from the old-fashioned sheet and sent them to his lady-love.

Turn the papers over. What do you read?

"William Anderson sends this hand to his sweetheart, Emeline T. Stewart. Like myself, it is yours now and forever, if you will it so.

"NEW VINEYARD, MAINE, Christmas, 1829."

"Dear Emeline:

I offer my heart to you. Keep it if you can love me and will be my wife.

"Your true lover—and husband, as I hope to be,

WILLIAM ANDERSON."

The writing is cramped, for the hand which laboriously traeced so many words within so small a space, though it belonged to the young schoolmaster of the village, was quite as well used to carrying a rifle or wielding an ax in the forest as to this scholar's work. The composition, too, is heavy: William Anderson was not a poet; he was but a plain youth whose best effort was to put his honest wish into honest words, and to send his blunt message freighted with all his hopes for the future.

Little did he know how his paper hand and heart would be hoarded to come into the loving care of his deseendants! The strong man is dead—his mangled clay rests amid the deaying beauties of a city by the banks of the lordly Mississippi. The

devoted woman is dead—her tortured body reposes under mighty Wahsatch shadows. But the fragile papers survive; and the love which brought them into being lives. It lives eternally, if there be reward in heaven for sacrifice.

William Anderson was the son of a New Vineyard farmer—well to do with the grosser goods of this world, as well as being possessed of family pride; and the boy was taught, along with the heavy duties of the field, something of books. He was indulged, too, in the physical luxury of a yearly meeting-suit, made out of wondrous fabrics brought all the way from Boston, a city more distant and mythical in the estimation of the New Vineyard people of that day than is Benares to this age.

Large families of children were in the sturdy and healthy New England fashion of the first quarter of this century, and William's brothers and sisters numbered near a half score. So the boys were impelled to industry and self-reliance.

Religious profession of some kind was one of the common comforts of life; and Mrs. Joy Anderson was proud to marshal "for meetin'" each Sabbath a troop as numerous and well-behaved as the family party of Charity Carver or Hope Smith. William's mother was of a Puritan family, and vied with her female neighbors, whose names indicated the same proud descent, in having every able member of her household a regular attendant upon divine service.

From the country within a radius of five miles of the plain, old-fashioned, stone meeting house, came, for gossip as much as genuine worship, all the settlers—rich and poor, farmers, graziers, woodsmen and the few traffickers who were able to make their Yankee shrewdness a means of maintenance.

One of the principal men of the region comprised in the scattered village of New Vineyard, was Hugh Stewart, farmer and whilom speculator in lands and timber. His family was wont to journey from his residence to the church—a distance of two miles in a carryall.

This vehicle was the object of much reverence; and Hugh managed by frequent applications of varnish to keep it in that state of glossiness which constituted its chief awe in New Vineyard eyes. Regularly, rain or shine, its appearance at the last turn of the sandy road leading to the meeting-house was announced by some watchful youngster and the waiting worshipers, who usually assembled an hour in advance of sermon time, rushed to the porch to watch the family of the Stewarts dismount from their carriage. Though this practice was continued for a term of years, it never failed to awaken interest. I doubt if the London Lord Mayor's gilded chariot ever aroused more real excitement among his satiated townsmen than was evinced at each appearance of this ancient vehicle at the meeting-house steps.

The occupants of the carryall were invariably checked off upon a score of fingers: "There's Hugh and Martha, and there's Dan'l and Marchant and Em'line and Car'line."

If one of these usual attendants happened for any reason to be absent, there were comments and surmises without number until some active investigator could ascertain the cause; and once learned, the news was whispered about from lips quivering with eagerness to tell unto ears twitching with anxiety to hear.

One of the most intensely interested of the watchers was Mrs. Joy Anderson, who felt all that her religion would permit her to entertain of envy for the almost regal state in which the Stewarts were brought to church.

More than one scathing rebuke fell from her very capable tongue upon the well-calloused understanding of William, the senior Anderson. Her stock complaint is worthy of preservation as showing how little the style of marital reproach has varied within three-quarters of a century.

"I don't care for myself, and you know I don't; I don't say a grumbling word at you for not taking me to New York when Mrs. Stewart went with her husband though you know well enough you were quite as able to pay my way as he was to take his wife; and everybody knows that if anyone deserves a rest I do; but no, I never can go to visit my cousin Faith Brewster that I think the world of, though I've never seen her and only heard from her twice in my life, and she may have been dead these ten years for all I know or you care, and even then it would only be my duty to visit her grave and I could carry along a little box of mignonette, in case of, to plant on her last resting place—no I never say one word about these things, and I always spare your feelings instead of telling you how often Mrs. Stewart looks at me as if she had a kind of contemptuous pity for my suffering; but what I feel so awfully hurt about are the airs that the Stewart children put on when they get out of the carriage on Sunday at the meeting-house door; and we've got more than half the distance to travel and you could well afford something of the kind, and then we could get to the meeting-house even if some of us were sick, and because we've had not a day's sickness in the house in fifteen years is no sign we won't have, but all the more sign that it must come sooner or later—"

Though this somewhat inconsistent speech was received with no apparent emotion by the substantial husband and father whom it was intended to pierce with its sharp sarcasm; it always created a little excitement among the children.

Mrs. Stewart was really a good woman who was compelled by frequent attacks of illness to pay some attention to personal comfort, and who had never thought of triumphing over her esteemed friend Joy with a glance of pity. Mrs. Anderson was also a good woman; but she unwittingly taught her children to hold envy and dislike for neighbors. Probably she was not the first woman, as she was certainly not the last to pursue this foolish, unchristianlike course.

Little William was often an attentive listener to this wail of his mother; and from it he tried to conceive a deep and bitter hatred for the rival aristocratic family at the other end of the village.

Very strangely, this effort of the boy, begun and religiously pursued under a sense of family loyalty, was utterly unavailing. There was something in the soft eyes and patient face of Mrs. Stewart which consumed all his bitter thoughts and made him feel more like kissing the lady's hand than hating her, even for his injured mother's sake.

Often and often when she was assisting the children from the carriage, while Hugh—something too careless in this respect, was taking his horse from the thills or hailing neighbors in a hearty voice, little Will Anderson felt a barely resistible inclination to rush forward and offer his help. Was he restrained by a fear of punishment from his mother, or the dread of a refusal from Mrs. Stewart, or anticipation of ridicule from the assembled villagers? Not one of these fears influenced him in the least: he was simply afraid that there was one of the children that he could not lift. It was not tall Dan, nor fat March; for he felt that he could toss them both over the meeting house if such conduct would have been advantageous to the Stewart family; though either of the boys

was as large as two such chaps as Will. And of course it was not little Carrie, for she was only a baby, three years old, "lighter than goose down," as Will thought, but did not say aloud. But it was Emeline.

Will had looked this girl in the face, from a distance, two or three times—she had brown eyes, deep and true; and brown hair, in heavy, rich coils. Her face was as full of unsullied beauty as a lily blossom. It had always a thoughtful expression as if the little brain were solving some grave problem of more than human interest. At least, all this is what Will saw and felt in an indistinct sort of fashion. I doubt if she were quite so ethereally beautiful as Will imagined; for girls born and reared on New England farms are not as fragile as a hot-house flower, and I dare say that she laughed as often as other girls; I know from personal knowledge that in later life she was not too prim to play practical jokes.

But Will felt that he could not, for his very life, offer to lift this girl from the carriage step. He was stout and heavy twelve years old; and Emeline was light and slender nine; yet the exertion, especially if she should happen to look at him from her wonderful eyes, would be fatal.

Will was more than five years old when peace was declared after the second war with Great Britain; and the subject, in that time of slow-moving news, was still a matter for frequent talk when he completed his tenth year. He was then admitted into the ranks of the "Continental Veterans," an organization of the patriotic youths who trained along the roads and in the woods adjoining the village, and told to each other, with passionate interest, all the tales of adventure and heroism which they could glean from their elders. The youngsters kept up really an accurate show of a military organization; including this important feature (which they had learned from the example of their elders), that all were officers of some rank or other. In the day-time they built fires in the woods on the banks of the Penobscot; and pretended that they were surrounded by night, dark as a stack of black cats. Occasionally they captured a calf and tried it as a spy by court-martial; usually allowing it to escape, at the last moment, its sentence of hanging, and then putting the guards on trial for aiding in the escape.

Four years of this training made Will a major, all the elder boys ranking from lieutenant colonel upward.

One afternoon late in the Autumn, when they were having a jolly good time in ambush along the old south road, a picket sentry announced a body of the enemy advancing rapidly. The hostile party consisted of one little girl, Emeline Stewart, who was trotting briskly homeward from her weekly visit to the village sewing school. Will was scouting at another point in company with Emeline's two brothers; and when one of the colonels suggested taking the entire force of the enemy prisoner of war, no dissenting voice was raised.

They met and seized her, poor, timid, little Emeline! She knew these boys, her school-fellows and playmates, and they were not rough; but they kept up such a style of martial bravado, and talked so glibly of court-martial and execution—they rehearsed with such sanguinary details the precedents established last week by the hanging of eight Hessian and Tory spies, that the child was struck speechless with fear.

From long practice, the young rogues acted with as much confidence and presence of mind as if they had been really old soldiers. What alarmed Emeline most of all was that they never once lapsed back from soldiers into the village boys of

her acquaintance. Look at them with pleading eyes as much as she would, they gave no response. Without knowing how they were startling the child, the boys kept on with their cruel work.

A council of war was called, with General Hezekiah Bradford presiding; and before this pompous assemblage Emeline was commanded to stand and plead. She burst into tears and then sank down upon the mossy sward, while the boys, struck with sudden remorse, gazed blankly at her and then at each other.

At this instant Will and his companions hurried into the camp. A few words of explanation from one of Will's brothers revealed the whole situation, including the identity of "the enemy."

While they were gazing at the child's recumbent form, Hezzy Bradford spoke:

"Guards, remove the prisoner, and"—

He was about to conclude with "set her at liberty;" but Will did not wait to hear the conclusion. Deeming this speech but a continuation of the cruelty shown toward Emeline, he rushed at the president of the court-martial and with one accidentally-directed bunt, he knocked that august official from his seat of pine boughs and sprawled him upon his back, breathless and helpless for the moment.

Without waiting for any consultation or help, Will picked up the slender child and darted away with her; while the Continental Veterans, including Emeline's brothers, stood gaping as if they had lost their senses.

Once out upon the road and far enough from the camp to show that immediate pursuit was not intended, Will was fain to place Emeline upon a bank, that they both might get breath.

The child looked at him with wonder, at first mingled with fear. But soon she realized that he was her rescuer and began to thank him in her tender, cooing way; soon changing to a just and fiery indignation at her tormentors.

Will's physical exertion had been a trifle compared with the overwhelming nature of Emeline's glance. He was now ready to wilt. He might have fled ignominiously, but just at that moment when he felt himself about to take this course a shout came from the boys in the wood.

Will at once squared himself sturdily, intending to encounter all comers. But Emeline, with a cry of affright, sprang to her feet and cried:

"Oh, quick, Will! Let us run for home or those wicked boys will catch me again!"

At this familiar invitation, the boy took the outstretched hand of the child into his own broader palm; and thus together they ran toward the Stewart residence, Will giving the little girl a helpful lift at every step of the flight.

Looking back as they ran, Will saw his comrades emerge from the wood and shake their warrior fists at the fugitives; but he readily observed that a hopeful pursuit was deemed out of the question, and that the boys were not intending to chase.

The gate opening into the Stewart grounds was speedily reached and then Will stopped and expected Emeline to enter. But she remained outside long enough to say:

"Will Anderson, you are better than a brother to me. If you had not been there, so good and brave, what could I have done!"

When the grateful child at last disappeared within the house, Will turned to walk slowly back to the village.

He traversed the first mile on his return journey with no disturbance to his happy reflection; and then he entered the turn of the road leading through the wood. Raising his eyes at some slight sound in front, he saw a phalanx of the Continental Veterans drawn up in line across his path; while at the same moment a similar body of troops closed in from the sides and took position a few steps in the rear of his person. Will was taken in an ambuscade, which was performed so successfully and with such perfect regard to military precedent, that it is probably talked of to this day in New Vineyard among the great grandchildren of the Continental Veterans.

A colonel solemnly placed Will under arrest; and then, by command of General Bradford, the troop marched to the encampment in the depths of the pine wood.

The court-martial so abruptly dismissed an hour before was now ceremoniously re-convened, and William Anderson, major in the Continental Veterans, was charged with an attack upon his superior officer. The accusation was proved and the sentence of the court, General Bradford still sitting as presiding officer, was that the culprit be dismissed the service.

As the sentence was being pronounced, Will sprang to his feet and shouted:

"Boys, don't carry this any further. I believe in military discipline, but let us settle this matter outside of the army."

"Hezzy, if I hit you, I did it accidentally; but I'm ready to take the consequences, and I'll stand up and fight you until you get satisfaction. Come on, you're bigger than I am and you're three years older; you're sure to get the best of it. Let's fight it out between us two and let that settle the matter."

Such a plan did not entirely suit the general. He remarked:

"You're sentenced; and you'll have to quit the service. But I'll give you plenty of 'consequences' besides, so make ready."

This truthful historian grieves to say that in the fight which ensued, General Bradford disgraced his uniform by cowardice; that most of the boys were afraid to interfere even when they saw the plainest rules of combat violated by the strapping Hezekiah; and lastly, that the hero of this sketch was whaled in a most sanguinary fashion.

To Will's credit be it said that he fought with all the energy of his being, administering occasional terrific blows on the rosy nose of the general; and that he made no cry for quarter even when soundly thrashed.

After the encounter, the boys dispersed to their homes.

Will's heart was full of grief—not so much for the licking as for his dismissal from the ranks of the Continental Veterans. But he tried to bear up bravely in the hope that Emeline's kind feeling for him was permanent and not dependent upon his military position.

The Stewart boys went home with some shame in their minds for the unsoldier-like part which they had played in the thrilling events of the afternoon. But they sought to make amends by describing Will's chivalry and pluck in most extravagant terms to Emeline and all the other younger members of the household.

Emeline was deeply interested in the recital; and her soft little heart was torn between reverence for Will's heroism and indignation at the baseness of his persecutors—even her own brothers coming in for a lecture which made them hang their heads and look at each other in a most woe-begone fashion.

During the next few days Will had much to suffer; for big boys who were high officers in the Vets. laughed at him, and

little boys, whose highest temporary aspiration was to belong to that corps, sneered and chuckled whenever they caught sight of this dismounted "knight of the sorrowful visage."

Seven weeks passed before Christmas morning dawned in that bitterly cold Winter of 1823. With the rising of the sun that day, two boys drawing a sled on which was seated a little girl, well wrapped and cuddled, appeared at the door of the Anderson residence—the girl was Emeline and the boys were Dan and March, whom she had forced into reluctant service. They entered the big kitchen, upon the invitation of Mrs. Joy, and amid a chorus of salutations in which the visitors bore their part.

When they were fairly in the house, with the biting frost shut out and the tumult ended, Emeline asked for Will.

It is very unromantic but it is truth that the object of her inquiry was at that particular moment seated at one corner of the fireplace, straining himself black in the face to draw on a pair of damp cowhide boots over a pair of similarly damp woolen socks—all of which personal belongings he had been seeking to dry by the morning fire, when this astounding interruption came.

Will succeeded in getting both boots on "as far as the heels," but go no further they would; and when his father called him to come forward, the poor boy got up and walked in agony and distortion toward Emeline. He was at least three inches taller than common, from the fact that his chubby heels rested upon the high, implacable stiffening of the boots; and his face wore a twisted look of agony which, coupled with his abnormal height, would have made him unrecognizable by casual acquaintances.

Most of the family laughed, and Dan and March joined in the hilarity—for really Will did appear grotesque; but Emeline either from absolute unconsciousness or gentle cunning, did not seem to notice the boy's awkward situation, and she began to talk to him with a self-possession entirely unruffled.

"Will," she said, "I have brought you a pair of mittens for a Christmas gift. They're my first knitting and mother says they're not good enough for a present; but they're the best I can do now, and I offer them to you because you've been so kind to me and had to suffer so much for my sake. I hope you will wear them, will you?"

Emeline had ample time for this long speech. Poor Will was dumb and gulping. But before it was ended his confusion had shrunk his feet so that he was able to literally sink into his boots, and with this relief his face had changed from a purple hue to a good tint of health. He found his voice in time to answer:

"That I will, if mother will let me—that is, I mean if your mother will let me."

And so the blushing boy stretched out his hand and took the package, but Emeline kept a tight hold of one end of the cloth in which the mittens were wrapped, as she was under positive instructions from her thrifty mother to return the piece of hickory, for which the shoulder of Dan's second-best shirt was even then yawning.

The separation of the gift from its wrappings was soon achieved, and the hickory tucked into the depth of Emeline's pocket. Then who'some maple sugar was produced, and with it a few pieces of sugar candy such as some of those young lips had never before had an opportunity to smack over. During the hilarity which ensued, Will was doing his best to creep back into a state of self-possession. But this work was prodigious and slow; for when he had several times fairly arrived at a stage of comparative comfort, a friendly glance

from the kind little knitter sent him again into a state of confusion. After the Christmas luxuries had been distributed and given lodgment in capacious stomachs or economizing pockets, the Stewart children departed and left Will to the ungente raillery of his family. Being amply able to care for himself in a family contest with either ridicule or logic as the weapon—or, what is sometimes as good as both, a downright unreasoning self-assertiveness, Will felt no pain during the assault to which he was subjected; rather, he derived keen enjoyment from it.

In the afternoon sacred services were held in the meeting house; for these people gave to every observance, which they deemed holy, their highest esteem, and nearly all the inhabitants of the village were present. Probably the good old preacher who was a new comer to the village, had delivered forty other Christmas sermons, or even the same sermon forty other times; but familiarity with the subject had not lessened his power.

He first stilled the buzz of gossiping whisper when he announced that his text would be from one of the great poets; and the congregation bent with horror to hear what dreadful thing he next would utter. Even into this remote corner of the New World had penetrated the evil fame of the irreverent poet lord, "Childe Harold," and even the very name of poet brought with it an oppressive sense of sin.

The false impression was soon removed. In a voice rendered tremulous by age and feeling, the minister repeated some of the verses of Milton—the Christian whose earthly sight had been lost at last to make his Heavenly vision more complete. As the wonderful words of adoration filled the house of worship, every head was bowed in contrition for unworthy thought:

"This is the month and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

Having won his congregation to solemnity of feeling, the preacher taught them that "All good Christians celebrate the day of Christ's nativity, a day of joy both in heaven and on earth: in heaven for a day of glory unto God on high; on earth for a day of peace here below, and good-will towards men; a day of joy to all people past, present and to come; such a day as wherein, after long expectation, the best return was made that ever came to the poor sons of men; such a day as the Lord Himself made. Let us therefore rejoice therein!"

Even impatient and restless youth was awed by the manner and words of the earnest minister; and the boys restrained within unusual bounds their desire to be out of church amidst the hearty enjoyments of the day.

When the service was ended, the people dispersed more slowly and thoughtfully than was their wont; but humanity cannot long be kept upon such an exalted plane of feeling, and soon began the gossip and familiarity common to the occasion. Especially among the young people was the reaction quickly noticeable; and while the elders were speaking of the latest birth, death and marriage, the children were already beginning to romp even at the very door of the meeting-house. The youngsters, despite their exceptional appreciation of the sermon, and even more as a wilful revulsion from their noteworthy behavior, were determined now to compensate them-

selves for self-sacrifice; and they gathered in a noisy crowd in the street passing before the house of worship.

The sun was sending down his best Winter beams, and the snow was made just moist enough for sport; so a contest of snow-balling was at once informally arranged between the boys. Hezzy Bradford was one of the leaders, and when he and his rival had each made choice of two or three of the larger boys, someone already chosen said to Hezzy:

"Take Will Anderson—there he comes. He's the straightest thrower of the lot."

But Hezzy, whose dislike of Will had been steadily augmenting since the fight in the pine grove, was not ready to make peace with his victim. So he shook his head and sneeringly cried:

"Here comes the baby who wears mittens to a snow-balling match, for fear that his fingers will get wet. Watch me tip his cap off!"

With these words Hezzy threw an icy snow-ball which he had been carelessly making while choosing sides. The missile flew straight to its mark, and Will felt his head stung sharply as his cap tumbled into the road.

Will saw the hand of Hezzy and knew that retaliation meant a renewal of hostilities; but he did not hesitate. He pulled off his valued mittens, crowded them into his pockets and in a moment proved that any praise of his accurate throwing was not ill bestowed. He cast a snow-ball fairly into Hezzy's ear, rather staggering that blusterer, and causing a peal of laughter to go up from the crowd.

As our boy had expected, Hezzy declared war and rushed forward to summarily punish this reckless antagonist.

Was it that the insult to the mittens had nerved Will with a superhuman strength? or was it that all the indignation of weeks became suddenly centered in his arm? Whatever may have been the reason, he fought with an effective vigor, before which Master Hezekiah Bradford, general, village bully and aspiring sweetheart was compelled to go ingloriously down. Briefly and plainly told, Will, to his own astonishment, no less than to the marvel of the spectators, licked Hezzy until that great military commander was glad to cry for quarter and surrender unconditionally.

More than one oppressed youngster was gladdened by the result of this combat; and so great was the excitement produced that the general contest was incontinently forsaken.

Hezzy was led away by his brothers and one or two others, who gave him a kind of contemptuous attention; but the majority of the boys crowded near to the conqueror.

From this hour, Will's rank among his companions was undisputed. He had soundly thrashed the commander-in-chief of the Continental Vets.; and without any request from himself, he was speedily restored to his former rank of major, only to relinquish that position very soon to be installed in the chief place vacated, in profound disgust, by Hezekiah Bradford.

Nor was this the least of his triumphs. When next he met Mrs. Stewart she praised his powers in unstinted terms. Though the conscientious lady could not exactly approve of fighting among boys, nevertheless she felt that Will's troubles and subsequent victories were traceable directly to his manly defense of her daughter; and Mrs. Stewart could not withhold her congratulations. And Emeline, herself, from out her brown eyes looked such pleasure at him during the next school session that he felt almost self-reproachful at receiving so much reward.

In those times the months moved on in serene procession with the people of New Vineyard. In a later age of rapidly-recurring marvels we are wont to speak of the first quarter of this century as a "slow-poke, old-fogy time;" we contemptuously wonder how men endured the tedious drag of the seasons.

In William Anderson's journal I find a note which gives token of the dawn of this great modern day of progress. He writes:

"August 2, 1824.—Not many days ago, Mr. Stewart gave me a newspaper to read; he said something was in it which ought to interest a bright boy like myself. (I only repeat this because Emeline's father said it.) The paper is the *Hancock Gazette and Penobscot Patriot*, of May 26, 1824; and it tells of a wonderful ship which has come into the lower waters of our river. It works with fire instead of wind and it can walk against tide, or current, or gale, as well as a horse can trot against a breeze. I have heard before of this marvelous thing called a steamship, but never thought it was a true wonder; but if it is really traveling up against a heavy Penobscot current, fire or steam or something else that is unusual must move it, for I am sure that no landward breeze that ever came off the Atlantic could do such a work. At any rate, I must see this strange ship and decide whether I shall believe or not."

The biographer finds that Providence favored Will with a trip to Bangor later in the year. How he came to be thus blessed the excited youth does not relate—beyond the fact that he went with his father, who adventured so far from home as a factor of the log men of the upper Penobscot to deal with the opulent lumber-mill owners at Bangor. Much that ensued upon this important journey is lost to us, through Will's hurried state after his return. But we learn that the steamship was actually a fact; for Will stepped on board the *Maine*, a boat of one hundred tons burthen, commanded by Captain Porter—the first steamer and the first steamer captain to be in Penobscot waters. And it is also proven that the wondrous vessel could move without the aid of sails; for after Will had disembarked he saw her shift her moorings a quarter of a mile directly against wind and current.

What most fills the journal at this period is that Will was scratching an aching and unresponsive head, seeking to decide upon some suitable present for Emeline which could be compassed by the contents of his little bead purse. After much anxiety he felt a sudden thrill of satisfaction as he remembered the poet whose sublime words the old preacher had quoted last Christmas day. He found, after much search, a shoe shop where books were also kept (for in those days business was not so scrupulously and appropriately divided as now). But, alas! the only copy of Milton was priced at twenty-seven shillings, while his purse held scarcely half that much!

He turned away in utter disappointment, when the thought came to him:

"Why do I seek the modern poet who sang of Jesus? The book which tells all we know of Him, I am sure is easier got."

He retraced his steps, and upon the cobbler-bookseller's shelves he found a red morocco-bound Testament, which was offered at thirteen shillings; and this he bought and later reverently packed away among the wonderful supplies which had been purchased by the elder William under distant direction of the precise and thrifty Mrs. Joy.

It was bleak November when the two Williams Anderson returned to New Vineyard. What holiday secrets they had

in store they kept well; and the Christmas Day brought many surprises.

To Emeline—found upon the Stewart mansion door-steps that sacred morning—came a little package which, unwrapped, showed a Testament bound in red morocco. That precious little book is now before the eyes of this historian. Upon its yellow-stained title page are discernible these words:

“My friend, EMELINE T. STEWART,

“You will please accept this Testament as a gift from

“Your Friend,

“WILLIAM ANDERSON.

“EMELINE:—Ask, and ye shall receive. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.”

Four years slipped away. During this time Will was bashfully loving Emeline; and Emeline, well, she was bashfully watching Will's love.

This wondrous flower of affection grows by “bashful watching” just as morning glories unfold in greeting to the hour of enchantment. And when the Christmas Day of 1828 came, each of these dear children went to church and watched the other.

The sermon was, for Christmas, a novel one, both in text and treatment. It related to marriage as a state ordained for man; and the text was from Fuller's “Holy State,” wherein it is declared:

“It is the policy of the Londoners, when they send a ship into the Levant or Mediterranean Sea, to make every mariner therein a merchant, each seaman adventuring somewhat of his own, which will make him more wary to avoid, and more valiant to encounter dangers. Thus married men, especially if having posterity, are the deeper shares in the state wherein they live, which engageth their affections to the greater loyalty. And though bachelors be the strongest stakes, yet married men are the best binders in the hedge of the commonwealth.”

Will's mind must have been holding a thought not utterly foreign to the text; for he unconsciously nodded approval of the very sensible sentiment; and then he glanced at Emeline. The same instant, her eyes were lifted from a strained look at the floor and were turned in his direction. One long gaze passed between them; and this was Will's informal proposition of marriage and Emeline's informal acceptance.

It was five hours less than one year later in the serene chronology of New Vineyard, when Will sent his paper heart and hand to Emeline. His trusty younger brother, Barton, was his messenger; and to escape observation, the boy was compelled to go early and return quickly. At breakfast, Will saw Barton enter the house and one glance told that the mission had been successfully performed.

Some hours later, at the regular Christmas services in the meeting-house, Will saw Emeline. His look was an anxious question, and hers was a gentle affirmative answer; and this was Will's formal proposition of marriage and Emeline's formal acceptance.

William Anderson and Emeline T. Stewart were wedded in their little town of New Vineyard, September 6, 1831.

Is this too abrupt? It might be if marriage were the end of the story; but unlike fiction, in real life the most uneventful period of human existence is from engagement to marriage; and unlike fiction, in real life the importance of existence comes after marriage.

Not long did they remain in their little village home. For William had decided to seek a greater measure of prosperity in the wide lands lying far beyond New Vineyard in the mysterious West.

Happy indeed was the fortune which carried them away from Maine. Their long journey across half a continent was a revelation of Divinity to their souls. Mountain, forest, lake, cataract, valley—breathed with beauty and grandeur. Two ardent beings, viewing all things under the radiance of their mutual love, saw the majesty of the land, the water and the arching cloud space above, with reverent eyes—for beyond these tangible evidences of sublime power, they sensed the Eternal Cause.

It was in the days and weeks of lonely journeying that they learned how to pray; they felt that never again would supplication and song of praise to Almighty God be formal lip-service given only at stated intervals—rather it would be an hourly and often silent communion with the Creator. In the day, they felt the Holy Presence in every glory which adorned the earth; at night, in the quiet of the woods, they gazed through swaying tree-tops, and saw the stars shedding earthward a serene beauty; and they knew that the God who, from His far-off seat of power, could unfold the swamp-pink flowers by the side of their lonely path, and could send through unfathomed space the light of countless spheres to cheer the silent watches of the night—could also lend His special care to the sentient worshipping creatures of His love.

Far away upon the prairie they at last decided to make their home. They settled in Bureau County, Illinois; and William became a sturdy western farmer. In the ten years following their marriage three children came to make their domestic happiness complete. The eldest was a son, Augustus; the others were daughters, Caroline and Martha.

Each season of the year brought its allotted toil, and the reward of perseverance and thrift was earthly prosperity.

Occasionally they heard rumors of a strange sect of religious believers, with a prophet, who dwelt in a wonderful city on the banks of the Mississippi, far to the south-west of their home. And one Summer day in 1841, four strange men, plain but pleasing in appearance, stopped at their door. These men were missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ, journeying from the city of Nauvoo to proclaim His words to the honest-in-heart throughout the land. They left their marvelous message with William and Emeline, with the admonition to pray to God who would reveal whether the doctrine was true or false; and one of them in leaving prophesied in these words:

“You will yet see the time when you will regret having let this hour pass unheeded—this hour wherein you have the opportunity to accept, through baptism, the gospel of our Lord.”

The prophecy was fulfilled. Before many days had elapsed the truth was plain to the minds of William and Emeline; and they awaited anxiously the visit of an Elder who might give them membership in the Church of their Savior. When weeks passed without the appearance of missionaries William regretted his obduracy at the time when he was first pressed to accept the truth.

Later, another opportunity came, and on the 15th day of August of that year, 1841, in the waters of Bureau Creek, William was immersed in sacred baptism. Afterward, Emeline rendered similar reverence to the requirement of the gospel.

As soon as he could garner his crops, William felt that he must hasten to the beautiful city of the Father of Waters.

He carried with him on the eventful journey to Nauvoo his wife and their three little ones; and they reached the city on Thursday, September 30th, 1841.

On the day following, the great conference of the Church was to have opened; but the storm prevented the assembling of the Saints. And after learning that the meetings were postponed for one day, William left his wife and children comfortably shielded in their wagon from the blast while he wandered about regardless of the storm. He looked with awe-struck vision upon the temple which was rearing its majestic presence toward heaven; and he gazed with curiosity at the place which was being excavated for the foundation of the Nauvoo House.

The next day, Saturday, October 2nd, the people crowded to the meeting ground and organized themselves into their quorums in order. The corner stone of the Nauvoo House was laid that morning; but in the afternoon services in the conference meeting were held.

The Sabbath came—a bleak day; but William and Emeline, with their little ones, were at the meeting grounds, and they saw and heard that day the Prophet of God.

The very sight of Joseph, graceful, erect, commanding; with flashing eyes and animated gesture, was enough to thrill these humble believers with joy. But when they heard his voice, with its wonderful impressive sweetness, they shed tears of happiness.

Joseph's sermon was upon the glorious principle of redemption for the dead; and he portrayed the greatness of Divine compassion and benevolence in this plan of human salvation. He said:

"View two brothers—equally intelligent, learned, virtuous and lovely—walking in uprightness and all good conscience, so far as they are able to discern duty from the muddy stream of tradition or from the blotted page of the book of nature. One dies and is buried, never having heard the gospel of reconciliation. To the other the message of salvation is sent; he hears and embraces it and is made the heir of eternal life.

"Shall the one become the partaker of glory and the other be consigned to hopeless perdition? Is there no chance for his escape? Sectarianism answers, 'None, none!' Such an idea is worse than atheism. The truth shall break down and dash in pieces all such bigoted Pharisaism. The sects shall be sifted, the honest-in-heart brought out and the priests left in the midst of their corruption."

Such was the new and exalted nature of the instruction; and when the conference was ended William and Emeline had determined to sacrifice their distant possessions and gather with the Saints in the beautiful city. But their desire was not immediately fulfilled; for William was called to preach and discuss through the States; and in his absence Emeline nobly and cheerfully toiled for her children and their dear father.

Nearly three years of missionary labor, broken by intervals of farm toil, had passed when, on the darkest day of the darkest June ever seen by the summers of this great land, a treasonable massacre took place at the little stone jail in Carthage. The appalling news of this great national crime reached out with sudden horror to all the abiding places of the scattered Saints.

William heard the dread story and hastened home. His property was fairly given away, and soon he was with his encompassed and persecuted brethren in Nauvoo.

Immediately he was enrolled in the Legion; later he was appointed sergeant; and still later, captain.

I have here the original certificate of his rank as sergeant.

The paper is old and the ink is faded; but every letter is legible. It reads:

"May 12th, 1845.

"GREETING:

"This is to certify that William Anderson is appointed first sergeant in the second company, fifth regiment, second cohort of the Nauvoo Legion. And he is therefore to obey all orders and commands of his superior officers with fidelity according to law and military rule and discipline.

"Given under my hand May 12th, 1845.

"ISAAC ALLRED, Capt."

William Anderson and Emeline were faithful; and they received the blessings of the temple. And on "Tuesday of the first week in February, 1846, I [William Anderson] received in marriage in God's Holy House, Drusilla Sargent."

In all the tragic history of the ensuing two years, William was a staunch actor. It was a piteous time! History shows no greater brutality than that which was perpetrated against the city and the Saints, by officially protected mobs; and in the trying days every man was compelled to show his mettle. William Anderson's journal is filled with the record of this awful period. Its simple, unaffected words show how closely allied were the people of Nauvoo to the sublime martyrs of other centuries.

The history of that brief time should be read by every youth in Utah.

On the 10th day of September, 1846—after the cruelly-enforced migration of many of the people of Nauvoo—there were left to guard the city and its remaining population of women and babes, sick and tottering old men—only 123 citizens who were capable to bear arms.

And this was the hour selected by the fiends incarnate for their descent upon Nauvoo. The city was surrounded by an efficiently-armed mob, nearly 2,000 strong; and a bombardment was begun by the besiegers.

When the thunder of the mob's traitorous guns shook the air of Nauvoo, William sprang up to answer the call of duty.

Emeline and Drusilla clung to him—a fearful foreboding of personal evil seemed to take sound and volume with every reverberation of the artillery discharges. But he was firm. He pressed his fond and faithful wives—his helpmeets given him of God—to his martial bosom; and then he left them to solace themselves by prayer while he rushed to the encounter.

Then these two good women—sisters, nay dearer to each other than sisters—kneit down, with arms clasped about each others waists and prayed to the All-Merciful to bring their good husband home in safety from the battle.

One day, two days passed. It was the morning of the 12th day of November, 1846. William was bidding farewell to his wives and his children; when Emeline sobbed anew:

"Oh, my beloved! Let not Augustus go to the battle to-day. He is but a child: think, William! he is only fourteen. Each day he has followed you, taking his gun on his shoulder to fight the wicked enemy and to brave a dreadful death. Let him stay with me!"

Even as she spoke, the thunder of the cannonade shook the city; and William sprang away to hasten to his post, while Augustus gave a ringing cry and fled from the house.

The two women and the little girls were left alone—Emeline and her younger sister wife, the loving Drusilla, and Caroline and Martha—white and trembling.

Hours elapsed, during which these good women were praying as they toiled.

The sounds of the battle waging around the city neither distracted them from devotion nor domestic duty.

Gradually there came a lull; and a momentary hope sprang up in their hearts. But even while the precious thought was taking form, a rattle of musketry shook the window panes; and a moment later the deep boom of a siege gun—shaking the houses from chimney to cellar—told that the struggle was renewed in all its fierceness.

When this grim messenger dispelled their hope with his harsh voice, Emeline pressed her hands to her bosom and sank upon the floor. As she dropped she cried:

"Drusilla, my friend, this instant has widowed us and has taken from this house its only son. I feel the dread fact here in my heart!"

The younger wife and the two little girls hastened to the side of Emeline, and there they knelt, weeping and moaning. The premonition seemed too real to be disputed.

While the women and children were rocking back and forth in their agony of apprehension, a hurried knock was heard at the door; and, without waiting for a response, a brother soldier of William stalked into the room. He saw the piteous sight; and all his gallant hardihood gave way. Mingling his heavy tears with the rain from gentler eyes, he sobbed:

"My sister, our Savior help you! Brother Anderson is dead! God's will be done!"

The spirit of courage sustained Emeline, and she cried:

"Where is our husband? Alive he was ours—and we will have his clay now life is ended. Call my boy to bring his father's body home. God's will be done!"

While the grief-shaken soldier was replying, another breathless messenger burst in, saying between his gasps of haste and sorrow:

"Your boy is dead! Oh, Sister Anderson, he fell a martyr—brave, manly, beyond his years—he took a soldier's part: he has met a soldier's fate."

Did this last blow send Emeline swooning? No: in such a crisis a noble, religious soul is exalted beyond the reach of earthly mourning.

Calmly she spoke:

"I will go forth and find our dead—my murdered boy and our martyred husband—Drusilla. Do you prepare couches for their home-coming."

But Drusilla was herself a heroine:

"No, my sister," she said, "your duty is at home. Often your life has been threatened by this mob. They will watch our husband's body, and if you appear you too will be sacrificed. I am not known as Captain Anderson's wife. I will go out and secure the bodies of our dear ones, while you shall remain with these fatherless babes of yours—of ours."

Drusilla rushed from the house as she spoke. Emeline would have followed; but one of her husband's comrades had remained to restrain her, and besides, her little daughters clung at her skirts, determined to prevent her going forth.

So Emeline stayed at the stricken house, preparing for that last solemn home-coming of her soldier spouse and son. While she toiled to fit a bed for the dear forms—now stilled through earthly time—she recalled from her memory that the anniversary of her wedding day was but six days past; and in another fortnight she would be 34 years old—already, in her early prime, she was the widow of a martyr and the mother of a murdered patriot.

Drusilla went abroad through the smoky streets of Nauvoo, escorted by one of the heroic defenders, to the east side of the city. There, resting where he had fallen against a wall, was

the bleeding body of her husband. Bravely this fair young woman took from her own shoulders a cloak and laid it across the mangled form.

She breathed a prayer, beseeching strength and courage; and then she sought the place where lay Augustus, the slain son. Tenderly, as if he had been her own boy or brother, she spread her apron over his face.

Then she followed the procession which escorted the bodies of these martyrs to their home.

Who shall speak the agony of the ensuing hours! Two bodies, beloved in life, beloved still in death, were resting in that stricken house. While Emeline and Drusilla, and the little daughters, all robbed of their defenders, wept and moaned in a torture such as seldom comes to womankind.

As she sobbed and prayed, Emeline took from the bosom of her husband a tiny, blood-stained packet. It contained a little flower of hair, Drusilla's, her own and Will's; and also those slips of paper—the hand and heart. The morning when Will first went out to battle, she and Drusilla had pressed this packet upon him and bade him wear it in his bosom.

Poor, disappointed creatures! What can the love of women avail against the hate of men? Nothing.

Emeline pressed the moist hair flower into Drusilla's hand; but the heart and hand, crimson-flecked now, she placed next her own heart. They had been the sign of love in youth and rosy life; they should be cherished to remind her of the immortality which death can bring.

This was almost the end. Emeline's brave boy, Will Anderson, who had given her his fidelity in childhood, had bestowed upon his country his fidelity in manhood. To the oppressed of his countrymen he had extended the help of his strong *hand*; in their defense his *heart* had been pierced by a bullet. He and his son, Augustus, were buried at Nauvoo.

A time of anxious toil ensued; for even through the darkest tragedy runs a thread of the commonplace. And in the midst of the anxious commotion and labor Emeline and Drusilla became separated. They never met again in this life; and from that hour Drusilla's history is to this writer unknown.

Emeline Anderson lived to emigrate to Utah and to receive the blessings of this fair land. She accepted through the remainder of this life the name of a worthy man, and she reared a third daughter. She carried with her until the hour of her death the tear-stained, blood-stained *heart and hand*; and when she was no more, these hallowed shreds of paper passed into the possession of her children.

This is a life sketch. Those of the characters who have gone seem now not to have been torn away by the rude hand of death, but to have faded gently into the past, leaving their looks, their love, their loyalty for their descendants.

HIGH COUNCIL RESOLUTION.

Resolved by the High Council that the Bishops of this Stake be instructed to use greater diligence in training the youth of Israel in the duties of their calling in the Lesser Priesthood, and that they only recommend men to receive the Melchisedek Priesthood as the Spirit gives them evidences of their worthiness for such promotion.

ANGUS M. CANNON,

President of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion.

JAMES D. STIRLING,

Clerk, *pro tem*.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 358.)

HAVING proved conclusively that Christ died, we will now turn our attention to the question of His resurrection. The third morning after Christ's crucifixion His sepulchre was found empty. Upon what hypothesis can infidelity rationally account for the missing body? How came Christ's tomb without an occupant?

"The disciples stole Him away while we slept," said the soldiers at the dictation of the bewildered Pharisees; and the miserable, self-contradictory falsehood is voiced by their modern plagiarists. Of this shift the Pharisees soon became so heartily ashamed, however, that they never adverted to it after they had reflected on its character. They abandoned it as soon as it was published.

An apology to our older readers is, perhaps, required for occupying time to refute this story, but as our young friends may have to combat it in the course of their ministerial experience, we purpose to put ample means of defense and of assault at their command.

While we must admit the wisdom and goodness of God who has so effectually forestalled any rational attempt to deny the death of Jesus, our admiration of those attributes in Him will be vastly increased by a consideration of the precautionary measure that He adopted to prevent fraud, or the least appearance of it, in the Savior's resurrection.

We notice that the Pharisees were advised by the Lord Himself that He should be slain; and the time within which He would rise again from the dead was distinctly stated. They were thus forearmed against surprise from any action of which they might suspect the disciples. They were invited to circumvent His resurrection if they could, and the invitation was accepted. The gauntlet which Jesus had cast before them was taken up. That they understood His meaning fully is without question, for they said to Pilate:

"Sir, we remember that that deceiver said while he was yet alive, After three days I will rise again."

In pursuance of their designs, they demanded from the governor ample security against every possibility of imposture, and their wishes were gratified. Vigilant and active, with subtlety their plans were laid and executed; but while carrying out their own vicious purposes they were rearing monuments, as enduring as the everlasting hills, to the great cause of truth. Everything depended on the resurrection of Jesus, and if it could not be shown clearly and beyond all suspicion of imposture that He rose from the dead, then His whole system was false and He was a convicted impostor. It was therefore necessary that some persons should take every precaution to circumvent fraud in this great event, and to give it the fullest proof. God's choice of the Pharisees, Christ's enemies, to do this work was a most fortunate and wise one.

The apparently insignificant fact that Jesus was not laid away in the ordinary burial ground of common criminals is important. Had He been buried where the masses were laid, no "sepulchre hewn out of a rock" would have been there to imprison the body. There would have been no "great stone" to close the entrance to the tomb, and no seal, set by authority, to secure the former a quiet repose in its sentinel-like position.

A common grave would not have been transformed into the impregnable tomb of Joseph of Arimathea.

Again, in order to afford every facility to the Pharisees for their hostile preparations, the sepulchre was "nigh at hand." Just what the blind elders of the Jews could wish, and what God had ordered. They knew where to find it and access was easy. What more could enemies desire, or designing friends wish to avoid?

In order to lash the last lingering trace of Pharisaical suspicion into action, the body of the murdered Jesus was laid away in the grave of a friend. Ha! The alarm is taken! This is deemed the first step toward the consummation of a resurrection imposture, and Jewish vigilance is trebled to thwart the completion of the plan. Every artifice their ingenuity could devise was employed to defeat the supposed evil designs of a few terrified disciples, who had scattered like sheep at the first sign of personal danger.

Look at the facts: The stone barred either ingress to, or egress from, the tomb by way of the door. The sides, roof and floor were solid rock; and, so far as hope of escape was concerned, one would prefer to be chained in the gloomiest dungeon of the Bastille rather than to be laid there horribly wounded.

Now, if Jesus was merely in a swoon when placed in the sepulchre, how could He, weak as he was from the loss of blood, and suffering the most excruciating agony from those seven ghastly wounds, effect unaided an escape from his prison house? The stone in the mouth of the tomb was "great," so large indeed that several able-bodied women supposed they would require assistance to remove it. The Savior's hands, torn by the cruel iron nails of the cross, were useless for the purpose of handling it. His body, with a ghastly spearwound, could not be used for lifting it; and though the stone were not there at all, how could Jesus with His lacerated feet walk away were He so permitted?

From all this it is manifest that if Jesus escaped He had aid. But now the guard of sixty Roman soldiers is set, and this completely frustrates all hope of that. But human nature is weak, and suppose the soldiers should be corrupted! How was that to be prevented without setting guards to watch the watchers? The seal upon the stone! This does the duty perfectly of ten thousand of Rome's most noble soldiers. If it be broken without proper and ample explanation of the cause, it will at once betray their complicity in the fraud.

What a cordon of sentinels that night was set to guard the slumbers of the mighty dead! The rocky tomb kept the body in safety. The soldiers watched the seal, stone, tomb and disciples. The seal kept an ever watchful eye on the actions of the soldiers. The Pharisees, fearful of some slip in their deep-laid plans, watched all and saw that the guards were properly stationed. Rome, the mistress of the world, demanded, then, at the peril of their lives, that the duties exacted of every one be faithfully performed. Lastly, high in the heavens sat God watching all the watchers and directing every operation to fulfill His will.

(To be Continued.)

THE march of intellect is proceeding at quick time; and if its progress be not accompanied by a corresponding improvement in morals and religion, the faster it proceeds, with the more violence will you be hurried down the road to ruin

FAMOUS TRIBUTES TO FAME.

BY NEWAYGO.

MANY artists there are, who, in a minute's work, with a few quick touches of a crayon, can outline the face of any one of the famous men of modern times. Similarly many epigrammatic writers and speakers can sketch much of life and character in a few words or short sentences.

The artist can make his lightning sketch a portrait or a caricature. And the writer or speaker, with his epigram, has a similar choice.

A few of such expressions relating to famous men are here presented; not more because of intrinsic value, than for the purpose of encouraging our youth to form the habit of gathering the strongest thoughts of the best writers on biography, criticism, literature and kindred subjects.

No particular chronological order has been observed in arranging these quotations. The collator has selected many with which he agrees, and many that he questions.

The matter with Grover Cleveland is egotism.

Charles A. Dana.

James A. Garfield seemed at one bound to spring into conspicuous and brilliant success.

James G. Blaine.

Chief Justice John Marshall was a giant among giants.

Chief Justice Waite.

Doctor Blackstone [Sir William, the father of English Law,] is solicitor to the queen. For the defense of truth, of reason, the doctor's book may be safely consulted; but whoever wishes to cheat a neighbor of his estate, or to rob a country of its rights, need make no scruple of consulting the doctor himself.

Junius.

The Duke of Grafton marries, to be divorced; he keeps a mistress, to remind him of conjugal endearments; and he chooses such friends as it is a virtue in him to desert.

Junius.

It is evident that Milton, Michael Angelo and Handel belong to the same order of minds; the same imaginative powers and the same sensibility are only operating with different materials.

Isaac D'Israeli.

Our great Roger Bacon, by a degree of penetration which perhaps has never been equalled, discovered some of the most occult secrets in nature. She seems, indeed, to have stood naked before him.

D'Israeli.

In all his works he [Geoffrey Chaucer] excelleth, in mine opinion, all other writers in our English, for he writeth in void words, but all his matter is full of high and quick sentence, to whom ought to be given laud and praise for his noble making and writing.

William Caxton.

Chaucer, notwithstanding the praises bestowed on him, I think obscene and contemptible; he owes his celebrity merely to his antiquity, which he does not deserve so well as Pierce Plowman or Thomas of Ercildoune.

Lord Byron.

Byron hallows in order to desecrate; takes a pleasure in defacing the images of beauty his hands have wrought; and raises our hopes and our belief in goodness to heaven only to dash them to the earth again.

Hazlitt.

Byron was a mystery in a winding-sheet, crowned with a halo.

Galt.

Byron is a person of the most consummate genius, and capable, if he would direct his energies to such an end, of becoming the redeemer of his degraded country. He is cheerful, frank and witty; his more serious conversation is a sort of intoxication.

Shelley.

Byron's voice was such a voice as the devil tempted Eve with; you feared its fascination the moment you heard it.

Mrs. Opie.

Byron is so great and so English that from him alone we shall learn more truths of his age and of his country than from all the rest together. * * * If ever there was a violent and madly sensitive soul, but incapable of being otherwise—it was Byron's.

Taine.

Scipio the elder made a great figure when he dismissed a beautiful captive lady presented to him after a great victory, turning his head aside to preserve his own virtue.

Swift.

His palace was hell, and he [Frederick William, father of Frederick the Great] the most execrable of fiends—a cross between Moloch and Puck.

Macaulay.

We hope many will agree with us in honoring Jean Paul Richter, such as he was; and in "spite of his hundred real, and his ten thousand seeming faults," discern under this wondrous guise the spirit of a true poet and philosopher: a poet and among the highest of his time we must reckon him, though he wrote no verses; a philosopher, though he promulgated no systems.

Carlyle.

[Speaking of Lyncurgus, the great Spartan law-giver, and the effectual social and domestic rules which he established.] The Spartan women knew not what adultery meant. It is told, for instance, of Geradas, a very ancient Spartan, that being asked by a stranger what punishment their law had appointed for adulterers, he answered, "There are no adulterers in our country." "But," replied the stranger, "suppose there were?" "Then," answered he, "the offender would have to give the plaintiff a bull with a neck so long as that he might drink from the top of Taygetus of the Eurotas River below it." The man, surprised at this, said, "Why, 'tis impossible to find such a bull." Geradas smilingly replied, "'Tis as possible as to find an adulterer in Sparta."

Plutarch.

Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam was a very estimable author and philosopher. His style stiff and rigid; his wit unnatural and far-fetched.

Hume.

My Lord Chancery Bacon is lately dead of a long languishing weakness; he died so poor that he scarce left money to bury him, which, although he had a great wit, did argue no great wisdom; it being one of the essential properties of a man to provide for the main chance.

Howell.

With the same pen which demolished the Aristotélism of the schoolmen, Bacon writes a treatise on the laws, a cure for the gout, the translation of a psalm, and an essay on plantations.

Lord Lytton.

Macaulay is like a book in breeches.

Sidney Smith.

[Carlyle.] Hooded and wrapped about with that strange and antique garb, there walks a kingly, a most royal soul, even as the Emperor Charles walked amidst solemn cloisters under a monk's cowl—a monarch still in soul.

Longfellow.

We shall regard it as one of the most melancholy evidences of the decline of all pure and healthful literature if the writings of Mr. Carlyle continue to have an enduring hold upon the popular mind.

Church of England Quarterly Review.

Disraeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, and, but for the energy of his actions and the strength of his lungs, would seem a victim of consumption. His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking and lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. * * * A mass of jet black ringlets falls over his left cheek, while on the right it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's * * * I might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary

language in which he clothed his description. There were at least five words in every sentence that must have been very much astonished at the use they were put to, and yet no others, apparently, could so well have conveyed his idea. He talked like a race horse approaching the winning post, every muscle in action, and the utmost energy of expression flung out in every burst.
N. P. Willis.

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, had one fault, which of all human faults is most rarely found in company with true greatness. He was extremely affected. He was an almost solitary instance of a man of real genius, and of a brave, lofty and commanding spirit, without simplicity of character. He was an actor in the Closet, an actor at Council, an actor in Parliament.
Macaulay.

General Moreau gave me a pair of pistols. I designed to have them engraved with the names of all his victories. *But there was not space enough.*
Napoleon Bonaparte.

Napoleon was one of those prodigious men who feel themselves born and who are formed for the government and subjugation of nations. Men of this description must die or reign. They are raised scarce a step above the rank of common soldiers, when they give their commands as if they were generals. Though still no more than subjects, they talk with the authoritative tone of masters.
Viseount de Cormenin.

Ulysses S. Grant was always the same in manner. Never elated by victory, he was also never cast down by defeat. He met all sorts of fortune stolidly. His confidence in himself never failed. Under all circumstances he treated his associates with the same simple courtesy. Plainer in dress than most of his subordinates he was so because he had no thought for dress, his mind being upon the great task he had set himself.
General Phil. Sheridan.

It is Ulysses S. Grant's belief that Little Phil Sheridan is the foremost military man of the whole world.
General Badeau.

I was mistaken. I regret the cruel wrong done to General Fitz John Porter. I hope he may be reinstated.
General Grant.

Grant's entire baggage for six days was a tooth brush.
Congressman Washburne.

Abraham Lincoln gained influence over men by making them feel that it was a pleasure to serve them. * * It distressed him to disappoint others. * * Secretary Stanton cared nothing for the feelings of others. In fact it seemed to be pleasanter to him to disappoint than to gratify.
General Grant.

Architect of his own fortunes, rising with every opportunity, mastering every emergency, Lincoln proved himself pre-eminently the man for the hour.
John G. Nicolay.

Robespierre, I am he who accuses you; yes, Robespierre, I accuse you. The glory of the revolt of the 10th of August is common to all, but the glory of the massacres of September 2nd to you; on you and your associates may they rest forever.
Louvet.

You want flowers and fruit for your altar; and wherever Poe's music has passed, flowers and fruit are fairer and brighter.
James Hannay.

Edgar Allen Poe was a blackguard of undeniable mark.
Edinburgh Review.

There is Willis, so natty and jaunty and gay,
Who says his best things in so foppish a way,
With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlaying 'em,
That one hardly knows whether to thank him for saying 'em.
James Russel Lowell.

[Comparing Roscoe Conkling to Winter Davis.] Mud to marble; dunghill to a diamond; a whining puppy to a Royal Bengal tiger.
James G. Blaine.

The Earl of Sunderland presented a mean, contemptible figure when he turned Papist in the time of King James II, and underwent all the forms of a heretic converted. *Swift.*

Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God.
Rousseau.

THE GARDEN SPIDER.

THE writer has often tested the intelligence and perseverance of the geometrical spider by the following, it must be admitted, aggravating experiment. Taking a piece of paper and rolling it between his fingers, he has thrown it into the web, taking care that it is not heavier than the weight of a fly. The spider runs along with alacrity towards his supposed prey, and soon discovering its unpalatable nature, carefully disentangles it, and drops it clear of the web to the ground by stretching out his first pair of legs, just as a human being might reach out his arm. He then returns to his place in the center, and in a moment or so a piece of paper is thrown into another part of the web. The spider acts as before, and will do so, without much variation, a few times. The fifth or sixth time he rushes at the paper with an appearance of anger, or runs an inch or two along the strands as if enraged, and then back again; pauses a moment or so, as if to recover his equanimity, and then goes briskly to his disappointment, and again carefully disentangles the paper. All these movements, from the evident *feeling* and intelligence shown, are full of interest to the observer of nature, and they are sufficiently varied in individuals to make the experiment worth trying any number of times. Occasionally, for example, the spider, after he has been deceived a few times, will stretch out all his feet upon the strands, without moving from his place, and shake his web angrily; or he will *jerk* the paper out much as one might fillip it away from between the finger and thumb, with a decisive sharpness, very significant of passion. After awhile the spider will give up attacking his supposed prey. Throw in a dozen, twenty, thirty bits of paper, and he will remain passive; but give up your sport and retire for five or ten minutes, and you will again find him busily at work, going from piece to piece until the entire web is set free.

LOSING A BAD TEMPER.—Lord Thurlow was the profoundest lawyer in England in his day, and the most uncomfortable companion. He had a violent temper, which was under no control even in the presence of royalty, and his terrific bursts of passion disturbed every company where he was present. The scenes at his own table were sometimes both painful and humiliating, but he ceased to feel any sense of shame at his loss of self-control.

The good-natured king, George III., was sorely tried by this failing of his friend, and often expostulated with him, but to no purpose. He uttered the sharpest sarcasm of his life at Thurlow's expense. One day as Thurlow was telling in a large company a story of some imposition, and confessing that he had lost his temper, and berated the impostor soundly, the merry king exclaimed, "Lost your temper, my lord? I congratulate you, and pray you may never find it, for it was the most villainous temper in England." The company laughed heartily, and even Thurlow confessed the justice of the sarcasm.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE editor of the *Century Magazine* has paid some attention to the work which has been done by the Congress of the U. S. at its last session and the cost of that work to the nation. He sums up the cost of the session at \$3,310,238.20 and says, if there is any error at all in this statement, it is in being too small. For this large expenditure there were 13,202 bills and joint resolutions introduced into both Houses. Of these 987 passed the two Houses and 115 were vetoed by President Cleveland.

That is, about six and one half out of every hundred of the bills introduced, were passed and escaped the veto! A very poor showing for the number employed and the money expended.

But the editor contends that out of these bills that passed, there are but few that are of any public importance. He says the mass of legislation of that session, "was as colorless as a jelly-fish and of about equal importance."

To find an explanation of the failure of the National Legislature, he suggests a visit to Washington when the two Houses are in session, and thus describes what the visitor should do:

"Let him sit in the gallery of the Senate, provided an 'executive session' does not turn him out; let him scan the faces of the Senators, reflect upon their previous records, and consider the manner in which many of them came to occupy their present positions: Let him then go and sit for a time in the gallery of the House of Representatives, and watch that national bear-garden. Let him enjoy the usual scene—one purple-faced Representative sawing the air in the progress of what is technically called an 'oration'; a dozen or more highly amused colleagues surrounding him; the rest of the members talking at the top of their voices, clapping their hands for pages, writing, reading, telling funny stories and laughing uproariously at them, making social calls from desk to desk, doing anything and everything except the business for which they are paid. Let him try to estimate the rapidity with which a plain business man, finding his clerks engaged in such a scene during business hours, would make a 'clean sweep' of them. * * * *

"Congress is no longer a legislative body. Its degeneration is now admitted. It consists now of a plutocracy at one end, and a mobocracy at the other. The two chronic perils of a democracy have a firm grip on the Congress of the United States.

"Here is no question of comparative guilt or responsibility. Each House is as bad in its way as the other. Nor is there any partisan question involved. The course of Congress has for years been down hill. Able and sincere men are still to be found in both Houses, yet each successive Congress is, on the whole, worse than its predecessors; not because Democrats or Republicans control it, but because it is two years further on the road. * * * They have long since left all the work to committees; and the session just closed has developed a new feature—an unofficial 'steering committee' selected by the majority to regulate the consideration of legislation; in other words, to save the incompetency of the House from exposure. So far as the real business of a legislative body is concerned, the Representatives might fully as well have met and organized in December, chosen their committees, and excused the rest of the members until the committees had done their work for them. * * * *

"The Congress of the United States has become the most incapable legislative body of the constitutional world. So far as the Senate is concerned, its case is hopeless; the only remedy is outside of it, in the regeneration of the constituencies which elect the senators."

This is a dark picture which the editor paints, but it is faithfully true. The Congress of the United States is not capable of legislating for a free people, because it is not free itself. Members do not ask themselves whether a measure is just or not, but:

"How will it affect my constituents? If I vote for this measure, will I not lose popularity?"

Time and time again has the admission been made in my hearing by members, upon points affecting us, that they dare not vote differently, because it would be political death to do so.

When the vote was taken in the Forty-seventh Congress to declare the seat of the Delegate from Utah vacant, several influential men, who voted in the affirmative, acknowledged to me, that it was the most cowardly act of their lives. They knew it was wrong; but excused themselves on the ground, that if they voted differently, their political rivals would take advantage of it, and they would lose their nominations and elections.

A body controlled by such motives is a dangerous one, and unfit to be intrusted with the legislation and public concerns of a free people. When men value place and power more than they do justice and right, they ought not to be trusted. With them selfish considerations outweigh public obligations, and the true interest of the country is sacrificed to private advancement and profit. This is the lamentable condition of the Congress of the United States to-day.

There are many noble exceptions to this in the Senate and in the House. Their courageous conduct stands out in bold contrast with the abject servility of those who sacrifice their own independence and conceptions of right for the sake of pandering to a debased public opinion.

As Congress now is, instead of Senators and Representatives being leaders of public opinion and standing fearlessly up for the right and defending it, and leading the people to take the same broad view, they bow and cringe, in the most despicable manner, to a public opinion that is too frequently created for the vilest purposes by the base and the ignorant.

It is said: "*Vox populi, Vox Dei*;" that is, the voice of the people is the voice of God; but, as affairs are now conducted, it is more often that the voice of the people is the voice of the devil, and the men who are influenced by it become instruments of the foulest oppression and wrong.

Legislation for Utah has not been the fair expression of the congressional will. Many Senators and Representatives who voted for measures against the people of Utah did so, not because their judgment was convinced they were right, but because they dare not do otherwise. The "Mormons" are unpopular. No glory from men is to be obtained for befriending or doing justice to them; on the contrary, odium is likely to attach to a man who will not vote for every measure which is intended for their injury. His fellow-members jeer him and he is exposed to suspicion. Our enemies know the weapons which they can use with the best effect to whip members into line who may be reluctant to vote for "anti-Mormon" measures which their sense of justice condemns.

Men like Edmunds, in framing and introducing bills into Congress against Utah, know exactly how much "anti-Mormon" prejudices aid them in forcing their unconstitutional schemes through both Houses. They presume on this, knowing that

they have an ignorant and ferocious public opinion to sustain them, and that whoever opposes them does so at the risk of losing his position and giving his political rivals every advantage over him.

This being the case, no Latter-day Saint need wonder at "anti-Mormon" legislation of the most abominable character being favorably received and acted upon. The majority of politicians are too cowardly for it to be otherwise.

THE following is the description, from the pen of a lady correspondent of an eastern paper, of the appointments and surroundings of a young lady of wealth in New York City.

"But what interested me most at first, still interests me most. That is the life of the only child of the house, a girl on the swelling edge of young womanhood, who has her own sitting-room and bed-room, her own maid, tutors, horses and carriages, and lives as cosily as any jewel that rests in its own special casket of padded plush. Her bed-room, with its walls of gilded satin, its great, full-length mirror, balanced upon two rods of silver, in one corner, its carved *prie dieu* for the maiden to kneel upon at prayers, its bed of rosewood, with downy mound of clothing hid under a sheet of lace and sheltered by a canopy of padded satin; and then the sitting room, with a wealth of costly pretty-pieces lavished around—all these contrasted so strongly and strangely with the early surroundings of the great majority that they always seem to me almost theatrical and unreal."

The lady who wrote this description gives many details concerning the clothing of this young lady, and says:

"Lace, silk, satin, nainsook and delicate linen that felt almost like gossamer in the hand, were substituted in all her garments for the cotton, woolen and muslin of nearly all the rest of our sisterhood of women."

She asserts that the under-clothing of this young lady, which she wears under the dresses she is seen in, costs her for a single outfit much more than the whole wardrobe of the writer costs in a year, and she herself, she says, dresses expensively.

I make these extracts to give the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR a clear view of the distance there is in eastern cities between the petted children of wealth and the neglected children of poverty. This young lady lives in New York City, where thousands of families suffer in bitter want of the actual necessities of life, not to speak of the comforts.

Can we wonder at the dissatisfied murmurings of the poor? or at the discontent which they feel because of their condition? The contrast between the rich and poor in such a city is frightfully great. The latter groan under their destitution. They contrast their poverty and suffering with the abundance of wealth and luxuries which they see around them in the possession of a favored class, and they are tempted to rise up against the rich. Their mutterings of discontent cause many to begin to fear and tremble.

Reports from eastern cities, which cannot be doubted, state that hundreds of young girls in them sell their virtue to procure for themselves necessary food and clothing. A horrible fate that brings misery worse than death! And yet, in those cities there are large numbers of wealthy families whose daughters, like the one whose surroundings are described above, have every luxury which wealth can purchase or which their extravagant fancies can desire.

When Zion is fully established and properly organized, one of the great results will be, there will be no rich and no poor. All will have that which is necessary for convenience and com-

fort. There will be no want of that which is necessary for human existence; but every man will be in possession of such a portion of the elements of nature as he can manage and control to the best advantage. This is the condition to which the Latter-day Saints are being led, and to which they will attain, if they follow the counsel of the Holy One.

THE EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

A NOTED city was Zarahemla. The exact date of its founding we do not know; but a colony of Jews had lived there for a considerable period when they were discovered by the Nephites under the leadership of King Mosiah. These Jews were afterwards known as the people of Zarahemla. The Nephites and they formed one nation under the rule of King Mosiah. This took place upwards of two centuries before the coming of the Savior. The dynasty of Mosiah held the throne, in the persons of himself, his son and his grandson until ninety-two years before the birth of the Lord Jesus. In that year the government became a republic, through the influence of the king, because none of his sons would accept the throne and take upon him the kingly dignity.

Situated in a tropical and charming country, fruitful and healthy, and abounding in the elements necessary for the comfort and happiness of man, Zarahemla became an important and wealthy city and the metropolis of the Nephite nation. Frequent allusions are made to the land of Zarahemla, the district of country which surrounded the city, and it appears plain that this was a fertile and populous region, well-cultivated and adorned with costly residences, gardens and other improvements. The city itself must have been filled with superb structures, and abounded with all the conveniences and luxuries of a high and advanced civilization; for the Nephites were an industrious, skillful and prosperous people and had accumulated vast riches. Its wealth and importance made it a tempting prize to the enemies of the Nephites, and though it was far removed from the frontiers of the nation, and was well fortified and protected by strong walls, in the vicissitudes of war it had more than once been captured by the enemy.

It was in the eighty-sixth year of the republic that a strange event happened at the city of Zarahemla. A copper-colored man, a Lamanite, made his appearance in the city and began to preach to the luxurious and pleasure-loving Nephites. Learned, wealthy and aristocratic, they looked upon him with the contempt which a white-skinned, lordly people are ever inclined to view one of an inferior caste or race. Proud of their color, lineage and religion, what could this despised Lamanite, this ignorant descendant of generations of benighted and heathenish savages, teach them? They scoffed at him. His preaching of repentance and his warnings only excited their ridicule and anger. Had it come to this, that they must be scolded and lectured and threatened and taught their religious duty by such as he—one of a race which had ever been their hereditary foes!

It was more than they could bear, so they cast him out of Zarahemla.

This Lamanite, Samuel by name, had done his duty, and was doubtless glad to be free to return to his own land and people.

But the voice of the Lord came to him and stopped him. He was commanded to return to Zarahemla and prophesy unto

the people whatsoever things the Lord should put into his heart.

A message from the Lord, have you? said the people of Zarahemla; what do we care if you have? You cannot enter into our city.

But Samuel was not to be baffled. He had the word of the Lord and he must declare it. If the people would not let him into the city, he had a strong voice and they should hear him from the walls, no doubt the walls proved to be an excellent and commanding platform from which he could make himself heard. The high-toned citizens doubtless thought he was an impudent fellow, who was determined to plague and annoy them by his evil predictions. But his burning zeal and the power of God which rested upon him lifted him beyond the reach of their rage.

What a flood of prophecy and warning the Lord put in his heart to pour out upon them! The fate of their nation he described with terrific plainness. The condition of society in their own city of Zarahemla he painted in the most vivid colors. He told them that if it were not for the righteous who were in their great city, the Lord would cause that fire should come down out of heaven and destroy it.

Among other wonderful predictions which Samuel, the Lamanite, made was one concerning the birth of the Son of God. In five years the Redeemer was to be born. The sign of his birth was to be, that during the night which was to precede the day of his birth there was to be no darkness!

Wonderful, miraculous and unheard-of phenomenon! "One day and a night and a day as if it were one day and there were no night!" Besides this great sign, there were to be great lights and other signs and wonders in heaven, and a new star should arise—a star which the people had never beheld. These were to be glorious omens of the appearance among men of the Mighty One, the Lord of Life and Glory, the great Redeemer of mankind. In this brilliant and marvellous manner, by these displays of awful power, was the birth of the Son of God and his appearance as a mortal to be made known to the inhabitants of this hemisphere.

Samuel's prophecy met with belief on the part of some of the inhabitants of Zarahemla; but upon the bulk of the people it had only the effect to enrage them. They tried to kill him, yet they could not hit him with their arrows and stones. Failing in this, they attempted to seize him, but he escaped and returned to his own country.

Despised and hated as Samuel had been by many of the people of Zarahemla, his words had nevertheless, impressed them. They doubtless furnished the theme of many a conversation in the domestic circle and in public gatherings during the ensuing five years. There would be those who believed his prophecies; there would be others who derided them. The incredulous would naturally take some interest in the approach of the period when he said the great sign should be given; while the believers would look forward to it with eager hope and expectation. But the unbelievers were greatly in the majority throughout the land of Zarahemla.

The ninety-first year of the Republic had passed. You will recollect it was in the eighty-sixth year that Samuel had made his prediction. The report was started that the five years spoken of by him had passed and his words were not fulfilled.

It spread rapidly in every quarter, and it created great excitement. Among the ruling class there was great rejoicing. The rich and the learned and the aristocratic classes were chiefly unbelievers in Samuel's prophecy, and they held the leading positions in the government. They made a great

uproar over the supposed failure of the prophecy, and taunted those who believed in it with what they called their folly. They asserted with all confidence that all the hopes and faith of the believers concerning this great event were without foundation and that they ought to abandon them.

Sorrowfully the believers listened to these speeches. They were affected by the fear that there had been some mistake. Here they had entered on the ninety-second year of the republic, and Samuel had prophesied concerning the great sign in the eighty-sixth year. Yet they did not give up their faith. With all the clamor and arguments there had been upon the subject, they clung to the hope that the five years spoken of had not expired. This tenacity of belief created anger and disgust in the minds of the others. They became so enraged that they appointed a day on which all those who believed in Samuel's prophecy should be put to death. This brought all arguments upon this question to an abrupt conclusion. It was the last and conclusive argument which the ruling class had to offer. They thought, of course, that from it there could be no appeal. There was only one way in which the doom that had been pronounced could be averted: that was by the appearance of the sign of which Samuel had spoken—an event which the rulers thought clearly impossible.

There was living at this time a man by the name of Nephi, a prophet of God and the leading man among the people of God. He was a full believer in the words of Samuel and looked for the appearance of the sign of the birth of the Son of God concerning which Samuel had spoken. He was the distinguished descendant of a long line of prophets and mighty men. For five generations preceding his own his ancestors had been the chief men of the nation. No more conspicuous or noble family than his existed among the Nephites. Of unblemished lineage, his fathers had been foremost in council, in statesmanship and in war, and he was the sixth of his race in direct descent to preside over the church of God. But, neither his own worth and eminence, nor the illustrious characters and deeds of his forefathers had sufficient influence to save him from the fate which had been decreed against all who believed in the tradition and prophecy concerning the sign.

With himself and fellow-believers, therefore, affairs had reached a crisis. They doubtless had the alternative presented to them of saving their lives by renouncing their belief; but that was not to be thought of. There was only one way of deliverance left, and that was the interposition of God. Nephi knew this, and had recourse to Him. He devoted the day to calling mightily upon God, and his cries were heard. The voice of the Lord came to him, and he was told to lift up his head and be of good cheer, for on that night the sign was to be given, and on the morrow He would come into the world, to show unto the world that He would fulfill all that which He had caused to be spoken by the mouth of His holy prophets.

Who shall describe the profound joy which must have filled the soul of Nephi upon receiving this intelligence? There was not only joy at the thought of the mighty deliverance of himself and fellow-believers from impending death, but the exquisite happiness of knowing that the grand event, so long expected and so frequently dwelt upon by prophets and seers, the appearance in the flesh of "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Father of heaven and of earth, the Creator of all things, from the beginning,"—was on the eve of being consummated.

True to the words which Nephi had been told, the sun went down, but, marvel of marvels! no darkness followed. At the fiat of the great Creator it had fled, and the vault of heaven

was illuminated by supernal radiance, its dazzling effulgence gave to these continents, known as North and South America, the brilliant light of the mid-day sun. Astonishment and a dreadful terror and awe seized the unbelievers, and in all parts of the land they fell to the earth. Where were their reckonings and arguments concerning the five years mentioned by Samuel, the Lamanite, now? Where was their plan, so cruelly devised, for the destruction of the believers? Here was the sign, and arguments, reckonings and murderous plans all disappeared before its awful and sublime beauty. Their souls shrank within them with unbounded fear at the thought of their own iniquity and in view of this majestic display of divine power, which frustrated their ferocious design of imbruing their wicked hands in the blood of their innocent fellow-creatures.

To the believers this was a most happy Christmas eve. From the brink of death they had been snatched by Almighty power, and in the magnificent and splendid exhibitions of seraphic glory which filled the heavens on that Christmas eve they saw the signals for which they had watched and prayed. Truly, Jesus was indeed a Savior for them—a Savior in His birth, for the sign of His birth had saved them from a cruel death; a Savior in His death, for the shedding of His blood brought atonement for sin and redemption from death and the grave. They were denied the privilege of beholding their Redeemer in His mortal state; but they knew that on the morrow He should take upon Him a human form, and be among men as a man, subject to like passions, tempted and tried—a man of sorrows that should be acquainted with grief, and to whom perfection should come through the sufferings he should endure. What ineffable love would fill the hearts of Nephi and those who, like him, comprehended the sacrifice that was being made by the Holy One for their redemption! The well-beloved of the Eternal Father forsaking the mansions of bliss, laying down the power and authority of a God, and condescending to be born of woman and to endure the contradiction of sinners and the taunts and insults of the ignorant rabble, and, finally, to be nailed to a cross and be ignominiously hung between two thieves! He whom the hosts of heaven obeyed with delight to be mocked, smitten, and treated with every indignity, and all this that He might, by descending below all things, ascend above all things and become the Redeemer of all mankind.

In panoramic vision these reflections and all the predictions of the holy prophets concerning the earthly career of the Son of God must have passed before the minds of the believers upon that solemn Christmas Eve. No sleep during that eventful period for the eyes of the Saints. There was too much to think about—too much to converse upon. Are we too rash in supposing that the angelic choir, who on that same Christmas eve delighted the shepherds on the plains of Judea by singing,

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men”

may not have gladdened the hearts of Nephi and other humble and believing Saints by the same heavenly strains?

The night that was not night had passed, and the morrow came. The words of the prophet had been fulfilled, and believer and unbeliever alike beheld “that day, and that night, and that day, which shall be as one day, as if there were no night.” The day, the anniversary of which we now call CHRISTMAS, had arrived, and all the inhabitants of these continents knew that JESUS CHRIST, the Son of God, was born, and that the plan of redemption, arranged in the heavens

before the earth was prepared for man’s abode, was being carried out.

The angelic hosts were deeply interested in the birth—they watched with never-flagging care the childhood, youth and manhood of God’s well-beloved Son—they ministered unto Him with immortal love—they bore messages of consolation and peace, administered anointings and endowments of power unto Him who was their great Chief, and reverently sought to render Him all the aid in their power consistently with the will of the FATHER and the conditions which belong to mortal life upon the earth.

And now before we close let a few words be said concerning Christmas day. In Christendom, the 25th of December, is observed as the anniversary of the birth of our Savior. If so, then the night preceding His birth, the Christmas eve which we mention, must have been the 24th of December. But investigation has unsettled belief in this being the correct day. There is good reason to believe, according to Elder O. Pratt’s views, that the events we have described as occurring on Christmas eve, occurred on April 5th, and the day of the birth of the Lord was on the 6th of April, the day selected for the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in this last dispensation.

WRITING A COMPOSITION.

SCHOOL boys, and school girls also, consider “original composition” as the most irksome of tasks. Their knowledge of facts is as limited as their vocabulary is deficient. They are bothered to choose a subject, and are perplexed as to what they shall say about a subject after it is chosen. Such may be encouraged by the assurance that all great writers have been troubled by similar difficulties. An anecdote of the school-days of the late Wm. H. Seward may console some boy who is saying to himself, “I never can learn to write a composition.”

The teacher had designated a day for “original composition,” and appointed young Seward to lead off. Having no idea of what was wanted, or how it was to be done, Seward consulted an older pupil.

“Nothing is easier,” replied his friend. “You must first choose a subject and then all you have to do is to write about it.”

“But what is a subject?” asked Seward.

“It is anything you want to write about,” was the reply.

“But,” continued the perplexed inquirer, “I don’t know of anything that I want to write about. I wish I could see a composition.”

“Well,” kindly said his friend, “if you won’t tell, I will show you an old one of mine that I wrote when I was at another school.”

Seward pledged himself to secrecy, and was shown an “original composition.” “On Drunkenness” was the caption, under which was drawn a heavy black line. “Drunkenness is the worst of all vices;” this was the first sentence, and then followed the argument.

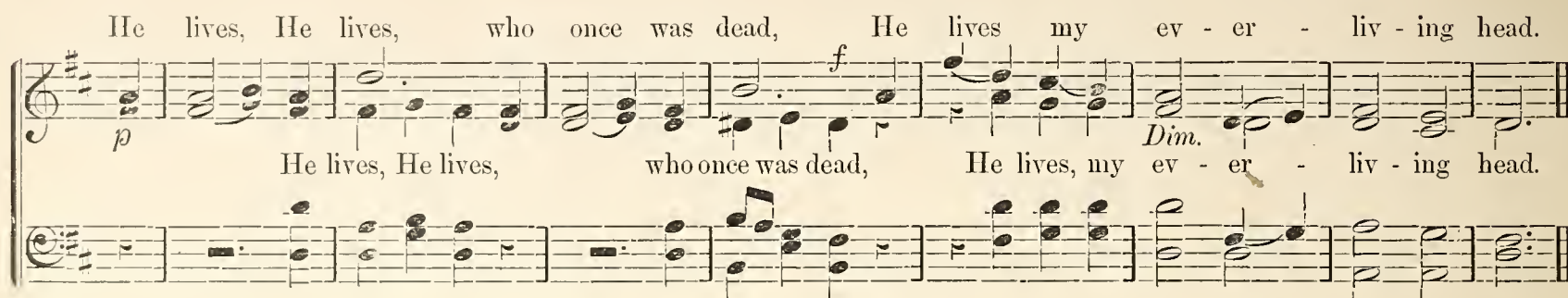
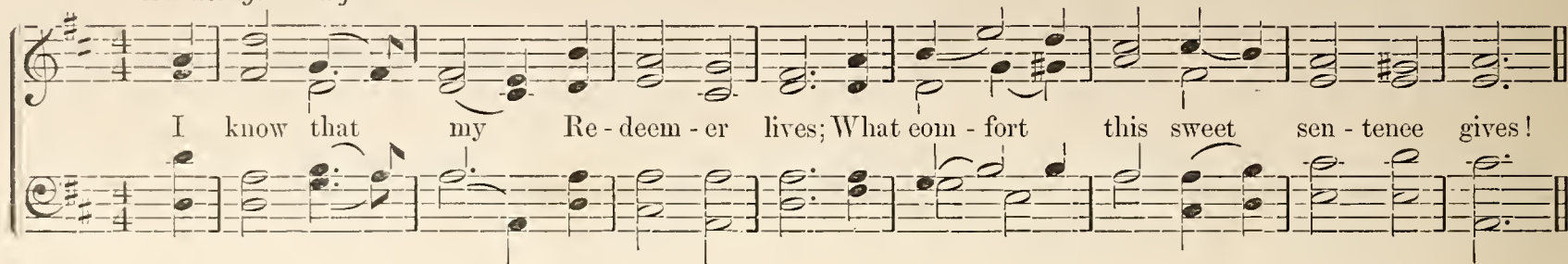
Seward decided that he would not choose for his subject anything that was naughty, bad or wicked. So he said, “I will choose a different subject, and will show the composition to you when it is written.”

With great labor having written his composition, he submitted it to his friend. It began, “On Virtue.” “Virtue is the best of all vices.”

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES.

WORDS FROM L. D. S. HYMN BOOK.

MUSIC BY E. F. P.

Earnestly. mf

He lives to bless me with His love,
 He lives to plead for me above,
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,
 He lives to aid in time of need.

He lives to drive away my fears,
 He lives to wipe away my tears,
 He lives to calm my troubled heart,
 He lives all blessings to impart.

He lives and grants me daily breath,
 He lives to help me conquer death,
 He lives my mansion to prepare,
 He lives to guide me safely there.

He lives! all glory to his name!
 He lives, my Savior, still the same;
 O, what sweet joy this sentence gives,
 "I know that my Redeemer lives!"

A TARTAR'S IDEA OF COURTSHIP.

CONSIDERED as a sentiment the love of the sexes is of comparatively modern origin, and is even now unknown among many nations.

"What do you pay in your country for a wife?" asked a Tartar of an Englishman.

"We pay nothing. We ask the girl, and if she says yes, and her parents don't refuse, we marry her."

"But if the girl does not like you, if she hits you on the head with her whip, or gallops away when you ride up to her side," replied the Tartar, referring to his nation's method of courtship by running after a girl on horseback, "what do you do in that case?"

"Why, we do not marry her."

"But if you want to marry her very much; if you love her more than your best horse, and all your sheep and camels put together?" the Tartar persisted, putting an extreme case for the sake of the argument.

"We cannot marry her without her consent."

"And are the girls moon-faced?" he continued, setting forth a Tartar's perfection of female beauty.

For a few minutes he seemed lost in meditation. Presently removing his sheepskin hat, and rubbing his shaven head, he asked:

"Will you take me to your country? It would be so nice. I should get a moon-faced wife, and *all for nothing*. Why, she would not cost so much as a sheep."

"But supposing she would not have you?"

"Not have me!" and the Tartar looked astonished, emphasizing his feelings in a manner peculiar to his countrymen, by using his fingers instead of a pocket handkerchief. "Not have me! Well, I should give her a white wrapper, or a ring for her ears or her nose."

"And if she still refused you?"

"Why, I should give her a gold ornament for her head; and what girl could resist such a present?"

Just as you are pleased at finding faults, you are displeased at finding perfections.

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